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D&A STYLE 273

THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued)

A Man and a Story—Both Unemotional

CHAPTER V.

Warden, running the gauntlet of doorkeepers and other human watch-dogs, was finally ushered into the presence of an Under Secretary. To him he detailed his business, and, lacking neither the perception nor the modesty that often characterize men of action, he had barely begun to speak ere he fancied that his recital did not command a tenth part of the interest it warranted. Few talkers can withstand the apparent boredom of a hearer, and Warden happened not to be one of the few. Condensing his account of the proceedings on board the Sans Souci to the barest summary, he stopped abruptly.

The Under Secretary, leaning back in his chair, rested his elbows on its comfortable arms and pressed together the tips of his outspread fingers. He scrutinized his nails, and seemingly was much troubled because he had not called in at the manicurist's after lunch. Nevertheless being an Under Secretary, he owned sauve manners, and the significance of Warden's docket-like sentences did not escape him.

"Is that all?" he asked, turning his hands and examining their backs intently.

"Practically all."

There was a silence for a while. A clock ticked softly as if to emphasize the peace that reigned on the park side of Whitehall.

"But you make certain deductions, I take it?" murmured the official.

"I could hardly fail to do that, knowing West Africa as I do," was the curt answer. Warden was really annoyed with the man. Without wishing him any positive evil, he wondered how far the Foreign Office cult would carry such an exquisite through a Bush campaign, with its wasting fever, its appalling monotony, its pathless wanderings midst foul swamp and rain-soaked forest—perhaps a month's floundering through quagmire and jungle with a speedy end under a shower of scrap iron fired from some bell-mouthed cannon.

"Will you be good enough to favor me with them," purred the other, now absorbed in his palms.

"If I had a map—" began Warden, almost contemptuously.

The Under Secretary rose with a certain languid elegance. He was really tired, having worked at the Macedonian gendarmerie regulations until three o'clock that morning. High on the wall, behind Warden's chair, were several long, narrow, mahogany cases, each fitted with a pendent cord. The Under Secretary pulled one, and a large map of Africa fell from its cover.

"I am fairly well acquainted with the Protectorate, but now you can talk to scale," he said, going back to his seat and resuming his nonchalant attitude.

Warden, still smarting under a sense of the evident insignificance of Britain beyond the seas in the eyes of its home-dwelling custodians, spoke brusquely enough.

"On the Benue river, tributary of the Niger, four hundred miles from the coast," he said, "you will find the town of Gire in the Yola District. You see it is just within the sphere of British influence. Germany claims the opposite bank. Well, Oku is near Gire. Oku is not on the map—"

"I put it there myself yesterday," broke in the Under Secretary.

Warden was gifted with keen sight. He swung round and gave the huge sheet on the wall a closer scrutiny. A great many corrections had been made on it with pen and ink. They were carried out so neatly that they resembled the engraved lettering.

For an instant his eyes met those of the Under Secretary; thenceforth a better understanding reigned.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Since you gave attention to the position of Oku so recently, I am half inclined to believe that not only my information by my opinions are forestalled."

"We have been at cross purposes," murmured the tired voice. "You are Captain Arthur Warden, who commanded the Oku punitive expedition thirteen months ago. Since early yesterday morning the Colonial Office, at my request, has been trying to discover your whereabouts—trying in vain, I gather — or you would have mentioned the fact. I really wished to consult you with reference to this very topic. It is the more gratifying that chance should have led you to be a witness of events which were surmises on our part, and that your sense of duty should bring you here at the earliest possible moment."

Warden positively blushed. It was a relief that the Under Secretary was obviously inclined to visit his manicurist that afternoon rather than wait till the morrow. Such preoccupaton gave him time to recover. But he devoted no more time to salient theories anent the disgraceful apathy of the home authorities with reference to West African affairs.

"I cannot insist too strongly on the efforts that are being made by our neighbors to undermine British influence in that quarter," he said. "Their traders pander to native excesses and humor their prejudices. Their pioneers are constantly pushing northward toward the shores of Lake Tchad. Arms and ammunition are being smuggled across the boundary at many points. Preparations are quietly in progress for a transfer of power if ever British authority shows signs of weakening. Therefore, I draw the worst auguries from the presence in Cowes of a clever and unscrupulous filibuster like Figuero, especially when he acts as bear-leader to three disaffected chiefs. Oku, as you know, is in a significant place, but it has one supreme attribute that gives it among the negroes the importance of Mecca in the Mohammedan world. It is the centre of African witchcraft. Its juju men are the most noted in the whole continent. Their fetish is deadly and irresistable. They can compass the ruin of leaders who are immeasurably more wealthy and powerful than any of their own men. I do not pretend to explain the reason— I can only state the fact—but there can be no gainsaying the simple truth that if men of Oku place their ban on any tribe or individual, that tribe or that man is doomed."

"Can you give instances?"

"Yes. As far away as the river Akini, in the Yoruba District"—and this time Warden did not point to the map, though words bridged six hundred miles—"there was a quarrel between the up-country traders and the shippers at Lagos. The merchants in the interior tried to close the trade routes, but the local chiefs refused to help them. By some means the traders secured the Oku ban on their side. The Yoruba natives resisted it.

"By Jove! both they and the factors at Lagos were glad enough to come to heel when every ounce of stuff was diverted into French Dahomey. There was no overt act or threat. Oku methods are too clever for that. The authorities were powerless. Hunger coerced the natives, and financial loss brought the people on the coast to terms. And this took place where we were paramount! Heaven only knows what excesses the Oku fetish has caused in their inter-tribal wars. Why, when I attacked them, I had to break with my own hands every juju token on the road. Not even our Hausa troops would pass them otherwise."

"They had no ill effect on you, then?" said the other, smiling a little.

"None—at present."

Warden himself was surprised when his lips framed the qualification. For no assignable cause his mind traveled to the lowering face on the gourd, then reposing in his portmanteau at Waterloo Station, and he remembered the curled scrap of tattooed skin in his pocket. He had not mentioned the calabash to the official. Though it bore curiously on the visit of the Oku men to the Isle of Wight, he belived that such a far-fetched incident would weaken his statements. Since he was inclined at first to err so greatly in his estimate of the Under Secretary's knowledge of West African politics, he was now more resolved than ever not to bring an extravagant toy into a serious discussion. Any reference to it would be ludicrously out of place. He was beginning to entertain a deep and a biding respect for the Foreign Office and its denizens.

The Under Secretary asked a few additional questions before he rose to fold up the map. Warden took the hint, and was about to depart when he received an unlooked-for piece of news.

"By the way, it is almost a certainty that Count von Rippenbach accompanied the Emperor in the visit paid to the Sans Souci!" said the official.

"I assume his identity solely from paragraphs in the newspapers."

"It will interest you to learn that the Count has just returned from an exploring and hunting trip in the Tuburi region."

Now, Tuburi lies in the no-man's land that separates Lake Tchad from German West Africa, and Warden met the Under Secretary's bored glance a second time with quick comprehension.

"I think," went on the quiet voice, "I think it would be well if you kept the Colonial Office posted as to your movements during the remainder of your furlough. Personally, I exepctt no immediate developments. The Emperor is a busy man. He can only devote half an hour each year to affairs that affect the Niger. But, keep in touch. You may be wanted. I am exceedingly obliged to you. One learns so much from the men who have passed their active lives in landsw hich one has never seen except in dreams. I dream here sometimes, in front of that map — and its companions. Oh, I had almost forgotten. Do you know Mr. Baumgartner?"

"Only by sight."

(To Be Continued)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES

R23 THE PR

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

MOHAIR, THE IDEAL SUMMER MOTOR FABRIC.

Nothing is quite so satisfactory for summer motoring, driving and traveling as the long dustcoat of mohair; and many of these coats are very attractive in cut and coloring. The new English mohairs are extremely silky and soft in texture, and some of the striped patterns are very smart. The coat shown here is of gray and black striped mohair with a green thread, which is matched by the dull green veil. The coat buttons snugly to the throat and has the wind cuffs, which may be turned down over the hand when desired.

A Cottage Bungalo, Estimated Cost, $3,000

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.

The width of this "cottage bungalo" is 32 feet and depth 46 feet. It is estimated that it can be built in a complete and satisfactory manner for about $3,000. There are siv good rooms on the main floor, comprising living-room, dining-room, den, two bedrooms, kitchen, and bathroom. This makes a very complete little house, with all mouern conveniences, a good, full basement, with laundry, etc., and two rooms and storage-room on the second floor. The entrance is central through a liberal-sized piazza, the main floor being raised three feet above the grade, thus giving good height to the elevation.

The treatment of the exterior is with extra wide projected cornices, and the timber rafters showing on the underside, the windows are ample size, with the upper sash divided into small lights. The roof is medium low pitch, but affords space for two rooms on second floor and dormer windows lighting same. The finish of interior is with natural pine, ceiling beams showing in the first floor. All doors and casings of pine and varnished. The floors of hard pine. The walls throughout and ceilings of second story are plastered and neatly tinted.

OUTPUT FROM GLACE BAY MINES HEAVIEST SINCE THE STRIKE

Another Attempt Made to Dynamite a House—This Time the Victim Was a Coal Cutter Residing at Old Gardner Mine—Explosion Occurred at Night But No One Was Hurt.

Glace Bay, July 28—The output from the mines today exceeded that of any day since the opening day of the strike. The P. W. A. report a total output of coal today from the bankheads and mines of over 11,000 tons. This includes the tonnage lifted by the steam shovels both Tuesday night and today. The strike leaders, however, refuse to accept the company's figures.

An attempt was made to blow up the house of a coal cutter residing at Old Gardner Mine last night. Gardner is a farming district two miles west of the Dominion Coal Company's mine on the shore of Lienganan Lake. The attempt was committed on a house belonging to Louis Guthro, an invalid. James Strang is married to Guthro's daughter and resides with his father-in-law.

The inmates of the house are Guthro and his wife, Strang and his wife and two small children. The house is close to the railway fence and the entrance to the house is by crossing over the railway.

After midnight Guthro heard footsteps about the house and got up to look out of the window. He saw a man run out of the yard to the railway and down to the track. At that moment an explosion took place immediately under that of the house where he was standing, shaking the place. No one dared to go outside to examine the damage. When daylight came they found that some explosive had been inserted under the house through a hole in the underpinning and had been fired by a fuse. Numerous pieces of an iron pipe and sections of burned fuse were found. Some of the shingles were blown off and the boards loosened from the studding.

Your correspondent found a piece of broken pipe about fifteen inches with a piece of fuse about a foot long caught in the fracture of the pipe.

The people of the house had a story. They said that in the neighborhood there were four men, including a stranger, who were working for the company. Almost daily for some time past deputations had come asking these men to stay at home. They say that those men made threats and that on the day before the explosion nineteen men came early in the morning and stood near the house. Two came to the door and asked if Strang was going to work. He said he was, and the spokesman of the party then said that if he did it would not be good for him. Strang says he has been set upon by a picket of men every morning and on one occasion was struck by a stone.

At 2 o'clock this morning a number of men came to the residence of Anderson, one of the four above mentioned, and knocked and pounded at the door, at the same time calling to him to come out. He did not respond to the request and after a time the men went away.

Moses White, a carpenter at Caledonia mine, this afternoon came in contact with a live wire and barely escaped electrocution.

A soldier at No. 2, in mistake, brought his bayonet in contact with the live wire and received a shock, though he was not seriously injured.

Inverness, N. S., July 28—(Special)—The output yesterday at the mines here was 880 tons. This morning there are 345 men underground and a full complement is at work on the surface.

Yesterday eight strikers returned to work and five more returned this morning.

THINK HE SUFFERED FROM A SUNSTROKE

One of the Members of the Tug Champion's Crew Taken Seriously ill on the River.

Charles Alley, of 154 Metcalf street, who was taken ill on board the tug Champion at Gagetown yesterday morning, was brought to the city yesterday afternoon on the steamer Victoria. He was taken to his home in Metcalf street and Dr. James Christie attended him. Last evening it was said at the house that he was much better.

Mr. Alley is employed as engineer on the Champion. The tug had reached Gagetown on Tuesday evening. Yesterday morning when Mr. Alley started in on the day's work he became very ill. Dr. Caswell, of Gagetown, was summoned and on his advice arrangements were made for sending the stricken man to his home in this city, and a man was detailed to care for him on the way down. On the arrival of the steamer Victoria a stateroom was placed at his disposal.

A telephone message to Tapley Bros., the owners of the Champion, brought news of the occurrence to the city. Messrs. Tapley notified Mr. Alley's family, who were able to make preparations for his arrival.

At his home last evening it was stated that it was thought Mr. Alley was suffering from sunstroke.

A Queer Answer

A regiment of soldiers had camped for the night and a young Scottish recruit had been placed on guard outside the general's tent. In the morning the commander awoke and, sticking his head out of the tent, spoke to the recruit in a loud and stern voice:

"Who are you?"

The young man turned around and replied:

"Fine; hoo's yerself?"

Some people take steps for a divorce at public dances.

FELL DOWN STAIRS, FOUND UNCONSCIOUS

Israel Patchell Met With an Accident in Victoria School.

Israel Patchell, of 95 St. Patrick street, met with an accident in the Victoria school yesterday afternoon and was unconscious for some time. Mr. Patchell is a mason employed by Frank Melliday, in the work in connection with the new fire escapes. Last evening, after stopping work at 5 o'clock, he fell down a flight of steps in the building, striking on his back and head. The men had just put on their coats and were preparing to leave the building. Mr. Melliday found Patchell lying at the foot of the stairs unconscious. He was taken to his home in St. Patrick street in a coach and Dr. D. E. Berryman was called in. Patchell remained in an unconscious condition till 8 o'clock. At 9 o'clock the doctor visited him and thought he would come around all right. Mr. Patchell is a widower with five small children.

A little terrior fell four stories to its death yesterday afternoon. It plunged down from a window at the top of the Bank of Montreal building, where its owner, Mrs. Stirling, is janitress. It fell dead on the pavement.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Will kill many times more flies than any other known article

REFUSE UNSATISFACTORY IMITATIONS

PRICE SUCCEEDS SENATOR PERLEY

Battleford Man Goes to Ottawa Senate in Place of Former New Brunswicker.

Ottawa, July 28.—Benjamin Price, of Battleford, formerly a member of the legislative assembly of the Northwest Territories, was at this afternoon's meeting of the cabinet council, appointed a member of the senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Senator Perley, of Woolesley (Sask.) The new senator was one of the pioneers in the Battleford district twenty years ago.

The senate is now composed of twenty-one Conservatives and sixty-three Liberals. There are still two vacancies in Nova Scotia.

Today's meeting of the cabinet was attended by the premier and Hon. Messrs. Fisher, Lemieux and King, the only ministers now in the capital. It will be the last for some weeks.

Sir Wilfrid goes to Shawinigan on Saturday and will spend next week as guest of the Shawinigan Fish and Game Club. He will then go to Arthabaskaville, his old home in Quebec, for a fortnight.

Hon. Mr. Lemieux will go to Murray Bay for the next fortnight and Hon. Mr. Fisher will visit the Seattle exposition next month.

Hon. Mr. Fielding and Hon. Frank Oliver are expected back from England about August 20.

SENLAC'S GROUNDING ALMOST SPOILED FETE

Speaker Marcil Who Was on Way to Attend Demonstration in His Honor, Got to Bonaventure on Special Train.

Dalhousie, N. B., July 28.—Yesterday a non-political demonstration organized by the electors of the county of Bonaventure (P. Q.), to celebrate the election of Honorable Charles Marcil, their member, as speaker of the house of common of Canada, was held at Bonaventure River. The weather was all that could be desired. Over 2,000 people were present, including a large number from Campbellton, Bathurst, Dalhousie and other North Shore points.

The progressive village of Bonaventure River was nicely decorated for the occasion. The programme included reception of guests at Bonaventure station, headed by the Campbellton and River Du Loup bands through decorated streets to Poirier park, where a banquet was held and addresses in English and French, presented to the guest of the day, followed by eloquent speeches from Hon. Charles Marcil, M. P., John Hall Kelly, M. P. P., and others. There were athletic and aquatic sports in the afternoon.

The steamer Senlac, which ran aground on the way down opposite New Richmond, got off at high tide last evening and arrived here at midnight. Most of her passengers, including Hon. Mr. Marcil, landed at New Richmond in boats and reached their destination by a special train over the Bay Chaleurs railway. Those who did not care about landing in boats remained on board the Senlac all day. The steamer Canada arrived here a few moments after the Senlac bringing back the passengers who had left the Senlac at New Richmond to take the special train for Bonaventure River, besides the large number of people who had gone down on board the Canada direct to Bonaventure.

REPAIRS TO SCHOOLS

Every year during vacation the board of school trustees undertakes a certain amount of repairing, painting, etc., on the school buildings during vacation. The amount of work done is ruled largely by the amount placed for the purpose in the annual estimates.

This year the buildings committee of the board have determined to do only what is absolutely necessary. Workmen are now busy in some of the buildings and satisfactory progress is reported. Besides minor repairs, the board are kalsomining and whitewashing some of the rooms in the Dufferin, St. Peter's (boys), St. Peter's (girls), and Leinster street buildings.

The roof of the Albert school, Carleton, will be repaired and the sanitaries in St. Malachi's will be given attention. The outside of the Douglas avenue school is being painted and a retaining wall will be built on the property. Some of the outhouses of the Aberdeen school will be repaired.

The willing workers of Rothesay Presbyterian church held a successful sale in the hall yesterday afternoon and evening. Mrs. Peter Chisholm is the president of the society. There were a fancy work table, a home cooking table, a Chinese laundry, grab bag and a candy table. These were waited on by a capable staff of ladies. Tea, cake and ice cream were enjoyed.

Most people are willing to do their duty—as they see it.

BASEBALL MAGNATE SENDS A BULLET THROUGH HIS BRAIN

Harry C. Pulliam President of the National League Attempted Suicide in New York Last Night and Will Probably Die—No One Seems to Know the Reason for the Rash Deed.

New York, July 28—Harry C. Pulliam, president of the National League Baseball Clubs, attempted suicide tonight in his rooms on the third floor of the New York Athletic Club.

Standing in the centre of the room, Mr. Pulliam held a revolver to his right temple. He fired only one shot. It went in at the right temple and came out seven inches away on the left hand side of the head. The bullet destroyed the right eye and passed through the upper part of the left.

It is not believed that Mr. Pulliam can recover, although he continued conscious for some time after the shooting.

The sound of the pistol shot was not heard in any part of the clubhouse, but Mr. Pulliam, in falling to the floor, apparently dislodged the receiver of a telephone, which was standing on a table nearby.

The operator on the ground floor answering the signal, got no reply and sent a bellboy to Mr. Pulliam's room to find out what was the matter. The door was unlocked, and the boy, failing to get any response to his knocks, opened it and walked in.

Lying on the floor half clad, lay the baseball magnate. The bellboy hurried down stairs and gave the alarm. Dr. Higgins, club physician, was hastily summoned, and, after making a hurried examination, directed the coroner be notified.

Mr. Pulliam, although still conscious and able to speak, appeared to be too confused to answer the physician's questions coherently. The wounds were carefully dressed but the physician had little hopes of saving Mr. Pulliam's life.

Coroner's physician Shrady, who arrived about half an hour after the shooting, assisted Dr. Higgins in attending to the wounded man's needs. Both of them attempted to get some explanation of the baseball president's attempt to kill himself, but he continued too dazed to give intelligible answers.

The coroner's physician, leaning close to Mr. Pulliam's ear, asked slowly:

"Why did you shoot yourself?"

There was no reply. He repeated the question. Mr. Pulliam roused himself confusedly and asked in a dazed manner:

"Why, who's shot?"

Again the question was asked. This time all that the stricken president could answer was a muttered: "What shot?"

The physicians decided that any further questioning was likely to endanger Pulliam's slim chances of recovery. Assisted by club employes they placed him in bed and did everything in their power to relieve his pain.

The sight of both eyes were destroyed by the bullet, the physicians said, although the course of the bullet was not traced it appeared evident that it had entered at least the covering of the brain, and it seemed more than likely that the injury to the brain was in itself enough to cause death.

A careful search was made of the room in the hope that something would be found which might point to a possible reason for the attempted suicide. Among the many papers scattered about, however, there was nothing to indicate that the act had been at all premeditated. Friends of Mr. Pulliam declared it as their belief that his act was the result of a sudden wild emotion and was done without reason.

Although Mr. Pulliam's act at this time was entirely unexpected, some of his friends said that at the time of his recent illness it was known that he was subject to severe attacks of melancholia.

AN ILLICIT STILL FOUND IN CELLAR

Toronto Firemen Discover Full Fledged "Moonshine" Plant.

Toronto, July 28—Firemen responding to an alarm of fire at a vacant house on Dorset street, discovered in the cellar an illicit still for the manufacture of liquor. The matter was reported to the police and officers visited the place. They found eight large barrels of unfermented liquor and two small barrels of the finished product, while in the boiler of the still where it had been left when the "moonshiners" made a hurried departure, were about eighty gallons of liquor. The stuff was all carried out into a yard and thrown into a sewer. The discovery of the still was a pure accident, for the inland revenue department, although acquainted with the fact that an illicit still was in operation somewhere in the city, had no idea of its whereabouts.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Marriage is a failure—as many spinsters will tell you.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

LIFE'S INTERDEPENDENCE.

Man loves the country; in its sunny tide
Man loves the country; in its sunny tide
Of luscious fruits and flowers he'd fain abide;
Yet what were watermelon's pinkest slice
Without a setting of good city ice?

Find a boy who wants a piece of watermelon.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

I plus L, plus L, equalls Ill.