

THE FLEECING OF GILBERT FENNEL

When the Nevada line was crossed and the train was passing a long ridge among the sandy hillsides that were the chief features of the landscape as Mr. Van Dyke or other desert lover might wish to behold, Gilbert Fennel, lounging in the close-smelling and exceedingly dusty sleeper, drew out his folder for the twentieth time and calculated the distance to Bovine City. They had frowned, looked out of the window and frowned again. That the train was late and that it was losing time with every mile did not fret him so much as did those arid hillsides and the terrible patches of alkali that lay between. He was within ten miles of Bovine City and they were desperately sandy miles where they should have been grassy green.

Again he looked at the circular of the "Sunderland Cattle Company of Bovine City, Nevada, U. S. A., Colonel Francis Sunderland, of the Bank of Bovine, president and general manager; office, fifth floor of the Sunderland Building, take elevator," and glanced at the paragraph which stated that "the lovely valley which spreads all about Bovine City for many miles is a beautiful floor of rich, luxuriant grass. In which reveal from morn till night the abundantly adorned heads of the Sunderland Cattle Company."

"Well, perhaps the grass gets thicker as you go on," said Fennel. "America is a most bewildering country any way." He looked at the circular, admiring the business-like architecture of the seventh-story building pictured in half-tone at the top, and called out: "I say, guard, when do we arrive at Bovine City?"

"But four-thirty," was the conductor's reply. "Should have passed there an hour ago, but we've got four extra sleepers on and can't make time." Then he said under his breath, "Called me a guard. That's the English of it. Guard be hanged!" and slammed the door.

All the passengers save Fennel had given up the landscape as hopeless and were reading, playing cards, or wearing out the hours in train gossip, but stuck to the window like a life-term convict and made note of every new pile of sand and every new highlight patch. Or grass of any sort he could not discover a spear. There were endless clumps of gray-green sage and greasewood, with an occasional scraggy juniper, and that was all the verdure of which the dull land made boast.

When at last he stood on the platform of Bovine station he started about in a way that told of mental discomfort. His eye took in the brown depot, the brown section house and the brown freight house, which, so far as he could see, were all there was of Sunderland's "inviolate center of commerce and industry." He did not look at the smiling faces of the dusty-whiskered men who sat on the platform steps and who regarded him with a cold stare and with pleasant attention and with a silence that was impressive, by asking the way to the Sunderland Cattle Company. But he inquired if there was such a person as Colonel Francis Sunderland in the vicinity. Then the men all agreed and one of them puffed.

"Have I said anything particularly humorous?" was Fennel's inquiry, which did not sound so crushing as was intended.

"Lookin' for a man named Sunderland?" spoke up one younger, a one-term-jawed man with a very heavy black mustache and a "mink growth of stubble on his face, edging away from the rest and drawing near to Fennel. "Well, you'll find a good while."

"He doesn't live here?"

"No, not him."

"Where does he live, then?"

"Well," said the Bovine man, lowering his voice to a tone of confidence, at the same time showing a plying interest. "If you're another one of 'em and they've got your money and you've got their stock, I guess you ought to know all there is to know. You'd better see Miss Milburn. You was in the scheme, was you, or thought you was?"

"I hold one thousand shares of stock in the Sunderland Cattle Syndicate," confessed Fennel, "but who is Miss Milburn?"

"Miss Helen Milburn. She's the only one that knows a thing about the place," said the Bovine man. "Her place is down the Pilot Peak road. Quite a collection of houses, and a store and a store and a store. It's the town and this here is the station—only 'bout a mile away. That's the road right there. Never tell nobody I put you on, and don't talk no more here 'bout this thing, cause these fellers might tell Miss Milburn and she'd kill me."

The last sentence would have been regarded by an American as purely ornamental, but Fennel was innocently interested and not a little alarmed.

"So she kills people, does she?"

The weight in his hip pocket seemed comforting.

Picking up his Gladstone and telling the station agent to store his other luggage until asked for, he strode through the white dust toward the town. It was a long mile, and the local pride of the place would never have exacted the remark from anybody that the town was worth walking that far to see. At the end of the mile there were a dozen habitations, nearly all of the shabby order, ranged along the struggling road, while two larger false-front buildings, in which were the saloon and store, were a hollow mockery of metropolitan pretensions. Old Fennel, the saloon-keeper, took boarders and lodgers, which settled the question of Fennel's stay in Bovine. As for Miss Milburn, he lost no time in finding her. The shake-roof dwelling that he pointed out as here was the old house of the village. It had a neater, quieter air than the others, but it was rough and unpainted like the open doorway he heard the click-click of a typewriter and as he knocked caught the turn of a girl's head and the shining of something under the cloth on the

LIVED AS OTHER WORKMEN DO

Dr. Crapsey Talks on Earthly Life of Jesus

Preached Farewell Sermon in St. Andrews Church, Rochester, Yesterday—His Belief Still Unshaken

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Dr. Alvan S. Crapsey preached his farewell sermon at St. Andrews church today. His text was taken from Matthew xxi, 5. He said in part:

"Jesus was just such a man to the outward seeming as are the millions of workmen who, with dinner pails in hand, go forth every morning to their duty. For thirty years he lived as child and lad and youth and man with others of his age and station, and there was nothing to distinguish him from his neighbors. At the age of 30 he entered upon a public career as a rabbi or teacher in Israel. But still there was nothing to indicate that he was a king. And yet men seeing this life in the perspective of history agree with the children of Jerusalem and declare it to be the only kindly life ever lived in the world.

"The kingdom of Jesus was in Jesus Himself, in the might and majesty of His soul. He exercised His royal powers subduing every power of His time. We will not enter into the kingdom of heaven except we may take it by violence."

"He is not here," she gasped brokenly. His eyes took in the brown depot, the brown section house and the brown freight house, which, so far as he could see, were all there was of Sunderland's "inviolate center of commerce and industry."

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Our Immense Stock of HIGH CLASS GOODS

Is now being sold at considerably Reduced Prices.

Come in and see for yourself.

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Found With Other Papyri in Stories of Bulgarian Workmen Egyptian Explorations. Sent to America.

Valuable Finds of Classical Works Hitherto Unknown in a Mound at the Auspices of Belgrade Agency.

HALIFAX OFFICIALS PUT OUT OVER ACTION OF ST. JOHN OFFICER

Claim Passengers Who Had Measles Should Have Been Kept at This Port

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 2.—The action of quarantine officials at St. John in sending back to Halifax on Empress of Ireland a woman and her two young children who were not allowed to land at a New Brunswick port, is likely to lead to an official investigation by the departmental chief at Ottawa. When the Empress of Ireland arrived here on Nov. 22 with the transatlantic mails, the ship's doctor reported to the quarantine officer that he boarded the ship that there was a case of measles on board. The sufferer was one of two children of a Mrs. O'Brien, who was bound from Liverpool to Port Arthur to join her husband. As the case was not serious and the infected passenger was booked to St. John the quarantine officer followed the usual practice and granted a provisional quarantine to enable the ship to land the mails and to facilitate the display of the quarantine flag on arrival at Partridge Island, as notification to the quarantine official at St. John. That it is said, was done, but that officer, for some reasons not known to the quarantine officers here, refused to let the woman and her children land at St. John.

Furthermore, the children had completely recovered. On arrival here of the Empress on Saturday, Dr. N. E. Mackay was notified that the mother and children were still aboard, although the ship did not display the yellow flag. He immediately arranged for the landing of the unfortunate passengers.

The C. P. R. was willing to pay the expense of their maintenance, but on examination the doctor found that the children were free from the disease, and that the mother was not infected. That either of them had had measles at all. Consequently they were taken to the immigration building and granted a full passport to America. They will be forwarded on the C. P. R. train this morning. Mrs. Sutton feels very keenly the annoyance to which she and her children have been submitted, and officials here are at a loss to understand why the St. John officers would not receive the passengers who were booked to that port. Their action in returning these passengers to Halifax, especially in view of the fact that the government maintains a well equipped quarantine station at St. John, is inexplicable to local officials.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC

THE WESTERN EXPRESS

Leave Montreal daily 9.40 a. m. First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers through to Calgary

Express Trains

Tourist Sleepers Sunday, Monday and Thursday Montreal to Calgary

Each way

THE PACIFIC EXPRESS

Leaves Montreal daily 9.40 p. m. First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers through to Vancouver.

Every day

Tourist Sleepers Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Montreal to Vancouver.

These trains reach all points in Canada North West and British Columbia.

Until further notice Parlor Car Service will be continued on day trains between St. John and Boston.

Call on W. H. C. MACKAY, ST. JOHN, N.B. or write W. H. C. MACKAY, Acting D.P.A., C.P.R., ST. JOHN, N.B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, Oct. 14th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed train to Moncton . . . 6.30

No. 2—Express for Halifax, Campbellton, P. du Chene and the Sydney . . . 7.00

No. 25—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou . . . 11.25

No. 8—Express for Moncton . . . 11.40

No. 13—Express for Quebec and Montreal, also P. du Chene . . . 11.50

No. 10—Express for Moncton . . . 12.15

Sydney and Halifax . . . 12.35

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 3—From Halifax, Pictou and the Sydney . . . 6.30

No. 7—Express from Sussex . . . 9.00

No. 15—Express from Montreal, Quebec and P. du Chene . . . 11.45

No. 6—Mixed from Moncton . . . 11.50

No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, P. du Chene and Campbellton . . . 11.50

No. 1—Express from Moncton . . . 12.15

No. 11—Mixed from Moncton (daily) 4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. 2.40 o'clock is midnight.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 9 King Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone C. 71.

GEORGE CARVILLE, C. T. A.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY INTERNATIONAL DIVISION.

WINTER REDUCED RATES

Effective to May 1, 1907.

St. John to Portland \$3.00.

St. John to Boston \$3.50.

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 13, steamers leave St. John, Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8.30 a. m. for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston.

RETURNING

From Boston at 9 a. m., Mondays and Thursdays, via Portland, Eastport and Lubec.

All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the increased patronage which advertisers are giving to the Star, we are compelled to request those who require changes in their advertisements to have their copy in the Star Office before 9 o'clock in the morning, to ensure insertion same evening.

EDITH PUTNAM WEIR.

The death of Miss Edith Putnam Weir, second daughter of Dr. Weir, of Dartmouth, occurred on Saturday afternoon. The deceased was in her sixteenth year. The funeral will take place on Monday.

KIRBY SPENCER.

SACKVILLE, Dec. 1.—The death of Kirby Spencer, a promising young man of Cape Tormentine occurred at Amherst on Thursday. Deceased went to Amherst a short time ago and was stricken with typhoid fever and after a few days' illness succumbed to the disease. He was thirty years of age, and a son of the late James Spencer of Sackville, N. B. He is survived by a mother, two brothers, Edwin Spencer of Cape Tormentine and Ritchie of Newburyport, Mass. He also leaves three sisters, Mrs. Manuel Peacock of Sackville, Mrs. Bean of Boston, and Mrs. James Ash of Cape Tormentine. The remains were taken to Bayfield yesterday for interment. Rev. Wm. Lawson conducted the service.

ENGLISHMEN JOIN FAITH OF MAHOMET.

LUCKNOW, Dec. 1.—Charles Norman, an Englishman, with his two sons, John and Henry, who have embraced the Islam faith, have been formally admitted at Dehra Dun.

A large crowd of natives accompanied the converts, who were runned Abdulla Jan, Jan Mahomed and Ahmad Jan, respectively. They were Mohammedan girls on leaving the mosque, and were followed by a procession with music and torches through the native portion of the town.

Mr. Norman came out to India with the Suffolk Regiment, in 1857, and after serving his time with the 60th, joined the railway. He was a carriage examiner in the Government State Railway at Delhi, and is now receiving a pension of about \$5 a month. It is presumed that Norman will have some difficulty in drawing his next pension under the name of Abdulla Jan.

JACOBSON SENT UP FOR TRIAL

His Case Only the First of a Series of Thefts—Young—Bugs Stealing

WOODSTOCK, Dec. 1.—Jacobson, the street thief, arrested on the charge of robbing a man at the hotel, was sent to trial today. He is charged with the theft of a watch and a ring from a man at the hotel. He is charged with the theft of a watch and a ring from a man at the hotel. He is charged with the theft of a watch and a ring from a man at the hotel.

U. S. TROOPS DEFEAT REBELLIOUS PULAJANES

Eleven Were Killed and Others Captured—Chief Pablo Escaped, But is Being Pursued

MANILA, Dec. 1.—A force of constabulary under command of Major Murphy, surprised the camp of Pablo, chief of the Pulajanes on the island of Samar at daylight yesterday. Eleven of the Pulajanes were killed and the chief's son and nine of the band were wounded. Chief Pablo escaped but his wife and daughter were captured. Chief Pablo was a native of the Philippines and was a member of the Philippine Constabulary. He was a member of the Philippine Constabulary. He was a member of the Philippine Constabulary.

PRESS GALLERY ELECTS OFFICERS FOR YEAR

JAMES FUDGE.

The death occurred at an early hour Saturday morning at his home on the old Black River road of James Fudge. The deceased has been a resident of the parish of Simonds for the greater part of his life, and his death will be heard with regret by all the community. Mr. Fudge is survived by three sons and two daughters. They are James, John and Arthur of this city. Mrs. F. Glenie and Miss Kate Fudge are the daughters. The funeral will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from his residence to St. Joachim's church, interment in the new Catholic cemetery. Coaches will leave King square at 1.15 sharp.

ENGLISH VOTES AVERAGED NINETY THREE CENTS EACH

LONDON, Dec. 1.—A parliamentary return of the "official" expenses of the candidates of the recent general election shows that it cost the 570 members of parliament \$5,324,250 to obtain their seats, an average per vote of 88 cents. The sum privately disbursed, would substantially increase the total, judging from the evidence of some of the bribery trials which followed the election.

PATERSON'S COUGH DROPS

Made by an old recipe that has cured thousands of coughs, colds, and whooping cough. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

Pen-Angle Underwear

Has the soft warm feel of the skin. Doesn't itch. Made for men, women and children. In a variety of styles, fabrics and prices. We authorize every dealer in Pen-Angle Underwear to replace, at our cost, any garment faulty in material or making.