THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

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The furniture of the chamber was simple. There was an old four post bedstead of heavily carved Spanish mahogany, with a roof over it strong enough to resist a waterspout; there was a small oak table with three tripod stools to match, and there was a clumsy seaman's chest, made of oak and fitted with rope beckets at the ends. The lid of this chest was locked, but a vigorous kick from Guthrie sent it flying open. Dolly and he at once began to overhaul its contents, and the first thing they found was a drinking pot, which the girl pronounced to be silver.

Guthrie tested it with a knife scratch. It was only pewter.

Then Dolly found two gray platters and cried that surely these must be silver; but by trying to ring them on the side of the box she quickly settled the question. From the sound they might have been lead. With a grimace of disappointment, she threw them away into a corner and turned to the rifling of the chest again.

Further research discovered a truly miscellaneous collection of oddments—two black jacks, whose leather sides were bound by stout copper hoops; a brass bound pistol butt, broken off close behind the lock; a short seaman's petticoat of yellow oiled canvas; the head of a boarding pike, whose point was blunted and twisted over into a hook; two brass shoe buckles of different patterns; a sailor's palm, with its triangular needle; a decayed molar tooth, and 14 assorted copper nails. Excepting one other item, these and a neat bundle of quill toothpicks comprised the whole collection—not, in truth, an inheritance of any very dazzling value!

The other item was a Spanish pillar dollar, hammered up into the form of a bullet and tied to a yellow paper which bore this inscription:

"Mem: too trye yat lubberlie prieste wl thiss nexte time and soe settel hys hasshe."

"Whatever did he mean by that?" cried Dolly in wonder.

"As I read it," replied the other, "that bit of hammered money is a strong proof that, although your redoubtable ancestor Nicholas the First might have been sacrilegious upon occasion, he was most certainly superstitious too. This bit of gold was meant to be used as a bullet, but apparently Mr. Nick Colepepper never got the chance of sending it to nestle within 'yo lubberlie prieste hys ribs.' I wonder whether he managed to 'settel hys hasshe' in any other equally efficacious way!"

"Ugh!" shuddered the pirate's descendant. "What a bloodthirsty old ruffian!"

"I'm afraid he was," agreed her companion. "I congratulate you upon your relative, Miss Colepepper. He seems to have been a thoroughly pleasant and gentle minded sort of person."

Miss Colepepper accepted the congratulation with a laugh, and, though she did not say as much, it is probable that the thought of having owned such a quaint sort of ancestor was not entirely displeasing to her. It must be remembered that the man was most distinctly dead. Had he been alive just then, there can be no doubt that she would have regarded him as a decided nuisance.

The two explorers spent an hour in rummaging through that queer old time snuggery, examining its rude furniture time after time, in the vague hope of finding some secret drawer or cupboard which might contain something of greater value than they had as yet discovered. They pictured to one another the scenes which the room must have witnessed and took a curious pleasure in limning out from his surroundings a fancy portrait of the original owner. Tradition gave them every warrant for using the most lurid pigments in their sketch.

"Hadn't we better go, Alan?" suggested Dolly at length. "And, by the way, which is the way out?"

"Don't know," replied the undergraduate as carelessly as he could. "We've still got to find it, but if that old brigand had his shore quarters here he must have had some way of getting in and out."

"I expect there's a secret door in one of these panels," suggested the girl.

"Yes, probably there is," assented her companion. But he could not throw much enthusiasm into his tone, though, for the girl's sake, he tried to do so.

They spent another half hour in examining the wooden wainscoting of the walls, tapping, shoving and kicking, in the hope of discovering the hidden doorway, but in vain. The only spot where the wooden barrier was broken was at the tiny door which had given them entrance. And by that way they knew that there was no return possible. The sloping shoot of planks was utterly unscalable.

"Dolly," said the undergraduate quietly, "things are beginning to look blue, I'm afraid. We seem to be bottled."

But Dolly had an idea. There was a small hatchway or manhole in one corner of the ceiling. Would it not be well to climb up through that and see where it led to?

Quickly the table was dragged across the floor and one of the three legged stools placed on the top of it. Guthrie climbed up and beat at the hatch with his upturned palm. It was fastened from above. Dolly handed him another of the heavy oaken stools, and with this he hammered at the hatch savagely. A staple gave. The door of wood rose and fell back. He wrenched it away, and then, clasping his fingers round the combing, pulled himself up.

Around him on every side rose steep, bare walls of rock. The snuggery had been built at the bottom of a regular well.

Far away above the young man could see the shrubs and creepers which lined its edge. That was where the light stole down from. But surely the old buccaneer had not been accustomed to climb in and out of his sanctum from all that distance above! No, there was a black opening about 15 feet up the wall. It was a mouth of the same cave which had led them to the first oaken door up above. That this was so was proved by the fact that there projected from it some four feet of wooden ladder; the same ladder whose top they had seen at the moment when they stepped upon the swinging trapdoor.

"Well?" cried Dolly's voice from below. "Any success?"

Guthrie hesitated. Could they reach that ladder? No; the sides of the rocky wall above him were quite smooth; there was not a single crack or fissure for a foothold.

"I'm coming down again, Dolly!" he cried to the anxiously waiting girl below.

CHAPTER XV.

BREAKING JAIL.

Dolly took the bad news quietly enough. She heard what Guthrie had to tell her about the hopelessness of trying to escape via the roof. Then she remarked philosophically that it could not be helped. They must just discover some other way out.

"There's no earthly use in our staying here any longer, you know," she added. "We've discussed Nicholas the First and his doings with the most comprehensive fullness, and as he hasn't left me any legacy worth carrying away I admit that my interest in the sinful old filibuster has quite evaporated. Besides, how long is it since you had your last meal, Alan?"

"Breakfast," returned the undergraduate promptly. "About eight hours, isn't it?"

"Quite. Well, that's longer than I'm accustomed to. Therefore I'm developing a most unladylike appetite. Therefore I mean to return to the Eureka to satisfy that same appetite. Therefore, to put the situation tersely, I mean to leave Nick's snuggery immediately. Q. E. D.!"

"Perhaps the others will contrive to find us," suggested the undergraduate, but with little enthusiasm. "I'm sure Captain Colepepper and Dr. Tring will both do their best as soon as they know we're missing, and they'll root up half the island sooner than not find us."

Dolly sat on the edge of the table and swung a shoe.

"Now, Alan," she said quietly, "you know as well as I do that it's nonsense to expect either dad or Dr. Tring to find us down here. They might perhaps have just a bare chance of doing so if they gave up about a month to the job and were lucky. But I don't think we can wait quite all that time without considerable inconvenience. No; if we don't find some way out of the booby trap by ourselves we shall be starved to death. That was the fate, you remember, which we agreed would probably overtake the members of the Pry family who poked their noses in here."

"Oh, Dolly," broke out the undergraduate with a sudden burst of self reproach, "what an idiot I was to let you get into this scrape at all!"

The girl laughed with a gayety which was quite genuine. "As if," she exclaimed with a fine scorn, "as if you had anything to do with it! I like that. Do you really mean to imply, Mr. Guthrie, that you imagine you could have stopped me if I wanted to come? Don't you know that red haired people are always obstinate?"

"Your hair's auburn, Dolly!" said the young man.

"That's a mere quibble. Besides, auburn's worse, if anything, for obstinacy. But never mind my hair now. We're wasting time. I'm just horribly hungry already, and as I don't want to get much hungrier, I'm going to leave this ancestral cabin with the smallest possible delay."

Guthrie looked at the girl admiringly. Her courage was magnificent, and it was, moreover, of that quality which, in straits of this kind, has a way of working impossibilities. The young man, seeing it, felt the infection and was ashamed of his own perfectly natural misgivings.

"I'm with you in that, Dolly," he cried heartily. "Tell me what to do, and I'll do it."

"Then go and inspect that automatic letter box thing which dropped us in here, and see if the return journey by the same route isn't possible. I'll climb up through the skylight, meanwhile, and admire the prospect up there."

Guthrie helped her up through the little manhole, and, then dropping back on to the floor of the dusty den, set about the piece of exploration which she had commanded. He opened the low door which bore the insulting inscription, "Ye Bobo, Hys Trappe," and carefully inspected, for the second time, the wooden slide and its surroundings.

His survey was no cursory one. He examined every nook and cranny, he pulled up the heap of moldering rushes which lay at the foot of the sloping boards, in the hope of finding a vague something hidden beneath it. He tried to pull away one of the planks of the shoot, thinking that, perhaps, he might be able to swarm up the edge of its neighbor. But without tools he found that he could not even start the boards, and, if he had been able to do so, it would still have been useless, for above the upper edge of the planking was a sheer drop of at least ten feet beneath that fatal swinging door, and the rock which guarded it sloped outward.

Nicholas the First's ingenuity had been little short of fiendish when he schemed that safeguard to his snuggery.

Having finished his survey unsuccessfully, Guthrie returned to the little room, threw himself down upon the lid of the sea chest, and, moodily drumming his foot against its side, waited for Dolly to reappear.

His thoughts were not pleasant. Tom Jelly had once told him what starvation was like, for the one armed man had tried it, some ten years ago, in an open boat. It was the solitary subject upon which he could be anything like eloquent. In the memory of the horrors of that terrible cruise his generally torpid intelligence would waken, and the tale that he then told was not pretty hearing.

Guthrie remembered something of what the man had said and shuddered with a horror of loathing fear. And most Dolly— The apple in his throat got glued tight somehow and refused to move either up or down.

Miss Colepepper let herself down through the manhole and stood beside him.

"Now, Alan," she said cheerfully, "if you are quite ready, we may as well begin preparing to go without further delay."

"What!" cried Guthrie, unable to believe that he had heard her rightly.

"I said that we might start getting ready to move ketchward," repeated Dolly. "But, of course, if you haven't finished admiring old Nick's sanctum"—

"Do you actually mean to say you've found a way out?" he interrupted.

"Of course I have!" the girl answered gayly. "Didn't I say I wouldn't stay much longer? Didn't I tell you I was getting abominably hungry? Now look here! A rope made of those ancient bedclothes, a weight at the end to throw over that projecting ladder; a bit of a climb, and there you are! No, Alan, don't! Mr. Guthrie, remember our contract! There, you've rumpled up all my hair!"

"You're the cleverest girl in all creation, Dolly!" cried the young man enthusiastically.

"Am I really?" asked Dolly with a demure courtesy. "Well, we'll take that for settled. And now, in the language of the doctor, 'Dry up, and get to work!'"

Age had rendered Nicholas the First's bedclothes uncommonly brittle, and the manufacture of a rope was a work of time. The sheets were found to serve the purpose best, for they were of linen, doubtless the loot of some luxurious hidalgo. They tore easily into narrow strips, and these the two prisoners plaited and then plaited again into a nine strand cord. But when this was done the rope was still too short. So they had to make out the rest with blankets, and these were by no means so satisfactory.

At last a sufficient length was completed, and the ropemakers tested it fathom by fathom by taking a hitch round a post of the heavy mahogany bedstead and pulling at the length to be tried with all their combined strength. It stretched, but it did not break. Guthrie thought that it would bear the strain of his weight. So, bending the old brass bound pistol butt at one end, he passed the coil up through the hatch and went after it.

However, they were by no means out of the wood yet, for to shy the missile with its dangling burden of rope over the projecting rungs of the ladder was no easy task. Again and again it missed and came clattering down about the young man's ears. And what with the heat and the dust he was somewhat out of breath and just about tired of the exercise before the broken pistol butt deigned to effect a lodgment on one of the projecting ladder rungs.

Then a good deal of maneuvering was necessary before it could be persuaded to slip down on the other side. But by cautiously "snaking" the bight which he had in his hand he coaxed it down little by little, till with a vigorous jump he reached it with his fingers and brought both ends of the rope together.

He waited a minute to recover his breath and then reported progress to Dolly, who had remained below.

"I'll come and see you climb," said she, and Guthrie helped her through the hatch.

"Will it bear?" she asked, looking upward at the clumsy cord on which so much depended.

"I haven't tried yet," was the reply "But here goes!" And, gripping the rope as far up as he could reach, Guthrie cautiously drew his weight on to it. Dolly watched breathlessly and then gave a little gasp of dismay.

For when the young man's toes were nearly off the ground, and there were only a few more pounds of his weight unsupported, the ladder moved. Its inner end was being tilted up.

Guthrie let go of the rope and leaned back against the rocky side of the well with a groan.

"It was a good idea, Dolly," said he quietly, after a little, "but my beastly

She raised her knees and hauled herself a foot farther up the rope.

weight has spoiled everything. Perhaps, though," he added, with a thin, unenthusiastic smile, "after a couple of days without grub, I may be just about light enough."

"H'm!" commented Dolly. "I don't admire the prospect of two days' more starvation. I've had quite enough of it already. Don't you remember, Alan, that you were heavier than I was by over a stone when we got weighed at Bristol? I don't think I've got much plumper since then, although the doctor was chaffing me about it only yesterday. However, we will soon see."

She grasped the rope and cautiously raised herself up by it. The ladder bore her weight without a movement.

"But, Dolly," exclaimed the undergraduate, "you can't go up that beastly thing!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Boer Spies Are Treated.

Gunner Alfred Baadnall of the field artillery, in a letter from Orange River, South Africa, says:

"The most painful thing I have seen was a Dutch spy who was caught trying to poison some horses. He was tried and sentenced to be shot, and the poor fellow was made to march and dig his own grave, and when he had finished it he stood over it. Then 12 soldiers marched out, and each man had to pick up a rifle out of a group of 12. There were six of these loaded and six unloaded, so none of them knew who shot him. And the poor chap never said a word. It was all over in a few minutes. * * * I shall be thankful when we get into barracks—if ever we do so—as we shall have a bed to sleep on. It will be quite a change from sleeping on the hard, bare ground and only your topcoat to cover you from the wind and rain."

Old Geronimo.

The Chicago Tribune says: "Geronimo, the Apache chief, in capturing whom the late General Lawton won fame as an Indian fighter, still lives at Fort Sill, I. T. Ever since he laid down his tomahawk, 13 years ago, in obedience to the fearless Lawton the old chief has been a prisoner of war. Immediately after their capture Geronimo and his band of warriors were taken east, but the climate did not agree with them, and many died. Then they were removed to Alabama, finally returning to the land of the setting sun in 1894. At Fort Sill Geronimo and his once savage braves have settled down and, under the watchful eyes of the United States authorities, have become at least partially civilized. Old Geronimo is a great gambler and never misses a chance to bet on a horse race."

Only Dead Footpads Wanted.

Chief of Police Broder of St. Joseph, Mo., has posted a notice at headquarters offering a reward of $100 for every footpad killed by an officer.

"Mind you," the chief says, "this offer is not for live ones. They must be dead. I must have the coroner's certificate that the man was a footpad or a safeblower and that he has been planted under six feet of cold sod before the reward will be paid. The only way to stop this flourishing industry is to kill off a few bad men. It's the footpad's hide that I will pay $100 for, not a live robber's. We have too many of them now."—Kansas City Journal.

Wanted It From the Start.

Little Willie—Say, pa, was the earth created before man?

Pa—Yes, my son.

Little Willie—Why was it?

Pa—It was probably known that it would be the first thing he'd want when he arrived.—Chicago News.

FEEDING SHEEP.

Danger of Too Much Grain—Conformity With Habits and Constitution — Bulky Food Necessary.

Sheep are not robust animals. On the contrary they need every possible attention and conformity with their habits and constitution, says The Sheep Breeder. This is most applicable to their feeding. They are naturally adapted, as to their teeth and digestive organs, to short, fine food. To graze on short herbage and to clip the tender shoots of bushes is their vocation. Hence the "roughness" of a farm is not desirable or even suitable for them. It will not do to throw a bunch of stalks of corn to sheep, as it may do for cattle or horses. The blades of corn even are too rough fodder for them. The best possible dry feeding of sheep is early cut, tender clover hay, with the addition of sliced roots. This is the best possible dry, coarse feeding for the winter. Ewes may be kept in the best condition on this feed without grain. The addition of some grain later, when the lambs are to be thought of, will be necessary, but only a moderate ration need be given.

Sheep are naturally herbivorous, and mischief is frequently done by overcrowding them with grain when their digestive apparatus is suitable only for herbaceous fodder. Grain eating animals do not need a large stomach nor a series of them for the gradual reduction of the hard and concentrated food to soluble pulp. Doubtless the majority of sheep lost during the winter feeding season die on account of a misunderstanding of this natural condition and requirement. Bulky food is essential to a herbivorous and ruminating animal. Sometimes, for instance, cows have been fed a whole winter on finely ground cornmeal without any coarse food whatever, even hay. The result has been that rumination not being required for the due maceration of the food, this function was wholly suspended. The size of the stomach even decreased, shrinking, as the common adage goes, "to the size of the ration." Life was preserved doubtless, and this might have been useful in times of shortage of coarse fodder, but we never heard of any person but the discoverer of this new method of feeding in the winter who tried the experiment. This is a typical instance of natural requirements of herbivorous animals.

Nature has been an exemplary provider for her own needs, and the natural habit of feeding of any race of animals which has been in existence for we know not how many thousands of years cannot well be set aside or disturbed by modern invention. The shepherd must take his flock as they were made and now exist. And the closer he can imitate the natural methods and habits of the race the better success he will meet with in rearing the flock. Hence the winter feeding should be spare of grain except for the fattening flock, and fattening any animal is only a method disturbing the balance of nature, and excessive fatness is a true disease, so that the safest kind of feeding will be that which most nearly approaches the natural habits of the sheep. Fine, tender, sweet, nutritious fodder, with a moderate proportion of coarser stuff, as roots or straw, to distend the bowels and help their most effective mechanical (the vermiform) motion of them, by which the eaten food is gradually passed along the digestive channel, will be far more congenial and healthful than overcrowding them with unnatural rations of grain. Of course it is understood that this applies to the flock in its ordinary condition, as ewes kept for the increase of the flock and not for fattening for the market.

Deaths at Ladysmith.

The War Office announces that there have been 13 deaths from disease at Ladysmith on Wednesday and Thursday.

THINKS BULLER HAS THE ROAD.

He Should Reach Ladysmith This Week Joubert Off the Field.

London, Feb. 5. — The Pietermaritzburg correspondent of the Daily Mail, telegraphing yesterday, says: "General Buller has undoubtedly secured the road to Ladysmith and should reach his objective this week. It is believed that the object of the Boers in occupying Ngutu, Zululand, is to secure the road from Dundee to Vryheid in case of retreat.

"I learn from a reliable source that Gen. Joubert was seriously injured by a shell in the fight at Willow Grange, and that he will never be able to command again on horseback. My informant says that he has in fact retired from the field.

"The Boers admit that the attack on Ladysmith was a serious blunder, and would not have occurred if Gen. Joubert had been in command.

"Gen. Lucas Meyer played the coward at Talana and sheltered himself in a Red Cross wagon, shamming sickness. He has been unable to face the Boers since, and they threaten to shoot him."

The Minister—Why so glum? Everything looks bright today.

The Surgeon—Not for me. The football season's over.—Yonkers Statesman.

HEAVY GUNS BOOMING

Notified Ladysmith That Gen. Buller Was on His Way.

NO NEWS TILL RELIEF IS GIVEN

The Garrison Is Cheerful—Buller's Forces Marching by Acton Homes—Confidence Expressed That Ladysmith Will Be Relieved This Week—Gen. Joubert Wounded—Work of British Flying Column.

Ladysmith, Feb. 4. — (By heliograph from Signal Hill.) — The garrison was cheered by hearing Gen. Buller's guns yesterday. The result of the engagement is not known. The Boers are again massing near Ladysmith, also moving another gun toward Surprise Hill. We are quite ready for them if they contemplate another attack.

Where the Boers Are.

Gen. Buller's guns have been heard again. Otherwise it is very quiet. We are awaiting further news of his progress. There have been no further developments here. Very few Boers remain northeast of the camp. The majority are concentrated south and west. The health of the garrison is improved.

GEN. BULLER IS MARCHING NORTH.

He Will Give Out no Definite News Till Ladysmith Is Relieved.

Durban, Feb. 4. — Gen. Buller crossed the Tugela River Friday night and is marching on Ladysmith. No definite news will be permitted to go out until Ladysmith is relieved.

More Guns For General Buller.

A number of guns have been sent from here to Gen. Buller's forces in Northern Natal.

A British Flying Column.

A flying column, which was despatched hence early in December, has reached North Zululand. The ostensible object of this movement was to check Boer cattle raiders. It is believed now, however, that this column really intends to harass the Boer lines of communication above Ladysmith.

Buller Was Fagged, But Impassive.

Durban, Wednesday, Jan. 21. — Buller personally supervised the retirement of the army across the Tugela. He then returned to his old headquarters at Spearman's camp, looking much fagged, but impassive.

GOING VIA ACTON HOMES.

Durban Despatch Says Buller Is Expected to Reach Ladysmith Tonight.

London, Feb. 5. — A special despatch from Durban, dated Sunday, and referring to Gen. Buller's recrossing the Tugela in his advance upon Ladysmith says: "It is probable that Gen. Buller crossed at a spot above the Trichard's Drift, and that, leaving the enemy to the right, he is marching to Acton Homes, whence the road to Ladysmith runs almost due east through a fairly open country. It is expected here that he will reach Ladysmith to-morrow (Monday) night."

Kruger and Steyn Making Peace.

London, Feb. 3. — A heliograph message, sent from Ladysmith yesterday, reported all well. It was also said that President Kruger of the Transvaal and President Steyn of the Orange Free State visited the laagers in the neighborhood of the beleaguered town for the purpose of making peace between the troops of the Transvaal and Free State. It was said that there were grave dissensions between the Transvaal and Free State forces in regard to the prosecution of the war. The result of the visit of the two presidents is not known.

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BOERS LOST HEAVILY.

Casualties in Recent Engagements 1,100 Killed and 600 Wounded.

Sterk's Spruit, Jan. 29. — Commandant Olivier of the Orange Free State, in a speech to the Boers at Ladygrey, said that his men were almost surrounded at Stormberg, and unless recruits were forthcoming he would be compelled to abandon the position.

It is admitted that in the recent fight at Ladysmith the Boers lost 1,100 killed and 600 wounded.

British Movement Noted.

Berlin, Feb. 5. — A special despatch from the seat of war via Brussels says Gen. Joubert has received intelligence of a movement by the British in the direction of Honger's Spruit.

BOERS ARE RAIDING ZULULAND.

Attacked the Ngutu Magistracy and Captured the Magistrate.

Head Laager, Ladysmith, Feb. 2.—With the exception of desultory shots from Long Tom, everything is quiet. Boers, with artillery from the Vryheid district, attacked the Nautu Magistracy, Zululand, Jan. 31, and captured the magistrate and 11 white and 34 colored police, their horses, 340 rifles and much ammunition. The prisoners were sent to Pretoria.

BOERS BLOW UP RAILWAYS.

Used Dynamite 2,000 Yards North of the British at Modder River.

Modder River, Feb. 3. — The Boers yesterday were busy destroying the railway between here and Langeburg, from a point 2,000 yards from the British advanced position. Thirty-three explosions were heard, and doubtless the line and culverts were wrecked for a considerable distance.

At Modder River on Friday.

Modder River, Feb. 3. — A strong cavalry and artillery reconnaissance was made to-day of the Boer position to the westward of Modder River Station. The balloonist saw a considerable number of Boers trekking towards Jacobsdal. The British shell fire directed at the Boers was ineffective, owing to the prevalence of a dust storm.

Fired on Bethune's Infantry.

Spearman's Camp, Saturday, Feb. 3. — The Boers fired from the hills on several squadrons of Bethune's mounted infantry, who were reconnoitering. They continued to set fire to the left of Mount Alice in order to destroy the cover of the British troops and to enable the Boers to see the advance.

RUSHED A BOER KOPJE.

Retreated Before British Horse—A New Zealander Wounded.

Rensburg, Saturday, Feb. 3. — The New Zealanders, Remington's Guides and a squadron of Life Guards made a sweep of several miles along the hills adjacent to the British right flank. One kopje occupied by Boers was rushed, the Boers clearing out after a slight resistance. One New Zealander was wounded. Small parties in the distance retreated whenever British horse appeared.

Pretorius Loses His Leg.

Cape Town, Feb. 4. — Correspondence has been exchanged between Lord Roberts and the Commandant-General of the Boer forces at Pretoria regarding the release of Commandant Pretorious, whose leg has been amputated. Lord Roberts says he does not wish to detail so gallant a soldier, and asks where he shall send him. The reply to this communication states that Commandant Pretorious' wife desires to thank Lord Roberts for his kindness and asks him to send him to Gen. Methuen, stating that Gen. Cronje will then arrange for his conveyance home.

BOERS LIE AS WELL AS FIGHT.

The Fake Story Told Publicly by the Landdrost of New Boshof.

Modder River, Saturday, Feb. 3.—The Landrost at New Boshof, read publicly on Jan. 26, the following telegram which he said had just been received: "Lord Roberts is a prisoner. Gen. Buller has been killed. Nine thousand British have been killed and 7,000 captured. The British also lost 48 guns last Saturday."

Marking Well on Jan. 17.

London, Feb. 4. — The War Office has received the following from Lord Roberts, dated Cape Town, Feb. 4: "Mafeking well on Jan. 17. Trenches extended towards enemy's big gun battery, causing it to be vacated. Enemy now pushing back on northern, southern and western sides, all out of rifle fire. Otherwise no change in situation."

DAWSON CITY'S LATEST FIRE.

Bank of Commerce, Business Houses and Hotels Were Burned.

Victoria, B.C., Feb. 5. — The steamer Tees arrived at 9 o'clock last night, bringing the first details of the Dawson fire. Nine hotels and saloons were included in the burned district. The Bank of Commerce and numerous business houses were also burned, with a loss aggregating half a million. Last night's arrivals came from Dawson Jan. 3, and report the trail open and railways clear abd in operation.

On Jan. 29 a wreck occurred on the White Horse Pass Railway a mile and a half from Skaguay, by which John Phillips was killed and several others (all Indians) were injured. A reward of $1,000 has been offered for the recovery of the body of the missing messenger, Clayson, dead or alive.

A REPORT FROM PARIS.

Sir Edmund Monson, British Ambassador, Hastily Summoned to Rome.

Paris, Feb. 5. — The Echo de Paris says: "Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador, left Paris hastily yesterday (Sunday) morning for Rome. He had received a cipher despatch instructing him to support energetically the British Ambassador in Rome in negotiations with the Italian Government. Great Britain asks Italy to land troops, in accordance with an agreement made since the Italian defeats by Menelek. The Italian Cabinet is embarrassed by the anti-English attitude of the population and by the position of Italy in the Triple Alliance."

AWFUL HEAT AT BUENOS AYRES.

Temperature 120 in the Shade—102 Sunstrokes, 93 Fatal.

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 5.—One hundred and two sunstrokes were reported in this city Saturday. Of these 93 were fatal. The temperature was 120 in the shade.

DRAWING ROOM A SUCCESS.

About Five Hundred People Presented to Their Excellencies at Ottawa.

Ottawa, Feb. 5. — The Governor-General's drawing room was held on Saturday night, and proved to be highly successful. The Senate Chamber, viewed from the outside, presented a beautiful sight. It was lit up with a thousand lights, and shone out from the foreground of star-dotted, moonlight sky like a thing of life. The moon dropped just on the west of the tower, and the picture was superb within. Shortly after 9 o'clock the spectacle presented was incomparable. Canada has nothing in social functions to offer that compares with the brilliancy, beauty and majesty of the Governor-General's drawing room. The pink of the Dominion's society gathered there, and their costly gowns and radiant personal charms gave evidence that Canada's daughters, in taste and beauty, equal the daughters of any land. The military was a special feature of the affair. Their gorgeous uniforms, scarlet, blue, black, silver and gold, formed a brilliant circle, the court costumes of His Excellency and the Countess of Minto, and Her Majesty's Privy Councillors, in prescribed attire, and other dignitaries of state, church, bench and bar, lent an intellectual as well as a social atmosphere to the assembly. Nearly 50 people were presented, and an unusually large number of debutantes made their first bows to the vice-regal party. The function is voted to have been eminently successful, and gives evidence of the unlimited popularity of Lord Minto and his charming consort.

MASKED BURGLARS IN MONTREAL.

Half a Dozen of Them With Guns Held Up a Store's Staff.

Montreal, Feb. 5. — Half a dozen masked burglars entered Strong & Strong's grocery store here on Saturday night. Two of them held up the proprietors and clerks with guns, while the rest went through the cash drawer and got about $300. They then locked the doors and skipped. Two men giving their names as August E. Morel and Antoine Robert are in the hands of the police. They are wanted at Scranton, Pa., for the attempted murder of a policeman. It is expected that they will be extradited.

FIVE SENATORS GAZETTED.

The Men Who Were Lucky Enough to Get Seats in the Red Chamber.

Ottawa, Feb. 5. — The following were gazetted on Saturday as Senators: George Taylor Fulford of Brockville, Ontario, vice Hon. W. E. Sanford, deceased; Joseph P. B. Casgrain of Montreal, for electoral division of Delandaudiere, in Quebec, vice Hon. J. H. Bellerose, deceased; Robert Watson of Portage la Prairie, in Manitoba, vice the Hon. John Sutherland; Findlay M. Young of Killarney, Manitoba, vice Hon. C. A. Boulton, deceased; Charles Burpee of Sheffield, New Brunswick, vice Hon. Thomas Temple, deceased.

TORNADO AT NEWFOUNDLAND.

Bank Harbor Devastated and Twenty Houses Blown Down.

St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 5. — Another tornado swept the coast last Monday night. Bark Harbor was devastated and twenty houses were blown down, including the customs station and the residence of the customs officers. All the families took refuge in their cellars. A French lobster factory, one of the largest on the coast, with all its contents, boat and fishing gear, was demolished, being blown to pieces. Three schooners were driven ashore and dismasted.

Newfoundland Will Comply.

St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 5. — In deference to the desire of the British Cabinet, the Newfoundland Legislature will meet in special session on Feb. 15 to renew the Anglo-French modus vivendi respecting the treaty shore.

AN UNKNOWN KINDNESS.

For Which He Expected to Be Liberally Rewarded.

"I know," said the poor cousin to his haughty millionaire relative, "that I have no claim upon you except my destitute condition and a slight tie of blood which is more of a damper than an incentive to bestowing the humble dollar which I have asked you to advance me for a few years. Of course you are within your right to refuse. Yet I cannot but recall with what glad-some joy I complied with the only request you ever made of me—complied with such sympathy even though I could not feel that in the same circumstances I would ask as much of you."

"What are you talking about?" shouted Mr. Bullion, his face flushing with wrath. "I never asked a favor of you in my life and never shall. You have a hard cheek that would make the Sphinx take a back seat. Favor! Bur-r-r!"

"It was done secretly. You do not know to this day that I did it. I never mentioned it to you before, nor would I now except that I cannot but recall your instantaneous, stony refusal of the first request I ever made of you and despite myself think of the unhesitating way in which I complied with the only request you"—

"Don't drive me crazy with this insane talk. If you can tell me of any request of mine to you, whether you complied with it or not, I swear to draw my check here and now for you for $100."

"Charles, it is not the hope of reward that leads me to speak of my consideration to your petition. I have never breathed it to a living soul before. I will accept your check, fling to me as one throws a bone to a mongrel cur, only that the moral lesson may be impressed upon your mind better. When your wife died, Charlie, and you advertised your loss in the papers you added, 'Please omit flowers,' I didn't send one."—New York World.

Foxy George.

"Yes, George, you very distinctly said in your sleep, 'Is it my ante? Now, what did you mean by that?"

"Mean? Why, that's simple. I was dreaming I was a boy again, waiting for Christmas, and when another boy asked me if I didn't know who Santa Claus was I said questioningly, 'Is it my auntie? The dear old lady brought me up, you know.'"

"Oh, you darling, big hearted boy!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Midnight Philosophy.

Mrs. Squills—Quick! Quick! Wake up! I believe there are burglars down stairs. Go down and see.

Mr. Squills (sleepily)—Nonsense! Nothing but the cat!

Mrs. S.—Hark! There! I know there are burglars down stairs.

Mr. S. (nervously)—Well—er—if you know they are there it's no use going down to find out.—New York Weekly.

The Voice of Experience.

"Poet George Macdonald asks what money can do to console a man with a headache."

"It can buy a seltzer, can't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And George Said "Yes."

Maud (earnestly)—I want to ask you a question, George.

George (also earnestly)—What is it, dearest?

Maud (still earnestly)—If you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these healthy organs. As a restorative these pills are in the first rank.

Largest of Galapagos Islands.

Albermarle Island is the largest of the Galapagos islands. Its area is 1,330 square miles and it has a peak 4,700 feet in height.

MILLER'S COMPOUND IRON PILLS increase the power of assimilation, thus increasing weight and strength.

Partiality of Santa Claus.

As far as heard from, proudly says the Chicago Record, Chicago is the only city that received a nice, new river as a Christmas present.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

CANADA AND ENGLAND

THE SERVICES CANADA HAS RENDERED FULLY APPRECIATED.

A Prominent Brockville Business Man Pays a Tribute to the Good Work of a Canadian Institution in England.

(From the Brockville Recorder.)

One of the most successful business men in Brockville is Mr. Thomas Nappy, the well-know Perth Street grocer. Mr. Nappy is an Englishman by birth and the success he has achieved in business here, has enabled him for some years past to make an annual holiday trip to the Motherland. In a casual conversation with some friends in the Bank of Montreal, recently, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills happened to be mentioned and Mr. Nappy said that if the pills effected many cures as marvellous as one that had come under his notice, he was not surprised that they were so frequently the theme of conversation. Asked later by a reporter of the Recorder to give the story, Mr. Nappy readily consented to do so, and we give it practically in his own words. "Don't be disappointed when I tell you that the cure did not occur in this country" said Mr. Nappy. As a matter of fact it occurred in England and came under my observation on the occasion of two visits made to that country. During the summer of 1898 I paid a visit to my old home in England an while there visited William Ledger, a relation of mine living at 45 Fitzwilliam street, Doncaster. In Ledger's family was a little girl, Lilly, about six years of age who was absolutely helpless with what the doctors said was St. Vitus' dance, but really seemed to me more like paralysis. This child was one of the most pitiful sights I ever saw; more helpless than a new born babe. She could not move a single limb, an if the head were turned to one side or the other it remained in that position until some one changed it. The poor child had to be fed and looked after like an infant, and as the doctors had not been able to do anything to relieve her, recovery was not thought possible. Indeed, I said to the child's grandmother that I thought its earthly death would be a relief not only to the child, but to its parents. This was the condition of the child when I left for Canada. Again in the summer of 1899 I made a holiday trip to England and to my amazement when I visited my friend Ledger I found Lilly as bright and active a child as one would find anywhere, with absolutely no trace of the trouble that had made her a helpless burden the year before. I told her parents I had never expected to see her alive again and asked what had effected her cure. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said the father. He further said that returning from work one night, he found in the house a little book describing the pills, left during the day, and after reading it decided to use them in Lilly's case. After supper he bought some of the pills and gave the first to the child that night. In a few days they saw they were helping her, and in less than two months time there was not a child in the neighborhood, brighter, healthier or more active. I have heard a great deal concerning what Dr. Williams' Pills have done in this country, but this case coming under my own observation is as near a miracle as we can look for in these days, and shows why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so much talked about everywhere.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

An Admirer of Garrick.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's Premier, is an admirer of David Garrick, and has the best collection of Garrick autographs in the world.

If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.