

New Governor of Jamaica.



SYDNEY OLIVIER

Sydney Oliver, who has been appointed governor of Jamaica to succeed Sir Alexander Swettenham, was born in 1859, graduated at Corpus Christi college, Oxford university, and in 1882 entered the colonial office. In 1890-1891 he was acting colonial secretary of British Honduras, in 1895-1896 he was auditor general of the Leeward islands and was later private secretary to the earl of Selborne, secretary of the West India royal commission, colonial secretary of Jamaica and acting governor of Jamaica. In 1898 he was sent to Washington to assist in the negotiation of reciprocity treaties on behalf of the West Indian colonies.

DOOM FOR DERELICTS.

NEW BRAND OF DESTROYER BUILDING FOR ATLANTIC.

Revenue Cutter No. 17 Will Be Assigned to Sink Those Floating Hulks Which Are a Menace to Navigation.

Washington.—Officials of the revenue cutter service are looking forward to the completion of the new derelict destroyer, revenue cutter 17, with high expectations of her usefulness. She will be the first craft of her kind to become part of the service, and when completed, some time next year, the ability of the "watchdog" branch of the treasury department to cope with dangers and emergencies that now seriously strain the bureau will be largely increased.

At present all the work that will fall

to the new destroyer must be done by the revenue cutters, which are neither built nor equipped for such service. When No. 17 is launched she will in all probability get a name, for one can hardly imagine a successful launching without a naming, and neither the secretary of the treasury nor the chief of the revenue cutter service would wish to humiliate the new ship by sending her out among her sister ships with no more idea of typifying title than that which is given a convict in the penitentiary or a brick house in a row.

As the new destroyer is to be unique in many ways, she will also be assigned to the other cutters in the service. She will have a steaming radius of 3,000 miles without stopping to coal, will be provisioned for much longer cruises than she will ever be likely to make, and will be equipped with powerful derricks, the most improved

SAYS POTATOES HAVE SOULS.

Mystic Maeterlinck's Announcement Gives Vegetarians Brainstorm.

Paris.—What are the vegetarians to eat now?

They abhor flesh because they refuse to slaughter pensive heaves, playful lambs and joyous calves. Now Maurice Maeterlinck has carried consternation into the vegetarian camp and has greatly disturbed their digestions by his book on the intelligence of plant life.

Maeterlinck thinks he proves that plants are as purposeful, as reasonable, as conscientious as most humans, even as most vegetarians. In general the vegetarians are mystics and so they worship Maeterlinck. What are they to eat if, as he insists, cereals have souls, green peas have a purpose in life and potatoes have white sweet souls?

Prince Troubetski, the sculptor, who is a vegetarian, had a talk with Maeterlinck on this puzzling subject at the salon. Troubetski has sincere scruples against tasting meat, against slaying sentient beings to devour their flesh. His distress was almost tragic as he questioned Maeterlinck, who could console him only with: "Never fear, prince. He who lives must eat."

But he did not say what, so the princely sculptor is at his wits' end to choose a food which will sustain life, but which gives up no life in becoming food.

Live Toads in "Dead" Letter.

Washington.—The dead letter office of the post department came to life the other day when a woman clerk, in opening dead-letter mail, took the lid off a box containing three horned toads from Texas. After the woman clerk had climbed down from her desks a summary court-martial sentenced the animals to death for inciting a riot, but a tender-hearted messenger rescued the culprits and turned them loose in Farragut square, where the children play.

Zinc Discovery Booms Dubuque.

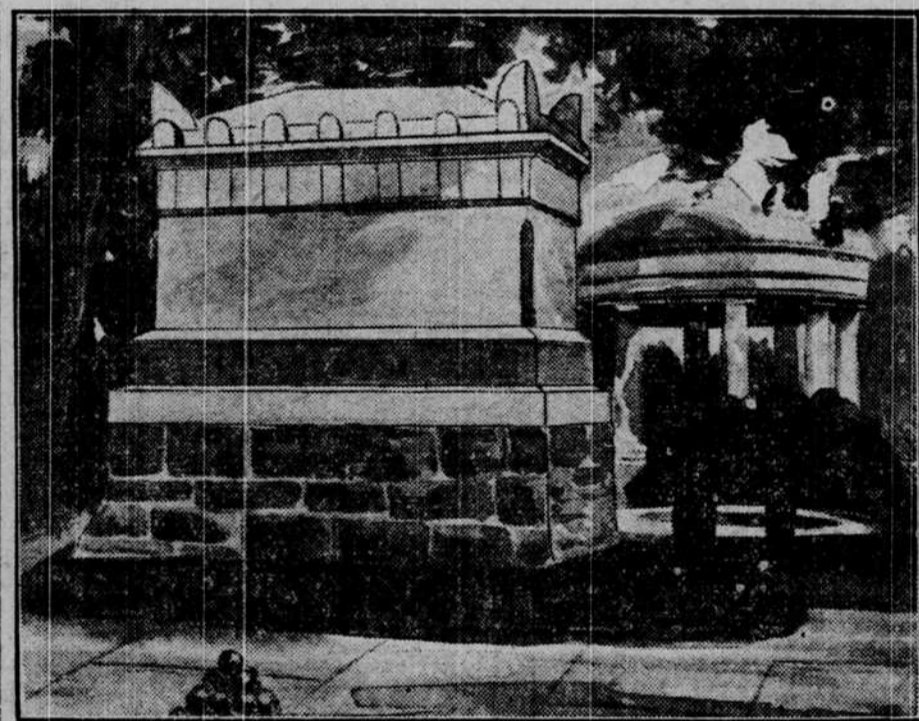
Inrush of New Residents Raises Iowa City to 50,000.

Dubuque, Ia.—The census department of the federal government estimates the population of Dubuque at 43,070 for 1896, but the recent uncovering of immense deposits of zinc and lead has brought an inrush of new residents and 50,000 population is claimed.

Statistics of the state census bureau rank Dubuque first among the cities of the state in manufactures, a fact in part attributable to its freedom from strike disturbances, to the advantages accruing to it from the "river break" in interstate rates, to its railroad facilities, its proximity to Chicago, its location on the Mississippi and to the conservatism of its working classes consequent upon their being home owners.

The industries of the city are varied and the number of wage earners larger than for any other Iowa city of equal or greater size. It numbers

Where Heroes Sleep.



Monument to the unknown dead and the Temple of Fame in the national military cemetery at Arlington here sleep about 17,000 soldiers who died in war for the Union. It is consecrated ground to which thousands come every year from the north, south, east and west to honor those who gave their lives that the country might live.

"BOARD WALK" IS TO GO.

Block of Tile Will Displace Famous Wooden Atlantic City Promenade.

Atlantic City, N. J.—A block of the famous boardwalk paved with tile imported from Holland, where similar paving is in use, will be one of the novelties for the summer visitors of the coming season, who will be asked to pass their opinion on wooden block and concrete as a footway for the esplanade.

The experiment in making a change in the flooring of the walk is being tried with the object of discovering some paving substitute that will better stand the travel of the thou-

life-saving apparatus and with a magazine in which will be high explosives in sufficient quantities to blow half the battle ships in the world out of the sea. The gunpowder and dynamite, however, will not be spent to destroy life, but to save it.

The ships that she will attack are those that have outlived their usefulness and have passed from the service of civilization to the class of human enemies. The half-sunken derelicts that float silently up and down and across the paths of commerce, claiming as victims the finest ships, with their crews and passengers, will be the prey of No. 17, and no mercy will be shown when these mysterious foes are found. It is expected that in life-saving work the new revenue cutter will prove as valuable as in the more sensational and noisy pursuit of derelicts.

Her field of operations will be comparatively restricted, with Nova Scotia on the north, the Bahamas on the south and the mid-Atlantic on the east. Her duty will be to keep the paths of ocean commerce clear, and the field is large enough to occupy all the time of her swift engines. The other side of the ocean will be patrolled by the ships of Great Britain or the powers of the continent.

When storms along the seaboard imperil passenger ships or there is other work cut out for lifesavers, revenue cutter 17 will be summoned by wireless if she is at sea, and by land wire if in port, and will hasten to the scene. That she will give a good account of herself in every emergency the revenue cutter officials feel certain, and are concerned now only in expediting the construction of the sadly needed ship.

LORDS BUY 2,000 PRAIRIE DOGS.

Britishers. Seeking Sport, to Stock Hunting Preserves with Them.

Huron, S. D.—Two thousand prairie dogs at three dollars each at shipping point have been contracted for by English lords who have exterminated the rabbits and hares on their shooting preserves in England and are languishing for sport.

Mrs. Nellie Madden, of Waukegan, Wis., having contracted to supply this number of the dogs, has withdrawn her farm north of this city from the market, believing its value has enhanced immeasurably by the demand for prairie dogs, with which it is overrun. It is believed the English noblemen have bucked up against another Yankee game, and that the character of the prairie dogs has been misrepresented to them.

The animals are the size of an overgrown rat, live in communities, their holes connected with outlets every rod or two. They are spry enough to arouse the sporting blood of the British, but when wounded drop into their holes or if dead their fellows quickly drag them in. It is mere pot-hunting to shoot them, but to entrap 2,000 of them will afford a nice problem for the venders.

The Trouble with Mike.

Sportsman—I wonder what's become of Mike? I told him to meet me here.

Driver—Ach, 'tis no use tellin' him anything! Sure, sorr, just goes in at wather ear and out at the other, like wather off a duck's back.

The man looked startled.

"I, ma'am," he asked.

"Certainly," I cried, "if I could go about all winter carrying a little tool in my pocket which would make an attic floor and a lead pipe blossom into a fountain, I should not find it hard to believe that I could make it spring whenever I wished."

"Why, yes'm," he said, "I've thought that myself sometimes."

"Let us have," said I to the man, "this fountain of spring come up here, between this old chest and the dormer window. I hope," I added, "that this is a quick spring, because they are coming here to rehearse this afternoon, and they will want the fountain."

"This here spring," he said, "it'll take about two full hours to bring up that fountain, ma'am."

"Very well," said I, "I told you there would be an early spring."

At four o'clock Lisa and her friends came to rehearse for the fountain play. I saw them all safely above stairs, and then I slipped down to the kitchen, for I had a fancy to send Mary up, when they were finished, with a tray of tea and jam and little cakes and bon-bons.

I found that Mary had miraculously anticipated my wish and had already spread sandwiches and opened the jam.

"Mary," I said as I arranged the bon-bons, "it is still snowing. Have you got your wish yet?"

"O ma'am," said Mary, "No'm."

She looked up at me suddenly. I

hardly knew how, but at once I understood that her sad eyes spoke but one wish.

"Who is it, Mary?" I asked with a sudden impulse. "Is it your sweet heart?"

"No'm," said Mary, soberly, "it's my husband."

"Do you care to tell me, Mary?"

"Yes'm," said Mary. "We was married two years ago. We hadn't neither of us hit our wings against nothing," said Mary, "an' we was married thinkin' he was always goin' to fly free; but that ain't the way God made the world—to fly free. So when we'd been goin' along a ways somethin' happened that hurt me, an' I sez: 'It was you.' And there didn't neither one of us have the sense to see that what hurt us wasn't neither him nor me, but just the way things naturally waa."

"Is he dead, Mary?" I asked, laying the bon-bons on the dish.

"O ma'am," said Mary, "No'm. But I don't know where he is. And he won't never forgive me."

"Wait and see," I said only, "wait and see."

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"This is a great moment," he murmured, "this is the moment when she finds out that the world is a garden, not an attic."

"And that the prince is sure to appear there," I said, sinking beside Peleas.

While I looked I saw how, behind an ancient, disused sofa, that great giant of the morning was kneeling on the floor and touching mysteriously

about; and there before our eyes, between the dormer window and the old chest, gushed up the fountain, shining in the sun of afternoon. And there, too, stood the charming little maid who was taking the pretty role, and her eyes were shining in mock delight as she saw the fair water, and with mock alarm as she saw, from out the wilderness of boxes, that young prince coming to claim her.

The pretty play was just over, when I heard Mary coming up the stairs with the tray of tea and tarts. No sooner was she there than Lisa, who can coax bewitchingly, begged that we have tea down in my room, where there are a half-dozen deep window seats—for the joy of dreams and tates.

"Each one must carry something, then," I commanded, "for the things have already been brought up here."

Peleas and I stayed behind, and as the cloud of Lisa's friends went in soft laughter down the attic stairs we turned, and fancied that the fairy tale had come true before our eyes.

Between the dormer window and the ancient chest the fountain was still sparkling to the sun, as it had sparkled when the little mock princess had found her lover by its side. And where she had stood, Mary stood now; and she was suddenly and unexplainably in the arms of that earnest young giant in blue clothes.

"Mary—" said the young giant, brokenly; and then he saw us and tried to make us know all that the moment brought welling to his heart. And Mary met our eyes, unashamed that his arms held her, and her hand was in his hand.

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary, "it was him I told you about. It was him I meant."

I looked at Mary, her sad eyes so magically lighted with something that never could go out; and—

"Did I not say," I cried, "that spring is somewhere about? And that we shall all have our wishes?"

"And did I not say," cried Peleas, "that we'd a whole day to teach people about spring?"

"And did I not say," I cried triumphantly to that young giant, "that there would be an early spring?"

He smiled, not at me, but at Mary. "An early spring," he said, "in spite of all the almanacs."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary. "Yes'm."

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So enamored are the Japanese becoming of the great game of billiards that the Mikado has had a fine inlaid table erected, and it is stated that H. W. Stevenson is to give lessons at the imperial court. Stevenson is to be congratulated if the news be true. The Mikado will see that he pockets something.—London Globe.

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AN EARLY SPRING

BY ZONA GALE

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Midwinter—and yet all that morning I had been thinking of spring. Are there not days of snow when without reason spring is in one's thought?

I am wont to call this secret presence the little spring.

"The little spring," I said. "She knows. She stays even when everyone supposes that she has forgotten."

Then Peleas came in, and the wintery sun touched his white hair as it touched mine, for we are both 70.

"Ettare," said Peleas, "Nicola has a friend who is ill in the hospital. She has gone to see her and she has got in her place for to-day the most pathetic little woman. She is down there in the kitchen now making a salad."

"Then her salads will be good," I said. "Haven't you often noticed how the disappointments in life come out in appetizing dishes or exquisite needlework or beautiful dispositions?"

"Ah, yes," said Peleas, "but their eyes never look any less sad. I wish we could cheer her up. Her name is Mary."

Presently I went down to the kitchen.

"Mary," I said, "what fresh, crisp lettuce! I am glad to know that I was right. I thought the world smelled of spring this morning."

"Spring, ma'am?" said Mary.

"Yes—spring," I said. "March, April. May. Surely in spite of the snow, you have not forgotten?"

Mary smiled faintly, and sighed. So many smiles are sighs!

"No, ma'am," she said, "I have not forgotten."

"Ah, no," I said, "one doesn't forget. Mary, I pursued. "If it were spring what would you rather do than anything else?"

"O, ma'am," said Mary.

I had only to look in her eyes, swiftly lifted, to know that in her heart some wish was hidden of what that swift look was the spirit.

"For myself," said I, "spring or winter, I wish—let us both wish—to be near to some one very, very dear."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary. "Yes'm."

"Ah well," said I as I left her, "this, I am persuaded, is a very special day. And I know that spring is somewhere about listening."

I went back upstairs smiling at the pleasant mystification in Mary's face.

In the upper hallway Peleas stood with a workman.

"Ettare," said Peleas, "this man says something about water-pipes."

"Ah," said I, "to be sure. The water pipes in the attic. Have you forgotten the school play?"

"I had," Peleas confessed, "I had. This will be the man to make the fountain that Lisa wanted."

"This will be the man," I assented, "and let us go up to the attic at once."

Here Lisa and some of her butterfly friends had begged leave to come on a holiday, and pursue a most astonishing course to which Peleas and I had assented only after proper hesitation. They wished to, give her a kind of play, and they had selected our attic for the simple reason that the heroine of the piece lived in an attic chamber, all cobwebs and rafters, and fell asleep and dreamed that she was a princess by a fountain in a garden, and met there the prince waiting for her. After which she awoke and found herself in the attic, fountain and princess crown gone but the prince was still there among the cobwebs and rafters.

"It's nice and warm up here," he said.

"That," said I, smiling at my own image in a dusty mirror, "is no doubt because spring is in the world, in spite of the snow."

"It'll be a late spring, along of the almanacs," said the man, throwing down his kit of tools.

"Nonsense!" said I, "it will be an early spring. I can tell by the way the snow is piled!"

How dare any one prophesy a late spring? Why should not everyone go through the winter prophesying an early spring, happy in the confidence that the prophecy would lure on the spring itself? Everyone ought at least to understand that spring is really in the world all winter long if only one knew how to look for it.

"It will be an early spring," I repeated firmly. "How can you help thinking so when you can make the spring wherever you go—you, yourself, I mean?"

"The man looked startled."

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Mission for Duchess of Marlborough



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

WHERE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOME FOR PRISONERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN WILL BE LOCATED

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Truth crushed to earth will rise again—if the politicians will get and give it a chance.

DOG PUTS WOMAN IN PANIC.

Pheasant on Her Hat Aroused Instincts of Gordon Setter Pup.

Nobody had ever seen a dog act like that on Broadway, says the New York Herald. He was a brown-and-yellow, curly-haired one with feet slightly out of drawing, which indicated that he was just bettering over being a pup.

He chased a woman up two little steps of one of the closed entrances of the Criterion theater and there he stood at the bottom of the flight with his long nose at such an angle that a dotted line drawn from it would have touched the stuffed pheasant on her mink hat. His eyes had a glassy set to them and his right foreleg had been lifted off the sidewalk in a kind of high-stepping attitude.

"Mad dog!" cried she on the steps at the top of her voice. "Won't anybody save me? Police! Police! Where's a policeman?"

She backed nearly to the door. The dog at the same time shifted his position and again relapsed into his three-

The duchess was asked to help, and help she did. She went feverishly into the work. She bought 200 blankets, 1,000 yards of cotton to be made into sheets and underclothing, boots and shoes—everything, in fact, that Mrs. Hodder said was needed. And she began visiting the wives of the jailbirds.

A short time after the duchess had begun this work Queen Alexandra, who has taken deep interest in the duchess, suggested to Mr. Carille that the work be turned over to her entire control.

Mr. Carille immediately followed her majesty's suggestion. In his frantically energetic way he rushed to Sunderland house. The duchess was at luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Belmont. Mr. Carille joined them. He imparted some of his enthusiasm even to Mr. Belmont.

Next day the duchess of Marlborough motored with her mother down to No. 6 Banner street, and took over the Church army's little nucleus as her own, her very own charity. There followed many days of hard office work. And it was on one of these days that the new project of the duchess, now being carried out, was born.

In Banner street is a big white-washed building—the Houseless Poor asylum. This was started in 1819 and the original work is still carried on, but by the Church army, which has its kindling wood brigade's headquarters there. Mrs. Hodder, six years ago, personally started befriending the families of men in jail. The work grew to such proportions that she called the attention of the Church army to it. Four rooms in a building across the street were rented and Mrs. Hodder's pet charity established there. It is this little beginning which the duchess of Marlborough has taken over. To-day's roll contains the names of more than a hundred families.

It was after the first week that the duchess astonished her lieutenant by outlining her plans. She announced that the society would continue in Banner street only until she was able to get new and proper quarters. Firstly, she explained, there should be a building devoted to children. Here the little ones should live until their father's sentence ended and the family could be united once more. Here they should be taught to work, to read and write and to play.

The next item of the duchess' plan was a maternity home, properly and thoroughly equipped as a real home rather than a cold, whitewashed maternity hospital.

Lastly she declared she would have a woman's home. Here prisoners' wives were to be housed, at least those whose health or condition needed something better than the wretched accommodation of a single dingy room or filthy hovel. And here there should be an employment bureau and skilled women to teach these prisoners' wives sewing, domestic economy, ironing, artificial flower making and such like simple industries.

The entire responsibility, expense and management will be in the hands of the Duchess. She may ask the aid of helpers from the church army, from the dainty dames of high society or she may be satisfied with the simple help of the women to whom she now has become the guardian and ministering angel.

Few Immigrants Go South.

Records of the United States treasury department show that of all the immigrants who land in New York city only four out of each hundred go to the southern states.

legged pose and a glassy stare. From her muff the imprisoned woman took a box of confectionery and threw him bonbon after bonbon. The animal was interested for two or three times and then again he resumed a joyful sniffing in the direction of the gaudy pheasant wings.

About the group congregated a large throng which kept at a safe distance. The cry of "Mad dog!" was sounded through Long Acre square. Persons on the way to the theaters went around the block. The woman on the steps was by this time in hysterics and alternately sobbing and crying: "Mad dog!" and "Good doggie, good doggie, have some candy?" The dog stood still as a statue.

Edging his way through the throng, a policeman reached for his revolver. "I wouldn't," said a lank man who lounged up. "It ain't a crime for a Gordon setter pup to point at a pheasant either in Canandaigua or New York. I won't stand for him being shot. Here, constable, you take that animal to the pound and I'll pay for his keep. He's a good one."