

MCKINLEY'S VISIT TO SOUND

Will Be Record-Breaker for Short Stops.

Classic Port Townsend Has Been Allotted Fifteen Minutes of Presidential Presence.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. President McKinley will arrive in Seattle on the afternoon of May 24, not later than 3 o'clock, leaving in the evening. This will give him about four hours of daylight in which to see the city and its people. At a meeting of representative citizens of the various cities of Western Washington, held in the office of Mayor Campbell in Tacoma, yesterday, it was decided advisable to let the president see as much of the country as possible. He will visit the Bellingham bay cities, Everett and Port Townsend before coming to Seattle.

Sensor Foster acted as chairman of the meeting, the following being present: Hon. John H. McGraw, for Seattle; Charles E. Coon and J. W. Lyons, Port Townsend; J. S. Whitehouse, Tacoma; C. S. Rinehart, mayor of Olympia; N. B. Coffman, Chehalis; George H. Bacon, mayor of Whatcom; State Senator T. B. Sumner and T. A. Garrigue, Everett; and T. T. Aldwell, Port Angeles.

It was the general opinion of the gathering that the president should visit Port Townsend, provided arrangements could be made so that he would arrive in Seattle not later than 3 o'clock, and a motion to that effect was passed. The time allotted to Bellingham bay and Everett was 30 minutes each and to Port Townsend 15 minutes.

The definite plan for the trip around the Sound has not yet been adopted, two now being under consideration. The first is that the president leave Tacoma the night of May 23 by the steamer Elyer for Port Townsend, reaching there at 6:30 in the morning, and thence proceeding to Bellingham bay, going through the San Juan islands during the early part of the day; from Bellingham bay to Everett and then to Seattle. By the other plan he will leave Tacoma by train on the morning of May 24 for Bellingham bay, which will be reached at 7 o'clock, thence arriving at Everett at 10:30 o'clock, and from Everett taking the steamer thence to Seattle. One of these plans will be adopted at an early date. All plans will be subject to the general itinerary of the presidential party.

According to present arrangements, President McKinley will be formally welcomed to the state by Gov. Rogers and the state legislative reception committee at Chehalis, where he will make the first stop after leaving Portland, Or. At the latter place he will be met by Senator Foster. The train carrying the distinguished party will arrive at Chehalis shortly before noon on May 23, going from there to Olympia and thence to Tacoma, arriving in that city at 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon.

Rx-Gov. McGraw returned to the city last night from Tacoma and seemed satisfied with the result. He said that a meeting of the committees appointed by the city council and the Chamber of Commerce to arrange for President McKinley's reception here would be held some time today, and that the preliminary details would be settled as quickly as possible. Beyond the decorations, however, it is probable that the preparations will not be very elaborate, the chief object being to let the chief magistrate of the nation see the city and let the people see him.

Mr. Coon and Mr. Lyons, who represented Port Townsend, are in Seattle. Although but 15 minutes are at their disposal for introducing the president to their city, they will make the most of their time. Mr. Coon, as president of the Chamber of Commerce will appoint a committee to meet President McKinley at Everett and escort him to Port Townsend. There a carriage will be waiting for him at the wharf and he will be driven rapidly to the top of Morgan hill, the historic spot from which Capt. Vancouver is said to have named Mount Rainier, Mount Baker and other points of note. The visit to the entrance of the Sound will also give the president and the members of his cabinet who are with him an opportunity of seeing the extensive coast defensive works located there.

"It was desirable that President McKinley should see the west side of Puget sound," said Mr. Coon yesterday. "The drive up Morgan hill will take about six minutes, giving him but a few moments on the top, the view of which he will get, however, will show him the magnitude of our inland sea."

Isthmian Canal Rival.

New York, April 18.—A dispatch to the Journal and Advertiser from London says:

The great British rival to the isthmian canal is a railway which is being built across Mexico's narrow channel. This will be mainly an extension of the Tehuantepec line built by the Mexican government to connect the Gulf of

Mexico with the Pacific, which has no terminal facilities.

S. Pearson & Co., of London, are reconstructing the railway into an inter-oceanic freight thoroughfare under an agreement made two years ago, the Mexican government leasing the road to the British firm for 30 years.

The line will be ready within four years. Two thousand men are working, personally supervised by Sir William Pearson. Harbors are being constructed at both ends, affording an anchorage to the largest vessels. Pearson says:

"We hope for 2,000,000 tons yearly on the railway. If the Nicaraguan canal enterprise carries it will have to charge 30 shillings a ton to make 4 per cent, while our charge is to shillings. Again, there will be a saving of time. We shall handle a ship's cargo in one day against three spent in the canal. We have the best of the distance and a start of fully five years. Though the road is but 190 miles long, it has 900 bridges of iron and stone, which, with the steel rails, are coming from America."

CUTTING DOWN THE NAMES.

Abbreviation a Tendency of the Times in the Railroad World.

One of the tendencies of the times in the railroad world is to shorten the names of the railroad companies. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern was only a few years ago commonly spoken of by its full name; now it is rarely called anything but the Lake Shore. The New York Central and Hudson River railroad was the title preferred by the company for that railway line less than a decade ago, and some of the officers and agents of the road endeavored to get their friends across the state to drop the custom that had grown up along parts of the line calling it the Central-Hudson. Now, as the advertisements and literature of the company show, it is the officials' desire to have the road known and spoken of merely as the New York Central, and there is a tendency even to extend the title in a general way to cover the various subordinate lines operated by the company.

More recently still the cumbersome if mellifluous Delaware, Lackawanna and Western has been put forth energetically in the company's advertisements as the Lackawanna only. Popular habit, aided by the custom of the company in the matter of the marking of its time tables and some of its equipment, led to the practical dropping of everything but the word Erie from the title of that company several years ago.

The policy of the Pennsylvania in sticking to that one word in all its affairs as far as possible has been as consistent as the result has been convenient no less to the company than to the general public. The Delaware and Hudson Canal company's railroad was always impossible as a common title, and even the company had to come down to the initials D. and H. in marking some of its rolling stock long before it got or sought permission to alter its name so that the canal part could be left out.

Some of the long names of railroad companies in the west are bound to give way to shorter ones sooner or later in the same way. The New York, New Haven and Hartford company has sought with more or less consistency to star the New Haven in its title as the popular name for the road, but without any very large measure of success, partly, no doubt, because the New Englanders found a handy name for it for themselves, dubbing it the Consolidated. But this is of service only locally of course.

One of the reasons why the companies themselves have come to desire shorter names is that those attract the traveler, it is said.—New York Sun.

Ocean Tides Under Land.

A sensation was caused at Newport News, Va., by the announcement that there is a continual ebb and flow of the ocean's tide beneath the extreme end of the Virginia peninsula. Contractor Guild of Baltimore, who is putting down a new sewerage system for Hampton, has made the startling discovery, so he says, that the stem end of the peninsula is nothing more than a huge float, which may at any time break away from the larger body of the land. The story is based upon a scientific hypothesis. He says the water which he has encountered in laying the sewer in Hampton rises and falls with the tide in Hampton creek, which empties into Hampton Roads below the city. At one place, while the tide was out, he was able to go down four feet in the street before striking water, while at the same place when the tide was in he could only go down two feet before the water commenced to flow with alarming rapidity.—Baltimore American.

Overdoing the Thing.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "seems so skart foh feah dey won't gib de double his due dat dey seems loath to fohgt about what's comin' to de yothub people."—Washington Star.

Are Coming West.

Not since the early eighties has there been such a movement of homeseekers into the Northwestern states as there is now. Since the middle of February there has been a steady increase in the number of farming people who have passed through St. Paul, bound for Washington, North Dakota, Oregon and Idaho. It is explained that these people, who go in large colonies, small groups and by families, are native Americans (mostly from the Eastern and Southern states) who have sold their small farms in order to buy large ones in a new section. For the money which they have received for their

small holdings in the thickly settled parts of the country they will be able to buy many acres, which will allow parents to leave a farm to each child.

The people who are now pouring into the Northwest are all experienced farmers, and they have money with which to buy good lands and maintain themselves comfortably until they can harvest profitable crops.

There is every reason to believe good times are in store for the farmers of the West and Northwest. The enormous increase in the cultivated acreage that followed the great invasions of the Western states caused a long period of low prices for farm products, especially for wheat; but for several years population growth has been out of all proportion to the growth of productive acreage, and the time cannot be distant when the demand for breadstuffs will be such as to make agriculture profitable even in the Northwest and in spite of the long haul by rail. It is estimated that the immigration into the Northwest from other parts of the country this season will reach not less than 200,000 persons. The railroads offer low rates to those who desire to go West to inspect lands.—Philadelphia Record.

Commerce of the Pacific.

With the collapse of the Tagal insurrection and the acceptance of the rule of the United States by the people of the Philippines, will come a renewal of the commercial activity of former days, augmented by the influences of American methods. Manila will become an American Hong Kong, an outpost for our commerce in the Orient, from which we can have an equal chance, if not virtually control, the trade of hundreds of millions of people who have not heretofore bought American products as a rule.

The trade with the Philippines alone will make a notable increase in the commerce of this country. With American enterprise and capital to develop the latent wealth of the islands, there will be a large demand for the products of the United States. Manila will be practically rebuilt with American lumber. The few short railway lines will be extended with American material and rolling stock; the old-fashioned sugar machinery will give place to modern American appliances and the wealth of the valuable woods in the forests of Luzon will need American machinery to prepare it for market. Already the introduction of American methods and machinery has had its effect in convincing the natives that they are superior and desirable.

The increase of the commerce of the Pacific in the past two years has been most remarkable, and has continued in spite of the trouble in China. The aggregate foreign tonnage employed on the Pacific has doubled since 1896. The American tonnage has largely increased, but only in the coasting trade, the American tonnage in the foreign trade having decreased during that time, no doubt being withdrawn for use in the increased business between American ports in which foreign vessels cannot compete.

If this increase is continued, as no one doubts, a larger percentage of the commerce of the Pacific should be carried in American vessels. At present the foreign tonnage engaged in the Pacific trade amounts to 1,746,000 tons, against 235,000 tons of American bottoms.—Montana Daily Record.

A Blow From Behind.

"One winter when things were rather slow in New York city—it was just before John L.'s time," said the old pugilist, "we made up a little party and hired a hall in one of the fishing towns not far away. We advertised a prize of \$10 for any one who could stay on his feet against our men for five rounds. It was safe money, although when two or three of the boats came in at the same time we had all we could handle."

"But one night a fellow as big as the side of a house came along, and we smelled trouble. We put him up against the heaviest man in our party, who, though he only tipped the scales at 180 pounds, had two good hands and a head that you couldn't hurt with a pile-driver. But the stranger was no slouch, and at the end of the fourth round we began to worry about the tender."

"The ring was on the stage at the front of the hall, and at the rear of the stage there were two windows. So I says to our man as I sponged his mouth, 'Work him over to one of the windows.'"

"It wasn't no easy job, but he did it before time was half up, and as the duffer backed up near the window he got a crack in the head from behind that dumped him in a heap. That's the way we saved our ten."

"But the funny part of it is that our champion had caught the local guy on the jaw the same moment, and we could never persuade him that it wasn't himself that secured the knockout."—N. Y. Sun.

Wood Chopper Injured.

On Tuesday of this week while engaged at chopping wood on claim 79 Gold Run, M. D. Cavanaugh was caught by a falling tree in such way as to injure his back, bringing on paralysis of his entire body. He was found by his partner and carried to 123 road-house where he now is. The doctor hopes to attend him but little hopes for his recovery.

AUNT REBIE'S SWAP IN EGGS

Was a Bad Transaction From Business Standpoint.

But the Big Blue One Produced a Sturdy Gander That Was Trusty Night Sentinel.

On a bright Saturday in April Uncle Meek and Aunt Rebie walked down the big road to town.

Jo-Jim, the adopted son of this old couple, despite their injunctions, played ill-conditioned pranks along the way.

In Aunt Rebie's white oak splint basket were ten dozen eggs, nicely packed in cottonseed, with a bit of lint cotton on top.

With this she counted on buying many delicacies to add to an Easter feast, mainly to be furnished by a basket from Tolstone House. That never failing Easter basket would contain a turkey, flanked with jams and "light-min bread" and real "white folks' cake." Master and mistress never forgot these old-quantum slaves at Easter-tide.

But at the first store of the short row of village shops Rebie came to fear that he could not get even the moderate price of ten cents a dozen for the eggs she carried, for there she saw what she had never seen before, a gorgeous supply of eggs—red, yellow, purple, blue, gold and never a plain white one among them.

"Per goodness' sake, Meek, what sorter eggs is dem?" exclaimed the old woman.

"They are Easter eggs. The Easter hen laid them," explained the young clerk facetiously.

"You don't say! Not des one hen, sir? You hear dat, Meek! Des one hen. Do she hatch also?"

"Well, not often. She usually rests up till another Easter."

"Well, she need to."

"Can't I sell you some?"

A gleam lit up Meek's dim old eyes as he drew his wife aside to whisper:

"'Foot leg blue hen want' set, Rebie."

"'Fer true!" exclaimed Rebie.

"Swap yo' eggs for some of dem, Rebie."

"'Even swap?"

"'Is you crazy? Dozen fer one and be glad."

"'What 'bout de other things us wuz gwine buy?"

"'Ain't what marse sends al'a's 'nough and mo'?"

So Rebie offered the exchange of a dozen for one. The clerk made the bargain and, perhaps pricked in conscience at so manifestly unfair a trade, threw in an extra one—a great white egg with just a tiny blue flower drawn here and there on its surface.

At home, in their little daubed log cabin, they carefully handled the eggs. Meek raised the large one gingerly: "Dis must be de last of de litter, hit so different from de rest. Hit's clearer dan de others too."

In fact, it was the only raw one of the number, the only one whose pores were not thick with dye.

With every precaution the boot-leg blue was 'set.'

There were two treasures now to be guarded from the prying porcupines of Jo-Jim—tne nest of many colored eggs and a certain strong box chained to the leg of the old four post bed in the cabin. Even since the little scamper could remember he had tried to find out how that box got there and what was in it, but old Rebie did not herself know.

If Meek knew its contents, he had never told either Rebie or Jo-Jim. Old master had given it to his trusted slave to keep till young master needed it most. This box, this injunction and an old blunderbuss of a pistol had been given to old Meek.

Three weeks had passed and no sign of a chick, another week and yet another. Then, just as the boot leg blue was beginning to distrust the laws of nature—"Peep, peep!" And out of the great white egg with blue flowers on it came a downy something.

The creature was surrounded with every precaution from the first hour of its hatching. It grew amazingly, but proved to be no Easter hen—only a gosling, and a gander at that!

The old people, though disappointed, yet loved it, and when in time it grew to be an old, pink-eyed, snow-white gander it manifested in its turn a strange devotion for Meek.

Meantime the adopted child, Jo-Jim, had grown up lazy, ill-conceived, ungrateful. He had stolen money from Col. Tolstone, who, for the sake of the good old people, had refrained from committing the boy to be sentenced to the penitentiary.

Jo-Jim was given to wandering off. He had in his last wandering away staid two whole years, and all this time Meek felt that the strong box chained to the bedpost was safer than when Jo-Jim had been about the cabin.

It was Easter eve now, and no turkey had yet come from Tolstone House. The old people felt forsaken and forlorn as they shivered over their smoldering logs. It was the first time master had

forgotten them since the surrender, and now they needed help badly.

Now and then in his misery Meek looked furtively and uneasily toward the box chained to the bedpost. The guardianship of that box had grown heavier year by year, yet he felt that he must be true to his word to old master, and not give it over to young master, who was now himself 58 years old, until he should plainly need it most.

But Meek had reasons of his own for being very anxious to deliver to master that strong box. Meek recalled with grief and fear Jo-Jim's never allayed curiosity concerning the contents of the box. He sighed a great deal by his fireside and kept his old pistol loaded.

Dark was setting down when tramping hoots roused the old couple by the fire, and then at last came the long looked for basket from Tolstone House.

But such a small basket!

"You see," said the boy who brought the basket, "times is hard wid us. Been gettin hard a long time. Us ain't got a turkey ourselves. Sold all our turkeys to git Mr. Lewis home from de college at Sewanee. He gotter go to clerking at Mr. Jenkins' store in town at \$10 a month. De ole place gwine be sold mortgage sale next week. I'm leavin next week. Colonel say he ain't able to keep no servants."

Leaving the poor little present, a package of tea crackers and a robin pie, the boy was off before the old people had roused themselves from the shock of this news.

Real want at Tolstone House! The price was their ideal of all that was rich, beautiful and generous. They both sat silent awhile, casting solicitous glances at the robin pie and tea cakes.

There was a long pause, then Rebie said, "A young, tender goose ain't bad eatin'."

Now, though Easter, as they called him—might, as the ages of geese go, be expected to have many a year before him, yet he could by no means be called young and tender, but so he seemed to these fond old people.

"Per young master's sake," murmured Meek, tenderly stroking the gander's white head as Rebie hissed softly and turned a questioning pink rimmed eye.

"Us can't put him 'live in a basket and start by soon daylight."

"I must carry dat box to young master."

"You tote de box. I'll tote de goslin'."

Latterly Meek's uneasiness over the box had kept him wakeful, but that night the knowledge that he was soon to get rid of the great responsibility acted like a sedative on the weary old brain.

Old Rebie, however, kept awake as long as the pet of the household remained restless, and it was late ere she, too, sank into heavy slumber.

But at midnight both old people were shaken roughly from their slumbers by a loud note of terror from Easter.

"Dat's dat gander! Kill him," said a muffled voice in the cabin.

Instantly Meek snatched the old pistol from his pillow and cocked it with a loud click.

"'Lord, have mercy on me," groaned Meek, "but if you was my own son I'd kill you if you got dat box. If I don't see you git empty handed out dat do' 'fo' I count three, you is a dead nigger fer sho'."

Then Aunt Rebie screamed louder than Easter, and the two cowardly thieves made a dash for the door. As they leaped out the two old people saw that one was their scapegrace, their sorrow, Jo-Jim.

Meek made fast the door again. Easter hissed in exultation. The rest of the night they sat by the hearth guarding their trust. Next morning at dawn the old couple were off, laden with the box, basket and blunderbuss. The fence corners were blue with wild violets. The golden bells of the jasmine sweetened every swamp and field.

At last the white pillars of Tolstone House came in sight. The poor old people were admitted, and Rebie presented her gift—Easter.

Easter behaved very handsomely. He turned up one bright eye on the master, the other on the mistress, who wept at the gift of her former slave. Master, too, must wipe his glasses. Meek put the box on the table before the colonel. From his neck he took the key on its leather string. Old master had given it to him long years before, when the now staid old colonel was a wild spendthrift.

After much ado it opened. The lid was lifted. The glow of gold and the sparkle of jewels shone before the amazed eyes.

A yellow letter told a part of the story. The colonel's recollections of his early escapades filled up any blanks.

"'And Easter save us all dat money," cried Rebie, and she reiterated the story of how the sagacious gander had awakened them in the night.

"Easter shall never be eaten," declared mistress. Indeed, Easter's age had already given bond that he should never be eaten with pleasure.

So it came about that the colonel's young son visited a home of rejoicing instead of one of sorrow.

The two old people went but once more to their cabin in the lonely

swamp, and then only to move all their belongings to a house of their own in sight of Tolstone Place, a gift of young master.—New York Evening Post.

A Miner's Views.

Editor Nugget: I see by the papers that Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson are having a hard time to get an act passed to insure miners their wages by putting a lien on dumps. I don't see as a lien on a dump is going to protect the working man. If there was a law passed to sell claims and machinery and everything that was used to operate the claims where there is report that enough was not taken out of the ground to pay expenses, there would be a lot more men who would be sure they could pay labor before they put a gang of men to work.

In my estimation all claims and everything thereon should be sold at sheriff's sale to pay the man that makes the money for the claim owner, when they start to pay so much on the dollar.

Mr. Congdon has pointed out the best way I have seen yet, for the government to buy all the gold at assay value and not allow people to use it as money.

Then men would get dollar for dollar and not sixteen and only be worth fifteen.

Where I came from, Nova Scotia, all gold has to be taken to Halifax and assayed by the government, and full value paid less the royalty. Why cannot the same be done here.

The miners want to get together and help out the men who are trying to do something for them and not sit idly by and say nothing.

If it was not for the working man there are lots of claim owners who would not have any more money than the laborer himself. I worked on 27 Eldorado a short time last winter, 1899, where the men had to settle at 25 cents on the dollar, but the claim owner got his share—\$31,000—out of it just the same, and one of the laymen is able to go outside in the fall and come in this spring with a machine to make 1,500,000 bricks for the Dawson market. I would like to have some one show me how they do it. If the working man don't dig the gold it will never be dug, and I think it is time the government looked after the poor as well as the rich. I am sincerely yours,

OSCAR FISHER.

An Animated Parcel.

Duncan-Ross, the Scotch athlete, brought to New York with him some years ago a valuable bull terrier, famous for the blue ribbons he had won in India. Mr. Ross lived across the Harlem river, but his business took him daily to the lower part of New York. Invariably he was accompanied by his office by the bull terrier. As it was known that he always came down town in the elevated railroad, his friends wondered, knowing the embargo placed upon dogs, how he procured transit for the bull terrier.

His repeated questioning finally persuaded him to reveal the secret, and he invited them all to the office one evening just as he was starting for home. He took out of his desk a stout piece of flat wrapping paper and, opening it out flat, spread it on the floor. Then he whistled to the dog, and the bull terrier walked to the center of the paper and curled up in a limp lump.

Mr. Ross then produced a piece of stout cord and made a very neat parcel of his pet and tucked it under his arm.

"I have carried this parcel up and down town for two years," he said, "and no one has ever had the faintest suspicion of its animated contents. Clive is so well trained that he never makes a sound or moves a muscle. I leave a little opening at one end of the package, so that he has plenty of air."

Strike on Great Lakes.

Cleveland, O., April 18.—A strike of all the firemen and lineemen employed on harbor tugs controlled by the Great Lakes Towing Company at Cleveland, Erie, Conneaut, Fairport, Lorain, Huron and Ashtabula, has been authorized to take effect immediately. The Great Lakes Towing Company owns practically all the tugs in the ports named.

The strike was decided upon as a result of the refusal of the company to grant an advance in wages of \$5 per month. The men now get \$50 per month. As few tugs have thus far gone into commission, not more than 200 men are affected.

Four Years in Prison.

Omaha, Neb., April 18.—The Nebraska supreme court has affirmed the decision of the county court in the case of Rev. Rowland P. Hills, and he will serve a four years' term in the state penitentiary.

At the time of his arrest upon the charge of bigamy, preferred by Elizabeth Cook Adsett Hills of England, Hills was a professor in Puget Sound university, where he had gone a short time after his marriage to his second wife, Miss Dollie Powell, at Blair, Nebraska.

Hills' defense was that the marriage to his first wife was not binding, because the license was obtained in the diocese of York, while he and the woman were residents of the diocese of Southwell.

He has O. Dr. Shepar. eness upon them, who lariat, and opportunity deed, were a serious that wild onslaw swinging over the sh but the big her, and st self before her.

Miss She The lariat was caught drop over pul spurs to gallop, utt was draggi untately fo around her and tighter caught it as to pro dragged a feet she w the rough indignant the outrag that he d loped away.

The tow ing to o shooting utt way to s a tolerat officers a and organ the thi it was in and 8 o'clock not able to that hidn pursuit could not had caught tantly.