EDITORIAL NOTES.

With the progress of the war many interesting questions and vexatious complications are likely to arise from the exercise of the right of search of neutral vessels and the seizure of contraband goods. The existence of a state of war renders commercial intercourse between citizens of the United States and Spain illegal, contracts, partnerships, the payments of debts, etc., being suspended during the continuance of hostilities. The general principles governing the conduct of war also debar non-combatants from supplying either belligerent with goods which may prolong its resistance, and the vessels of neutrals carrying on such trade do so at their own risk. Neutrals nave, however, a right to carry on their ordinary legitimate trade, and the question as to what goods shall be considered legitimate and what contraband is therefore, one of the most important to be determined in naval warfare. The United States has announced that during the present war it will observe the rules concerning commerce embodied in the Treaty of Paris, which are that the neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war, and that neutral goods, except contraband of war, are not liable to capture under the enemy's flag. But precisely what goods are covered by the term "contraband" has never been rigidly defined, though, generally speaking, an article is contraband if it is adapted and destined for warlike purposes and use. But between arms and ammunition, which are clearly contraband, and dress-goods, which are not, there are many articles, such as coal, provisions, etc., which may or may not be contraband, according to the quantities sold and the port to which they are destined.

In this condition, it is the right of each belligerent to prescribe a list of articles, which it will treat as contraband for the guidance of its own authorities, such list being conclusive upon neutral nations, however, only in the absence of any disregard of treaty engagements and of international law. When goods are seized on board a neutral vessel, the prize court of the captors passes upon their character, and if found to be contraband they are confiscated, but if not, and the seizure was unwarranted, they are restored, and damages may be awarded against the captors. With respect to the right of search, the warships of a belligerent may under the laws of naval warfare, stop and examine any neutral vessel on the high seas, or in the neutral waters of either belligerent, to ascertain its nationality and seek for contraband goods. If the latter are found, the vessel may be taken under a prize master to the nearest port, the contraband goods condemned by a prize court, and confiscated, and the ship vessel's papers are regular, and show the neutral character and destination of the cargo, the fact of the search is noted on them, and the ship allowed to go on its way. As any resistance to the right of search exposes a ship to confiscation, and its exercise must in the nature of things prove a serious annoyance to neutral powers, the chances of complications with such powers are many. It will, therefore, be the duty of the American Government to so direct its cruiser service as to make the war as little onerous as possible to other powers.

## SMOKELESS FIRES.

Burning Coal Without Smoke and a Great

saving in Consumption.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times has given some particulars of a new invention by one Carl Weghad the servants in hand. ener, which has for its object the elimination of smoke from a furnace, accompanied by a notable saving in the consumption of coal. This invention, we are told, is shortly to be brought before the British public in the form of the usual limited company. The success of the system depends upon feeding the furnace with powdered coal, instead of the "well-screened" lumps which have hitherto been regarded as the most advantageous form of such The coal-dust is fed into the fire from a container in front by means of a tube which terminates in a revolving sieve. This sieve is kept in motion by the draught, and has the effect of scattering the fuel over the furnace in such a way that it is at once inflamed without smoke and with very little ash. Coal of comparatively low quality can be economically used in this powdered form, and the only drawback to the process seems to be the necessity for using a separate machine for grinding of the coal to powder. On the other hand, the slack or dust which forms a necessary byproduct of the coal industry will find here a field for employment which will be much appreciated by owners of

It is a Chinese custom to inaugurate

mines and merchants generally.

## THREE CORRESPONDENTS

An Incident of the Soudan Campaign.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

black glistening necks of the Nile bowl- sitting in the back room of the Auth- of steel, the wave of black arms, the ders looked delightfully cool and al- ors Club." luring. But it would not be safe to "As safe, but hardly as comfortable." ing stretch of san i and rock. There able. But, oh, Mortimer, what moving in the desert to the south. It was a horseman riding towards

them as swiftly as the broken ground would permit. A messenger from the army, thought Anerley; and then as he watched, the sun suddenly struck toum. the man on the side of the head, and his chin flamed into gold. There could not be two horsemen with beards of the engineer, and he was returning. What on earth was he returning for? He had been so keen to see the gen- be,' said Anerley. tering up the center of the field. There was nothing in his appearance to explain the mystery of his return.

Then as he watched them they dipped down into a hollow and disappeared. He could see that it was one of those narrow khors which led to the river, and he waited, glass in hand, for their immediate reappearance. But was no sign of them. That narrow gully appeared to have swallowed them up. And then with a curious gulp and wreathe itself slowly from among the rocks and drift in a long, hazy shred over the desert. In an instant he had slumbers.

"Get up, you chars!" he cried. "I believe Merryweather has been shot by dervishes."

"And Reuter not here!" cried the two veterans, exultantly clutching at their notebooks. "Merryweather shot! Where? When? How? In a few words Anerley explained

what he had seen. "You heard nothing?"

" Nothing."

"Well, a shot loses itself very easily among rocks. By George, look at the buzzards!" Two large brown birds were soaring

in the deep blue heaven. As Scott spoke they circled down and dropped into the little khor.

"That's good enough," said Mortimer with his nose between the leaves of his book. "'Merryweather headed dervishes stop returned stop shot mutilated stop raid communications.' How's

"You think he was headed off?" "Why else should he return?"

"I should judge so."

"How about the 'mutilated'?" "I've fought against Arabs before."

"Where are you off to?" "Sarras."

never struck them that they, their shoulders. camp and their servants, were all in nate rat-tat-tat of an irregular volley a translation. from among the rocks, and the high ning wildly in for protection.

organized the defense, for Scott's Cel- | tried to shelter themselves behind their tic soul was so aflame at all this copy ' in hand and more to come that he was too exuberantly boisterous for a commander. The other with not taken kindly to the rifle, and his

camels between the palm trunks. That's | Anerley caught sight of a face looking right. Now get the knee-tethers on them. Quies! Did you never hear bullets before? Now put the donkeys here. Not much-you don't get my polo-pony to make a zareba with. Picket the ponies between the grove and the river out of danger's way. These fellows seem to fire even higher than they did in '85."

"That's got home, anyhow," said Scott, as they heard a soft splashing thud like a stone in a mud-bank. "Who's hit then?"

"The brown camel that's chewing the

As he spoke the creature, its jaws still working, laid its long neck along the ground and closed its dark eyes.' "That shot cost me fifteen pounds," fanatic. said Mortimer, ruefully, "How many of them do you make?"

"Four, I think."

"Only four Bezingers at any rate; there may be some spearsmen.' "I think not; it is a little raiding party of riflemen. By the way, Aneiley, you've never been under fire before, have you?" "Never," said the young pressman,

who was conscious of a feeling of nervous elation. "Love and poverty and war, they sense enough to understand they would

It was a broiling afternoon, and you are undergoing, for behind these those thin frills of foam round the camels you are as safe; as if you were

bathe for some hours to come. The air said Scott. "A long glass of hock and shimmered and vibrated over the bak- seltzer would be exceedingly acceptwas not a breath of wind, and the dron- chance! Think of the general's feeling and piping of the insects inclined ings when he hears that the first acone for sleep. Somewhere above a hoo- tion of the war has been fought by the poe was calling. Anerley knocked out press column. Think of Reuter, who his ashes and was turning toward his has been stewing at the front for a couch, when his eye caught something week! Think of the evening pennies, just too late for the fun! By George, that slug brushed a mosquito off me!

"And one of the donkeys is hit." "This is sinful. It will end in our having to carry our own kits to Khar-

"Never mind, my boy, it all goes to make copy. I can see the headlines-'Raid on Communications: 'Murder such a color. It was Merryweather, of British Engineer: 'Press Column Attacked," Won't it be ripping? "I wonder what the next line will

eral, and yet he was coming back with "'Our Special Wounded," cried his mission unaccomplished. Was it Scott, rolling over on to his back. that his pony was hopelessly founder- "No harm done," he added, gathering ed? it seemed to be moving well. Aner- himself up again; "only a chip off my fallen and risen and fallen again. ley picked up Mortimer's binoculars, knee. This is getting sultry. I conand a foam-spattered horse and a wea- fess that the idea of that back room ry koorbash-cracking man came can- at the Authors' Club begins to grow upon me.".

"I have some diachylon." "Afterwards will do. We're having a 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush. wish he would rush.'

"They're coming nearer." "This is an excellent revolver of mine if it didn't throw so devilish high. I always aim at a man's toes if I want minute passed after minute, and there to stimulate his digestion. O Lord, there's our kettle gone!"

With a boom like a dinner gong Remington bullet had passed through start he saw a little gray cloud the kettle and a cloud of steam hissed up from the fire. A wild shout came from the rocks above.

"The idiots think that they have torn Scott and Mortimer from their blown us up. They'll rush us now as sure as fate; then it will be our turn to lead. Get your revolver, Anerley?" "I have this double-barreled fowl-

> ing-piece. Sensible man! It's the best weapon in the world at this sort of roughand-tumble work. What cartridges?

Swan-shot." "That will do all right. I carry this big bore double-barreled pistol loaded with slugs. You might as well try to stop one of these fellows with a peashooter as with a service revolver."

"There are ways and means," said Scott. "The Geneva convention does not hold south of the first cataract. It's easy to make a bullet mushroom by a little manipulation of the tip of it. When I was in the broken square at Tamai---"

"Wait a bit," cried Mortimer, adjusting his glasses. "I think they are coming now." "The time," said Scott, snapping up

his watch, "being exactly seventeen minutes past four."

Anerley had been lying behind a "In that case, if they were out in camel staring with an interest which front of him and others cut him off, bordered upon fascination at the rocks set free. If, on the other hand, the there must be several small raiding opposite. Here was a little woolly puff of smoke, and there was another one, but never once had they caught a glimpse of the attackers. To him there was something weird and awesome in these unseen persistent men who, minute by minute, were drawing closer to "I think I'll race you in," said Scott. | them. He had heard them cry out when Anerley stared in astonishment at | the kettle was broken, and once immethe absolutely impersonal way in which | diately afterwards an enormously these men regarded the situation. In strong voice had roared something their zeal for news it had apparently | which had set Scott shrugging his

> "They've got to take us first," said the lion's mouth. But even as they he, and Anerley thought his nerve talked there came the harsh importu- might be better if he did not ask for

> The firing had begun at a distance keening whistle of bullets over their of some hundred yards, which put it heads. A palm spray fluttered down out of the question for them, with their amongst them. At the same instant lighter weapons, to make any reply to the six fri htened servants came run- it. Had their antagonists continued to keep that range the defenders must It was the cool-headed Mortimer who either have made a hopeless sally or zareba as best they might on the chance that the sound might bring up help. But, luckily for them, the African had his spectacles and his stern face soon | primitive instinct to close with his enemy is always too strong for his "Tali henna! Egri! What the devil sense of strategy. They were drawing are you frightened about? Put the in, therefore, and now for the first time at them from over a rock. It was a huge, virile, strong-jawed head of a pure negro type, with silver trinkets gleaming in the ears. The man raised a great arm from behind the rock and shook his Remington at them. "Shall I fire?" asked Anerley.

"No, no, it is too far; your shot would scatter all over the place." "It's a picturesque ruffian," Scott. "Couldn't you kodak him,

Mortimer? There's another!" A fine-featured brown Arab, with a black pointed beard, was peeping from behind another bowlder. He wore the green turban which proclaimed him hadji, and his face showed the keen nervous exaltation of the religious

"They seem a piebald crowd," said "That last is one of the real fight-

ing Baggara," remarked Mortimer. 'He's a dangerous man," "He looks pretty vicious. There's

another negro!"

"Two more! Dingas by the look of them. Just the same chaps we got our black battalions from. As long as they get a fight they don't mind who it's for. But if the idiots had only are all experiences necessary to make know that the Arab is their hereditary mith a dienlan of samplete life Page over the cart- enemy and we their hereditary friends,

teeth at the very men who put down the slave trade!"

"Couldn't you explain?" "I'll explain with this pistol when he comes a little nearer. Now sit tight, Anerley. They're off!"

They were, indeed. It was the brown man with the green turban who headed the rush. Close to his heels was the negro with silver earrings-a giant of a man, and the other two were only a little behind. As they sprang over the rocks one after the other it took Anerley back to the school sports when he held the tape for the hurdle race. It was magnificent, the wild spirit and abandon of it, the flutter of the chequered galabeeahs, the gleam of the rushing feet. The law-abiding Briton is so imbued with the idea of the sanctity of the human life that it was hard for the young pressman to realize that these men had every intention of killing him, and that he was at perfect liberty to do as much for them. He lay staring as if this were a show and he a spectator.

"Now, Anerley, now! Take the Arab!" cried somebody.

He put up the gun and saw the brown fierce face at the other end of the barrel. He tugged at the trigger, but the face grew larger and fiercer with every stride. Again and again he tugged. A revolver shot rang out at his elbow, then another one and he saw a red spot spring out on the Arab's brown breast. But he was still coming on.

"Shoot, you ass, shoot!" screamed

Again he strained unavailingly a the trigger. There were two more pistol shots, and the big negro had

"Cock it, you fool!" shouted a furious voice, and at the same instant, with a rush and flutter, the Arab bounded over the prostrate camel and came down with his bare feet upon Anerley's chest. In a dream he seemed to be struggling frantically with some one upon the ground, then he was conscious of a tremendous explosion in his very face, and so ended for him the first action of the war.

"Good-bye, old chap. You'll be all right. Give yourself time." It was Mortimer's voice, and he became dimly conscious of a long spectacled face and of a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"Sorry to leave you. We'll be lucky now if we are in time for the morning editions." Scott was tightening his girth as he spoke.

"We'll put in our wire that you have been hurt, so your people will know why they don't hear from you. If Reuter or the evening pennies come up don't give the thing away. Abbas will look after you, and we'll be back to-morrow afternoon. Bye-bye!'

Anerley heard it all, though he did not feel energy enough to answer. Then, as he watched two sleek brown ponies with their yellow-clad riders dwindling among the rocks, his memory cleared suddenly and he realized that the first great journalistic chance of his life was slipping away from him. It was a small fight, but it was the first of the war, and the great public at nome was all athirst for news. They would have it in the Courier; they would have it in the Intelligence, and not a word in the Gazette. The through brought him to his feet, though he had to throw his arm round the stem of a palm-tree to steady his swimming head.

There was the big black man lying where he had fallen, his huge chest pocked with bullet marks, every wound rosetted with its circle of flies. The Arab was stretched out within a few yards of him, with two hands clasped over the dreadful thing which been his head. Across him was lying Anerley's fowling-piece, one barrel discharged, the other at half cock.

"Scott effendi shoot him your gun," said a voice. It was Abbas, his English-speaking body-servant.

Aneriey groaned at the disgrace of it. He had lost his head so completely

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"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible

Suffering. MRS. GEO. DOHERTY tells the follow remarkable story of relief from mis-



clear away all doubts as to the for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from minds of the most skeptical: "For several years I have been an

stant sufferer from nervous headache the pain was so intense that sometime was almost crazy. I really thought is my head would burst. I consulted and ber of physicians, and took many renei but without effect. I noticed Miller Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, with they seemed to suit my case, I got abut began their use. Before taking them is very weak and debilitated, and woulder times wake out of my sleep with tressed, smothering feeling, and I was quently seized with agonizing pains in region of the heart, and often could sun muster up courage to keep up the street for life. In this wretched condition if burn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to rescue, and to-day I state, with grating that I am vigorous and strong, and all improvement is due to this work remedy.

that he had forgotten to cock his m and yet he knew that it was not be but interest which had so absorbed in He put his hand up to his head a felt that a wet handkerchief bound round his forehead. "Where are the two other

vishes?" "They ran away. One got shift arm.

'What happened to me?" "Effendi got cut on head Effe catch bad man by arms and 8 effendi shoot him. Face bum

Anerley became conscious suits that there was a pringling about skin and an overpowering sual burned hair under his nostrik put his hand to his mustache li gone. His eyebrows, too? Hell not find them. His head no doors very near to the dervish's what were rolling upon the ground er, and this was the effect of the plosion of his own gun. would have time to grow some hair before he saw Fleet Street But the cut perhaps was a more ous matter. Was it enough to vent him from getting to the graph office at Sarras? The only

was to try and see. But there was only that poor Syrian gray of his. There it stood the evening sunshine with a sunkle and a bent knee, as if its morning work was still heavy upon it. " hope was there of being able thirty-five miles of heavy going that? It would be a strain upon splendid ponies of his compa and they were the swiftest and enduring in the country. The enduring? There was one cress more enduring, and that was a trotting camel. If he had had on might have got to the wires first all, for Mortimer had said that thirty miles they had the better of horse. Yes, if he had only had a trotting came! And then, like all came Mortimer's words: kind of beast that the dervishes

when they make their lightning n The beasts the dervishes ride! had these dead dervishes ridden an instant he was clambering rocks, with Abbas protesting heels. Had the two fugitives of away all the camels, or had they content to save themselves brass gleam from a litter of 6 Remington cases caught his ere showed where the enemy had crouching. And then he could shouted for joy, for there, in the low, some little distance off, 108 high graceful white neck and the gant head of such a camel as I never set eyes upon before-s like, beautiful creature, as far the rough, clumsy baggles as the horse is from he racer.

The beast was kneering under shelter of the rocks with its walt and bags of doora slung of shoulders, and its forelegs Arab fashion with a rope round knees. Anerley threw his leg of front pommel while Abbas slippe the cord. Forward flew at towards the creature's neck violently backwards, clawing min anything which might save him then with a jerk, which nearly so his loins, he was thrown forward But the camel was on his legs and the young pressman was seated upon one of the flyers desert. It was as gentle as swift, and it stood oscillating its neck and gazing round with its brown eyes, whilst Anerley com legs round the peg and graspe curved camel-stick which Abbas handed up to him. There bridle cords, one from the nostr one from the neck, but he remen that Scott had said that it w servant's and not the house bell had to be pulled, so he kept his upon the lower. Then he touch long, vibrating neck with his stin in an instant Abbas' farewells to come from far behind him black rocks and yellow same dancing past on either side.

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