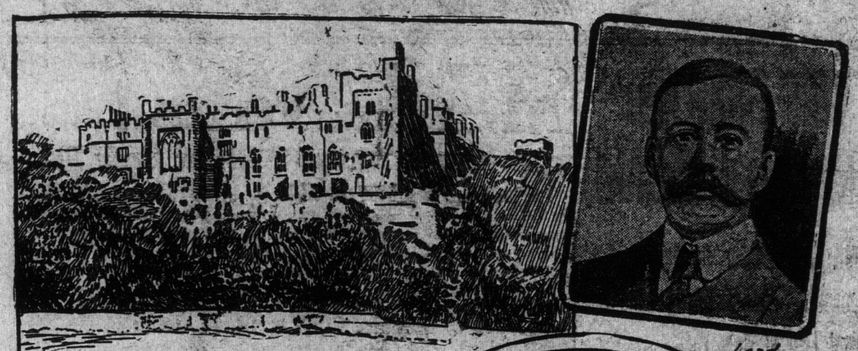
CLAIMANT TO THE EARLDOM OF NORFOLK AND PRESENT HOLDER OF THE TITLE.



Arundel Castle, Seat of the Duke of Norfolk.

Lord Mowbray.

Duke of Norfolk.

BRITISH PEERS IN FIGHT FOR AN ANCIENT TITLE.

House of Lords Hears Claim of Lord Mowbray to Earldom of Norfolk, Now Held by Duke.

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LONDON, July 27—A great fight is being waged in the House of Lords over the Earldom of Norfolk. There is no money nor lands attaching to it—nothing but empty title; but the antagonists are very much in earnest.

The earldom is held at the present time by the Duke of Norfolk. It is claimed by a fellow Roman Catholic, Baron Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton. Curiously enough, both he and the Duke have married in Lord Herries' family. The present fight is only a continuation of a struggle for the resuscitation of honors which was begun by the present peer's father almost thirty ears ago, when he was simply Lord Stourton.

The interesting point at issue is whether the Committee of Privileges will find that the ancient Earldom of Norfolk, or, in fact, whether any earldom, can go into abeyance. The effects of a finding in favor of Lord Mowbray and Stourton's claim may produce startling results in regard to most of the old territorial earldoms, few of which might not be claimed in the same manner.

If Lord Mowbray is allowed to revive in his own person the ancient Earldom of Norfolk, though he would certainly become the premier earl, he would not become hereditary Earl Marshal, that honor being vested in the family of the Duke of Norfolk by a patent under the Great Seal of 1672, with the clause that it is to follow the same remainders as the dukedom.

The essential question was whether or not the creation of the title of Earl of Norfolk by a grant in 1644 to Thomas Howard, sixteenth Lord Mowbray, and seventeenth Lord Segrave, the common ancestor of the claimant and of the Dukes of Norfolk, operated as a calling out of abeyance of the Earldom of Norfolk created in 1312. The main contention urged against that proposition on behalf of Lord Mowbray was that, whereas the limitations in the peerage of 1312, like all the earlier peerages, were to the grantee and his heirs generally, the limitations in the peerage created in 1644 were to the grantee and the heirs male of his body.

It is not alleged by Lord Mowbray that the rights and titles conferred by the grant of 1644, whatever they were, had not descended to the Duke of Norfolk; nor did he say that he himself would have had any claim to the title of Earl of Norfolk but for what happended in 1777, because down to that date the title was vested in the Dukes of Norfolk for the time being, who, in either view of the true effect of the grant of 1614, were entitled to the title.

But in 1777 that state of affairs ended. On the death of the twenty-second baron, who was Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal, the title of Earl of Norfolk fell into abeyance so far as Lord Mowbray's ancestors were concerned, as he left no son, and the Mowbray and Stourton estates passed to his two daughters, Winifred and Anne Howard, as co-heiresses.

Both sisters married, and left children. It is as the direct descendant of Winifred, the senior co-heiress, that the petitioner claims the right to reassume the title of Earl of Norfolk, as descending to him from the original grant of 1312, which was made to the then grantee and his heirs, whether male or female.

The Arundel estates, with all their vast rent roll and titles, after 1777, passed to an ancestor of the Duke of Norfolk by a descent which it is not necessary to follow out here, and their successive holders have been known as Dukes of Norfolk and Earl Marshals, and have always exercised the right to hand the sovereign a goblet of red wine at the coronation.

SAY THAT BRYAN IS ANOTHER GLADSTONE

British Papers Comment Favorably on His Address.

His Appeal for a Higher Ideal of Empire Aroused Enthusiasm—Language the Greatest Blessing.

LONDON, July 28.—Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the "American Commoner," whom the newspapers now delight to refer to as "the American Gladstone," and who has been enjoying a reception in Great Britain such as has been accorded to few men, honors paid him being almost royal, is anxious that it should be made perfectly plain and clear that his return to the United States at the present time has no local political significance. He is anxious to participate in the coming Congressional campaigns all over the country, but his interviews make emphatic the point that he does not intend to participate in any local campaign except in the State of Nebraska. In other words he will act entirely independent of any local party troubles, in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Missiouri and other States in which he intends to speak. In New York, for instance, he has no intention of taking sides for or against the Governorship canvass of W. R. Hearst—in Missouri his speeches for example must not be construed as being for or against any faction in party politics.

Commenting upon the address at the American banquet of William J. Bryan the London Daily Express said:

"The name of William J. Bryan is associated in the English mind with the currency question. Now, the currency question, as it concerns money, is 'sordid,' and Mr. Bryan when he rose to address the American Society at their Independence-Day banquet, might have been expected to make one of those practical and materialistic speeches which are the poet's despair. Nothing of the kind was heard from his lips. No poet ever held up a higher ideal of empire; few politicians ever attempted so lofty aen interpretion of their calling Foremost among the blessings which England has conferred upon India, the United States upon the Phillipines, he places the blessing of language. On a superficial observation this may seem a very literary sort of benefit, while Mr. Bryan may strike some people as a benefactor who would give poor folk a good book to read when they need an ample dinner.

"Look into it more closely, however, and one will be impressed with the radical philanthropy exercised by the English tongue. What ideas of liberty, morality, and good government it opens up to peoples who have drawn their whole store of instruction from aotally different soudces! The tongue that Milton spoke is but an organized synonym for freedom, for the liberty that begins in discipline, for the victories which arise from self-conquest. It is an inspiration to the man who speaks and understands it, and Mr. Bryan is not wrong in making it the guide, as it were, to those goals of a humane civilization whither the white man with his burden continually marches."

HAD HIS REVENGE AND THEN SUICIDED

MILAN, July 28—A drama of revenge, ending in suicide, has just been played out in Piedmont. Against the wishes of a certain Signor Langero a borough committee, of which he was a member, had decided to erect some new waterworks. Langero deemed that the new undertaking was injurious to his interests, so he decided to revenge himself. Accordingly he set fire to houses in the borough belonging to the members of the committee who had sanctioned the waterworks scheme, and having seen that his work of destruction had been successfully accomplished, took to flight. He was, however, followed by Carabineers, who soon ran him to earth, but just as they were on the point of arresting him Langero drew a revolver and fired upon himself, with instantly fatal effect.

A concern and its advertising cannot be separated any more than a man can be separated from his face.—Woll-Co.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

KAISER PLAYED WITH HIS LITTLE NEPHEW

CHRISTIANIA, July. 28.—A pretty story is told of the visit of the kaiser.

After receiving King Haakon on the royal steamer Hamburg at Trondjhem, the kaiser accompanied the king to the palace. The German emperor greeted Quen Maud with the greatest cordiality.

The emperor then fell to playing with the baby Crown Prince Olaf, who created much amusement by calling the kaiser "my new big uncle."

A banquet followed at the palace, King Haakon and the kaiser exchanging cordial toasts.

PERIOD OF DEPRESSION IN SCOTCH INDUSTRIES

GLASGOW, July 28—And now it is the Scotch industries which are passing through a period of storm and stress. The report just issued on the inspection of factories and workshops in 1905 notes that in a great thread works in Scotland the older women were found to adhere to the practice of licking the labels.

A long section is given to the conditions under which the Scottish kippering girls work. It is noted that the Highland girls occupy the place among these workers that the London policemen do among policemen in general. They accept the conditions with little complaint. The industry, it is said, could well afford the outlay required to improve those conditions.

TO BUY STEVENSON'S HOUSE.

BERLIN, July 26—The Foreign Office is considering the purchase of the house at Vallima, Samoa, formerly owned by Robert Louis Stevenson, as a residence for the Governor. The house was sold by Mr. Stevenson's heirs to Herr Kunst, a merchant of Hamburg.

It was partially destroyed during the native rebellion of 1898, but was rebuilt by Herr Kunst and is the finest residence on the island, situated less than an hour's drive from Apia. Herr Kunst died recently, and his heirs offered the property to the government. Governor Solf recommends the purchase of the house.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powders, 10 cents.

"Our hero tore up the street!" the novel began. "Ah, a fast sprinter," the reader thought. Later, however, it transpired that he was merely a contractor.

JAPANESE ARE OPENLY SNUBBED

While Travelling on European Steamship Lines.

Marquis Ito Talks on Japan's Policy in the Government of Korea.

TOKIO, July 28—Baron K. Suyematsu, the distinguished writer and traveler, in an interview commenting upon the "Zeiten" incident where on a German liner returning to the Orient by the Suez Canal he was not allowed at the captain's table, said:

"The publicity given to the incident does not permit me to pass unnoticed a few comments which have not been quite fair. One is that I am, perhaps, unaware of the fact that the etiquette respecting precedence is not so strictly observed on board ships as on land. Another is that the Japanese are afflicted with swelled heads. It is not necessary that I should say that the second is, to say the least, rather wide of the mark in my case, or that the first is not a fact. The reason why I protested was not simply to vindicate my own case, but because cases like mine had come to be, not the exception, but the rule. I may mention a case which will appear almost like a fable, but which is, nevertheless a fact. It occurred so recently as during the late Russo-Japanese War. A Japanese Minister Plenipotentiary, with his wife, returning from Europe, had to take their meals every day in their own cabin, because the seats alloted to them in the dining room saloon were so humble that they could not occupy them without seeming to acquiesce in an indignity to their country. I can assure you that Japanese travellers hitherto, with perhaps some special exceptions, have been generally put in some corner of the dining saloon. This being the case, captains and officers of different ships appear to have regarded it as the normal thing that they should be so treated. They had almost always treated Japanese passengers of every description in that way, and thought nothing more about it. I myself am convinced that any intention of deliberate insult was far from their minds. They were merely acting according to a well-established habit. We Japanese, however, could not allow such a thing to go on forever; and that was the reason why I took the matter up and tried to make use of it to serve the purpose of promoting the mutual respect and good will between the West and the East. I am glad to notice that things have already much improved."

Acqrding to advices received here from the Straits Settlement, Lord St. Aldwyn, who arbitrated last October between the Government and the Straits Settlements and the Tanjong Pagar Dock Company to decide the amount to be paid by the former for the acquisition of the latter's undertaking at Singapore and Penang, has issued his award.

Lord St. Aldwyn has decided that the Government must pay at the present rate of exchange $16,500,000 for the undertaking, compensation to the directors, and the costs of arbitration.

The issued capital of the company is about $2,150,000, with debentures of about $1,000,000.

In an interview upon the subject of Korea recently Marquis Ito said that Korea had been the ally of Japan in the late war. He said it might be the case that it had not been practicable for Korea to give Japan active assistance in the field, but she had afforded facilities. What was more, she had incurred in consequence the hostility of Russia. Japan will stand therefore by Korea now and help her to govern for herself.

Japan has reserved by treaty the right to regulate the foreign affairs of Korea, but all the treaties made in the past between Korea and other countries will be respected. The only exception is in the case of Russia.

Japan is now starting schools in different parts of Korea. Disorder and insecurity are still a good deal prevalent away from the capital, but a number of Japanese police officers have been lent to the Korean Government, and are helping to introduce a more desirable state of affairs. There has been intrigues between Korean officials and foreign powers, and this Marquis Ito said cannot be tolerated by Japan.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

The world is full of heroines
Whose bravery none can doubt;
In circuses they face the lions,
At home put thieves to rout.
But when the storm has passed away,
The trouble disappears,
Why is it that they always say:
"She then burst forth in tears"?

A sudden panic thrills the school,
The children rush to death;
The gentle teacher, calm and cool,
Controls them with her breath.
But when the horrid fear is quelled,
The tumult once more sleeps,
Why is it, by some force impelled,
She "sits right down and weeps"?

The fire is burning in the mill,
The terror stricken run
To dash pell mell across the sill
And perish every one.
A woman leaps before their path;
They stop, in ordered stream
They file to safety from death's wrath,
While she sits down and screams!

I guess, from Helen, fair, of Troy,
Unto Joan of Arc,
'Twas ever woman's way of joy
To move in mysteries dark.
No doubt, when Molly Pitcher, bold,
In battle's blood was painted,
She left her daring deed of gold
And went right home and fainted.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

RESCUERS OF PRINCESS UNPAID WILL ENTER ACTION

Former Bank Clerk and Innkeeper Suffer for Aiding Her Escape From Asylum.

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BERLIN, July 27.—The sensational flight of Princess Louise of Coburg from the asylum at Elster, Saxony, where she was imprisoned for five years by her husband, Prince Philip of Coburg, is recalled by a sordid aspect of what was otherwise a romantic escape.

Her lover, Mattachich, enlisted the help of a clerk in the local bank, named Frederick Thornmann, and a local innkeeper named John Weitzer, both of whom rendered valuable aid in furthring th flight of the princess.

Mattachich promised both of them

PRINCESS LOUISE OF COBURG.

substantial rewards, and Princess Louise, after her escape, renewed these promises in person.

When their complicity in the affair became known, both suffered. Thornmann lost a good post, thereby sacrifiding his prospects for a pension, while Weitzer lost his best customers and otherwise sustained financial damage.

Two years have elapsed. As the princess shows no signs of redeeming her promises, Thornmann and Weitzer have decided to sue her.

Thornmann assesses the compensation due him at $10,000, and Weitzer fixes his claim at $9,000,000.

BRITAIN WILL REDUCE NAVAL EXPENDITURE

Announcement Made that the Number of New Ships Has Been Cut Down

LONDON, July 27—The agitation against excessive naval construction programme has proved successful and Edmund Robertson, parliamentary secretary of the admiralty, announced in the House of Commons today that only three new battleships of the Dreadnought class would be laid down, instead of four as originally proposed. Two ocean going torpedo destroyers will be built instead of five, and eight submarine boats instead of twelve. The total of the expenditure involved by the new programme was $34,000,000 instead of $46,000,000.

SYDNEY CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE

SYDNEY, N. S., July 29.—St. James' James Presbyterian church, Whitney pier, in which Rev. J. A. Macdonald is pastor, was practically destroyed by fire at half-past three o'clock this months. The cause of the fire is a mystery, unless it originated from a match being dropped into some inflammable material by a carpenter who was working in the building yesterday. The last person known to have been in the building was the pastor, who left the church about ten o'clock last night. When the fire was discovered this morning it had made considerable headway, and the ward five division of the fire department arrived only in time to save the frame, the interior being gutted and the tower consumed. The church was valued at $6,000 and there was $4,000 insurance. A new building will be erected in its place.

RE I. O. G. T.

CHIPMAN, July 28.—The Good Templar order, which has had two years of cial prosperity, is continuing to increase. Last week James Mercer, D. G. C. T., organized a lodge with a good charter list at New Zion, and the following officers were installed: C. T., Robert Corey; V. T., Ivy Corey; sec., D. M. Keirstead; L. D., Wm. Graves; T., Mrs. W. A. Graves; F. S., Harry Corey; M., Minnie Corey; D. M., Julia Corey; chap., Ernest Corey; S., Geo. Corey; G., Mrs. D. M. Keirstead; P. C. T., H. B. Green.

. . . HEREDITY TRIUMPHANT. . .

(By ALICE LOVETT CARSON.)

A shrill whistle echoed along the sunny avenue. Mary Dexter jumped from her seat on the porch, scattering embroidery silks in all directions. She waved her handkerchief in response. Then she ran into the house calling "Aunt Linda! Where are you? Here's Dave Green to see you!"

Without waiting for a reply she returned to the porch just in time to greet the young man, who came up the steps. "Glad to see me, Mary?" he asked, as with a hasty glance around, she put up her face for a kiss. Then the two sat down on the top step in earnest, subdued conversation. Mary Dexter was a maid of nineteen, with a fresh peach-blow complexion. Today, wearing a simple white frock, she looked her best—and knew it.

In a few minutes an elderly woman came out the front door. Her hair, worn as a coronet, was silvery white, though she was only forty. Age had touched her face lightly, pressing in the wrinkles with loving fingers that left only sweetness in the expression. Rumor told a romantic tale of Linda Pennington's life and, for once, Rumor was right. A girlish engagement with a young army officer who fell in his first battle, a few years as a nurse in the war interrupted by a marriage with Lyall Pennington, early widowhood and a subsequent life devoted to good work—these were among the incidents in her story. For many years all her plans had been for Mary, whom she had adopted long ago.

Mrs. Pennington had taken a great interest in Mary because she came from her own town, and the case of the child was particularly pitiful, for there were no near relatives to whom she could be sent.

Fresh from the sadness caused by the death of her husband, Linda found the child's companionship a great comfort. Mary had passed serenely through the stages of childhood and youth and now at nineteen, under the training of private tutors, was prepared to enter Morton College in the fall. After graduation endless possibilities opened before her. This was the situation that July morning when Mrs. Pennington came out on the porch and greeted young David Green, one of Mary's admirers.

He was a manly fellow of twenty-one, son of a prosperous farmer of the rural district. He had lately been given a good sized tract of land by his father with the instruction to "see what he could do with it," and he was doing well.

"You've just come back from New York, haven't you, David?" asked Mrs. Pennington.

"Yes," said Mary. "He's been away two whole days."

The sigh with which this was said brought a laugh from the other two. Mrs. Pennington seated herself in the rocker.

"Why, Mary," she said, "is this your embroidery on the floor? Pick it up before it gets dirty."

The girl leaned back comfortably against the railing. "You pick it up, Dave," she said indifferently, and the young man did so. But Linda bit her lip in vexation. It was a little thing, but characteristic of the way Mary made all her friends wait on her.

"Did you go away on business, David?" she asked hastily.

"No—yes—well, I don't know as you'd call it exactly business."

"I should," said Mary decidedly; "the most important business for you just now, Dave." The lad laughed, embarrassed.

"Dear me, this sounds very mysterious," said Mrs. Pennington, smiling. "What is it all about?"

"I went to get something for Mary," said David.

"And here it is," said the girl, holding out her left hand. "Isn't it a beauty, Aunt Linda?" A handsome solitaire flashed into view.

The significence of the stone did not enter Linda Pennington's mind, for it was many years since she had thought of such things. "Mary, you know you may not receive presents of jewelry from young men," she was beginning, but the words died on her lips. Mary and David, looking for some sign of approval, read in her face grief, disappointment and refusal.

"Aren't you pleased?" went on the girl. "We've been engaged since Christmas. Before I visited Florrie Tucker. David asked me and I said, "I'd see." Then while I was away he kept writing to me—and I always did like him best of any of the boys—so I just had to say 'Yes.' He's so obstinate, Dave is, he wouldn't take 'No.'"

"Of course I am very much surprised," Linda said, when she could trust herself to speak. "I think you are both too young to talk of such things. Besides, you are going to college soon, Mary, and I do not approve of indefinite engagements."

"But there's nothing indefinite about our engagement," replied the girl airily, twisting the ring on her finger. "We are to be married in September."

"What!"

"Oh, yes, it's all settled," nodding her head. "I wrote this morning to Merton concelling my application. I'm tired of study—what is the use of it? I know more now than any other girl—or boy, almost—in Dorsettown. Just think, after September I'll never have to study any more!"

Mrs Pennington rose in wrath from her chair. "Mary!" she cried sharply, "you don't know what you're saying. You are giving up carelessly what I would give years of my life to have had when I was a girl—what you will always regret giving up. I don't often exercise my authority as your guardian, but when you act like a silly child I must. I ask you—no, I order you—to break this engagement!"

Mary sprang up and stamped her foot angrily. "Well I won't!" she cried. "And you can't make me; I'm nineteen years old."

Linda sank back in the chair with trembling lips. The mother who had eloped was speaking through her daughter. "Mary, if you love me," she pleaded, but she knew it would be no use. The girl's heredity was showing, and she must bow to the inevitable.

Mary never would understand what a blow this was to her guardian's ambitions for her. College, then advanced work, or, if the girl preferred, art study in Paris or music in Germany—these the plans she had made. And this mad whim must overturn them all!

The girl's storm of fury spent itself in floods of tears. "Aunt Linda, I can't; don't ask me to," she sobbed.

David drew his sweetheart toward him. He had been a silent, troubled witness of the scene. Now he spoke quietly.

"It's like this, Mrs. Pennington, we love each other, and we don't see the use of waiting. If we wait four years, by then we'll have grown apart perhaps, and it will be harder to give in to each other. We want to be married at once; I am making a good living, my people are pleased, and we only want your consent."

But she shook her head impatiently. "I have nothing against you, David, but—it is impossible."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Pennington," he cried. "Think—think—when you were young and in love. Don't you remember how it was then?"

How old memories can rise again! A vision of a boyish soldier, with pleading eyes and tender smile! And that parting—could she ever forget the sound of his voice, loud and thrilling!

She gave a shuddering sigh and open tear-dimmed eyes. "I was only seventeen and he was twenty—and I never saw him again. His body could not be found. Ah!" Steadying her voice, she went on. "You are right, David. It was foolish and wrong to try to control Mary's life. She must work it out for herself. My plans were far different from this, but I can give them up, as I have given up others."

"Dear Mrs. Pennington," said David, grasping her hand.

Then, when Mary ran off to set the supper table, and David followed, with awkward attempts to help, Linda Pennington drew forth an old locket and gazed long at the portrait within. "Once I thought that the shattering of my dreams would kill me," she murmured. "But I lived to thank God for other dreams and duties that came. So it will be now, I think."

"Supper is ready, Aunt Linda!" called Mary, and Mrs. Pennington turned from the sunset glow.

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CHINAMEN BEING SENT TO MEXICO

HALIFAX, N. S., July 29.— The Elder-Dempster line steamer Yola, which is taking the place of the Angola in the Montreal-Mexican service, bunkered here yesterday. She had on board a large cargo and a large number of passengers, among whom are fifty-six Chinamen, who are being sent to Mexico in bond. One of them died on the way to this port and was buried at Port Richmond, Que. A number of others wanted to run away here and the police had to watch the vessel very closely.

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF ONTARIO TEACHER.

QUEBEC, Puly 28.—Miss Robertson, a school teacher from Goderich, Ont., has mysteriously disappeared. She had ben on a visit to New Glasgow, N. S., and was on her way home. She was met in Quebec by her brother and they put up at the Hotel Victoria. Yesterday when he went to call his sister she was gone and her purse and jacket she had taken also, though she left her satchel, containing her railway ticket, home.