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THE GATE TO INDIA.

ENGLAND'S FOES IN POSSESSION OF HISTORIC KHYBER PASS.

The Serious Situation That Confronts John Bull In His Eastern Empire—The Rebellious Tribes and Their Warlike Habits. Prospects of a Holy War.

Khyber pass, which is now held by the rebellious tribes of northern India, is the great northwestern gateway to England's Asiatic province. It connects India with Afghanistan, that turbulent country which both Russia and England would like to hold, but which neither one dares to grab.

The pass itself is a narrow defile through the heart of the mountains. It is about 30 miles long and of varying width, running between precipitous walls from 600 to 1,000 feet high. Through this defile runs a river, and along its banks is the only military road between western Asia and the Indian peninsula. To the southeast of the pass lies Peshawar, an English stronghold which has been made the base of the British military force. Back from the western end of the pass lies Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. The British end of the pass is guarded by forts. The most important of these has been stormed and taken by the hill tribes, and other garrisons along the pass are expected to give in if not soon relieved.

The most active of the rebels are the Afridis, who are the most powerful of all the border tribes. Their armed strength is about 27,000 men. They are fierce, athletic mountaineers who are tough customers on any ordinary occasion, and when, as at present, their natural ferocity is increased by religious fanaticism they are like so many demons.

Up to the present time the Afridis have been loyal to the English, for some reason or other. Probably it was because they liked to fight in uniform and appreciated the fine weapons with which they were equipped. Perhaps they concluded that it would be better to let the English find excuses to keep them busy fighting rather than depend upon intertribal difficulties for their amusement.

And right here it may be as well to call attention to the fact that the fighting which is being done now up among the Chitral hills is no mere skirmishing such as has been going on in Cuba for many months. The greatest battles which Weyler and the insurgents have fought would never have been heard of by us had they happened in India. The Khyber pass is a long way off, and when we hear of anything that happens there you may be sure it is of some moment. A little battle which occurred the other day out there resulted in the killing of 2,700 tribesmen, while the English loss is given as 50 men and 2 officers.

KHYBER PASS.

And it is not gentlemanly fighting either. The tribesmen pay no attention to martial etiquette. They have no time to bother with prisoners. White giaours or native troops are shown no distinction, but are mercilessly put to the sword. The English have to adopt the same methods. There are seldom any wounded. The survivors are either well enough to answer roll call or else they are irretrievably deceased. As Kipling sings it:

When you're wounded and lie on Afghanistan's plains
And the women come out to cut up your remains
Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,
And go to your God like a soldier.

Tommy Atkins fully understands this by the time he has served in northern India many weeks, and he acts accordingly, showing no mercy. It is hard for us to understand what bloodthirsty beings these tribesmen are. For centuries they have lived in these wild mountain fastnesses, following robbery and brigandage as a business and indulging in homicide as a pastime. When other excitement fails, they make war on each other just to keep their hands in.

Before the English came they depended on swords, spears and antiquated muskets, but their white rulers have taught them to use martinis. Their weapons are now of the best, for what they could not afford to buy they stole, even if they had to chop a sepoy in two to do it. These are the men who have risen against English rule. Back of them are the priests; back of the priests that amiable and cheerful cutthroat, the ameer of Afghanistan, and back of the ameer—well, the English say the czar is back of him.

This, however, leads up to an exploration of that complex puzzle, the eastern question, which has brought gray hairs to generations of European diplomats and in whose mazes the ordinary American might wander for months without getting anywhere. It is definitely known, however, that Russian czars for a century back have cherished the ambition of some day marching through the Khyber pass into India.

As for the ameer, he is playing his cards very close. His Paythans caught the English in a trap once, and Khyber pass ran red with the blood of 16,500 British fighting men, but the English paid him back, taking life for life, and a few for interest. So he does not want to see the redcoats marching on his capital again. It does please him mightily, however, to see the hill tribes gathering, leaving the British ranks and firing from ambush on the colors which they have so often defended.

England's situation would not be so serious were the Afridis the only rebels, but they are not. Other tribes, just as warlike and some even more valorous, are rising to the summons of a jehad, or holy war, which it has been rumored has been proclaimed. If the jehad is really on, the British flag may never wave again at the entrance to the Khyber. Among the 200,000,000 Asiatic subjects of "the widow at Windsor" 50,000,000 are Mohammedans, and England knows what it is to have her native troops, who are largely followers of the prophet, turn their arms against their officers. She has not forgotten that bloody page in her history whose title is Lucknow.

CHARLES WARNER.

E. BURNHAM, Hamilton, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Miller's Compound Iron Pills. My daughter has taken them with great benefit." For sale by E. C. Mitchell.

Just the thing for school boots are those boys' dark tan lace boots for $1 at Haines & Lockett's.

THE JANITOR'S WIFE.

And How She Was Saved by the Philadelphia Firemen.

"Now, in Philadelphia," said the colonel—"I know all about these jokes on Philadelphia slowness, and they disgust me, too—in Philadelphia we have the most efficient fire department in this country. Ever hear about the Philadelphia fire brigade, judge?"

"Can't say that I ever did," returned the judge suspiciously.

"That's because you're not up on such matters. Our firemen perform the most extraordinary feats. Incendiarism has been driven out of the city because the firemen invariably have the hose turned on an incendiary before he gets out of the neighborhood of his villainous exploit, and as the stream is pretty strong it knocks him all to pieces, and he never tries to set any more fires in Philadelphia. But the most remarkable thing I ever saw the Philadelphia firemen do was at a fire in Broad street the other day. The great Schuylkill Bond and Indebtedness building was on fire from top to bottom. The entire fire company had been called out and was in command of the chief of the department. Suddenly there was a cry of horror from the assembled multitude. A woman, the wife of the janitor, as it afterward appeared, was leaning from a window in the sixteenth story. There was no fire escape, and it was far beyond the reach of ladders. Her white face could be plainly seen against the fierce flames leaping up behind her. She swayed to and fro as if about to spring to certain death below. A thrill of frenzy ran through the crowd. Strong men turned away their faces. Women fell fainting. Suddenly the janitor leaped through the fire lines and in agonized tones cried, 'Who will save my wife?' 'Shut up!' answered the chief. 'Your wife is in no more danger from fire than a Greenland whale.' Then he ordered the men who held the triple twin nozzle to turn the stream straight up in front of the window, at the same time motioning to the women to throw herself on to the top of the column of water. She did so, carrying the family cat under one arm and a pickle caster under the other. The stream was so powerful that she just bounced up and down on it like a rubber ball in a fountain. The nozzlemen walked back, and the stream was gradually shut off and the woman lowered, somewhat wet, but unhurt. The cat's back was singed a little, but you know, however much the appearance of a singed cat may be against her, that she is all right just the same. Where else could you have seen anything like this except in Philadelphia?"

"Nowhere," answered the judge after a silence of a full minute. "Nowhere. And besides your fire department there is at least one other Philadelphia thing which is not at all slow."

"And if I was fool enough to ask you what you mean," retorted the colonel, "you would say the Philadelphia liar. That's the reward an honest man gets when he tries to disseminate facts."—Hayden Carruth in New York Truth.

Not Fishermen, but Dentists.

First Dentist—The fact is I've got gentleness down to such a fine point that all my patients go to sleep while I'm pulling their teeth.

Second Dentist—That's nothing! Mine are beginning to have their photographs taken while I operate, because they always have such pleasant expressions on their faces.—Tit-Bits.

Business Before Pleasure.

The teachers under the jurisdiction of a certain board of education in Fayette county, Pa., must be unusually dangerous. The board recently adopted the following resolution: "Teachers must not make love while employed by the board or during school hours. The violation of this rule will be sufficient cause for dismissal."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Her Last.

Jack—Miss Oldgirl visited every resort on the Atlantic coast in search of a wealthy husband.

Kitty—Yes, and then married that poor dry goods clerk, Charley Hopper, at Atlantic City.

Jack—What else could she do? It was her last resort.—Up to Date.

Positive.

"We have parted forever," said the young man sadly. "She is never going to even write to me again."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his sympathetic friend.

"Yes. She told me so in each of her last three letters."—Washington Star.

It Has Wings.

Young Chip—Much obliged for this golden eagle, dad. Now I'll show you a trick.

Old Block—What's the trick?

Young Chip—I'll show you how to make it fly.—New York Journal.

Not So Anxious.

The Sunday school class was singing "I want to be an angel."

"Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher.

"I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—Tit-Bits.

A Flush.

"You want to go to the gold diggings! Heavens, boy, you don't know a spade from a jigsaw."

"Yes, I do, father. I held five of them last night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willing to Oblige.

Old Lady—You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?

Newsboy—No, 'm, but I kin give yer a cigarette.—Up to Date.

The Advanced Woman's Topic.

No more they're talking politics.
On equal rights they're mute.
They're now explaining all the tricks
They have in canning fruit.
—Washington Star.

MRS. LESSARD, 90 Steven St., Hamilton, says: To E. Miller & Co., Dreeden, "I wish you success with your remedies. I have used Miller's Compound Iron Pills for dizziness and find them all you claim for them. I have also used Miller's Worm Powders with my children and would not be without them." For sale by E. C. Mitchell.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE

HAVING Heart and Nerve Troubles.

Have You Palpitation, Throbbing or Irregular Beating of the Heart?

If So, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will cure you.

Have You Shortness of Breath, Distress after Exertion, a Smothering Feeling, Spasms, or Pain through the Breast and Heart?

If So, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will cure or relieve you if taken in time.

Have You a Feeling of Anxiety that something is going to occur when there is no necessity for it?

If So, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will remove it.

Are You Troubled with Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Forgetfulness, Brain Fag, or General Debility — the after effect of La Grip?

If So, You can take no better medicine than Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They will relieve or cure you. Every dose helps the cure.

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EASY TO GET THERE.

COFFEE CREEK'S ADVANTAGES OVER KLONDIKE GOLDFIELDS.

The Region Is a Rich One, Too, and Fortunes Are Quickly Made—Both Placer and Quartz Mining—Some Stories of Lucky Finds.

Coffee creek, on which the recent rich gold strike has been made, is a tributary of Trinity river, which flows for 130 miles through Trinity and Humboldt counties, Cal., and empties into the Klamath river, which in turn finds its way to the Pacific ocean. Over a large portion of Trinity county prospectors are now wandering with pick and pan searching for rich placer beds. Many are finding them, too, for the section is sprinkled with valleys, ravines and gulches through which the various tributaries of the Trinity river find their way between the mountains of the coast range.

Trinity county is in the northern part of California, and its capital, Weaverville, is about 250 miles north of San Francisco and about 70 miles from the Oregon state line. At the nearest point the shore of the Pacific ocean is not more than 40 miles distant. The county is much larger than the state of Rhode Island and almost as large as the state of Delaware. It is one of the most accessible gold mining regions which have been opened for many years. To reach the diggings prospectors have a pleasant railroad ride on the Southern Pacific as far as Redding, which lies just east of Trinity Center. At Redding comfortable stages take them through a pass in the Shasta mountains for 30 miles to French Gulch. There a change of stages is made, and after another ride of six miles they are landed at Carrville, which is only about two miles from the now famous Coffee creek diggings.

Within easy reaching distance of the gold country are towns and villages at which almost every article necessary can be purchased, and the climate, of course, is all that can be desired. In fact, prospecting in Trinity county, as compared with prospecting in the Yukon valley, is a veritable picnic holiday. There is both placer and quartz mining there, but of course the rich strikes which are now being reported have been made in placer deposits which the mountain streams washed down ages ago from the gold veined mountains about them.

It is a mistake, however, to refer to Trinity county as a new mining district. Gold mines have been operated there for years, and miners are there today who have been working away there for more than a decade, making good wages, but little more. As long ago as 1870, $159,420 in gold was taken out of the placer beds there during the year, and more or less has been taken out every year since.

THE BLOSS AND M'CLARY MINE.

The principal reason for the present rush is the fact that two men, the Graves brothers, while working a placer claim which they had located, struck a pocket which yielded more than $40,000 in one lump and promises to be equally rich in other places. A peculiarity of these placer beds is that the gold deposits lie very deep, bedrock being covered in many places to a depth of from 30 to 50 feet deep. In previous years prospectors confined their attention to washing out the sand and gravel bars along the edges of the creek, not going far below the surface. The Graves brothers were doing this when, for some reason which they themselves cannot explain, they decided to run a shaft horizontally into the gravel bed sloping back from the creek.

Experienced miners would have told them that this was a waste of time, but they knew little about mining and went ahead with their work. As a result they are rich men today, and in the light of their discovery it is now understood that the rich deposits are not to be found in the present bed of the creek, but in the valley lands around it, which were probably at one time the bed of a mighty mountain river that rushed along through the mountain passes and washed the gold out of the chinks and crannies of the gaping quartz. How many more of these rich deposits there are no one can say. At any rate it is a sparsely settled country, and there is lots of room for prospectors.

Every indication points to the fact that there is plenty of gold in this section of California. The only reason that it has not been found before and dug out in all these years is that the diggings have never been properly developed. A few companies with capital have gone in there, and all of them have plants which are being operated at big profit. The most extensive is the Bloss and McClary mine, recently purchased from the original owners by J. Ellery and L. Reel. The property comprises 600 acres around Trinity Center and was bought for $55,000. At a recent clean up the dirt which they are washing yielded $1,000 per day. The new owners are experienced mining men and are rapidly fitting their plant with improved devices and machinery.

Prospectors have been swarming into Trinity county from San Francisco, Sacramento and other California cities. One of the stories of good fortune which have come from the diggings is that of two men who struck it rich the first day. One was William Truax, who came from Creede the moment he heard of the Graves brothers' find. On his way in he met a variety actor named Dillon, who had determined to abandon the stage for the goldfields. They became partners. The first day of their arrival they found a rich ledge over two feet wide which will doubtless make fortunes for them both. Stories are also told of other prospectors who have found rich pockets in placer beds, and who are preparing to develop their claims. Undoubtedly there will be work for thousands of men at good wages in Trinity county all this winter and perhaps for many months to come.

MARK NORRIS.

Wood Yard.

James Campbell, corner of Wellington and Barrack streets, always has on hand a good stock of best maple, cut and uncut, dry slabs, pine and cedar blocks. All cheap for cash. Telephone 116.

For ill effects of over-eating—Beecham's Pills.

SONG OF THE HAT.

With manner haughty and proud
At a crowded Saturday mat,
A woman sat in unwomanly gear
Wearing a theater hat.
Bob, bob, bob,
Now this way and now that;
I tried to get a view of the stage
From behind that theater hat.

Bob, bob, bob,
As the interest grew more keen,
And bob, bob, bob
When the stars came on the scene;
It's oh, to be a Turk
Or to join a Zulu band,
Where woman has never a hat to wear
If this is a Christian land!

Bob, bob, bob
Till the brain begins to swim,
And bob, bob, bob
To dodge that bobbing brim.
Bird, feather and flower,
Flower, feather and bird,
Until at the end of a second hour
I say an awful word.

O girls with brothers dear,
O girls with lovers and beaus,
It's not the hat you're wearing out,
It's the patience and love of those.
Bob, bob, bob,
If I could only get a peep!
Alas, that hats should be so dear
And theater seats so cheap!

Bob, bob, bob!
My head incessant wags,
And what is the prospect? A hat of straw
Or velvet or felt or rags,
That ostrich plume and this pheasant's wing,
A buckle, a mop of hair,
A bunch of bows and a cabbage rose!
Do you wonder I want to swear?

Oh, how to see the stage,
The heroine blond and sweet!
Oh, to behold the villain rage
And watch the soubrette's feet!
For only one short hour
To see as I used to see
Before I knew the woes of a hat
Wabbling in front of me!

With manner haughty and proud
At a crowded Saturday mat.
A woman sat in unwomanly gear
Wearing a theater hat.
Bob, bob, bob,
Now this way, now that,
And still with my voice at concert pitch
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
I sing the song of the hat.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Running Against Time."

—San Francisco Examiner.

Beethoven and His Brother.

The composer Beethoven had a brother who was very proud of a little piece of property he owned. One day he called on the composer, but found him out. So he left a card inscribed, "Johann von Beethoven, land proprietor." Next day he had it returned to him, written on the back, "H. von Beethoven, brain proprietor."—Exchange.

Wisdom Comes With Age.

Miss Allington—How old do you think a man ought to be before he marries?

Mr. Benham—Forty at least.

Miss Allington—Oh, dear! Why would you have him wait so long?

Mr. Benham—Because he is pretty sure to know better by that time.—Cleveland Leader.

Amateur Talked Shop.

"We had an awful accident at our amateur theatricals," said the sweet young thing. "Mr. Pepperton—he is a hotel clerk—was playing the hero, and when it was time for him to shout 'Back!' at the villain he forgot himself and shouted 'Front!'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Quakers In France.

They were speaking of a recent slight earthquake in the south of France.

"Did you tremble?" a bystander asked one of the ladies.

"Oh, yes, I trembled, but the earth trembled worse than I did."—Le Monde Comique.

Catching the Idea.

"That man wants a design for a laundry advertisement," remarked the artist thoughtfully. "What is it to be?"

"All he said was that he wanted something appropriate. I guess I'll fix him up some sort of a wash drawing."—Washington Star.

Envious.

"I," said the daughter of a newly plutocratic sire, "was caught in the rain yesterday and ruined a $50 suit."

"And," said the girl who was poor, but proud, "a $13 complexion."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Trouble.

Fenderson—I say, did you ever see the sun rise in the morning?

Fogg—No. That's just the trouble, you know. If it rose at any other time, I might be able to see it.—Boston Transcript.

Dude's Diet.

Cholly—My stay in the country benefited me very much.

Marjorie—Yes, all the girls thought the milk diet would agree with you.—New York Journal.

Safe From Interference.

Waylow—What a dirty looking yard that is back of the house next door! Whose is it?

Bablin—That's Growlem's. He's a member of the board of health.—Roxbury Gazette.

An Intelligent Baby.

"Is your baby intelligent?"

"Intelligent? Why, if she wasn't she'd never be able to understand the language my wife talks to her."—Scottish Nights.

When He Saw.

Zim—So you stopped gambling when you saw you couldn't win?

Zam—Yes. I was broke then.—New York Journal.

Say, Young Man?

Have you seen those boots in Abernethy's window for $1.50?

The Bay of Quinte Ry. new short line for Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto and all local points. Train leaves City Hall depot at 4:00 p.m. R. J. Wilson, C.P.R. telegraph office, Clarence street.

MEDICAL.

FOR WEAK MEN ONLY

Don't drug your life and energy away. I cure you while you sleep. Use nature's own, the vital spark, which connects the brain and nerve, ELECTRICITY. On my professional word I promise any weak man, young, middle aged or old, who will but follow my advice, a positive lasting cure if there is any foundation left to build upon. My famous Electric Belt and Supporting Suspensory, carry the current to and through the weakened parts. It soothes—It strengthens—It cures.

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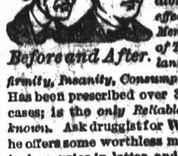

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Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, $1; six, $5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

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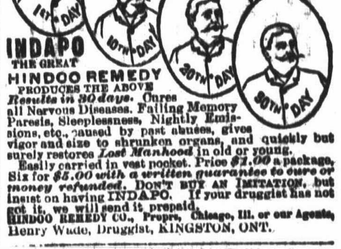

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