

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

Congressman Vincent Boreing of Kansas is critically ill with pneumonia.

Word comes from Paris that Richard Croker, who is at Wantage, Eng. is desirous that Arthur Gorman be the democratic nominee for president.

A dispatch from Kobe, Japan, says three Japanese have been arrested on suspicion of plotting the assassination of the premier of Japan, Viscount Katsuma.

Mrs. Anna Bellew, whose husband is an employe at the Frisco ice house at Ceresco, Nevada, shot and killed her 18-year-old daughter and then killed herself.

A New York man, after overpowering a policeman, ended his life under an elevated train, a panic resulting among the hundreds of people on the train and platform.

The village of Sant Antimo, near Naples, has been destroyed by fire. One woman was burned to death and twelve persons were injured. All the inhabitants are homeless.

The Berlin Tageblatt says the German Levant liner Pyrgos has been blown to atoms in the Black sea by a Macedonian bomb. The Pyrgos carried a crew of twenty-three.

Sir Charles Elliot, the high commissioner for East Africa, is said to have reported strongly against the British government's project of a Zionist colony in the East African protectorate.

A large four-masted schooner foundered near Southeast lighthouse in Rhode Island. No trace of the crew has been found. It is believed the vessel was run into and sunk during the fog.

The final session of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, which had been in convention in New York for several days, was held Friday. Baltimore was selected as the place for the next national convention.

At Vinton, Ia., the two-story brick building occupied by Quinn's grocery store partly collapsed, killing William Johnson, a laborer, and injuring five painters. An iron corner support gave way while the building was being repaired.

There is a movement on foot to have New Mexico agree to join Arizona for single statehood. The effort will be to join the two territories into one state. Delegate Smith of Arizona has consented. The plan is to present congress with a petition asking that this be done.

Franklin Farrel, Jr., a Yale graduate and the heir to a fortune estimated at \$5,000,000 has entered the employ of his father's iron foundry in Ansonia as a toolmaker's apprentice. He is working ten hours a day at a grindstone, learning to sharpen tools for the machinists.

The Pittsburg Dispatch is authority for the statement that President Theodore Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers is missing mysteriously. He started for Cleveland to attend a meeting of the sheet metal workers, and has not been seen since.

Commencing Monday morning and continuing for one week, not less than 130,000 spindles, one-third the entire number in Fall River, Mass., will be idle, throwing into idleness 12,000 operatives, who will lose \$34,000 in wages, and is due to the depressed condition of cotton.

The ministry of the interior has directed the police president of Berlin to organize special police, in plain clothes, to protect woman and girls from the attentions of men on the streets. These daylight insults are probably practiced more in Berlin than in any other Continental city.

Figures compiled from records by the local internal revenue officers show that the sweet wine output for Southern California for the season of 1903 will exceed 1,300,000 gallons. The output of brandy is estimated at 40,000 gallons tax-paid, and 250,000 gallons free of tax for fortifying purposes.

A special from Bristol, Tenn., says: Miss Cloyetta Brownlow, daughter of Congressman W. P. Brownlow of Jonesboro, Tenn., eloped with Mark E. Pritchett, a liverman of Jonesboro, and they were married at Bristol. The attentions of Pritchett to Miss Brownlow are said to have been opposed by the congressman.

The comptroller of the currency has received a report from the receiver of the Groesbeck National bank of Groesbeck, Tex., giving the total liabilities of the bank at \$165,153, and the estimated value of the assets at \$144,634, showing a deficiency of \$20,465.

In reply to a question regarding his reported intention to retire from the leadership of the Liberal party in the British house of commons, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman telegraphs that there is "no truth whatever" in the report.

The Two Captains

(By W. CLARK RUSSELL.)

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I left her in port," replied Captain Bland, "and I'm here waiting for her." Pope fell back with a wild look at Crystal, and struck his thigh a slap that sounded like a shot.

"Good mercy!" cried he with a dull, rather pale face. "Tis a small world, Captain Bland. The Madre's the ship we are waiting for."

The bearded skipper looked under a frown, with his black slow eyes at him, gathered his beard to a point in a leisurely clutch of his flat, and said, without smiling, "We must go into partnership," at which Crystal broke into a more genuine explosion of laughter than Pope had ever heard fly from his lips.

"Who is this gentleman?" said Captain Bland.

"Captain Crystal, my chief officer," answered Pope.

"I believe we have met," said Captain Bland. "Wasn't you once master of a little barque with a cargo for London from Kingstown, Jamaica?"

"The William Pitt," said Crystal.

"I boarded you off Turk's Island."

Crystal frowned, reflected, and answered, "Yes, I recollect. Your visit was brief, and your usage handsome."

"You had nothing aboard good for us," said Captain Bland.

"Pray step below," said Pope, who wore a face of chagrin. "Grindal, see that that boat's crew have plenty of grog to toast us in," and he went down the companion steps, Captain Bland and Captain Crystal following.

The cabin servant placed drink and cigars on the table, and the three captains filled, then chinked glasses, and smoked.

"See here, Captain Bland," cried Pope, "there are two of us on this job. What do you say to this, that the ship which first falls in with the Madre will be the vessel that takes her?"

"If we're alongside of her and you leave in sight and come bowling down upon us—hey, Captain Bland?"

"If you are pillaging her, and I come

of grog apiece, the two captains went on deck."

It was not until five bells, half-past two, that the three sail sprang into sight ahead; two showing from the deck before the third. It was plain they were keeping company and sailed close together. Pope and Grindal had been watching the ships on the bow through the telescope intently for some time in silence, when Grindal exclaimed:

"The little 'un to the right is a schooner. She's under small canvas while t'other shows all she's got to spread, and the amidship vessel," he added after a pause, letting the glass sink from his eye and speaking in a hollow voice, while he fastened his wicked bloodshot gaze on the commander's countenance, "is a frigate—as I should say by the histe of the tawels, of all fifty guns."

"Quick! the glass!" shouted Pope. He wrenched it with the violence of a sudden passion of excitement out of the boatswain's hands, looked, and in a note of thunder bawled:

"It's an English frigate, as you say, conveying the Madre, that's half-wrecked aloft, and the schooner Julia Morton is her prize, by heaven!"

He then rushed aft, roaring, "Shift your helm two points; let the shift be gradual! Grindal, trim with caution! A hellish trap to stumble on! All of a sudden, too!" He was blood-red with sensations and passions.

Pope was perfectly right; but then no seaman aided by a glass could have mistaken; the schooner was undoubtedly the beautiful fabric commanded by Captain Bland, and the ship with her fore-topmast gone answered in every minute point to the description Pope had received of the Madre de Dios.

"Damnation! she's after us," bellowed Crystal.

And sure enough the frigate might be seen with yards slowly squaring, rounding slowly out from her consort, and as she brought her bow



"Here's to our brave little sweetheart!"

upon the scene, then," said Captain Bland, with a peculiar glow in his dusky eye, "I will make off. 'Tis a rule of mine never to interfere in any good business that may be doing by my friends."

"So!" cried Pope, his face lighting up, "each of us then has his chance, and no man can ask for more. Your hand on that bargain, friend!" and he stretched his arm.

Captain Bland gravely squeezed Captain Pope's fingers. "A prosperous voyage, Captain."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Madre.

Nothing answering to the description of the Madre hove in sight. Pope had not known until he met Captain Bland that ships from Cadiz for two or three years in succession had been taken by pirates. He consulted with Crystal, and they agreed it was possible that the commander of the Madre, fearing to be plundered, had shaped a course for the Horn widely remote from that pursued by his predecessors.

Four days had passed since the Julia Morton parted company. Pope and Crystal were sitting at dinner. A piece of salt beef steamed upon the table; a boiled fowl lay before Crystal; on a little brass tray, suspended from the upper deck, swung three or four bottles, containing as many different sorts of liquor.

Pope, after receiving a leg of fowl upon his plate, instead of falling to, sat eyeing his companion steadfastly.

"Crystal," said he, "I have made up my mind to quit this barren, cursed hopeless scene to-morrow and go for the Antilles. It is a horrible disappointment, but we must face it like men. Before I take this fresh step I will call the crew aft and hold a council with them."

"They'll expect it," said Crystal, helping himself to a glass of the Earl's champagne.

Just then the boatswain called through the skylight:

"Three sail, right ahead, are reported from the t'gallant yard, sir. Heading for us."

"Right," and the boatswain's ugly face vanished.

After swallowing another tumbler

guns to bear upon the Gypsy, flash! and her most intelligible hint of thunder veiled the foke'sle in blue powder smoke.

The brig was put dead before the wind. Her people toiled in frantic haste, and in a frenzy of desire to escape; for well did they know the penalty that many of them would have to pay if that shapely cloud of soft, swelling whiteness astern brought the grinning artillery of the hull below within easy reach of the Gypsy's spars.

"I expect that scoundrel Bland has peached," says Crystal fiercely to Pope, while the two captains stood together near the wheel watching their lofty, swaying pursuer. "Does he gain on us?"

"No," answered Pope, with the sudden decision of conviction. "But curse seize this well! Is it the forerunner of a calm? Then we are dead men, Johnny. Or is there wind behind it?"

"I believe I see wind in that sky," answered Crystal, looking into the southeast. "What shall you do if she overhauls us?"

"Strike," answered Pope. "I'll not be taken alive," said Crystal. "So help me God, I will shoot myself when you strike, if, after fighting them, I am alive. I'll not swing."

Again the frigate tilted the range; to no purpose. All the pirates looking as no man could not see where the shot hit the water.

There could be no question that the Gypsy was not only holding her own, but that she was distancing her pursuer. When her people made sure of this, their savage exultations broke out. They filled cans of gin and rum, and Pope, flourishing a glassful, roared out:

"Here's to our brave little sweetheart. Here's to her darling heels, my lads. Drink to her—drink to her!"

And a roaring huzzza went up from the crew.

"If they're going to broach the liquor casks in this fashion," muttered Crystal in Pope's ear, making a dreadful face as he slowly turned his eyes from the frigate, "there'll be no fighting when fighting's wanted."

"There'll be no fighting anyhow," answered Pope. "What! with a fifty-

gun ship, and say four hundred and fifty of a crew? A single broadside would blow us into ribs."

At four o'clock in the afternoon the frigate was still in chase, but the light breeze and the keen entry of the brig had helped her as though with the gift of an auxiliary screw, and now when you looked at the man-of-war you saw that she was sunk to her ports, but still she hung astern, a full majestic moon of canvas dead in resolved pursuit.

"Ain't the wind scanting," said Grindal to Captain Pope, creasing his nose and snuffing as he brought his wicked eyes to bear on his commander.

"We may have it out of southeast," answered Pope, "I shall keep all on, everything abroad, dead before it until we can sail her into darkness which can't be far off; though fire seize that sun! d'ye notice how slow he always is in his going when night's wanted in a hurry?"

It was a famous saying of Nelson, "that at sea a good deal must be left to chance," and very often chance, which is another name for fortune, will show mercy to the underserving even to pirates, though a meritorious frigate has been sweating astern all day in their wake. For by six o'clock the sky southeast was painted a threatening dark gray with a mass of loose stuff sulkily scaling off it; and now it was that both Pope and Crystal stood waiting breathlessly; it was life or death to them; they stared into the horizon and their faces looked their tremendous intentions. Each man as he gazed saw the brig filled with men-of-war-men and his own corpse crimsoning the white plank with a great bullet wound in his head. Not these starving master mariners had hoisted the abhorred flag for a fortune, not for a glibet.

Then with no further scanting the wind shifted all of a sudden slap with the run of the swell.

"Starboard your helm! Starboard your helm!" roared Pope. "See what are they doing yonder?"

Such a cheer as a man relieved from death would send up to heaven or being a scoundrel pirate would send down to the devil, broke from Pope's deep throat as he dropped the telescope and turned to Crystal. The frigate with a shift of wind had down helm and was bracing her yards up to join the two vessels out of sight behind the rim of the sea. She had abandoned the pursuit.

With a huge oath Crystal dashed his cap on to the deck, shouting, "What an escape!"

Scarce had he said this when all hands began to see what had happened and they fell mad. The decks were covered with dancing figures, the air was split with their hideous roars of joy.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Thetis, West Indian.

Nothing happened the next two days. The crew were bitterly disappointed by the escape of the Madre. They admitted that their commander had not deceived them. That sort of fortune over which the black star trembles had admitted them to a sight of the object of their cruise; but for Bland and his accursed schooner, the Spaniard might have been theirs.

However, it was to be the next ship; Captain Pope had sworn it. Captain Crystal had echoed the oath. The men, defeated in their greed, wild to get money and end the dangerous cruise, were furiously determined.

It was a Sunday morning, fair and peaceful; one of those sweet, warm mornings, which at sea make you think of the glad music of the mourning lark, while memory calls up the woodland scene, the dusty road, the little highway inn.

Crystal had come up from breakfast, leaving Pope at table, and Grindal, relieved from his watch on deck, was rolling forward, when a loud, clear voice, sang from the fore-top-gallant yard, "Sail ho!"

(To be continued.)

Artificial Babies.

A genius has invented a mechanical baby designed for the use of ladies when traveling, who wish to secure the sole use of a compartment of a railway carriage. Here is an extract from his printed circular:

"Common traveling infants yielding intermittent cries of fear, and capable of being put into the pocket, 10s.; second class, crying not too loudly, but lamentably and insupportably, 20s.; third class, full squallers, with a very piercing and aggravating voice of five octaves, £2; the same arranged as a prompt repeater, £2 6s.; fifth class, first quality, capable of continued squalling, £3. These babies can not only be set going in a moment (as indeed can most living ones), but they can also be stopped as quickly, which the natural ones cannot."

London Answers.

Caustic Criticism.

R. K. Munkittrick, editor of Judge, tells a good story of one of his neighbors out in the wilds of New Jersey. The said neighbor, while in a preparatory school, concluded that he would one day startle the world with his lofty literary style.

Having devoured many works of rhetoric, he finally landed in Harvard, where he determined to begin with his "startling" tactics. He prepared, at great length, an essay that he says he considered a masterpiece of sublime and lofty style. When it came back he was quite astonished to find the following brief criticism written across its face in large blue-pencil letters:

"Don't you think you took a pretty long run for so short a slide?"—New York Times.

PENSION LIST GROWING LESS.

Beneficiaries Drop Below the Million Mark.

WASHINGTON—The annual report of Commissioner of Pensions Ware places the total number of pensioners now on the rolls at 996,545, of which 725,356 are soldiers and 267,185 are widows and dependents. Mr. Ware announces that it is not probable that the pension roll will again cross the million line, the high water mark having been reached a year ago.

Five of the pensions are on the roll on account of the war of the revolution; 1,116 of the war of 1812; 4,734 on account of Indian wars, and 13,874 on account of the Mexican war. The average annual value of each pension is now \$133. The total annual value of the Spanish war pension roll has reached \$1,765,310.

Commissioner Ware makes the following recommendations: Laws forbidding the pension or right to pension of any man convicted in court of an infamous crime; prohibiting the giving of pensions to women who marry soldiers after the soldiers become old pensioners; a different method of examining applicants for pensions, Mr. Ware stamping the present system as uncertain, unsatisfactory and of an enormous amount of political friction.

Mr. Ware says the bureau has gained on the current work 100,000 cases during the last two years.

MONEY TO RECLAIM LAND.

Commissioner of General Land Office Makes Report of Cash on Hand.

WASHINGTON—W. A. Richards, commissioner of the general land office, has made public a statement showing the amounts to the credit of the reclamation fund from sales of public lands in the several states and territories during the fiscal years of 1901, 1902 and 1903 under the provisions of the act of congress approved June 17, 1902. It is shown that during the present year there has been covered into the treasury from the proceeds of the sale of public lands in sixteen states and territories the sum of \$8,461,493, making an aggregate of \$16,191,836 as the total thus far received and on deposit in the United States treasury to the credit of the reclamation fund. Of this amount Nebraska contributed during the present year \$118,838, and a total since 1901 of \$254,036. During the year 1903 South Dakota sold lands credited to the reclamation fund valued at \$239,420, making the total received from that state \$546,982. In Wyoming lands were sold which brought \$272,923, during the current year, making an aggregate of \$658,686 during the last three years.

TO ENFORCE PURE FOOD LAW. Some Foreign Goods Are to Be Shut Out.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The agricultural department is making strong efforts to keep out of the country all imported goods, the entry of which is prohibited under the pure food act. Since August 1, when the act went into effect, approximately 600 shipments of meats, wine, olive oil, etc., have been held up pending an examination as to the determination of the question whether their use is prohibited in the country whence they are imported into the United States. Up to this time only one shipment, consisting of white wine, has been refused entry.

The special agents and consuls abroad keep the department advised by cable of all shipments of goods which may come within the prohibitions of the law, and instructions are sent at once to the collectors at the ports where they are to arrive to hold them in warehouses and send samples to Washington for analysis.

PAUL MORTON AT OYSTER BAY. President Also Hears Report on Alleged Indian Frauds.

OYSTER BAY, L. I.—The president entertained at luncheon Paul Morton of Chicago, vice president of the Santa Fe railroad system; Francis E. Leupp of Washington, and Lieutenant Gordon Johnston of the army, who was a member of the president's regiment of Rough Riders.

Mr. Leupp, who is a Washington newspaper correspondent, was appointed by the president several months ago as a commissioner to make an investigation of alleged Indian frauds in the Oklahoma territory. He has completed his work and made his report to the president.

Omaha Steer is Dead. MILWAUKEE, Wis.—A prized shorthorn steer belonging to W. F. Christian of Omaha passed to the happy hunting grounds Wednesday morning. He had brought it from Omaha, where it captured the red ribbon. A string of red and blue ones floated over its quarters. It was taken ill with bladder and kidney trouble in Omaha, but appeared to have recovered. Tuesday night it suffered a relapse and died.

Dry District Ruse.

Rodrick—That druggist had a great scheme for putting a "stick" in his soda water.

Van Albert—What was it? Rodrick—Why, he soaked the straws in liquor and all his customers tasted it and thought it was the glass.

Green is not becoming to any person when it's the shade produced by envy.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.

Be the stake ever so insignificant as a rule it makes the game.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Privations of the Poor. A slum inspector told the Glasgow Municipal Commission on the Housing of the Poor that on some occasions he had found families sleeping in tiers—the parents on the floor, then a mattress, and a layer of children on the top.

Superior quality and extra quantity must in. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

Wisdom follows in the wake of experience, but doesn't always catch up.

Her Amir Remembered. Miss Eldora Sinks of Marengo, Ia., has been notified that she has been bequeathed \$500,000 by B. J. Thompson of Colorado Springs. Thompson was a mine owner and a bachelor when Miss Sinks with a party of friends, visited Colorado three years ago and became acquainted with him. He was evidently attracted by her. She spent the entire summer in the west, and returning home, supposed she would never again hear of her middle-aged admirer. Yesterday the notice of his death came, with the statement that he had willed his entire estate to her, having no heirs.

An Early Chamberlain Speech. Some fanciful stories are being circulated about Joseph Chamberlain and his oratorical powers as a youth, but from what a friend of his says concerning the great statesman's college days it is a mistake to say that young Chamberlain could speak well when at school. In fact, he could never be induced to speak, and in this he somewhat resembled the retiring Arthur Balfour. One day one of the masters of the school asked Chamberlain to make reply to a speech which had just been delivered by one of the older students of the debating class. The hour came, and with a firm step Chamberlain mounted the platform. With perfect outward self-possession he faced the audience and made his bow—a low bow. Every one waited expectantly. People became anxious when the young man again bowed but said nothing. Then a titter went round among the boys. Suddenly the coming colonial secretary, with a look of utter despair, sidled off the platform with another bow, not having said one word.

ART OF REST.

May Be Acquired and Used With Great Benefit. Complete and restful poise of the body and mind is an art not easily gained.

Perhaps nothing brings one as much content, comfort, happiness and pleasure as those conditions of easy, restful, resourceful and well balanced mind and body, that make of work a pleasure and the daily life happy and peaceful.

The nervous housewife busy with a hundred duties and harassed by children; the business man, worried with the press of daily affairs, debts, etc., cannot enjoy the peace and restful repose and healthful nervous balance unless they know how.

There is a way. First and foremost the stomach must be consulted. That means leaving off coffee absolutely, for the temporary stimulant and the resulting depression is a sure ruin to the nervous system, and the whole condition of health and happiness rests upon stomach, nerves and mind.

Start with the stomach, that is the keystone to the whole arch. Stop using things that break down its power, upset its nervous energy and prevent the proper digestion of the food and the consequent manufacture of healthful blood and nerves, brain and tissues.

When you quit coffee take on Postum Food Coffee. That is like stopping the payment of interest and starting on a career where you are loaning money and receiving interest. The good results are double. You stop poisoning the system with coffee and start building up the broken down nerve cells by powerful elements contained in Postum. These are pure food elements ably selected by experts for the purpose of supplying just the thing required by Nature to perform this rebuilding.

These are solid substantial facts and can be proven clearly to the satisfaction of anyone, by personal experience. Try the change yourself and note how the old condition of shattered nerves and worried mind changes to that feeling of restful poise of a well balanced nervous system.

The managing physician of a hygienic sanitarium in Indiana says that for five years in his practice he has always insisted upon the patients leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee with the most positive, well defined results and with satisfaction to the most confirmed coffee toper.

The Doctor's name will be furnished by the Postum Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."