Semi-Weekly Edition.

The News.

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SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY OCT. 11th., 1898

Provincial Library 143

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CUMBERLAND, B. C.

AUCTION.

I have received instructions from Mr. C. Bridges, Middle Prairie Road, to sell on his premises by auction, all his live stock, consisting of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs, Farm Implements and Household Effects, on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 25th and 26th.

TERMS: All sums of $25.00 and under, cash; over $25.00, twelve months, with approved joint notes.

A. H. McCALLUM,
AUCTIONEER.

LATEST BY WIRE.

Salisbury Disgusted With Official Matters Concerning China and Fashoda.

Ten Thousand Houses Destroyed During the Fire at Han Kow.

Wm. Ogilvie Makes His Presence Felt at Dawson City.

An ex-Treasurer Convicted of Embezzlement.

Cubans Are Ready to Fight Another Fifty Years.

Molsons Bank Robbery Still a Mystery.

Counterfeit Money Passed on the Klondikers.

Four Miners Burned to Death in a Mine Fire.

The Queen's Health Unsatisfactory.

Commissioners Leave for their Homes

Committed for Manslaughter.

A Miner Killed at Nanaimo.

McCoy and Maher to Meet.

Two Million Dollar Fire.

WM. OGILVIE'S PRESENCE FELT AT DAWSON.

Nanaimo, Oct. 8.—William Ogilvie, the new administrator of the Yukon was not long in Dawson before he made his presence and power felt. Mr. Jean, one of the returned Dawsonites, says, that the day before he left a small army of fast women and gamblers were arrested and fined. The fines amounting to ten thousand dollars. The money will be spent in improving the streets of the city. The tough element was demoralized by the raid. The raid was made shortly after midnight and was the cause of much excitement. No resistance was made and when the motely crew of gamblers, saloon keepers and fast women, appeared in court on the 13th they made no demur when enormous fines were imposed upon them.

CUBANS READY TO FIGHT FOR FIFTY YEARS MORE.

Santiago de Cuba, Oct. 8.—In course of an interview with General Galezo, Cuban general, who is bitterly anti-American, says for fifty years the Cubans carried on the struggle for the freedom from the tyranical yoke of Spain and suffered starvation, death and torture for the one idea of the liberty with complete independance, any kind of foreign denomination, no matter how friendly, is not to be thought of a moment. The Cubans declare they are ready to undertake another fifty years struggle rather than submit to the government of outsiders.

A MINER KILLED AT NANAIMO.

Nanaimo, Oct. 8.—Angus McLeod, a miner working in Protection Island shaft here, was killed this morning by a fall of coal.

TWO MILLION DOLLARS GONE UP IN SMOKE.

Atlantic City, Oct. 8.—Fire destroyed the most costly blocks and about fifty houses this morning. Many are home less. Loss estimated at two million dollars.

FINE AND IMPRISONMENT.

Nanaimo, Oct. 10.—Minnie Clayton, a sporting woman sold a bottle of beer to a woman named Mary Ella who in turn sold it to an Indian named Thomas who got on a glorious spree. Minnie was fined $50 and costs and Mary Ella sentenced to six months with hard labor.

DEATH AMONG KITCHNER'S TROOPS.

London, Oct. 10.—A Despatch from Alexandria says the troops who have returned from Kartoum are dying like flies from internal disorders. It is supposed to be due to canned beef and indulgence in cheap liquors.

ANNEXATION OF JAMAICA.

Kingston, Jamaica, Oct. 10.—The question of annexation of the Island of Jamaica to Candia which was mooted about a month ago has now been definitely put before the public.

COMMISSIONERS LEAVE FOR THEIR HOMES.

Quebec, Oct. 10.—Several of the high commissioners leave to-day for their homes. It is understood that there are good prospects of everything but the reciprocity question being settled, and efforts are still being made to settle that question too.

MOLSON'S BANK ROBBERY STILL A MYSTERY.

Winnipeg, Oct. 10.—The Molson's bank robbery is still a mystery and no arrests have been made, and if the police have discovered any clue they have kept the discovery a profound secret.

LOOK OUT!

FALL

—AND—

Winter Goods

Arriving by every boat at

McPHEE & MOORE'S.

DISTRESSED SHIP PICKED UP.

Seattle, Oct. 17.—The steamer Tillamook arrived here from St. Michaels with 150 passengers from Dawson. The captain of the Tillamook picked up the small steamer Fortune Hunter of San Francisco, about 55 miles south of St. Michaels. The Fortune Hunter was water-logged and in a serious condition. All the crew saved.

COUNTERFEIT MONEY PASSED ON KLONDIKERS.

San Francisco, Oct. 7.—It is stated that U. S. secret service officers have discovered that a large number of counterfeit $1.00 silver certificates have been produced in this city. The operators are reported to be under police surveillance. The Call asserts that $5,000 of the spurious certificates were sent into Klondike. They were readily exchanged for dust, and their falsity was not discovered until the returning miners tried to pass them in Portland.

McCOY AND MAHER TO MEET.

New York, Oct. 8.—Kid McCoy and Peter Maher are matched to meet on December 5th for a 25 round contest.

FOUR MINERS BURNED TO DEATH.

Midrall, Penn., Oct., 7.—Four miners were burned to death in the Lehigh slope of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company's mine yesterday. A fire broke out in the slope about noon. At the same time there were about 20 men in the mine. All were gotten out but four. The dead are Peter Crick, Peter Gerwal, John Soronski, and Martin Simotosky. A man's open lamp is supposed to have set fire to the timber.

YELLOW FEVER SITUATION.

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 8.—Six new cases of yellow fever developed at Jackson to-day. The situation is critical.

COMMITTED MANSLAUGHTER.

Brockville, Ont., Oct. 10.—John Workman, aged 16, has been committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter. The victim being James Pittman. Workman was handling a gun carelessly and it went off and killed Pittman. The prisoner cried bitterly when the verdict was rendered.

A. H. McCALLUM, licensed auctioneer will attend to all sales in the district on reasonable terms

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEALTH UNSATISFACTORY.

London, Oct. 10.—Letters from Balmoral refer to the unsatisfactory state of Queen Victoria's health. Her Majesty, it appears, is troubled with langour and drowsiness.

EX-TREASURER CONVICTED OF EMBEZZLEMENT.

San Francisco, Oct. 10.—Ex-treasurer of this city and county has been convicted of embezzling $76,242 from the public treasury. He will be sentenced next Saturday.

TEN THOUSAND HOUSES DESTROYED.

Shanghai, Oct. 10.—Details reached here from Han Kow, the treaty port at the mouth of one of the tributaries of the Yang Tsi Kiang, report that fire which broke out there on Sunday last—Oct. 2—destroyed 10,000 houses, devastated about two miles of buildings and did damage to the extent of eight million taels, (about $8,000,000.)

SALISBURY DISGUSTED WITH OFFICIAL MATTERS.

London, Oct. 10.—The Marquis of Salisbury is extremely disgusted with the way official matters concerning China and Fashoda have been coming out. The Premier seems to realize that trouble is brewing in the east as quantities of war stores are going to Hongkong. About 3,000 tons of ammunition have been sent, and the first class cruisers Terrible and Powerful have been sent to reinforce the British fleet in Chinese waters.

EVACUATION OF CUBA.

Madrid, Oct. 10.—It is said here that the evacuation of the Island of Porto Rico will be completed next week and the evacuation of Cuba be complete by the end of December.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD

TALE OF A DRESS SUIT

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A GARMENT BOUGHT IN A HURRY.

Defied All Efforts to Get Rid of It and, Like a Bad Penny, Always Came Back to Its Owner, Despite Even a Burglar's Efforts.

The man from Staten Island spoke as follows:

"I never read an article about how men should dress that I do not at once recall the history of a dress suit I once owned.

"I got it hurriedly in Washington. I had to attend the inaugural ball. There was no way out of my dilemma. Then I remembered that I had no dress suit. An obliging friend told me that a clerk in a clothing store owed him, I have forgotten the amount, and he proposed that I get a suit and square the account. He saw the clerk, the clerk saw his boss, and the deal was made. An inauguration dress suit always carries with it a ticket to the ball, supposed to be worth $5 if taken at the flood. The clerk thought he ought to have the $5, and I gave it to him.

"For a wonder the suit was a fit. My friend did not want the suit, and he absolutely refused to allow me to pay him anything. He suggested that I take it home and give it away. I carried it back with me, and it hung in a closet until it looked like a beef tongue in a delicatessen window. I had not cared enough about it to put it away properly. One day an employee of the house discovered it and made an offer for it if I would pay for renovating it and having it made to fit him.

"He took it to my tailor, and that was the last I heard of it for six months. You see how I stand with my tailor. Meanwhile the employee left the house. One day my tailor sent me word that the suit had never been taken away. His bill was $7.50. I paid it and had the suit sent home, and this time I had it carefully folded. It lay there two years. I tried to give it away. Nobody would have it. Finally I came to look upon it as a relic, and used to show it to my friends as a suit that was at the inauguration ball of a very noted president.

"One day my house was visited by burglars of taste. They took nothing except articles that were either valuable from an art point or because they would bring a ready sale. Of course the dress suit did not come under either head, but they took it. It was probably taken to wrap the other articles in. I made complaint to the police about the robbery. In giving an inventory of the stolen articles I mentioned the dress coat incidentally.

"Three months later I was asked to call at the station where I had made complaint. I was then informed that they had recovered a dress suit from a chap who makes a living renting out dress suits and who became suspicious of this one. I saw the suit. It was the same as that about which I have been telling you. I saw the chap who had informed the police that he was afraid of the suit, and I gave him a guarantee quit claim title to it, for which he gave me $3. If he had asked me to give it to him, I would have done so.

"But it was the only thing stolen that came back."—New York World.

Unique In Its Way.

The leading lady shook her head and murmured, "I can't understand it."

"What's wrong?" asked the juvenile.

"This paper says last night's audience was small."

"Well, it seems to me you ought to be able to understand that. Even the chairs would probably have deserted if they had not been screwed down."

"But you don't catch my meaning. The critic says the audience was small, and stops right there. He doesn't add, 'but appreciative.'"—Cleveland Leader.

Polishing a Hard Wood Floor.

Much labor may be saved in caring for hard wood floors by the use of the "frottoir," which is simply a heavy weight covered with carpet, to which is attached a long handle. The American Kitchen Magazine tells that an enterprising little woman, after a journey on the continent, where this implement is in general use, improvised one by covering a brick with carpet and catching it in the clamp with a long handle used for scrubbing brushes. It is unnecessary to buy patent polishes for this process. Melt a quantity of beeswax over the fire and stir in turpentine until it assumes the consistency of a paste. This polish is extremely inflammable, and the greatest care must be taken in mixing it not to allow it to come in contact with the fire. When about to use, melt a portion over the fire and spread a thin layer over the cloth covered brick. Begin at one corner and work sharply, taking an arm's length at a time; let the new row overlap enough to avoid showing a streak.

"What's the matter with Chollie? I haven't seen him for two days."

"The poor boy tried to show his patriotism by changing from cigarettes to Havana cigars."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not So Strange.

Saucee—I saw a man in a window making faces today.

Symple—What was he doing that for?

Saucee—For a couple of clocks. He is a jeweler.—Tit-Bits.

HISTORY OF THE BOWERY.

Originally an Indian Trail and the Scene of Many Massacres.

It is probable that the Bowery was originally part of an Indian trail which extended from the region of the Battery to the northern limit of Manhattan and connected the aboriginal villages on the Harlem flats and Spuyten Duyvil creek with those north of City Hall park and east of the present Greenwich avenue. A few years after the founding of Nieuw Amsterdam the representatives of the West India company laid out six farms or bouweries along the east side of the present Bowery and leased them to tenants.

In 1643 Director Kieft, in spite of the protest of De Vries and other influential men, ordered the massacre of 40 Indians at Corlears Hook, and that of a still larger number of men, women and children at Pavonia. In retaliation for these brutal murders, for they were nothing else, the outlying farms at Harlem, Staten Island, the Bowery and other places were laid waste. When peace was restored, it was found impossible to rent the farms, so they were eventually sold.

Prior to the sale of these farms, however, a frontier colony of manumitted negro slaves was established west of the Bowery. With reference to this colony the minutes of the Dutch council, 1644, recite the fact that Manuel de Groot, the giant, and ten other negroes and their wives were released from slavery on condition that each man, during his life, pay the government an annual rental of 22 bushels of grain and a fat hog, their children being still held as slaves. Their plantations extended from the Bowery to old Jans' land, now the property of Trinity church.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Petrus Stuyvesant landed on the island of Manhattan, and four years later he purchased, through his representative, Jan Damen, the "Great Bowery," or bowery No. 1, the most northern of the six original farms, which were numbered from one to six, No. 6 being east of Chatham square, at the time of which we write the property of Augustine Hermanns, the amateur draftsman, to whom we are indebted for ancient sketches of New Amsterdam.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war this farm was the property of the Rutgers, the home of the patriot Harmanus Rutgers, killed in the battle of Long Island. In August, 1655, Governor Stuyvesant led his forces against the Swedes on the Delaware. Sept. 15, during his absence, ex-Sheriff Henry Van Dyke discovered an Indian woman stealing peaches from his orchard, situated on the west side of Broadway, south of Trinity church, and shot her dead.

The news of the rash and cruel act spread to the neighboring tribes, and before peace was renewed 28 plantations were laid waste, 100 men, women and children murdered, and as many carried into captivity, Van Dyke being among the first slain. Several of the occupants of the farms along the Bowery were killed and their wives and children carried into captivity.

On the return of Governor Stuyvesant order was restored and many of the captives returned to their friends, among them a daughter of the celebrated Wolfert Webber, who at this date kept a tavern on the present Chatham square (then of course a country road), about Mott street.—Independent.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

Gold and Silver Out of Date—Brocade and Hand Embroidery In Vogue.

Photograph frames have a new wrinkle this spring. The photograph frame of gold, generally of the empire style, is going out of date, and that of silver has gone out completely. Their places are now taken by photograph frames of rich brocade, which, just brought over from Paris, are beginning to be sold in the shops and have at the moment an especial vogue for the reason that they are not made in this country.

For their decorativeness as well as their novelty these brocaded picture frames are getting to be very popular. Brocades of rich and subdued colors are used, and generally there are tinseled edges. They curve out slightly, being stuffed out so as to stand upon the edge. The favorite color is a tone of greenish gray, brocades of a deep red touch being also in favor.

A novelty in this line is a photograph box without a cover that holds a string of a dozen photograph frames. This string of frames folds up compactly and fits snugly in the box or case. Both box and frames are covered with the same brocade.

Another new photograph frame is hand embroidered. It is being shown in great variety and is exceedingly elaborate. Such frames are done in designs of flowers, bowknots and birds and in all the delicate colors, in tones of pinks, blues and greens. A favorite ground for this embroidery is pink satin, though satins of all other colors are used. Some of these frames show delicate white embroidery on a white satin ground. The entire frame is incased in glass to prevent soiling.

Crape paper frames have a vogue, too, and are highly esteemed for country houses. These styles of the shops, noted by the New York Herald, are particularly pleasing because home-made articles can so easily be fashioned after them.

A QUEER BULLFIGHT.

WOMEN DO THE KILLING IN A CITY OF MEXICO ARENA.

Bungling and Cruel Alleged Sport That Made the Audience Scream With Delight and Shower the Gaudily Dressed Swordswomen With Favors.

I contended that there were no "new women" in Mexico—that is to say, among the natives. "But," said my friends triumphantly, "you come with us to the bullfight next Sunday and see whether there are or not before making such wild statements. You'll find that Mexico is, if anything, ahead of your Anglo-Saxon races in the matter of 'new women.'" Therefore I went.

The occasion was the debut of a cuadrilla of lady bullfighters, and a big crowd had congregated out at the Bucareli bull ring to see the fair senoritas. Every one was on tiptoe of expectation until the ladies entered for the promenade, and loud was the applause when they did appear, certainly quite fetching in their torero costumes. They are rather pretty, all Spanish, and the combinations of colors they had selected were certainly all that could be desired.

At the start off some quite pretty work with the capa was done by Lolita and Angelita, the object of their attention being a frisky young bull. The crowd liked this work and applauded the senoritas loudly. After that Angelita very bravely knelt in the ring and challenged the bull. At this every one yelled and applauded, the band played the "Diana" over and over again, while up on the sunny side the peons shrieked "Bravo, bravo, Angelita!" and flowers, dollars, purses and spools of thread came rattling into the ring.

Next came the banderillas, wielded by Angelita and Encarnacion. Owing, I suppose, to the fact that a woman's aim is never what it should be, in every case except one the banderillas went very wide of the mark. In fact, the little torero seemed to regard it in the light of a frolic and frisked around in the happiest manner.

The picadors were eliminated, and so the next thing to the banderillas was the killing! Every one was on the qui vive as Angelita took the sword, determined and calm. She wore a beautiful combination of purple and silver and looked very pretty indeed. For about four minutes she labored with all her might, but the naughty little bull refused to be touched. He frisked about wildly and made divers alarming butts at Angelita in reply to her attentions with the sword. Twice she was "bunted" and rolled in the dust of the ring, and had it not been for a male torero, who was in the ring to assist, Angelita might have got her own quite in place of the toro. As it was, no harm was done, except to the bull, who received scratches and cuts from Angelita's sword until he must have wondered what sort of matadore had hold of him. No doubt it was as much of a surprise to him as any one else when the fair torera finally did touch the vital spot, and the poor little toro rolled over dead.

Again the audience shrieked and stamped and bravoed, and more dollars and flowers and spools of thread tumbled down at the fair Angelita's white slippered feet. She tripped about from side to side, bowing with hands on her heart to the sol and then to the sombra. It was rather funny to see a woman uproariously applauded for work that a man would have been hissed and hooted for, but it goes to show the innate gallantry of the Mexican people.

The next bull came in, and again two of the girls teased him with the pretty capa work. In this they do very well. In the cloak play there is no "aim" required, and it really is not difficult for feminine hands. All you have got to do is to flap the cloak at the toro and if he gets too near to you for comfort dodge briskly behind a barrier. But the girls came out of the capa work without accident.

The banderilla work with this second bull was on the same line as the first—that is to say, about as bad as it could be—and even the good natured audience could not keep from groaning. For my part, I groaned for the bull. They jabbed at him and scratched and stuck him until it was a sight to behold. Out of the two banderillas they sometimes placed one, and then the girls would rush off and bow and spread out their hands in alarmed gestures at the bull, who appeared thoroughly dumfounded and utterly at a loss to know what it all meant.

Again Angelita was called upon to take the sword and kill the toro. With Spanish grace she bowed and beckoned and went through all the usual preliminary motions and then made the first whack at the little bull. She aimed, from a close distance, at the neck. Naturally the sword took the animal straight in the ribs. The bull went for her, head down, horns out and evidently with the idea of doing murder. If the man bullfighter, El Negrito, had not been in the ring just then, no one would have known what happened, Angelita having lost her sword. It took quite a time to get the bull sufficiently smoothed down to give him another thrust, which took him in the neck, near enough to the vital spot to tumble him. But he was by no means done for, and it was only after some sharp work that the little bull gave up the ghost and stretched himself out on the sand. The decorated white mules dragged him out a moment after amid the "plaudits of the crowd," to join his compadre outside in the corral, whence next day would be sold nice beefsteaks and "rosbif."

The third bull was brought in, and the capa work commenced again, but we did not stop longer. I admitted that the "new women" of the United States were not "in it" with the so called too feminine and cowardly women of Mexico.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Not Particular.

Mrs. Playne (to tramp)—How dare you say you won't go away? Do you know my husband is a policeman? If he were here, he would take you.

Tramp (with an impertinent stare)—I believe you. If he took you, he'd take anybody.—Boston Globe.

JOYS OF ALTRUISM.

The Starving Couple and How Relief Was Brought to Them.

In the wretched attic, the abode of poverty and suffering, sat two persons, husband and wife.

Pale, hollow eyed, hopeless, with her hands folded in her lap, the wife looked drearily out of the window at the patch of blue sky visible beyond the blackened chimney pots and dingy roofs that answered for a landscape.

The husband, gaunt with famine and misery, leaned his head on his hands in the attitude of one who had given up the battle.

He had tramped the streets day after day looking vainly for work, and now, too proud to beg, he waited calmly for the end.

With their last bit of fuel they browned their last crust of bread, which they steeped in hot water in a mournful effort to make a beverage faintly recalling the coffee of happier days.

The afternoon sun, shining dimly through the smoke and fog that overhung the great city, sank behind a bank of gray clouds in the distant west, and the miserable attic became if possible darker and gloomier, but the wretched occupants heeded it not. The apathy of despair had settled upon them.

A light footstep was heard ascending the rickety stairway.

There was a knock at the door, and without waiting for an invitation some one entered the room.

The husband and wife looked up.

A girlish form stood before them. In the dim light they saw a young face, framed in clustering curls, the divine light of pity shining in the soft brown eyes that looked down upon them, and there was a thrill in the musical voice that spoke to them.

"We have heard that you are in trouble," said the visitor, "and the Society of Willing Workers has commissioned me to bring you these."

Thereupon she laid upon the little table a pair of slippers, half a dozen embroidered handkerchiefs and a small bottle of quinine pills and softly withdrew.

Blessings on our organized philanthropists! What would the deserving poor do without them?—Chicago Tribune.

She Won the Day.

George—But, Mabel, dear, marriage is out of the question just now. You seem to have forgotten that I'm but a poor clerk on a meager salary.

Mabel—Oh, George, don't let poverty interfere with our happiness. We can manage to live on one meal a day if necessary.

George—But you know nothing of household duties, sweetheart. You can't even cook!

Mabel—Indeed I can, love, but I have kept it a secret from you; but the time has come for my confession. George, dear, I graduated from a cooking school three months ago.

George—My darling, come to my arms. It shall be as you wish—one meal a day will be more than enough.—Chicago News.

An Artist's Trials.

Artist (showing his latest picture to a friend)—What do you think of it?

Friend—Admirable; very realistic; brilliant technic. It actually makes my mouth water.

Artist—Why, what do you think it represents?

Friend — Represents? Still life, of course—scrambled eggs in a frying pan.

Artist—Scrambled eggs, you fool! It's a sunset in the desert.—Heitere Welt.

Extremely Vulnerable.

Winn D. City—New York is considerably worried over the possibility of an attack from Spanish warships. It is peculiarly situated for anything of that kind.

Cal U. Mette—How so?

Winn D. City—Why, a hostile fleet might come right into the heart of the city and capture a large part of Greater New York and the rest of the city wouldn't hear of it for days.—Up to Date.

One Word.

A certain irrepressible bore had a formula which he always used when it was sought to put him off and spare the objects of his attentions the trouble of an interview with him:

"But I assure you I want but one word with him—only one word!"

He called once on a celebrated lawyer. The lawyer's clerk met him very solemnly with the remark:

"Why, haven't you heard? Mr. B. died last night."

He had scarcely got the words out when the applicant was saying conciliatingly:

"But I assure you I want but one word with him—only one word!"—Youth's Companion.

Unsatisfactory Settlement.

Tradesman—Did you see Weeks again about that bill?

Collector—Yes, and he said he'd never be able to pay it.

Tradesman—That settles it.

Not to Be Thought Of.

"Have you selected your topic for a graduation essay?" said the dear girl's mother.

"Yes. It is 'The Injurious Restraints of Superstition, Ancient and Modern.'"

"That's very interesting. You must get right to work on it."

"Oh, dear, no! You wouldn't have me begin it on Friday, would you?"—Washington Star.

AWFUL SLAVERY.

Tortures Endured by Laborers In the Sulphur Mines of Sicily.

"There are but few who admire the collection of beautiful sulphur crystals in the National museum," remarked the gentleman who collected them from the famed sulphur mines in Sicily to a reporter, "who have any idea in relation to the same except their beauty. I don't think," he said, "that there is another spot on earth where such abominable treatment, such fiendish cruelty, is afflicted on the laborer as in the sulphur mines of Sicily. They are paid barely enough to provide themselves with a scant supply of the coarsest, cheapest food, and a good portion of the time they are in a state of chronic starvation. When I was last there, many of the mines were closed, and a Sicilian paper stated that 30,000 people were starving at the mines.

"The work is of the hardest and most exhausting character. Very few of the mines have hoisting apparatus, and the sulphur ore (sulphur and limestone combined) is brought up from the depths below on the backs of men and boys. Long, sloping, narrow tunnels lead from the surface down to the sulphur beds 200 to 600 feet or more below. Miners dig the stuff out, and it is carried up in stout sacks or flat baskets. Many of the laborers, especially the boys, work naked. On their backs they wear a piece of matting or something of the sort, held by a string around the neck. This is to protect the flesh from being torn from their bodies by the jagged corners of the ore they carry.

"No one can imagine a more heartrending sight than to see the wretched creatures toiling up the long, steep slopes in the mine with their enormous loads. Every step they take wrings a groan from their tortured frames. Most pitiful to me was the sight of the poor, bent, broken and emaciated old men, mere battered wrecks, and the young lads of 10 and 12 years who have just begun this life of cruel toil.

"Staggering along under loads full as heavy as a strong man ought to carry the dreadful procession winds upward through the narrow drifts and tunnels to the surface, where the ore is piled up in rectangular heaps and paid for by the cubic meter.

"As evidence of the awful severity of the labor is the fact that a very large percentage of these lads are so badly crippled by the time they reach the age for military service that the conscript officers are forced to reject them. And I assure you that the Italian government is not overcritical as to the physical condition of the men she sends by the shipload to Massaua to be butchered by the Abyssinians.

"When the miserable creatures leave the inferno underground and reach the surface, they find themselves in a veritable corner of hades. The sulphur is extracted at the mine by roasting it in immense heaps slightly covered with earth, not unlike in form to a charcoal pit. The air is so filled with sulphurous vapors and dust as to almost suffocate one. Not a green thing is in sight, for the poisonous vapors kill all vegetation. The fierce sun beats down upon one in those verdureless valleys with great fury. On every side there are hot rocks, acres of impalpable, stifling dust and the vapors from the calcining can only be compared to blasts from the infernal region."—Exchange.

Taken Up.

Judge Coffey of San Francisco is described by The News Letter of that city as having a strong disapproval of garrulity. A lawyer, he declares, should cultivate conciseness.

An attorney, learned in the law but afflicted with the disease of long windedness in a peculiarly malignant form, was neatly cut short by the tart and astute probate judge.

After pleading in a very plain case, with wearisome prolixity, the worthy attorney suddenly asked in a rhetorical vein, but with no idea of concluding his argument:

"Need I say more?"

Judge Coffey had been impatiently waiting for an opening and, perceiving his opportunity, answered quickly, but with the blandest courtesy:

"No, brother, you need say nothing more."

Before the lawyer realized the remark of the court, and while he was about to resume his oration, standing with open mouth and outstretched hand, Judge Coffey decided against him, dismissed the proceeding and called the next case on his docket.

Our Newspaper Enterprise.

Newsboy (to distinguished author just arrived)—Extra, sir! Full account of your arrival.—Brooklyn Life.

Rhyme of the Little Boy King.

Oh, the little boy king
Hath his sword at his side
(He's a dear little thing
And his mother's own pride)!
He has vessels to sail in
And chargers to ride,
And the little boy king
Hath his sword at his side.

Oh, the little boy king!
He can swim, he can ride.
But they won't do a thing
To that sword at his side!
They'll take it and break it
And scatter it wide,
For it's really too big
For a little king's side!

The Cro-Magnon type, which forms a large proportion of the people of Aquitaine, is said to be the modern representative of the old stone age people of Gaul. Neither this type nor the broadheads of Auvergne and Brittany, the true "Celts" of Cæsar, have been discovered in the British isles at all.

Contrary to All Precedent.

Railroad President—What does this mean, sir? You have one of the suburban trains leaving a station at 8 o'clock.

Superintendent—I—I thought that was right.

President—Right? Whoever heard of such a thing, sir? You must be crazy. The idea of any suburban train anywhere leaving a station exactly on the hour! Make it 7:59 or 8:01.—New York Weekly.

A GRIM, SUBTLE FOE.

YELLOW JACK MORE DEADLY TO OUR SOLDIERS THAN THE SPANISH.

Little Fear of an Invasion by Dons, but It Will Be a Hard Fight to Keep the Fever Out—A Threatening Situation and How It Will Be Met.

An enemy more formidable than the Spanish is to be met by our troops in Cuba this summer, an enemy not afraid of cowboy troopers or seasoned regulars, an enemy that never sleeps. This is yellow fever. There is little fear that the United States will be invaded by Spanish soldiers. An invasion by the gaunt, grim legions of yellow jack, however, is frightfully certain.

These two phases of the coming campaign have been most carefully considered, and elaborate preparations are making to meet them. If skill and science can save our boys in blue from this curse of Cuba and keep the scourge from crossing the water to our southern shore line, it will be done.

The danger is most imminent, though. Last summer, in spite of rigid precautions, yellow jack gained a strong foothold in Louisiana and neighboring states, and the disease has a predilection for paying two visits in succession. Moreover, this year unusual conditions prevail which will make it even more difficult to adopt the precautions used in times of peace. There is no predicting what may happen. Even our northern seaports may not escape the infection.

The marine quarantine always goes into effect on May 1, and this year it was begun on April 1, but already its strict regulations have been relaxed by reason of the contingencies of war. The first step toward relaxing the vigilance was taken when the regulations were suspended for the first refugees from Cuba. These were not required to obtain certificates of health in Havana, but were hurried away from that city and afterward were inspected and held in quarantine for five days on our coast.

In case of open intercourse between Cuba and the United States and the shipment of troops to Cuba this quarantine would not be practicable. A ship of war whose marines have been ashore in Cuba cannot wait five days in quarantine when returning to our coast for ammunition and supplies to use in going out against the enemy.

Already discretionary powers have been given to medical officers on shipboard.

COLONEL CHARLES R. GREENLEAF, CHIEF SURGEON OF THE ARMY.

The secretary of the treasury has issued an order that "such communication may be allowed with vessels of the United States navy as the certificate of the medical officer shows will not be liable to convey infection." Of necessity the regulations will be relaxed still more when the ships of the navy are on duty protecting the coast against an enemy.

Cuba is a hotbed of yellow fever. Most of the epidemics in this country have been traced to some one coming from that island. It has found its victims usually among the residents of the cities of the south, but its easiest victories have been among northern people.

Seventy-seven years ago there was a situation which may be paralleled in the near future. When the Spaniards evacuated Florida in 1821, a garrison of United States troops, made up of northern men wholly unacclimated, was sent to St. Augustine. Three transports which took the Spanish troops to Cuba returned to Florida with yellow fever. One of them had lost its entire crew and was navigated into port by two passengers.

Troops stationed at Tampa, Key West and even Chickamauga, being in connection with forces which are operating in Cuba, will run the risk of infection. We are much better able to fight the fever now than ever before and perhaps science will win. Says a physician who has studied the disease:

"My personal belief is that our soldiers can operate in Cuba without suffering much if the rules laid down by the surgeon general of the army are followed. We have never yet made the experiment on a large scale of living up to the best rules of health, and I am very hopeful of the result in the present instance. The army will look out for high ground, especially for the hours of sleep."

It was the old wooden West Indian ships that carried the germs from Cuba. These are not plying back and forth now. The warships of our navy are clean and wholesome and do not afford lodgment for germs of infection.

The man who will direct the campaign against yellow jack is Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, who has been appointed chief surgeon of the army in the field. He will go with the troops wherever they are sent and will fight the fever while they are fighting the Spanish.

Colonel Greenleaf knows how to conduct such a campaign too. He is a man of ripe experience and well qualified for the task. He began his army service in 1861 when he was appointed assistant surgeon of the Fifth Ohio volunteers, and the following August he received his commission as assistant surgeon in the army. He has passed through the successive military grades to his present rank of colonel and assistant surgeon general. Colonel Greenleaf was senior medical officer with General Hancock in the riots of 1878, and in 1887 he was executive officer in the surgeon general's office at Washington, where he completed the organization of the present hospital corps.

Since 1893 Colonel Greenleaf has been in charge of the medical supplies of the Pacific coast and has been stationed at San Francisco. He is the author of a number of standard military medical works and of the system of personal identification now in use in the army. He was born in Carlisle, Pa., in 1838.

TIPSY MEN DANGEROUS.

A Story of the Trouble Involved In Trying to Help One of Them.

Three or four men were spinning yarns in one of the parlors of the Charleston hotel, and the conversation drifted around to experiences with drunken men.

"You've no idea how dangerous it is to have any dealings with a drunken man whom you may meet on the street," said one of the party. "A man sometimes gets into trouble that may last him a lifetime. I recall an experience of a friend of mine that will serve to illustrate the point.

"One Sunday morning, several years ago we were sitting in his room in New Orleans watching the people coming home from church when suddenly there staggered into sight a block away a well dressed man, evidently much the worse for what he had taken. We watched him as he worked his way up the street, clinging to the palings and taking up all the pavement he could. We were somewhat inclined to consider it a joke, until he came to the opposite corner and paused in despair at the prospect of crossing. The crossing was none too well paved anyway and the presence of a trolley car track directly in front of him evidently added to the terrors of the situation for him. So he stood there, embracing a lamppost and trying to make up his mind to the task, until my friend took pity on him. Saying, 'Poor devil! I've been in the same fix myself,' he went to his assistance. The man was grateful and clung to my friend like a brother until he landed him safely at home.

"Next day a policeman called to arrest my friend on the charge of having robbed somebody of a watch and chain. It was the drunken man, who, when he recovered, had found those articles missing and remembering my friend's name had sworn out a warrant against him. You can imagine what a sensation it created. The poor fellow was marched away to the station house and locked up, and we were in a state of mind. The afternoon papers were full of it of course, and it was talked all over town. You can imagine the relief to all of us when, late in the evening, a man appeared with the missing articles and stated that the drunken man had given them to him to take care of until he sobered up. The charge was withdrawn of course and the profoundest apologies offered, but that day my friend quit New Orleans and has never been there since."—Charleston News and Courier.

THE CARE OF CATS.

Kinds of Food That Should Be Given to Them—Treatment When Sick.

"Cats are by no means as hardy as is suggested by the old adage that each cat has nine lives," remarked a veterinarian who makes a specialty of treating sick cats. "But there is no reason why, with proper care, a pet cat should not live to a very green old age. Cats should be fed regularly and at least twice a day. Bread and milk or oatmeal porridge and milk, the milk having a little hot water and a trifle of sugar added to it in chilly weather, should constitute their breakfast. Bread and broth with a little cooked meat is quite sufficient for their dinner. A little fresh fish may be given occasionally and now and then a morsel of uncooked liver and meat, care being taken to remove all fat. Any vegetable for which the cat shows a fondness may be given with discretion.

"Remember to see that a cat always has access to a plenty of fresh water and fresh grass, grass being a genuine panacea for all its minor troubles. The diseases of cats include sore throat, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption, which are especially prevalent among them, as they are very susceptible to dampness. One of the first symptoms of illness is a rough and untidy coat. If this be accompanied by restlessness and languor, it is safe to administer a dose of castor oil and provide the cat with a sheltered place until the effect has worn off.

"Where the presence of any kind of poison is suspected prompt and energetic action is necessary. A liberal dose of lukewarm water slightly salted generally has a good effect, but it is safest to give at once sweet oil or melted lard. After such an experience a course of cod liver oil is advised, with a generous diet. A little powdered sulphur made into a paste with lard or unsalted butter and smeared upon the front paws is an excellent thing to keep a cat in good condition, but care should be taken to keep it from all exposure to dampness until the effects of the dose disappear.

"Never scold, frighten or shake a sick cat. It matters not how cross they may be at first, they soon come to understand the treatment is for their own comfort and will quietly submit after a short while. Care must be taken to guard against their bite, however, as the bite of a cat is always a serious thing. In giving medicine the sick animal should be rolled in a sheet, its paws at its side, the mouth pressed open and a bit of wood laid across the lower jaw just behind the eyeteeth."

Ex-Secretary Evarts' Bright Retort.

Among the "After Dinner Stories" of famous people in The Ladies' Home Journal is this one illustrating Hon. William M. Evarts' brilliancy at repartee: At a reception in Washington Mr. Evarts was once drawn into a discussion between two ladies.

"Mr. Evarts," said one, "do you not think I am right in saying that a woman is always the best judge of another woman's character?"

"Madam," replied Mr. Evarts, "she is not only the best judge, but also the best executioner."

AN ARMY TRAGEDY.

A Gettysburg Incident That One Man's Memory Will Not Veil.

A captain on the staff of a division commander at the battle of Gettysburg, who afterward became a general and commanded a division himself for a time, once said that if he had it he would willingly give $1,000,000 if he could forget and never recall a Gettysburg tragedy.

"We needed every man in line," said the general. "Orders had been given to let no well or unwounded man go to the rear. Our general had told the whole staff that if we couldn't stop stragglers any other way to shoot them down. As soon as the firing began a certain class fled from the front, and the staff flew at them on their horses and pushed them back into the ranks. It was always a job I hated. It made me mad to see a fellow run away from his comrades when they were in trouble, and I used to be rougher with them than I wanted to be with any class of God's creatures. The enemy was pressing our line very hard. A break was greatly feared. Back came another cluster of stragglers, big, hearty fellows, who never stay under fire a second longer than they are forced to do. I made direct for three of them with my drawn sword. Two of them went back to duty. The third told me to go where it was hotter than that hottest day at Gettysburg and said he was going back no matter if the whole staff stood in the way. 'Go back to your place instantly,' I demanded. At that he cocked his rifle and was lifting the barrel so that I would get its contents. Down went my sword to the ground, and out came my revolver. Quicker than I can tell you it cracked, and the man fell dead. Yes, it was a case of shoot him or be shot. I only wanted to disable him without killing. A second more and he would have killed me."

"Then why do you say you would give $1,000,000 to forget the incident?"

"It is an awful thing to kill a human being. I can see just how that man fell back with an oath on his lips. I don't like it. You wouldn't. I have commanded companies, a regiment, a brigade and a division, to do wholesale killing in battle. That was what we enlisted to do. That was different from shooting a man, one of your own soldiers, at your side. I shall always regret that it became my duty to have a hand in that army tragedy."—Chicago Times-Herald.

EASY PAY FOR A SMOKE.

But the Irate Creditor Was Ready to Commit Assault.

Some time ago the proprietor of a popular down town cigar store was confronted by a well dressed stranger. The stranger smiled pleasantly and asked for a cigar.

"Gimme as good as you've got," he said.

So the dealer reached around in the showcase until he unearthed a certain brand.

"Fifty cents," he said as he shoved them across the glass.

"That's the ticket," said the stranger as he carefully selected a smoker that suited him.

He passed it critically beneath his nose, balanced it airily on one finger, snipped off the end, lighted it and puffed away contentedly. So absorbed was he that he quite overlooked the fact that the proprietor was gazing at him expectantly.

"Oh, yes," he cried when he caught the cigar man's gaze. He dived into one pocket, looked astonished, dived into another and looked more astonished.

"By Jove," he muttered, "that's queer!"

He scooped into his pockets again and patted himself across the vest front.

"Dear, dear," he murmured, "this is embarrassing! Haven't got a cent with me; must have left pocketbook at hotel."

He looked at the proprietor. The latter was regarding his frantic efforts with a look of lukewarm sympathy.

"Take stamps?" inquired the stranger as he thrust a hand into his inner coat pocket.

"Certainly, sir," said the unsuspicious dealer.

"Then," said the stranger hastily, "take these." And he stamped heavily on the floor a half dozen times and then scooted through the door.

Well, the cigar man was so full of rage that he could only splutter anathemas. He was so mad, in fact, that an hour later the sight of a postage stamp or a heavy tread on the floor would have thrown him into convulsions.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Bend Down Your Heads!"

On the west coast of Ireland, near the mouth of the river Shannon, are several large sea caves which open into each other. The visitor seems to be floating through a submarine palace of many halls, whose roofs are either as green as grass in the sun or blood red. But the visitor needs a good guide and a good boatman, for the sea is insidious and the labyrinth of caves intricate.

On one occasion, writes Aubrey de Vere in his "Recollections," soon after a party had entered the boatman suddenly shouted, "Bend down your heads for your lives!"

No one saw any danger, but the boatman felt the placid water insensibly rising and knew that the tide had turned. At last the visitors know this, too, for it was not until the boat had ascended within a few inches of the roof that it began to descend.

"Pull your best!" exclaimed the man at the helm. "If the second wave reaches us, we are lost!" But before the second wave reached the cave the boat had issued from its mouth.

Gambling.

Bishop Hall, Episcopal, of Vermont has endeavored to make a reasonable statement of the arguments against gambling. He says that the objections are:

First.—Its danger on account of the excitement that belongs to it.

Second.—The fact that it tends to discourage honest, sober, hard work, people thinking that by its means they can attain to wealth more easily and quickly.

Third.—That it lowers and degrades what should be manly sports.

Fourth.—That it ignores the responsibility for the trust of money committed to one.

Fifth.—That it is a violation in selfishness of the law of brotherly love.

ROOM NO. 13.

Showing the Troubles Hotel Clerks Have With Superstitious Guests.

"The superstition about 13 works both ways in the hotel business," volunteered the proprietor of one of our hotels, "though in the great majority of cases it is against any room that is numbered 13. People who are strong enough to resist nearly all other popular superstitions fall down when the 13 case arises for their consideration and especially when they are shown to a room having that number. In a great number of hotels the rooms numbered 13 are used for storage rooms or linen closets and the like, though in many of the most modern there is no room 13, the jump being made from 12 to 14. This is no doubt the best way to get out of the trouble as far as the guests are concerned, but some extra sensitive persons will notice the jump and fight shy of 14 as well, for they can see if the numbering was properly carried out it would bear the supposed fatal or unfortunate number. In my hotel there is a room 13, and, I assure you, it is oftener vacant than occupied.

"Only a few weeks since one of the men whose names are most prominently mentioned in this country in connection with politics stopped at this hotel. As 13 was empty, as usual, the clerk sent him to it, thinking that he was not affected by the superstition. He noticed the number before he got to the door and refused the room, saying that he would not occupy it under any circumstances. He then told the clerk that he had studied into the superstition as far as it related to politics and had learned that in the last three presidential conventions the men who were to nominate the popular candidate for president by circumstances were put into rooms in the convention cities numbered 13 and that in each case their candidates were defeated for nomination. He thought the 13 did the business for them as much as anything else and maybe more than all things else combined. Now, while this is true, there are those who prefer 13 to any other number and especially those who are members of the so called 13 clubs, who hold their meetings on the 13th of the months, have 13 at each table at the dinners and the like. If it was not for these, a room numbered 13 would be just so much lost space in a hotel."—Washington Star.

EXPENSIVE EXERCISE.

An Experience That Shows That Riding Is Cheaper Than Walking.

He was sitting at a table talking to a party of friends. "Well, I've tried everything," he was saying, "but what is the use of worrying about these things? Some men are fat, some are lean. I tell you it can't be helped. We're built that way."

"Ever tried walking?" chimed a listener. "Do you walk much?"

"Tried everything, I tell you. But, by the way, that reminds me of an experience I had one time. I was discussing the subject one evening with my wife. She said: 'Jim, you ought to walk more. I think walking would do you good, and besides look at the money you'd save—20 cents a day, $1.20 a week, and $4.80 a month. Just think what you'd save in a year!'

"'By George! I never thought of that before,' said I. 'I never looked at it that way. I guess I'll try it.'

"I started to keep my resolution in the morning, so I walked to the office. Although somewhat tired, I felt better. In the evening I started to walk home, but when I got down the street a little way I met a friend, who patted me on the shoulder, shook hands, said he was glad to see me and also said, 'Come in and have something.'

"I went. Inside were a party of gentlemen whom we both knew, and we all of us had something. We chatted and talked awhile, had a smoke, talked another while and had something more. Looking at my watch, I realized it was past my supper time. My humor was in excellent mood, and I invited the boys to come up town with me and have a good supper. We had lots of fun at supper time. Some one even suggested that we go to the theater. Of course we went. After the show we had something more to eat and drink. We also had a few smokes.

"Oh, I had a good time! I walked enough that night, I tell you. Didn't reduce any fat, either. I got home about 1 o'clock. My wife, astonished at the unusual hour of my arrival, asked where I'd been, why it was I came home so late. 'Dearie,' said I, 'I walked home tonight, and it cost me just $17.70 to get here.'

"I never tried walking much after that."—New Haven Register.

Substances In the Nose.

A kernel of corn or a pea or other small substance gets into a child's nose, and the problem is to remove it. We would suggest the following method as effectual in accomplishing the object desired: Inject into the free nostril with a common syringe a stream of tepid water. The sides of the nostril should be closed around the point of the syringe to prevent a reflux of the water. Use a moderate degree of force and the stream will make a circuit through the posterior nasal cavity and pass out of the opposite nostril, dislodging the foreign substance. A more simple method is this: The patient takes a "deep breath," then closes the mouth and the free nostril and forces his breath through the obstructed nostril. If the child is old enough to do it perfectly, he may blow out the corn or pea or whatever has found a lodgment in the nasal passage.—New York Ledger.

Diet of Fighters.

The London Vegetarian remarks that 90 per cent of the world's fighting has been done on vegetable diet. If the fighting of China's 400,000,000 is a specimen, the carnivorous tenth has the best of it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How She Viewed It.

Perhaps she was jealous, perhaps she wasn't; anyway, she had just heard of the engagement, and she could not help noticing the engaged girl's pride in her captured youth.

"Really," she said, and her lips curled scornfully, "there's no accounting for tastes, is there? Some people think they have won the game when they get the booby prize."—Chicago Post.

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

The Foremost Dutch Literary Man in the World.

Maarten Maartens is perhaps the foremost figure in the literary world of Holland. The name is not his true one, which is J. M. W. Van de Poorten-Schwartz. He fills a niche that is all his own, for it would be hard to say whether he is a Dutch or an English writer. He has been called the Dutch Tolstoi, but his books were all written first in faultless English and then re-written by himself in as faultless Dutch. He is known to his neighbors in Holland as a country gentleman who shuts himself up in his house for days together and constructs the most beautiful novels, which he writes in English. As a field for his genius he has chosen the life of his country and the ways of his own people. Many of his novels are what have been psychological studies. Considering the eminent success he has made in letters he is a young

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

man, for he was born forty years ago. He was educated in England and in Germany, and he has traveled over the greater part of Europe. He explains his choice of the English language as a medium for his genius by saying that English is more flexible, nimble and more suitable for romance than the Dutch. His latest work, "My Lady Nobody," is winning much praise for the author from the best judges. It is probable that the distinguished Dutchman will pay a visit to this country during the coming summer.

THE ROYAL JEWELS.

Sir Hugh Henry Gough, Successor of the Late Sir Frederick Middleton.

General Sir Hugh Henry Gough, G.C.B., V.C., has been appointed by the Queen to be Keeper of the Jewels in the Tower of London, in succession to the late Sir Frederick Middleton. The new Keeper of the Jewels was born in Tipperary 65 years ago. He served during the siege of Delhi and at the relief of Lucknow. He has the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery at Alum Bogh, where

SIR HUGH HENRY GOUGH.

he led a party across a swamp and captured two guns which were defended by a vastly superior body of the rebel forces.

She Liked Sailing.

The following true tale is a most curious instance of living well on nothing a year without breaking the laws of the land. About twenty years ago a steam packet company of Liverpool wished to buy a piece of land which was owned by a "stay-at-home spinster," as her neighbors described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon a clause being inserted in the agreement giving her the right, at any time during her life, to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels.

When the agreement was closed she sold her furniture and went on board the first outgoing ship belonging to the packet company. For years this wise spinster lived nearly all the time upon one ship or another, frequently accompanied by a companion, according to the agreement. This was always a person who otherwise would have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at reduced rates by paying the spinster instead of the packet company. The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up her privilege; but this she would not do. Her reply was: "You got the land cheap, and I like sailing; so we ought both to be satisfied."

Sincere Friendship.

This is what Mrs. Rivers said to her husband:

"Tell your friend Brooks to come to our little Vogner musical next Tuesday evening."

This is what Rivers said to his friend:

"Brooks, the club my wife belongs to has arranged to have a Wagner disturbance at our house next Tuesday night. Trump up some other engagement, old man, and send regrets."—Boston Journal.

Coal mined in China is being exported to California, and it is said that in a few years the Flowery Land will supply the whole Pacific coast.

One-seventh of the territory of France is composed of forest.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Cumberland, B. C.

Issued Every Tuesday and Saturday.

M. Whitney, Editor.

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TUESDAY, OCT. 11th, 1898

While the returns have not all reached us, it appears Quebec and Ontario's majority against, have not overcome the majority for prohibition in the other provinces. The vote, however, was so small that it is the general opinion Laurier's government will not introduce any bill to make effectual the plebiscite.

We wish to call the attention of the Lands & Works Department to the fact that unless the Nanaimo-Comox trunk road be cut through this fall, it will be a great loss. Less than a mile remains to be built to complete this throughfare A small portion of the road can be used as it is, and not used it will rapidly fall into decay. The people have waited long for this out-let which would connect the road system of this district with the rest of the island, and enable them to drive direct to Nanaimo. It would open up much good land to settlement, and without this link finished much of the money already expended would be wasted.

Canadian Magazine.

In the October Canadian Magazine is a humorous tale by Cyrus Pincher, which appeals to all observers of country life. Chas. Lewis Shaw has a good hunting story, and this number abounds with short stories, and photographs. There is an illustrated article on "Rowin' in Canada," and portraits of Johnston and Gaudaur, also photographs of all the provincial legistative buildings.

IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

Govt. Agent Anderson received a telegram Sunday night or Monday morning early from Nanaimo to look out for a sloop manned by three men who have been committing a number of desperate robberies at Englishman's River and Qualicum. The lady school teachers, Mr. Hillyar and others have suffered losses through these light fingered pirates.

The Govt. Agent Anderson and Officer Thompson went to the wharf and the keen sighted officers discovered their prey. A severe struggle ensued, for the trio of robbers were game and fought like tigers when they were being arrested. One of the men nearly succeed in wresting officer Thompson's pistol from him, but the Scotch ire was aroused and the robber overpowered. Govt. Agent Anderson was obliged to fell one of the robbers to the ground. The arrest was a most important one as well as a hard fight for the officers.

The captured desperadoes will probably be called to-day (Tuesday) before Magistrate Abrams for a hearing.

Two of the men are Englishmen, the other an Irishman; they have been committing their robberies all along the coast, and it is probable they have stolen the sloop they steered at last to their doom.

LATER—In the melee one of the men got his head cut. Dr. Lawrence was called to sew up the cut.

It is asserted that there were four robbers and one is still at liberty.

COAL SHIPMENTS.

Oct. 5.—Rapid Transit, 256 tons, for E Cone, Seattle.

Oct. 6—Transfer, 182 tons of coke, 37 tons of coal, Vancouver.

Oct. 7.—Thistle, 69 tons of coal, Esquimalt navy yard.

Oct. 9.—Thistle 210 tons coal for the Warrimoo, Vancouver.

Oct. 9.—The Maude 139 tons of coal, for Victoria.

Oct. 9. - Calidonian, 205 tons of coal for the C. P. R., Vancouver.

Oct. 9.—Tepic, 234 tons of coal for the C. P. R., Vancouver.

Glory of the Seas due.

Warrimoo due.

MULE DRIVERS AND PUSHERS STRIKE.

The mule drivers and pushers in Union Colliery Co.'s employ asked for an increased wage per day on Monday morning and on being refused went on a strike. This, of course throws the regular miner out of his employment as one can not work without the other. The wages paid mule drivers and pushers has been $2.25 per day.

LATER.—At a meeting held this morning (Tuesday), the strikers decided to go back to work.

E. Rowlands requests THE NEWS to correct on error on his list of subscribers to the New Wesstminster fund. T. E. Nicoll should have been credited with $1.00 instead of 50 cts.

FOR SALE.—My farm 160 acres, about 30 acres perfectly cleared, and about 30 acres cleared but not stumped, 3½ miles from Comox wharf, also one good milk cow for sale.—W. ANDERTON.

FOR SALE—One story and a half dwelling house of six rooms, hall, pantry, etc. on easy terms. Enquire of Jas. Carthew

Remember THE BIG STORE IS Headquarters FOR AMMUNITION AND ARMS as well as Fishing Tackle.

S. Leiser.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

The City Council meets next Friday night

No. 4 engine will be taken to Victoria for repairs this week.

T. D. McLean expects to leave for the Hot Springs Friday next.

FOR RENT—Two rooms on Dunsmuir Ave., next door to City Hall.

Mayor Mounce has been ill and confined to his room, but is reported better this morning.

Mr. Frank Williams is suffering with a very sore eye, having got a piece of hot steel in his left eye.

An Indian had a white man brought before Magistrate Abrams to-day on the charge of stealing ducks.

Mr. Stevens, superintendent of the Water Works Co., says, work is about over until spring. A pipe is to be laid in No. 6 shaft.

The Cumberlhnd school boys, it is reported, will play a football match with the Courtenay school boys on Thanksgiving Day.

There have been three men missing from H. M. S. Leander, which is now at Comox Wharf. Two have been found we understand.

We have seen some photos of Trent river bridge, made by Mr. Kendell, both before and after the recent accident. They are very good; Mr. Kendell has these views for sale.

The heavy rains must have washed all the local news out of town as it is very scarce.

There was a large attendance Sunday morning at the Methodist Church, the occasion being the Sunday School anniversary. Rev. Mr. Hicks preached an interesting sermon to the children. Monday evening tea was served to the scholars from 5 to 7.

On Sunday night Mrs. Barrett of Port Townsend, occupied the pulpit at the Methodist Church. Mrs. Barrett has a pleasing voice and sympathetic manner; her sermon affected her hearers deeply, as was manifested by the strict attention she received. That she feels her own words is evident and there lies the key to the power to hold her listeners, and touch their hearts, which the lady certainly possesses. Mrs. Barret will hold gospel services at the Methodist Church each night this week at half past seven, and it is hoped those who have not been so fortunate as to hear her will avail themselves of that p velege.

NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that in compliance with an order of the Provincial Board of Health of British Columbia, all wells in Union and Cumberland must be filled up and all cess and privy pits be filled in and earth closets substituted.

Until the 31st inst will be given to comply with this order.

H. P. MILLARD, M.D.,
Comox, Oct.11, 1898. M. H. O.

HAVING BOUGHT OUT ALD. KILPATRICK'S

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NOTICE.

Dr. Lawrence, treasurer of Flower, Fruit, Vegetable and Pet Animal Show, held at Cumberlend August 4th, having returned from his trip east, is now ready to pay all prizes awarded at said exhibition.

All persons not calling for same within the next 30 days from the date hereof will be deemed to have donated the same to the Society

M. WHITNEY,
Oct. 4, 1898. Secretary.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 31,

To take effect at 7 a.m. on Saturday Mar, 26th 1898. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Daily.	Sat. & Sund'y.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	A. M. 9.00	P.M. 4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	12.23	7.16
Ar. Wellington	12.48	.35

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	A M Daily.	P M Sat. & Sund'y.
Ar. Victoria	12.07	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.46	4.32
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.25	4.25

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