

A MATTER OF FACT.

The Astonishing Experience of Three Newspaper Men in the Indian Ocean.

BY RUDYARD KIPPLING.

And if you doubt the tale I tell, Steer through the South Pacific swell; Go where the branching coral lives; ...

Once a priest, always a priest; once a Mason always a Mason; but once a journalist, always and forever a journalist.

There were three of us, all newspaper men the only passengers on a little tramp steamer...

Three minutes after Keller spoke to me, as the Rathmines cleared Cape Town, I had forgotten the aloofness that I desired to feign...

Three ordinary men would have quarreled through sheer boredom before they reached Southampton. We, by virtue of our craft, were anything but ordinary men.

When the tales were done we picked up cards till a curious hand or a chance remark made one of us say: "That reminds me of a man who—"

On the daybreak of one particularly warm night we three were sitting immediately in front of the wheel-house where an old Swedish boatswain...

"No, it is a following sea," said Frithiof, "and with a following sea you shall not get good steerage way."

"The sea was as smooth as a duck-pond, except for a regular oily swell. As I looked over the side to see where it might be following us from, the sun in a perfectly clear sky struck the water with its light so sharply that it seemed as though the sea should clang like a burnished gong.

"Going back to Cape Town," said Keller, Frithiof did not answer, but rose away at the wheel. Then he beckoned us three to help, and we held the wheel down till the Rathmines answered it, and we found ourselves looking into the white of our own belts, with the still oily sea tearing past our bows, though we were not going more than half steam ahead.

The Captain stretched out his arm from the bridge and shouted. A minute later would have given us a great deal to have shouted, too, for one-half of the sea seemed to shoulder itself above the other half, and came on in the shape of a hill. There was

neither crest, comb, nor curl-over to it; nothing but blue water, with little waves chasing each other about the flanks. I saw it steam past and on a level with the Rathmines' bow-plates before the steamer made up her mind to rise, and I argued that this would be the last of all voyages for me.

"There were three waves," said Keller; "and the stoke-holds flooded."

"The captain says it was a blow-up under the sea—a volcano," said Keller.

"It hasn't warmed anything," said I. I was feeling bitterly cold and cold was almost known in those waters. I went below to change my clothes and while I came up everything was wiped out in clinging white fog.

"Are there going to be any more surprises?" said Keller to the captain.

"I don't know. Be thankful you're alive, gentlemen. That's a tidal wave thrown up by a volcano. Probably the bottom of the sea has been lifted a few feet somewhere or other. I can't quite understand this cold spell. Our sea thermometer says the water is 44 degrees and it should be 68 degrees at least."

"It's abominable," said Keller, shivering. "But hadn't you better attend to the fog horn? It seems to me that I heard something."

"Give her steam there!" said the captain to the engine-room. "Steam for the whistle, if you have to go dead slow."

"The Pembroke Castle bottom up," said Keller, who, being a journalist, always sought for explanations. "That's the colors of a castle liner. We're in for a big thing."

"The sea is bewitched," said Frithiof, from the wheel-house. "There are two steamers."

"We must pool our notes," was the first coherent remark from Keller. "We're three trained journalists—we hold absolutely the biggest scoop on record. Start fair."

"You'll see how I work a big scoop when I get it," he said.

the air bladder ought to have been forced out of its mouth, you know."

"I respected the motive, though the manifestation was absurd. "Stop, you'll bite your thumb off," I said, and Keller laughed brokenly as he picked up his cigar.

"That's just the curse of it," said Keller below his breath. "We've played 'em for suckers so often that when it comes to the golden rule, I'd like to try this on a London paper. You have first call there, though."

"No. Not if I can make the scoop here and see the Britishers sit up."

"Um. Fields, too?"

"That hedge there must have been clipped for about eighty years."

"I was nearly fired out," he said furiously at lunch. "As soon as I mentioned you, the old man said that I was to tell you that they didn't know any more of your practical jokes, and that you knew the hours to call if you had anything to sell, and that they'd see you condemned before they helped to puff one of your infernal yarns in advance."

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day showed the stucco villas on the green and the awful orderliness of England—line upon line, wall upon wall, solid stone dock and monolithic pier. We waited an hour in the customs shed, and there was ample time for the effect to soak in.

"I heard Keller gasp as the influence of the land closed around him, cowering him as they say Newman Heath cowers a young horse unused to open country."

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MODERN JERUSALEM.

The Population of the Ancient City—Caste and the People.

"The conservative estimate of the population of Jerusalem," says ex-Counsel Gillman, who has just returned, to a Detroit Press reporter, "is about 50,000, of whom one-half are Jews and the remainder Moslems and Christians, the former being in the majority. It is impossible to estimate the number, however, as the gathering of statistics is made unlawful by the koran and Mohammedan bible. A copy of that book is very hard to obtain, and anything published concerning it that falls into the hands of the Turkish government is immediately destroyed."

"The English Missionary society still exists in Jerusalem, but makes no Moslem converts, owing to the fact, in great measure, that a converted Moslem is at once driven out of the country by the natives. Indeed, I am better satisfied that they remain as they are, for, as a general rule, a proselytized Christian who has to renounce the koran usually loses his best characteristics and goes to the bad."

"There are practically three Sabbaths in Jerusalem—Friday, the Moslem day of worship, Saturday for the Jews, and Sunday for the Christians. Practically there is no Sabbath for business goes on uninterrupted every day in the week."

"Jerusalem is growing—toward the northwest—just as was predicted by the prophets Jeremiah and Zachariah. The city is surrounded by a wall and to accommodate this increase in growth a new gate has been cut through. The old gates were made in the shape of the letter L, probably to prevent the easy entrance by enemies, but the new gate was cut directly through. It is situated near the old tower of Goliath."

"The Americans have a colony by themselves, and are very popular with the high caste Turks, who visit them in large numbers. Probably one reason for this is the fact that the American ladies are not hidden from their sight, as a their women woman charms them. Some years ago a number of Americans, mostly from Chicago, went to live in Jerusalem, believing they were to see Christ on earth. Their belief is shattered by this time, I think, for five of them have died. The visitor to this country must be exceptionally well read. There is so much to see that a man must be well versed, especially in bible history, to adequately comprehend it all. The foreign resident consuls have the best opportunities for seeing and learning everything there that the customs allow them to see. A consul is looked upon as a sort of prince, has the entire to the highest places, and is heralded when he comes and goes."

"Society is unlike our own. Caste is rigidly the rule. The highest class is composed of effendis, pachas and the oldest families, and the scale graduates down to the peasant. There is no color line there, the negro being given equal privileges with themselves, and for that one thing the Moslem laughs at the American."

"In dress the natives have not changed since the time of Abraham. Their methods of pursuing agriculture are the same also. The primitive wooden plow is still used, and this they guide with one hand, while with the other they hold the reins, thus literally following out the words in scripture. The soil is naturally fertile, and with more rain or some method of irrigation could be made to yield bountifully. The land is very rocky also, and the fertile soil exists only in patches."

"Their First Parting and What it Meant to Him."

"They stood in the Union depot. It was the first good-bye."

"Good-bye, love."

"Good-bye, love."

WHAT JOHN SAYS

About the Smuggling of Chinamen Across Uncle Sam's Border.

Sometimes, for reasons unknown to themselves, Toronto Chinamen become anxious to pay a visit to Uncle Sam's territory. When luck attends those who make the attempt to get across the line and they show up in Buffalo the papers of that city send up a howl and call upon the police across the waterfront to pay a little strictest attention to business. Just now the Buffalo press is engaged in this periodical cry, because of the arrival in that city of a few Celestials from no one knows where.

"Of course this business is carried on right along," said one, "and occasionally there are people caught, but it is five months since any Toronto Chinamen had that misfortune. Billy McDowell, of Buffalo, and a man named Kennedy, could tell you something about the business as regards Toronto."

"The reporter asked his Celestial friend how the smugglers managed to get their contraband goods across the line without detection. He did not receive a direct answer. The man interrogated smiled, and intimated that he could not tell of such things."

"Is there any possibility of the smugglers getting across on the ice at Buffalo?" asked the reporter.

"Have they found out? Immediately asked the Chinaman. He was told that it was supposed the men must have been taken across the Niagara river on the ice. His manner indicated that he was sorry to hear the news."

"But ever since that man, a couple of months ago, got a party of Toronto Chinamen to give him some money to take them across, and then fooled them, there have not been any parties leave the city that I know of," concluded the citizen of the Flowery Kingdom.

An American Monte Carlo.

A statement comes from Chicago that a company has been formed with \$10,000,000 capital to establish and carry on a gambling establishment on a small island in the Pacific. Most of the stock is said to have been subscribed in New York; but Mr. Gardner S. Chapin, a business man of Chicago is also interested, and has made the following remarks in the course of an interview: "Just as soon as the company can get the island preparations for fitting it will begin. You see there are international differences about this island. It lies about 30 miles off Santa Barbara, in the Pacific. Between it and the mainland is the island of Vera Cruz. The island the company has in view—I forget its Mexican name—is about four miles long and two miles wide. Both the United States and Mexico claim it. When the idea first originated it was thought that Mexico had perfect control over it, and negotiations were opened to lease it. Mexico did not hesitate to lease the land for that purpose, but our Government did, and the scheme was hindered by the United States pressing its claim of ownership. We have a lawyer working on the case at Washington, and I heard the other day that he had everything fixed. When we secure the use of the island it will be fitted up with hotels and palaces for gambling in the finest style. It will be the Monte Carlo of the United States. A line of steamers will be put on to ply between the island and California ports. The idea took form when the talk began of abolishing the European Monte Carlo. People will gamble, and no doubt there is big money in this enterprise. Santa Barbara has a new railway, which brings San Francisco—400 miles away—within a ten hours ride. At Santa Barbara the Southern Pacific Railway Company is to build a million dollar hotel near Hope Ranch. It is a great enterprise, and will help Southern California's future immensely."

Wise Words.

It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it at the expense of a friend.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great, for they who are really great never seem to know it.

Sometimes it is hard to tell whether a man is firm in principle or simply obstinate; but the man himself never expresses any doubt.

When we are most filled with heavenly love, and only then, are we best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it and forget its burden.

The art of putting the right men in the right places is first in the science of government; but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Buried Alive.

A telegram to Dalziel's agency from Paris states that the Petit Parisien hears from Rouen of a most extraordinary occurrence at the village of Notre Dame de Bondeville, where a man named Tougaard has been buried alive. For a long time past Tougaard had suffered from paralysis, and on Monday morning he was believed to have died. The doctor who was sent for, after examining him, gave a certificate of death. The burial took place on the following day. Whilst the grave was being filled up the gravedigger thought he heard some groans, and informed one of the municipal council, who, in presence of more than 50 people, had the earth thrown out again. The coffin was found to be broken open, and it was evident that the unfortunate man had made gigantic efforts to force his way out before he became exhausted, and finally succumbed to suffocation. His face showed that he had gone through fearful suffering. His hands were clenched, and the skin was rubbed off in several places. It appears that he was in a state of coma when supposed to be dead. The authorities have opened an inquest.

To Remind Him.

She (shortly after the blissful silence that the delicious affirmative brought about) Darling, now that we are engaged, I have the right to ask you a question, have I not?"

He—"Most certainly."

She—"And you will answer 'truthfully'?"

He—"Of course."

She—"What is that string tied round your finger for, then?"

He—"Great heavens! To remind me that I am already engaged!"

"Who is that across the street?" "Oh, that is a very close friend of mine." "In dead?" "Yes, he never leaves me a moment."

Tennyson's Tribute.

The bridal garland falls upon the bier, The shadow of a crown that o'er him hung Has vanished in the shadow caused by Death; So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure, Mourning that a world-wide Empire mourns with you.

That all the thrones are clouded by your loss, Are whithered, and yet be comforted; For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love, Then after His brief range of blameless days, The chief of funeral in an Angelic Sounds happier than the merriest marriage-bell.

The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life, His shadow darkens earth; his true name is "Onward," no discordance in the roll, And march of that Eternal Harmony, Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard— Until the great Hereafter mourn in hope.

Belgium exported last year \$5,400,000 worth of firearms to every fighting nation on the globe.

The jeweler has drills so small that they can bore a hole only one-thousandth of an inch in diameter through a precious stone.

Twenty English and American women are studying at the University in Leipzig.

To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked an investigator of a centenarian.

"To the fact that I never died," was the conclusive reply.