

AROUND THE WORLD.

Sea Sights From Hong Kong to Singapore, a Voyage of 1,440 Miles.

THE LAND OF TROPIC HEAT AND PERFUMES

Where Vegetation Holds High Carnival--A Visit to the Botanical Gardens at Singapore--Tiger from the Jungle Near Takes Possession of Room at European Hotel--Borneo Head-hunting Dyaks No Myth.

SINGAPORE, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, January 3, 1903.

Many a chapter descriptive of Canton might be written without exhausting the almost limitless characteristics of that metropolis of the Chinese empire. However, I shall not weary you with additional Chinese data, but shall hasten to the southward where winter's freezing blasts have never penetrated. Having descended the Pearl river from Canton to Hong Kong, I booked for the 1440 mile voyage to Singapore by the steamship "Sado Maru" built at Belfast and registered at Tokyo at 6000 tons. With ideal weather and consequently a smooth sea, the ship steamed out into deep water with her bow toward the equator. Prior to my trip to Manila I had entertained many doubts as to the existence of flying fish, but those doubts vanished as flying fish unnumbered arose from those tropical waters and hastened away in their aerial flight. I am told they often fly on board ships when pursued by larger fish, though I have seen none arise to such a height nor have I seen any of them cover many rods at one flight, descent into the water being made as soon as their fins become dry through contact with the air.

The shark is the scavenger of the sea. He fears neither man nor ship, although the native of Malaysia often proves the better of the two in a fight to the finish. Many a native makes a business of visiting the ships as they arrive and diving after pieces of shining money cast into the sea by passengers. If attacked by a shark the diver plunges under his assailant and drives a knife into a vital spot. The shark must turn to one side before he can snap his victim, thereby giving the diver a chance. The bravery manifested by these divers indicates that not all the world's heroism was displayed upon historic battlefields. The appearance of a huge, hungry shark alongside the ship makes the cold chills creep over one who is not used to seeing such sights.

As the ship is almost ready to dip her prow under the equator in rounding the peninsula of Malaysia or the Straits Settlements as they are called officially, it is not unusual to hear the expression "I did not imagine it would be so hot here in the winter time." People forget that the temperature is the same the year around on the equator, presenting one eternal summer. This land of changeless climate and vegetation reminds one of the painful sameness referred to by Tennyson in his allusion to the land of the lotus eaters:

"We came unto a land that seemed always afternoon.

"A land where all things always seemed the same."

In presenting the direct opposition to such a lazy clime and sleepy people, the poet strikes fire as he displays the points of excellence observed in the energetic and unyielding Ulysses who resolved—

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star

Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought,

To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

Singapore is a city of 227,000 people, 150,000 of whom are Chinese, the remaining 77,000 being Indians, Chinese, English, Borneo, Japanese, Javanese and Siamese. The federated states of Malaysia, subjects of Great Britain, produce an annual revenue of \$7,000,000. One man pays the government \$257,000 per year for the privilege of selling opium. It is a pity as well as a shame that a great nation will disgrace her name by fostering the opium trade, one of the curses of the orient. Every visitor to Singapore visits the botanical gardens, located two miles from the city. Here vegetation holds high carnival, presenting nearly every variety of botanical life known to the tropics. My home for nearly three days was at the college located in center of the city. Looking in any direction, a vast forest greeted the eye as if no city of nearly a quarter of a million were nearer than a thousand mile. Anywhere and everywhere bread fruit, coconut, banana and stately palm trees held their heads aloft, each vying with the other for precedence in height and beauty. Flowering plants of every conceivable color and combination of colors fill the air with fragrance as they display themselves in one perpetual fairy-like bower. Add to this luxurious display the

aromatic laden winds that hie hither from the spice fields of Java and you have a diminutive conception of this paradise of perfumery. The richness of the land may be guessed when I assert that some of the jungle near Singapore is so dense that nearly every square inch of ground is covered with a conglomerate mass of trees and vines, a veritable tangle. That a python or boa constrictor succeeds in penetrating that jungle is a mystery, not considering the monkeys and tigers that infest it. Within fifteen miles of the city tigers are said to be plentiful and I am told that those wild animals have been killed in that part of the jungle which I visited. Sometimes they swim across the narrow strait to the island on which Singapore is located. Only a few days ago a royal Bengal tiger was killed at the Raffels hotel in Singapore and in the very room where I dined on Thursday. The hotel is situated on the bund facing the sea. The tiger was prowling about the streets at night and, drawn probably by the scent of beef as well as by the desire to stop at the European hostelry which is better than any native inn, marched through the front court into the dining room which is always open. In the tropics, the houses consist of a roof and four upright corner supports with the sides all open to the elements. The roof protrudes to prevent the entrance of rain and sun's scorching rays. Slats for the sides are usually provided among the well-to-do classes. On entering the hotel the tiger neither registered nor consulted the management about being assigned a room, but, according to tiger custom, deliberately helped himself to everything in sight and then cautiously hid himself behind a billiard table. The remainder of the night was evidently spent without incident, but on being discovered the following morning he was granted full possession of the dining room. His title to possession was undisputed until an expert marksman and tiger hunter was secured whose second shot went crashing through the skull between the feline's snapping eyes. When all possibility of danger was past the gathered crowd applied the tape line and learned that his excellency measured eight feet and six inches from tip to tip.

My friend, Dr. E. F. West, a college professor in Singapore, visited Borneo recently and tells Borneo tales that almost surpass belief. They are true, I assure you, for no one who knows him can doubt his veracity in the least intemperate. Some things which I know to be true, I refrain from presenting on the ground that they might provoke the reader to question their credibility. One item incident to life as found in neighboring Borneo is that no young man is eligible to marry nor will any young lady consider a proposal from a youth who has not taken at least one scalp. The lady must first visit the home of the young man and see the scalp hanging over her door and have good evidence to believe that it was taken by him and not faked for the occasion before her promise is given. It

may be news to some to learn that those head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo are becoming Christians, renouncing their barbarism and becoming firm supporters of higher civilization.

Where heathenism prevails, Cannibalism is practiced and the one who would aspire to be headman or mayor of a village must previously have taken at least one hundred scalps. Snake lore and stories of wild adventure are epidemic not only in Borneo but also here in Singapore. Scarcely a trip can be made anywhere hereabouts without having the nerves severely tried. While three of us were visiting the zoological and botanical gardens a serpent fell from a tree and struck a man on the shoulder. All escaped without any loss of life, each person however being willing to surrender the field unconditionally. The sultan of Johore lives fourteen miles north of Singapore and is credited with almost incredible deeds of daring. No one is permitted to hunt tigers on his reservations without his permission. It is said in praise of him that he invariably waits until the tiger springs at him and then shoots it "on the wing." Having slain many in this way he is regarded as the champion dead-shot of the far east if not of the entire world. The reckless daring exhibited by him has no parallel even among Youth's Companion stories.

A fruit flourishes here called the durian, or technically the durio zebithinus, whose odor is as repulsive as its flavor is as appetizing. Were this country deprived of its fragrant flora, the durian fruit would cause the people to long for the opportunity to live near a bone yard or a soap factory where the stench might be more easily endured. That such a malodorous fruit should be so pleasant to the taste is a standing enigma.

Letter from Oklahoma.

The following letter from W. Tecumseh Johnson, by an Alliance friend will interest many people of this county:

HISTON, OKLA., Feb. 26, 1903.
Dear sir and friend: Theorizing that a promise fulfilled some time is better than never I now cheerfully write. We are located one mile south of South Canadian river, twenty miles west and three south of El Reno in Canadian county, have 320 acres of upland, and about 30 acres timber, balance prairie; all rich agricultural land; all tillable if timber was cut off. I am not farming heavily, depending principally on stock and fruit raising, two things this country is especially adapted for. Instead of finding this country disagreeable and too hot to live in, I find the reverse; pleasant winters and with the exception of about twenty days all told during July and August we have a cool pleasant breeze from the gulf during summer. The settlers taken as a whole are fairly well to do and come from every direction, principally from north and west, and are a much better educated class of people than I expected to find here. Norwegians and Bohemians are a very, very scarce species here. Wheat, corn and cotton predominate in order named. Anything planted grows. Land that sold this month a year ago at \$500 to \$1,500 per quarter has since sold at \$1,500 to \$5,000 per quarter. Since March 12, 1902, we have had right close to five feet of rain and snow precipitated. Soil is about equally divided between a red sandy loam and black sandy loam, hence not muddy, as might be expected with so much rainfall. Teams crossed the river on ice three days this winter.

There was ice in my tanks three inches thick three times this winter. A two days' rain is today winding up with about twelve inches heavy wet snow coming straight down. It is warm and the timber presents a beautiful sight. We have a six-room frame house surrounded on southwest and north with natural tree parks, underbrush cut out all around and orchard set between the house and the grove on the south. Everyone says it is a beautiful place to live. I am sure it suits me. Beautiful scenes are in sight constantly, which seem to vie with each other to make nature more natural. As to dollars and cents, I made by far the best trade of my life when I sold that freak of nature out there and bought property here; and as to genuine satisfaction I am more than a million ahead. After reading the above over to my wife she laconically remarked "You lie some" but fails to explain how or what about. By the way, you have not yet read of the celebrated Johnson herd of red polled cattle. Out of four calves that have come the past two weeks three of them have not a white hair on them any where, which is something I never before saw. I suppose it's the result or combination of red soil and red stock born in the timber. We are six miles northeast of Hinton, a new town on a new branch of the Rock Island. I think there will be a town one mile north of us on M., K. & T., now building to El Reno and headed southwest to a point in Texas.

A Delightful Occasion.

A successful term of school closed in the Donovan district last Friday, where Mrs. G. M. Burns has been teaching. A dinner was furnished by the good wives of the district which gave ample proof to everyone who partook of the sumptuous feast that they are second to none in the art of cooking. The walls of the schoolroom were decorated with specimens of the work done by the pupils, which showed that some excellent work has been accomplished. In the afternoon the following program was rendered:
Opening Song..... School
Speaking Pieces..... John Miller
Grandpa's Glasses..... Edna Donovan
Don't Wake the Baby..... Peter Wheel
Fashion's Change..... Cecil Donovan
Second Table..... Roy Burns
What the Hen Said..... Phil Grove
John Jenkins' Sermon..... Phil Donovan
She Whited..... G. M. Burns
Song..... Why Don't They Visit the School
The Burning Deck..... Claude Donovan
A Noble Band..... Cecil Donovan
The Ruffled Shirt..... Phil Grove
The Good-for-nothing Lad..... John Miller
Riding on the Pigs..... Roy Burns
Reading--So Was I..... Floyd Donovan
Recitation..... Mrs. Grove
Reading--The Lost Baby..... Mrs. Galagan
The Voice from the Poorhouse--Mrs. G. M. Burns
Dialogue--The Ten Cent Fool..... G. M. Burns
..... Mr. and Mrs. Art Grove

Mr. Donovan expressed his appreciation of the school work in a few remarks which were corroborated by other patrons of the school. G. M. Burns gave a short talk on the cooperation of parents and teachers which was followed by a few closing remarks by the teacher in which she expressed her thanks to the patrons for their kind cooperation and encouraged the pupils to press onward and upward. A graphophone operated by Cecil Donovan rendered many excellent selections to the delight of all. "We'll Never Say Good Bye in Heaven" was sung to close the program, after which all repaired to the south side of the schoolhouse where Mr. Donovan took a snap shot of the group.

To Spend a Social Evening.

All members of the A. O. U. W. and Degree of Honor with their families are invited to meet at the hall Monday evening, March 30, at 8 p. m., to spend a social evening. Entertainment and refreshments will be provided. Visiting members are cordially invited.

REMOVAL SALE

From now until May 1st I will conduct a removal sale and will sell goods regardless of cost. I expect to move into my new store May 1st, and until then will offer the greatest bargains in Clothing and Furnishings ever placed before the Alliance People.

J. F. Fleming

Diamonds, Watches,

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Broken lot Children Shoes, all sizes "Here a chance to show your KNOWING." 65c up

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