

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

The loss by Sunday's fire in Winnipeg was \$89,000; insurance \$30,000.

Peterboro' has a population of 10,300, an increase of 600 since the general census.

The Bell Organ and Piano Company, of Guelph, turned out over 6,000 instruments last year.

McGill University, Montreal, has been presented with a portrait of its distinguished principal, Sir William Dawson.

Montreal real estate owners have organized to protect their interests and secure proper representation in the City Council.

At the big fruit sale in Montreal the other day prices were lower than at the first sales of last year, yet higher than present United States quotations.

Assistant City Clerk Gosselin, of Montreal, who mysteriously disappeared a week ago, has returned. He had taken a trip to Boston.

E. J. Hooper, barrister, and county clerk of Lennox and Addington, died the other day at Napanee. Deceased was at one time M.P.P. for Addington.

Samuel Robb, eleven years of age, was accidentally strangled while twisting a towel around his neck at his home near Qu'Appelle, North-West Territories.

William Purdy, son of John Purdy of St. Thomas, had his leg mangled in an accident on the West Shore Railroad and died Wednesday night in Buffalo.

Mr. Clifford Sifton, Attorney-General for Manitoba, has been renominated for North Brandon.

The Alton liner, Sardinian, just arrived at Quebec from Liverpool, brought out over 500 settlers for the North-west.

Judge Taschereau in Montreal on Tuesday decided that a corporation cannot be compelled to enforce its own by-laws.

More Grand Trunk employes have been dismissed from the car shops and round-houses in London.

The British war ships, Buzzard and Emerald, have arrived at Halifax from Bermuda.

Winnipeg has a total population of 29,182, including a floating population of 3,000.

Starvation and wretchedness are said to prevail on the northern coast of Newfoundland.

The Icelandic labourers employed in sewer construction in Winnipeg struck on Tuesday for an increase of pay from seventeen and a half cents to twenty cents an hour.

Fifty men went out on strike at Thack-ay's planing mills, Ottawa, the other morning because a demand for two hours of leisure on Saturday afternoons was refused.

It is proposed to erect in Winnipeg a monument to the memory of Col. Kinney, who died upon his return from Egypt with the Canadian voyageurs.

The Montreal Citizens' League is actively pushing its crusade against lotteries. Over thirty actions were taken out yesterday against parties who have been selling tickets.

By a return laid on the table of the Dominion House of Commons the other day, it appears that from Confederation to June 30, 1890, there was expended for public works in Ontario the sum of \$12,082,241.

The body of a deaf mute named Hugh Fraser was found in the dam at Clarke's mill, Hamilton, the other morning, and it is supposed the unfortunate man, brooding over his afflictions, committed suicide.

Andrew Affleck, a farmer of Cartwright, Manitoba, started to drive home from Winnipeg a week ago and was missing until last Monday when his body was found in the river near Winnipeg. His horse also perished.

John Flockton was employed in an excavation at the new power-house in course of construction for the Hamilton Street Railway Company, when the bank caved in upon him, breaking his collar bone and dislocating his shoulder.

A citizen of Hamilton recently purchased one hundred and forty acres of land on Burlington Plains, and has since been gratified to learn that a portion of the soil submitted to analysis contained twenty-two per cent of aluminum, fifty-four of silica, and fourteen of iron.

A writer in the Montreal Witness says the exodus of French-Canadians to the New England States is promoted by a desire to escape the heavy taxes imposed upon them by the priests who are vying with each other in having magnificent churches and convents in their parishes.

GREAT BRITAIN.

It is computed that no less a sum than £15,000,000 is annually spent on Sunday drinking alone in the United Kingdom.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has had a relapse and was very low on Monday. Latest accounts report a slight improvement in the great musician's condition.

On Thursday night the Marquis of Londonderry, speaking in Dublin, said that if Home Rule is carried there will be civil war in Ireland.

Miss Katherine Arnold, daughter of Sir Edwin Arnold, was married on Saturday in London to Edward, son of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Hamilton.

The Duke of Devonshire will go to Windsor shortly to deliver up the insignia of his father's Knighthood of the Garter. It is understood that the Queen will confer the honour upon the present Duke.

Though the recent skirt-dancing performance of the Countess Russell in an amateur representation occasioned more comment than commendation, the gay young woman appears very well satisfied, and has determined to go upon the boards as a professional. It is said she will shortly sign a contract with Manager Edwards as a dancer at the Gaiety.

Mr. Thomas Osborne, Conservative, was returned unopposed on Saturday to Parliament for the Chelmsford division of Essex to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. W. J. Baezel, Conservative.

A special cablegram from London says the question of Church disestablishment will be the dominant one in British politics after Home Rule has been got out of the way, and one on which the Liberal party is sure to split.

The eighth Earl of Stamford, who died in

1890, married a Countess from the House of Lords has descended from the House of Lords, and his title and honours passed to William Grey, brother of the late Earl. Win. Grey, brother of the late Earl.

UNITED STATES.

The House of Representatives at Washington has passed the bill for the relief of the late President Lincoln's widow by a vote of 133 to 60.

There were 18,388 immigrants landed at New York last week, the highest number in one week on record.

Shepard Busby was hanged at Fort Smith, Ark., for the murder of a man of the Indian Territory.

Charles Coppel was hanged at New York in Buffalo and his body was hanged by a mob near Nashville, Tenn.

Eph. Guzzard, a negro, was hanged by a mob near Nashville, Tenn.

Ferdinand Ward was hanged from Sing Sing prison on Monday. He was sent out his term. His crime was wrecking the Marine Bank in New York.

On Monday at New York, in the presence of thousands of people, Harrison laid the corner stone of the Grant monument.

The latest move of "Chicago" Michael's followers is an appeal to the British Minister at Washington, demanding that they are British subjects.

By an explosion of fifty kegs of powder at Big Stone Gap, Tenn., the other day, Zach Wells and his nephew, Tom Duran, were fatally burned.

The rain makes it impossible to try the hands again in Texas, without result, and the people are beginning to get the scheme is a humbug.

Near Anderson, Ind., George Doyle killed Mrs. Earl Dudding, who was taking to her husband, Duke Dudding, a revolver and shot Doyle fatally.

Michael Druce and John Antrim were crossing the track of the New York Central Belt line at Buffalo on Wednesday afternoon, when they were struck by the engine of a freight train and killed.

Rufus Jenkins, a deaf-mute, aged 70, of Knoxville, Tenn., was taken from his house Tuesday night by a mob of whites and cowhided so brutally that his bones are expected to die. Jenkins had been his wife and another woman.

The feeling is growing in Washington that, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, Secretary Blaine will be the next Republican nominee for President.

A Nebraska girl, who rejected her lover, committed suicide by taking up all his property amounting to \$100,000, and up the will in court and succeeded her claims in favor of his mother.

It has been found at Mrs. Helen L. Stokes, of New York, has been robbed of silks, satins, Oriental fleeces and lace—about the extent of the robbery of the late Mrs. Young, who is now in England.

Coleman Blackburn, who was hanged at Gavette, Miss., was hanged for the murder of his wife. He was hanged over to his friends for the murder of his wife, and is now in the West.

At an early hour on Saturday morning a fire broke out in the Pennsylvania House of Industry in New York, but so miraculously drilled were the children that only one hundred little girls were killed and a hundred boys got out of the building unharmed.

The Pope has forbidden separate schools for the Un-Americanists.

The emigration for Germany this year has been heavier than any previous year.

Worth, the celebrated Paris milliner, has abolished the trailing skirt for street gowns, and has also ceased to make a bonnet.

Two girls, Soledad and Maria, were arrested in Rotterdam for distributing pamphlets containing insulting remarks to the Queen of Holland.

The Queen Regent of Spain drove in an open carriage through the streets of Madrid on Sunday to receive a group of people who feared Anarchist violence.

An engine stoker had a barrel of dynamite cartridges in his pocket which was just about to be exploded in the engine in the railway station at Alton, France, the other day.

The marriage of Li Lee, a Chinaman, and Agnes Gerin, a German, is being commented upon with surprise. This is the first alliance of the kind in Germany.

Goodwin Bates, who was sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of his brother, has been pardoned on the discovery of extenuating circumstances. Bates was in prison at the age of 72.

He Found It. A very pompous surgeon was sent to a recruiting depot in the Highlands to examine a batch of recruits. He had taken the Queen's shilling. The recruit, in a nervous manner, asked the doctor the first question a soldier would ask in a place of birth.

"Why don't you men wear?" asked the doctor; "what's your name, I say?" Still the patient refused to answer only stare open-mouthed at his questioner who exclaimed:

"Why, I believe in the doctor's name, I say!" and, taking his watch from his pocket he held it to the light and the recruit, saying: "Can you hear that?"

The youth then said:

"The watch was in my pocket when the doctor opened the visor of the recruit's cap. He held the watch in his hand and said: 'What the deuce do you mean by that? You're stone deaf? Well, you can't see the tick of a watch if you're stone deaf!'"

And then the recruit said:

"She's no doctor, she's a nurse, finding his tongue, the doctor said, holding his watch in his hand, that it had indeed stopped. His fingers were too powerful to be compressed in the watch, extensive though a little about the watch was.

HEAD HUNTERS.

Thrilling Scenes Among the Malays of Borneo

A BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

"Head hunters! Well, Dick! I never saw a more gentlemanly looking lot of murderers in my life!" I felt constrained to say to my friend, as I lay back luxuriously upon the split bamboo flooring of the native house in which the village Datu had just feasted us with grave decorous ceremony.

"You are very new and unsophisticated in the ways of the heathen, evidently," replied my official friend, continuing calmly, as he lit his cigar, and also lounged backward on the spring floor, "the bland and silent Malay, moving with the deadly grace of the destroying serpent, is yet unknown to you. Observe the young man nearly opposite you—he with the red and yellow turban twisted on his head."

I looked upon a slender but beautifully proportioned youth of pale orange hue, whose large black liquid eyes and softly molded, hairless face would have pronounced him woman to the eyes of the uninitiated in the physical peculiarities of the Dyak race. About his head was bound the slender turban of the Malay races, a handkerchief of brilliant red and orange hues. Thrown carelessly across his shoulder, passing across and around his body was a similarly colored sarong. Tight, close-fitting trousers of white cloth thickly covered with dark red flowering completed his costume, which served only to throw into strong contrast the jet-black hair and pale, pure, speckless orange skin. About his arms, above the elbow, were circled two broad and heavy bands of solid beaten gold, and tucked into his trousers were the usual deadly kris and wicked little dagger.

I looked inquiringly at Dick, who smiled and remarked, lazily, "Watch his face as I address him. Now you see the beautiful sleeping snake. Take note of the changes in its mien."

"Oh, Yusuf!" murmured gently by Dick, attracted the young man's attention to him. He lifted his eyebrows lazily. "That is a fine kris that Yusuf carries. Will he show it to my friend, who is ignorant of Dyak weapons, and would like to examine them from curiosity?"

In a moment the handsome young Dyak's face clouded. He looked to his fellow natives, who lounged about the room, but met with only vacant stares. Slowly his hand sought his kris, an action never taken except in earnest purpose to draw and use upon a foe, and awkwardly the kris and scabbard were drawn out and handed to me.

The young man's aspect was entirely changed. The bright and sunny look had vanished and a dull, sullen, lowering mien had now replaced it. Holding the scabbard gingerly in my left hand, I drew the deadly kris out with my right. It was one of the peculiar Dyak kind. A wavy-bladed, double-edged weapon, two feet long and three inches wide at the hilt, tapering very gradually to its point. The handle was of carved ivory, strongly whipped with well-waxed cord and studded with golden bosses. The edges were as keen as razors and sliced the skin from the tip of my finger at the lightest touch. It was a deadly weapon in sooth.

"Now give it back with a smile, handle forward, and our friend will remove his eyes from you and his left hand from his dagger. Be careful! Present the point and you'll have his dagger in your body in a minute and we'll both be dead men," remarked Dick Daere as he lay watching us both. I had nearly made the mistake which means war to the fighting Malay when Dick reminded me in time to save a catastrophe.

Once again in possession of his kris the young Dyak's face resumed its pleasant expression and he smiled as Dick continued lazily in Malay:

"There are few men in Borneo who could stand before Yusuf's kris for more than five minutes."

"But Rajah Rahman—"

"With one bound the Dyak was upon his feet. With a fierce hiss his hands fell on his kris and dagger, and he stooped crouching and quivering with tense muscles and suppressed passion. The muscles of his face had drawn hard and hideous lines about his visage. Fierce black eyes snapped fire beneath black and scowling brows. Expanded nostrils quivered fretfully under fierce-breathed agitation.

There was an angry rustle in the room as each man looked up in magnetic sympathy with the enraged boy, and lingered fretfully at his kris. An ominous silence fell upon the room, which was broken by Dick's even voice continuing:

"Rahman was a fool. He should have known that while Yusuf lives his life is valuable."

With a smothered sob the Dyak flung home his half drawn kris into his scabbard and looking fiercely round the room strode to the doorway. He leaped lightly to the ground, some ten feet below, and in a moment had disappeared into the jungle.

A few days later I was in the jungle, hunting. With advanced rifle and finger upon trigger, I lay at full length watching for a lucky chance at deer or pig. For ten minutes lay motionless, when a chattering of the monkeys drew my attention to the jungle beneath them, to the left of the clearing, some 200 feet away. A young Malay stepped out in to the open. He was a sinewy young specimen of manhood, as fine a Dyak as I had yet seen. In dark blue trouser tights, with similarly colored mess jacket and turban, the rising sun tinted his orange-hued skin until it shone in rich contrast to his sombre clothing. The inevitable dagger and kris were at his waist.

Suddenly I saw him turn his head and stiffen to keen attention. The next moment he sprang upon his feet, twisted his turban tightly round his head and stood with kris and dagger drawn facing the jungle, with eyes riveted upon one spot. Turning my eyes in that direction I beheld a sight that held me fascinated. At first I could see nothing clearly, but a movement drew my attention to the crouching figure of a man. Steadily, step by step, he developed into the clearing. Like a cat he advanced toward his adversary. Both men were crouched forward grasping their kris in their right hands whilst the left arm, thrown across the body, clutched the dagger pointing outward. Each had his eyes fixed upon the other's orbs. With a flash of recognition I remembered Yusuf's garments and then Yusuf himself. My inter-

est became redoubled in the deadly combat which was taking place before me.

Step by step Yusuf circled round his enemy, closing in nearer and nearer to the fray. His eyes never left their concentrated stare upon the other's orbs.

His adversary stood springy as steel, watching every movement, keeping ever turned towards the foe his deadly kris of each dagger. They stood within six feet of each other. Each quivered and shook with the tension of strained muscle and contracted tendon. Suddenly the enemy made a bound toward Yusuf. As rapidly the other sprang aside and swung back his kris in springing. Not a sound betrayed the result, but as the enemy now circled round Yusuf I saw the dark red stain across his back which betrayed the kris' deadly work. Again and again the dark blue sprang upon the orange red. Again and again Yusuf nimbly sprang aside, and scored a deadly cut each time.

And then the dark blue weakened. A pause of five minutes, while Yusuf slowly circled round his adversary, spent all the latter's strength, wasted with the running life blood. He staggered backward, and, like a panther, Yusuf was upon him, cutting and stabbing with all the fierceness of a maddened beast. The dark blue sank a fainting heap before him. No cry for quarter, no scream or whimper from the heroic warrior soul. He had fought and lost. There was nothing to be said.

Yusuf bent over him, busied for some moments, while I rose, and, descending the hill, advanced to see what help I could render. Before I had taken six paces Yusuf suddenly straightened up, and with half a dozen bounding springs, had disappeared into the jungle. I advanced towards the fallen man and then stopped short in sudden horror. His head was gone. The bleeding trunk lay hideous in the morning sun. His enemy had cut and taken off his trophy, the custom of the head hunters.

"Let the dead bury their dead," I turned away and walked rapidly back to the village of Talang.

Dick was sitting chatting with the natives, awaiting the arrival of Rajah Rahman.

"Dick, there's going to be trouble here presently; let's start away on the best excuse you can make," I remarked carelessly, as I walked into the village, preserving an outward air of unconcern, for the benefit of the natives.

Dick was a cool hand. Turning to the natives, he addressed them gravely: "Men of Talang, my time is valuable. I have many more places to visit. Repeat my messages to Rajah Rahman when he comes among you, and tell him to come to visit the Kompane's chiefs at Sandakan when he can. All royal chiefs will be feasted and made welcome when they come to see us."

With ceremonious salutes and courtesies we were escorted to our boat, and in a few minutes were padding rapidly down the stream.

I told Dick of all I had seen that morning. Dick smiled as he answered, "Three weeks ago Rajah Rahman visited the village of Manang in the early morning and carried away the head of Yusuf's father from the very portals of his house, where he was mending fish nets. Yusuf has commenced his revenge. It will take us many a day to straighten out and balance accounts between these head-hunters' vendettas."

Toward evening we reached the village of Manang. Upon a pole before young Yusuf's house was the freshly decapitated head of his enemy.

We sent our interpreter ashore for some bananas and a fowl or two before returning down the stream.

"Whose head was it?" asked Dick of the returning guide.

"Rajah Rahman's" was the unconcerned answer, as we once more glided down the stream.

A BRIDGE OF SALT.

A Curiosity, Partly Natural and Partly Artificial, Found in Death Valley.

The natural wonders of Death Valley Col., have probably been more minutely and extensively described by professional writers than any other spot they never saw, but one wonder there has in some way escaped these untravelled scribes. In 1883 some borax works were built on the east side of the valley, a couple of miles or so above the mouth of Furnace Creek Canon. The road thence to the railroad led down the east side of the valley for several miles, and then had to cross over to the west side because no drinking water can be had on the east side below Furnace Creek. Moreover, the land on the west side lies much better for a road. But how to get the wagons across the valley was a problem. From end to end the centre of the valley is one long salt marsh, and in most places it is so soft and wet that even a man would need snow shoes to ensure his safety. Elsewhere, however, the ooze has been crusted over. This crust is in places very thin and treacherous, and only in one locality does it seem to be firm. Wherever this crust has been cut through a thin slimy salt mud has been found to be of unmeasurable depth—unmeasurable with any line or pole. Dr. C. Hart Merriam's corps of scientists cut through in one place and easily shoved a pole down fifteen feet. There is no guessing how much deeper the slime was.

However, a road must be had, and so the workmen went about over the marsh where the crust seemed to be thickest and sounded it with sledge hammers. They found the crust was a mixture of salt and sand, and eventually a route was decided upon. The road was then to be graded, and probably for the first time in the world a road of the length of this one was graded exclusively with sledge hammers.

Here was a stretch of solid salt some eight miles across. In a sense it was level—there were no hills or valleys. In another sense there was scarce a level square inch on the whole bed for the salt crust had probably, through the influence of heat from above and of moisture from below, been torn and twisted and thrown up into the most jagged peaks, pyramids, and crisscrossed ridges imaginable. They were not high—none more than four feet—but there was not level space even for a man's foot between them. Every step made was on a ragged point or edge of some kind. The nearest approach to anything like that I have ever seen was on the ice on Lake Erie where two fields had been jammed together by the wind and held so by the frost. The ragged ice masses were somewhat like these salt masses. They were larger, but they were not so sharp or in any way so difficult to cross.

Judging that the crust would sustain the weight of the wagons, the workmen swung

their sledge hammers day after day until they had beaten down these pinnacles into a smooth pathway six feet wide. It was perhaps the most laborious engineering work ever done in the country, for the climate and the location, far from civilized habitations, combined to retard the efforts of the workmen. The roadway, when completed, led over what may be properly called a naturally formed bridge of salt eight miles long—the only bridge of the kind in the world.

As one enters the easterly end of this road two unmarked graves are seen in the salt crust near the track. They are graves of unknown men who died there from the heat, and, after the fashion of the country, were buried where they fell. They were covered over with pieces of salt broken from the pinnacles near by. The crust was too hard to warrant digging into it. One must travel a long time to find two more graves like those, if, indeed, two more can be found in the world.

ARRIVED FROM THE CONGO.

One of the Most Successful of African Pioneer and Explorers Reaches Europe.

Capt. Van Gele, who has been engaged for ten years in most responsible work on the Congo and its tributaries, has returned to Brussels. Van Gele was a favorite lieutenant of Stanley, who speaks of him in one of his books in the most complimentary terms. He has been foremost in recent explorations in Congo land, and it was he who finally settled the vexed question of the identity of the Welle Makua with the Mobangi, the Congo's greatest northern tributary, by ascending the Mobangi, in spite of the hostility of the natives, until he nearly joined his surveys from the west with those of Junker, who had descended the Welle Makua.

Van Gele's last few years have wholly been devoted to exploring the vast and populous territories along the Mobangi. Since 1889 he has studied the principal affluents of that river, and secured the friendship of the natives. The prosperity of his work may be inferred from the fact that the station of Banzyville, which he founded on the Mobangi, has now a population of 30,000 people, made up of natives who have been attracted to the post from far and near. Though he established Banzyville only two years ago it is now quite an African city.

The greatest chief in all this region is Bangasso, the King of the Sakaras, who lives along the big M'Bomu River, a northern affluent of the Mobangi. Bangasso had heard of Van Gele, and desired to make his acquaintance. The captain sent ambassadors to the negro monarch, and appointed a day for an interview at Yakoma on the Mobangi. Bangasso arrived in July, 1890, accompanied by his brother and twenty-six of his chiefs, and made his entry into the station preceded by his band of musicians, and followed by hundreds of women and slaves bearing provisions and presents. He is very rich, and hundreds of thousands of people pay tribute to him in goats, lances, ivory, provisions and slaves. His forefathers have reigned for 200 years upon the shores of the M'Bomu. His people are so powerful that the Sudanese, who oppress and enslave all the other tribes in this part of Africa, do not dare attack them.

Before Bangasso arrived at the place appointed for the interview some hundreds of his men were sent there, and it took them eight days to build the camp which their King was to occupy, which comprised not less than 800 huts. For fifteen days Bangasso and Van Gele had long interviews which resulted in the King placing his territory under the protection of the sovereign of the Congo State. When he departed for his own country, Bangasso made the Captain promise that he would return his visit. As soon as convenient Van Gele ascended the M'Bomu River to Bangasso's chief town. What was Van Gele's astonishment to find, when he left his boat at the river bank, that in a single day the King's men had levelled to the ground all the jungle for a distance of ten miles, making a path about sixteen feet in width. This big work was carried out in order that the white man might travel as easily as possible to the capital.

The latest achievement of Van Gele was the repulse of the Arabs who attacked the Congo State station at Djabbir on the Mobangi. This force was a party of slave traders from Khartoum, and Van Gele completely defeated them and stopped their operations in that part of the country. Van Gele is a brave soldier, and was born to succeed in just such enterprises as those in which he has been so conspicuous.

Too Old to be Trifled With.

An old army surgeon, who was very fond of a joke (if not perpetrated at his own expense), was one day at mess; after the dinner had performed several perambulations of the table, a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the doctor (who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the officers):

"Doctor, are you acquainted with Captain G.?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor; "but what of him?"

"Nothing in particular, only I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager a dozen of old port that you cannot say in five guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the doctor—"it's a wager."

"Well commence guessing," said the officer.

"K a double t,"

"No,"

"K a t-e,"

"No, try again."

"C a t-t-e."

"No, you have missed it again."

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "o-g double t."

"No," said the wag, "that's not the way. Try again; it's your last guess."

"C a g-h-t."

"No," said the wag, "that's not the way; you have lost the wager."

"Well, said the doctor, with great petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it, C-a-t," replied the wit, with the utmost gravity.

Amid the roar of the mess, almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet exclaiming:

"Gentleman, I am too old to be trifled with in this manner!"

The choir of the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City is 300 strong.