

JEFFRIES WINS FIGHT

KNOCKS FITZSIMMONS OUT IN ELEVEN ROUNDS.

Graphic Description of the Battle of Two of the Mightiest Sluggers of the Day.

New York.—(Special.)—Jas. J. Jeffries, another sturdy young giant, has come out of the west to whip champion pugilists.

At the arena of the Coney Island Athletic club tonight he defeated Robert Fitzsimmons, world's champion in two classes—middleweight and heavyweight, in eleven rounds of whirlwind fighting. He came to the ring a giant outsider, and left it the acknowledged master of the man he defeated. He was never at any time in serious danger, and after the size-up in the early rounds of the contest, took the lead. He had the Australian whipped from the ninth round.

It was acknowledged that Jeffries would have an immense advantage in weight, height and age, but the thousands who tipped and backed his opponent to win were sure that he was slow and that he would in that respect be absolutely at the mercy of the past master of the science of fighting that he was to meet. He proved, on the contrary, that he was just as fast as the man he met, and beat him down to unconscious defeat in a fair fight.

Jeffries is a veritable giant in stature and marvellously speedy for his immense size. Less than a year ago, he appeared in New York, a great awkward, ungainly boy. Today he is the lithe, active, alert, trained athlete. The men who prepared him for his fight worked wonders with him. They taught him a nearly perfect defense, improved his foot movement and instructed him in the methods of inflicting punishment. The transition since he appeared last has been little short of miraculous.

At 24 he defeated Robert Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey and Peter Jackson, and if he cares for himself he will probably be able to successfully defend the title for many years.

FITZ CONDITION.

The defeated man was just as good as when on morning in the plains of far-away Nevada he towered the colors of the then peerless Corbett. He was just as active, just as clever, just as tricky and just as fearless of punishment.

He went unflinchingly to his defeat. He was the aggressor, even at moments when he was bleeding and unsteady and stunned by the blows he received. He reeled instinctively toward his opponent. He was fighting all the time, and punished his opponent, but found him a different opponent than any he had met and a difficult man to fight. Jeffries fought from a crouching attitude that was hard to get at. He held his head low, his back was bent down and his left arm was extended. He kept jabbing away with the left, and never gave trouble in landing it. It was there that his superior reach told. That giant arm served as a sort of human fender to ward off danger. He showed an excellent defense and the ability to use both hands with equal effect. He was, for he never shrank from his punishment. It was a great fight to watch, and commenced and ended amid scenes of intense excitement.

DRAMATIC SIGHT.

It was all dramatic. The men fought before a crowd of 9,000 persons and stood up in a great beam of blinding white light. It was like a thousand candles and it showed their great white bodies in strange relief. When the blood came it was an intense red than usual. There was not a suggestion of interference from the police. Chief Devery occupied a seat by the "inside," but never entered the ring. When it was all over he sent Captain Kenny in to clear the ring. The contest was pulled off without wrangle and was devoid of the brutal elements that Chief Devery had feared. Never was a crowd handled with less friction. It was all perfectly orderly.

The absence of any preliminary contest gave the crowd a flight appetite. They began calling for the performance at 9:30 and at 9:45 were demonstrative. Jeffries was the first to appear. He came through the main entrance and walked the length of the hall at 9:50 to an accompaniment of cheers, while Fitzsimmons, who was accompanied by his Spartan-like wife, came from the dressing room by a rear door. The agreement as to the conditions of clinches and breaks was discussed and settled outside of the ring and there was but little delay when the terms were agreed upon.

FITZ' DRAMATIC ENTRÉE.

Fitzsimmons' entry into the ring at 10:05 was made the occasion of a rather theatrical demonstration. Julian was first and then came the fighter. The seconds were next in line and then came two men bearing a great floral piece that was almost funereal in its appearance. It was inscribed, "Good Luck to the Champion," but the flowers were wilted. Fitzsimmons bowed ceremoniously to it. Jeffries came next into the arena, and, like his opponent, got a demonstrative reception. Fitzsimmons looked lanky and thin, but his skin was clear, his eyes bright and his step elastic. He made a great display of American flags at his waist.

Jeffries looked sturdy and massive and seemed a little nervous. He got the worst of the assignment of corners. For the great lights shone into his face and he blinked at them in a nervous sort of way. Siler, too, looked colorless and ill at ease. There was no crying delay in the ring, and the gong sounded just as the men had been presented and gloved. When they squared off Jeffries looked fifty pounds to the good.

OPENING ROUND.

The opening round was a tryout, pure and simple and not a single blow of an effective nature was landed. First one was the pacemaker and then the other essayed the pressing. They were almost equally active and the cleverly recompensed the crowd for the lack of excitement. The second round began in a business-like way with Jeffries trying his left. Fitzsimmons then took a turn, but was short. As the round closed Jeffries downed Fitzsimmons with a hard straight left.

Fitzsimmons was the champion came up slowly in a dazed sort of way and reeled toward his man. The crowd cheered Jeffries, but the gong ended the round.

Fitzsimmons rallied in the rest and was aggressive again in the third. Fitzsimmons was bleeding, but fighting viciously. He made the pace, but it was the Californian's round. The fourth was fast, but not decisive. Fitzsimmons made his best showing in the fifth. He began the round with a punch that opened Jeffries' left eye and sent a little torrent of blood coursing down his cheek. He forced Jeffries against the ropes, but the Californian slipped away from him. He made Jeffries hug

again, but then the round ended and Jeffries was back and fighting. Fitzsimmons was the aggressor in the sixth and that, too, was his round. He tried all of his tricks with left and right, but was unable to place them right. He closed with a strong right uppercut, but that, too, was blocked.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

The seventh might be said to have been Fitzsimmons', but he did no particular damage with his punches. The eighth saw the beginning of the end. Fitzsimmons never regained his feet after that round. Jeffries began the round with a straight left on the face, that again brought the blood out from the opponent's mouth. The Californian staggered against the ropes but came back for another face. There was fear in Fitzsimmons' corner, and Julian yelled to Fitzsimmons to be careful. Fitzsimmons planted one of his lefts on Jeffries' jaw and staggered him against the ropes. Fitzsimmons looked like a beaten man.

The ninth was all Jeffries. He sent the Australian head back with a series of lefts, but his right on the body and avoided any serious punishment. Fitzsimmons kept pressing forward all the time, but was unable to find his opponent.

The tenth was in reality where the fight ended. Jeffries rushed his opponent and downed him with a left swing. Fitzsimmons seemed out and there was a moment of the wildest excitement. Julian ran along the side of the ring and sprinkled water on his fallen idol. At the end of seven seconds Fitzsimmons staggered to his feet only to go down again. He was up again and Jeffries poised himself for the finish. He shot his left to the body and tried for the head with his right. He was calm and collected, but the time was too short. Again did the gong come to the aid of the man who was then going, staggering and dazed to certain defeat. There was a frantic effort to revive the champion of champions, but he was clearly gone and his seconds could not restore him.

FATAL ROUND.

The fate-like gong clanged again and the old fighter wobbled out to meet the sturdy young Hercules who awaited him. It was as courageous and gritty as a dash up to the firing line in battle, and it was hopeless. They were together. It was a splendid moment and characterizes a tragedy. Jeffries was as fresh as at the start.

There was a moment of sparring and the giant arms of the Californian shot through the air. It was left and right and over. Fitzsimmons, limp and unconscious, dropped to the floor. Jeffries stepped back, for he knew the force that he had put behind his terrible blows. The timers called out the seconds that counted out an old ring hero and heralded another, but Jeffries heard them. The crowd was on its feet howling. There was a rush for the ring, but scores of bluecoats barred the way. Ten seconds are short and when the tenth had come there was a new roar of excitement to welcome the victor. Julian, Hickey, Kenny and Everhardt gathered up the prostrate man. He was still in a trance. They carried him to his corner and a little blood oozed from his mouth as his head fell forward on his chest. The new hero crossed the ring and shook the hand of his rival, after which he was surrounded by his friends, who hustled him from the ring and into his dressing room.

Jeffries had the good wishes of his clergyman father out at Los Angeles, Cal. This wire was placed in his hand as he reached the ring:

"Jim: We know you will win. Keep good spirits; be confident of our blessing. FATHER, MOTHER, AND FAMILY."

JEFFRIES' STATEMENT.

"Fitz fought a good and game battle, and hit me harder than any man whom I have been up against. He is game, Sharkey in two rounds. I would gain nothing by meeting Sharkey again, but am willing to meet any man in the world in whom the public has confidence, and there need be no fear of my quitting the ring for the sake of defending my title as champion at all times and against all comers. At no time during tonight's fight did I feel any misgivings as to my ability to win. I am satisfied that I have well earned the right to be called champion by beat. Fitzsimmons, who was undoubtedly the greatest fighter of the age."

Jeffries and his party left for New York at midnight and will make the Vanderbilt hotel their headquarters.

Just as soon as Fitzsimmons reached his dressing room his wife, who was anxiously awaiting the outcome of the fight, greeted the fallen champion affectionately. "Keep up your spirits, Bob," she said. "You fought splendidly."

Martin Julian spoke encouragingly to the defeated pugilist, but the latter seemed not to realize what was being said to him. His trainers and sparring partners laid the lanky pugilist on a cot and whispered words of encouragement in his ear.

SHOCK SEVERE.

Fitzsimmons had only partially recovered from the shock of defeat and occasionally murmured: "How did I come to fight him?" Mrs. Fitzsimmons and Mrs. Hickey bent over the prostrate man and bathed his head and face. Clots of blood had formed in the nostrils and the damaged nasal organ began to be a source of worry to Mrs. Fitzsimmons. "I have nothing to say regarding the outcome of the fight," she said, "but I feel sure that Bob will have a host of friends who will not forget his past career in the ring."

Manager Julian, when asked of his opinion of the result, replied: "Oh, there is very little for me to say. Every body knows that Bob is game and I am certain that he still has a warm place in the hearts of many. No matter what comes or goes, Bob need not worry about anything as long as I live. He is my friend and I am his. He shall never want for anything, and while I feel his downfall most keenly I have the satisfaction of knowing that he was beaten by a clever young fellow with a decided pull in the weights, who showed such cleverness that the sting of defeat is softened to a great extent."

Yank Kenny, the heavyweight sparring partner who has been with Fitzsimmons all through his training, was crestfallen at the turn affairs had taken.

Jack Everhardt was equally downcast at the defeat of Fitzsimmons. "You can say for me," he said, "I never imagined that Jeffries could have improved so vastly. Bob was up against a big handicap in regard to weight and I think he acquitted himself splendidly."

The traditions of Yale university have been smashed by the election of Prof. Hadley as president of that institution. He is under 45 years old for one thing. He is not a clergyman, which has hitherto been regarded as a qualification in a president of Yale. In addition to all that, he is not a professor of Greek, Latin, philosophy or any of the so-called culture branches of the science of political science—the science of government in its broad sense.

UP-TO-DATE FIREWORKS.

The Fourth of July fireworks of 1899 will be right up to date. There will be "Klondike Fountains," "X-Ray Photographs," "Old Harry's Visiting Cards" and "Money to Burns." There will be "Chrysanthemums," which make an intensely brilliant light, and deep, scintillating forms resembling the flowers from which they take their name; "Brilliant Stars" with a bright, hissing effect, and throwing out myriads of electrical stars; "Sparkling Bombs," which begin with a zephyr-like whistle and go out with a 13-inch gun report; "Surprise Stars," with a quick discharge of boxes which go snapping and twisting aimlessly in midair; "Silver Veauvuses," with a lasting and beautiful effect of spin fires; "American Mandarins," with a combination of squib reports and detonating salutes resembling the rapid fire of a gatling gun, and "Floral Bombshells," showing in fire all the prismatic colors in variegated stars, which fall precipitately in a shower of golden rain from the bomb shell when it bursts high in the air.

In boxes filled with straw are to be found little canes, labeled "Snake-in-the-Grass." They are placed on the ground and a light applied to their apex. In a few seconds a miniature snake, with fangs intact, rises phoenix-like from the ashes and hisses in a manner most spiteful.

"Candy Kettle Wheels" consist of a spinning wheel which, after it has been fired, leaves a cane of candy whose value would be assessed by any reputable dealer in sweetmeats at at least one cent. In the "X-Ray Photographs" after the fuse is set alight, the cover of the camera will disappear as if by magic and reveal your picture in an excellent likeness of Balaam's Ass.

The "Humming Fire-Tops" are conceded to be a great novelty. They consist of wooden tops surmounted by driving fireworks which make them spin with great velocity.

Then there are "dragon tongues." After the fuse has been lighted, the cover of the den disappears without leaving either the ashes or smoke. Then the dragon appears on the scene and extends his tongue in a menacing manner.

"Old Harry's Visiting Cards" are made of white "magic" paper, with His Satanic Majesty's name imprinted on one surface. As soon as ignited they mysteriously vanish, leaving no trace whatever.

The "money-to-burns" are on the same principle, only they are made up as a fac-simile of a \$10 confederate note and come put up in pocketbooks.

"Look out for the stick!" will be the popular cry on the night of the glorious Fourth. The rockets this year will be as varied as they are numerous.

In addition to the usual short-stick rockets there will be "tri-color union candles," emitting balls, which, while in the air, divide into three brilliant red, white and blue stars; "parachute rockets," discharging at a great height floating stars of large caliber, suspended from parachutes, which float a long distance and change color before disappearing; "prismatic dragon rockets," displaying at an altitude of 300 feet a swarm of dragon-like serpents, with vermilion-hued bodies, which change and interchange in their winding course till they gradually fade away in the distance.

Amid the clouds of the "cascade rockets" display a broad, swelling spread of liquid gold in streamers of glittering radiance with feathery edges, which gradually dissolves in a lasting cloud of sparkling mist. The "peacock plumes rockets," rise like an Eiffel Tower of fire to a great height, and with a terrific explosion form a gorgeous veil of feathery plumes, embellished with topaz and emerald comets.

The designers of the set pieces will have plenty of opportunities to display their art on the coming Fourth. Patriotic designs will be in demand and many of the firms have on hand already a number of reproductions of the Maine and pyrotechnical photographs of naval and war heroes. They are made in all sizes and, though they vary in price, are for the most part expensive.

WHERE IMMIGRANTS COME FROM

If any old frequenter of Castle Garden should revisit the barge office after an absence of ten years he would be surprised at the change in the nationalities of the people now found there.

In old days the blond Germans, the English with their misplaced aspirates and the Irishman's funny brogue were features. Today Germans are comparatively rare, and the Irish and English almost as much so. In the last nine months the total German income at the port of New York has been 10,244, and that includes a few tourists. The British Isles, which used to send over 100,000 a year, have not sent 18,000 in nine months.

It is from Italy that the immigration is now greatest. Ten years ago the Italian entries for the entire United States were only about 25,000 for a year. Already this year, with only nine months gone, 47,243 Italians have arrived in New York alone.

Immigration from Austro-Hungary is also increasing, and the entries at this port during the nine months are 32,654, as against 29,797 for the whole of the United States in the preceding year. A small immigration of Christian Arabs is beginning, and the Armenians and Turkish peoples are increasing.

The entries at the port of New York during the nine months have been as follows: Austria-Hungary, 32,654; Belgium, 789; Denmark, 1,041; France, 1,740; Germany, 10,244; Greece, 1,429; Italy, 47,243; Netherlands, 734; Norway, 1,599; Portugal, 735; Roumania, 919; Russia and Finland, 23,256; Servia, Bulgaria and Montenegro, 23; Spain, 429; Sweden, 1,007; Switzerland, 1,081; Turkey, 92; British Isles, 17,886; total, 145,810.

WORLD'S COAL PRODUCT.

United States Holds Second Place as a Fuel Producer.

Washington, D. C.—The coal production and consumption of the world during the past fifteen years are presented in some tables just prepared by the treasury bureau of statistics. These show that while the United Kingdom is still the largest coal producer in the world, the United States is a close second and if the present rate of gain is continued, will soon become the leading coal producing country of the world. The coal production of the United Kingdom in 1897 was 202,000,000 tons, that of the United States 173,000,000, Germany 100,000,000, France 20,000,000, Belgium 22,000,000, Austria-Hungary 12,000,000, Russia nearly 10,000,000, Australia nearly 6,000,000, Japan over 5,000,000, British India 4,000,000, Canada nearly 4,000,000, and Spain 2,000,000. No other country reached 1,000,000 tons in production. The United States has gained much more rapidly during the fifteen years under consideration than has the United Kingdom or any of the important coal producing countries of the world, her gain during the fifteen years being over 73 per cent, and that of the United Kingdom less than 24 per cent. The annual amount just made by the geological survey that the coal product of the United States in 1898 was 219,535,000 short tons, against 228,287,000 for Great Britain, shows that the United States will soon become the leading coal producing nation of the world.

An exporter of coal, however, the United States takes the rank in proportion to its production and stands fourth in the list of coal exporting countries. In 1898 the exportations of coal from the United Kingdom were 48,000,000 tons, from Germany 12,000,000, from Belgium over 6,000,000 and from the United States a little less than 4,000,000.

The quantity exported in 1898 was slightly above 4,000,000 tons. Australia came next to the United States as a coal exporting country, her exports amounting to nearly 2,000,000 tons, while France exported about 2,000,000, Japan 1,000,000, and Canada 1,250,000 in 1897. France is the largest coal importing country, her importations in 1897 being nearly 12,000,000, while Germany imported 6,000,000, Austria-Hungary 5,500,000, Italy 4,250,000, Canada nearly 4,000,000, Belgium nearly 3,000,000, Russia 2,500,000, Sweden over 2,500,000, the United States nearly 1,500,000, and Australia 1,000,000 tons.

Great Britain is also the largest consumer of coal in proportion to population, her coal consumption in 1897 being 3.7 tons per capita, that of Belgium 2.7 tons, the United States 2.42, Germany 1.53, Canada 1.2, France, 0.98, Australia, 0.97, Sweden, 0.50, Austria-Hungary 0.37, Spain, 0.19, Italy 0.13, Russia, 0.09, and Japan 0.07 of a ton per capita.

According to these figures, which are summarized from a report of the coal production of the principal countries, the United States now produces about 30 per cent of the coal in the world, the coal product of the fourteen countries enumerated in the tables being, in 1897, 566,000,000 tons, of which the United States produced 173,000,000, while in 1882 she produced but 27 per cent of the total coal product of the countries enumerated. The 1898 figures make an even more satisfactory showing for the United States.

Served Him Right.

A young lieutenant in a cavalry regiment fell violently in love with the daughter of a wealthy merchant. But he soon became indifferent to the lady's charms, and when his regiment was ordered for a term of service to the east he was so ungalant as to leave her without any explanations.

When a short period had elapsed the officer returned home with more than 100 miles on his coat, and soon afterwards he was present at a dinner and ball where his quondam lady-love was among the daintiest of the beauties.

They danced together, and she showed no resentment on the score of past unfaithfulness. After much pressing he lady gave the officer an appointment at a certain church near her father's house, which had been their trysting place in former days.

The young officer went happily to his club, where his friend, Major —, offered him a cigar.

"I met my old flame, Muriel —, this evening," said the new arrival from abroad, and he told his friend of the appointment she had given him.

The major expressed no surprise, but said that what a good and loving girl—for he knew what had gone before.

The former lover went to the church on the day named, and there was a wedding. When the ceremony was over Muriel — the bride, came to the church on the arm of Major —, the bridegroom!

Shreds and Patches.

A man is sure to be interesting when he talks about a subject he knows all about, and amusing when he talks of what he is ignorant. It is the vast middle ground that is debatable.

We pity a man who meets his ideal and cannot get her; but he is more to be pitied who marries his ideal and finds he has not got her.

To be lonely is to feel one's self a naked soul, shivering in the cold wind of infinity. Boredom is weariness of self and inability to escape from it.

To bore is worse than to be bored, and it is not so easy to know when it is happening. It is a good plan to be suspicious whenever you find the conversation particularly interesting.

What a humorist's first inventor of traps in cable cars must have been! If you have a much paper and are in doubt whether to write a sermon or an epigram, write the sermon; it takes less.

Covered Buttons.

The first maker of covered buttons was Mrs. Samuel Williston of East Hampton, Mass. In early life her husband prepared for the ministry, but, his eyesight failing, he was compelled to give up all study and support himself. He opened a general country store, and his wife gave a great deal of attention to a notion counter. One winter day, in 1828, she was sorting her stock, when it suddenly occurred to her to cover some of the wooden buttons, then in general use, with cloth. They attracted much attention among the customers of the little shop, and were finally known to all the neighboring towns, and became very popular. Williston and his wife contrived machinery to do the work the first ever employed in America. An immense manufactory sprang up, and made half the covered buttons of the world, and Williston died worth several millions. And the source of all this wealth originated with a bright New England woman.

TO TUNNEL THE ISTHMUS CANAL

G. A. Karwiese, the German engineering expert, who was consulting engineer in the construction of the Suez canal, now proposes to build a still more remarkable ship canal across the Isthmus between North and South America.

His plan is to tunnel through a mountain range. By this plan full-rigged ships with masts reaching up 180 feet high could sail right through the mountain range four abreast.

The object of such a tremendous and unheard-of undertaking as this is to make the shortest possible cut through the Isthmus connecting North and South America.

A week ago this plan of Mr. Karwiese was submitted to Admiral Walker, of the Nicaragua canal commission, who will naturally bring it before the president when presenting reports on canal surveys.

The proposed Nicaragua canal which the United States government has had repeated surveys made for, will have to be 169 miles long.

Engineer Karwiese's proposed canal would be but eleven miles long. Only one and two-thirds miles of this would be a tunnel through the mountain. The other nine miles would be simply the enlarging of existing waterways leading to the Atlantic and Pacific.

The interior of the ship tunnel could be lighted by electricity, and motor energy supplied by electrical power transformed from the tides by machines especially constructed for that purpose. Such a machine already exists and has been patented by William Bowman of Norfolk, N. Y.

A single lock at each terminus of canal construction would absolutely control the water level between the two oceans. These locks would, of course, be necessary to prevent a flood tide on one side of the Isthmus from rushing through the artificial opening between the continents. By this method navigation through the Isthmus in still water and on ocean level would be practically possible. No other plan ever suggested provides for an ocean level canal.

Engineer Karwiese claims that such a canal could be built in two years for \$45,000,000. The lowest estimate for the Nicaragua canal is \$118,000,000 and five years' time for construction. So great an undertaking as boring a hole thro' a mountain range big enough for ships to sail through would seem impossible were it suggested by any lesser authority than Mr. Karwiese.

Mr. Karwiese was consulting engineer in the designing and building of the canal through the Isthmus of Suez, and for a short time was engaged with De Lesseps in Panama. Almost at the start he became convinced that the Panama route would ultimately be abandoned, and says upon investigation he found that the existing Isthmian surveys were inaccurate and in many instances merely a matter of guesswork.

Accordingly in 1891 he began a systematic survey of the whole Isthmus and is now possessed of maps, soundings and other records, all convincing facts. He is, of course, familiar with the Nicaraguan region, and condemns the course there with objections similar to those actually encountered in Panama.

The proposed new route involves some features altogether novel in canal building, but it is claimed to be not only shorter, cheaper and far more practical than any other course ever suggested. Mr. Karwiese's experience in canal building and fame as an expert assure his consideration by the United States government. It is probable that Mr. Karwiese will accompany on their surveys the Isthmian canal commission recently appointed by the president to investigate all routes, and will personally go over the ground of his work with the officers of the government.

According to surveys and estimates furnished by Mr. Karwiese a ship tunnel canal can be completed through the Isthmus of Panama between the Gulf of Darien and the bed of the Santa Maria river. This region is known as the Aputi valley, and is crossed diagonally by the Cardilliere range of mountains, which extends throughout the length of the Isthmus, connecting with the Andes of South America and with the Rocky mountain system of the northern continent.

At the point of intersection with the Aputi valley the Cardilliere are steep and high and almost solid rock. Mr. Karwiese is ready to demonstrate to the canal commission the practicability of cutting through this rock, not a canyon, but a tunnel 180 feet high, with 18 feet added for depth of water.

This interoceanic ship tunnel would be 8,888 feet, or approximately, one and two-thirds miles long, and wide enough to allow four ships to pass abreast.

No such stupendous engineering feat has ever been attempted since the beginning of the world, but Mr. Karwiese is ready to undertake it; and there are many expert engineers who have long considered that the execution of such a project at a favorable point was entirely feasible and would furnish the most satisfactory solution of the whole interoceanic canal problem.

The Aputi valley is adapted for such a canal in several ways. The actual distance between existing ocean tide pools on either side of the Cardilliere is fifteen miles eight hundred feet, and for all but eleven and one-eighth miles over the proposed course navigation is possible at the present time. Harbors at each end of the proposed route are of gravel and firm sand, and the bed

of the canal itself would be of rock. The water of the Santa Maria river is clear and deep, and there are no quicksands nor alluvial deposits to block construction and render perpetual re-excavation imperative in order to preserve the usefulness of the canal when built.

The Aputi valley is a natural division between the two continents. In making his first exploration of the Isthmus, Mr. Karwiese was alone, and intrusted himself to native Indian guides. He navigated San Miguel harbor longitudinally and arriving at the mouth of the Santa Maria River was astonished by his guides, who paradoxically offered to "drop him up stream to the mountain." This apparent contradiction of the law of gravitation was literally accomplished on a raft, for by taking advantage of the flood tide from the Pacific the explorer was able to land at the base of the rocky Cardilliere.

Crossing the range on foot, the party came to a navigable tributary of the Tabina river, and floated down stream on the Atlantic side into the broad Gulf of Darien, an arm of the Caribbean sea. The Tabina river has its source on the Atlantic slope of the mountains in the middle of the Isthmus and trends almost parallel to the coast in a southeasterly direction emptying its waters finally into a harbor of the gulf. The natural harbors existing at each end of the valley described would afford perfect protection to a large fleet of vessels.

A TRAMP CONVENTION.

A convention of hoboes has been called to meet at Danville, Ill., June 15. The call for the novel gathering has been circulated in rural districts for some time, and recently reached Chicago. Quite as unique as the convention itself is the "call." It is a tiny poster, or "sticker" for handy pasting on lamp posts and convenient land marks of the highways. The hoboes are their own bill posters and they are pasting up the love feast call at countless places along the roadways all over the country. Within the last few weeks 10,000 of these posters have been printed and distributed at the expense of Charles Noe, a wealthy young man of Sycamore, Ill., who styles himself a "society tramp."

Under the name of "Box Car Tourists' Union No. 57," more than 300 hoboes of Chicago have organized to get in readiness for convention work. They claim to be affiliated with 100 similar organizations covering most of the territory between "the great divide" of the Rocky mountain range and the Atlantic seaboard. An outline of the programme for the convention has been drawn up. It includes discussions of the economic and social conditions out of which the hobo evolved himself or has been evolved. College graduates in disguise or "reduced" by drink will be among the eloquent speakers at the meeting. Tents and empty barrels will house the delegates and a sand lot owned by "Onion" Cotton, a hobo proprietor of Danville, has already been selected for the holding of the convention, which is to be in the open air.

Only "ex-useful" members of urban, suburban or rustic communities will be given credentials to the grassy floor of the convention. Those already registered and declared eligible are: Land surveyors, shoemakers, railroaders, cigar-makers, designers, molders, printers and tailors.

By special dispensation of the managers of the convention, "society tramps," ex-actors and ex-college presidents are to be admitted. Route pickers and providers of "side-door Pullmans" and of "catnaps" have been named for the Chicago union. Among these are William F. Peters, George T. Walters, Edward V. Davis, Charles F. Noe, "Onion" Cotton, Adolphus Burkhardt and Edward Freeman. With the exception of Noe and Cotton, all these have been hibernating, along with others of their ilk, in basements at 40 Sherman street, 193 North Clark street or in similar winter resorts throughout the arrangements for transportation in box cars, with hay trusses for berths, have been made through the good offices of friendly employes of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad. The hegira from Chicago will be witnessed June 16. Before the start on the afternoon of that day a parade will be held in the downtown streets. Anybody who wants to fall into line as the procession passes will have his or her credentials passed upon as the box cars are being boarded at the Polk street station.

In political and police circles the convention is regarded as a move toward a revival of Coxeism or tramp agitation of the kind that carried the marching "army of the unemployed" to the steps of the Capitol building in Washington some years ago. Whether any menace to social order is perceived in the Danville program, the authorities are not prepared to say. The organizers of the convention declare, however, that sedition is not contemplated. They do not anticipate any attempt at governmental suppression or interference. Still, they very freely admit that the work of the convention will be largely political, and that the foremost object sought to be attained will be to devise ways and means "to make the struggle for existence a pleasure instead of a burden."

Mrs. Erishah Gould Mitchell, who died recently, was the last Indian princess in Massachusetts and was a direct descendant of Massasoit.