THE BULL AND THE BROADWAY SQUAD

Fine Big Texan on Rampage in New York Streets.

SMASHES WINDOWS, RAMS CAR

Flees From Knife-Waving Cook and Gives Half a Dozen Cops a Run and Several Jars.

New York, Nov. 18.—Very likely Matteo, second cook of the Italian liner, Citta di Torino, was to blame for scaring the big Texas longhorn out of its wits and sending it rampaging through Eighth avenue and Broadway yesterday morning, ramming street cars, toppling over children, smashing show cases and reducing three kinds of policemen to inarticulate profanity.

Matteo had been butchering somewhere in the bowels of the Naples and Genoa steamship, which was lying at the foot of West Thirty-fourth street, ready to sail at noon. He appeared at the rail, whirling his long knife, to watch a sweating, struggling crew coax a handsome roan steer aboard, one of several doomed for slaughter while the Citti di Torina was crossing the Atlantic. Matteo wasn't a pretty sight. The marks of his trade were red on his white apron and sprinkled over his fat, amiable face. He threw advice to the cursing crew, while he regarded the nervous steer with a professional eye, subdividing it into soup meat, roasts and steaks.

Up the gang plank the steer went with bellowing protests. All might have been well if he hadn't caught sight and smell of Matteo fresh from a killing. Perhaps it was the gleam of the knife, or the odor of fresh blood, or just the climax of what he felt was his wrongs, but when he got to the top of the gangway, he went slam, bang crazy. A dozen men tried to hold him, gripping legs, feet and horns, but he shook them as a terrier shakes a rat, gave a bellow of defiance that rolled across the North River, whirled, reared, lashed out with his horns and was away down the plank, going like an avalanche.

He hadn't been out of the Waco country long, and slow fattening had preserved his speed and strength. Through the long pier shed he went in big gallops, eyes afire, breath shooting out of his nostrils like puffs from a steampipe. Trucks were in his way, piled high with late shipments—glassware, machinery, all sorts of odds and ends. Through a box of plate glass he drove a hoof which bled as he wrenched it loose and galloped on. Trucks were knocked over, longshoremen, more nervy than wise, tried to tackle him and were swept aside, bruised, with clothes ripped, and scared out of a year's growth. Old Carlo, the gateman, fumbled with the gate cord to let the big door drop portcullis wise, but he was too flustered and slow and the steer passed out in a storm of Neapolitan bad words and frenzied invocations to long canonized saints.

Clear of the pier shed, he started out to show what a four-footed Texas gentleman could do when his blood was up. He was bleeding from flanks and one leg, and his fight on the gangplank ought to have tired him, but he went careering through Thirty-fourth street with the speed of a six furlong thoroughbred and the force of a locomotive. A block ahead people in the street heard him bellowing, caught a glimpse of his four-foot sweep of horn, sharp as stilettos, and scattered in a hurry, falling over one another in a panic. Truckmen pulled to the sidewalk, their horses quivering with real terror, snorting and backing as horses do when they are afraid. Mothers ran out and grabbed their children. The whole street was turned topsy-turvy.

It was the luck of the crazy Texan that there wasn't a cop thereabouts just then. As he swept round the corner of Eighth avenue and turned north Bicycle Policeman Gelderman, several blocks down the avenue, let out a whoop, jumped upon his wheel and pedaled for all that was in him. A dynamite explosion wouldn't have caused more panic in Eighth avenue than the snorting, galloping steer. The people got out of his way quicker than they would for a fire engine. He swerved and took to the west sidewalk, smashing a showcase and leaving a little Jew second-hand man wringing his hands. Four little girls waltzing to the music of a street piano he missed by the breadth of a hand. Twice he headed for street cars, and the passengers piled out white-faced.

Gelderman didn't catch up till the steer shot across Forty-second street and slowed down. The policeman had read or heard or dreamed, maybe, that the best method of subduing a bull was to take it by the horns, next best thing by the tender nose. In Jersey, whence he came, he remembered having seen kicking cows tamed that way. He grabbed the angry Texan by the nose, a muscular, pinching grip. The next thing he knew he was on his back with his coat ripped from shoulder to waist and a big bruise under his eye, where a plunging hoof had caught him. The crowd, safe in doorways and windows, laughed and cheered the steer. Several heel-and-toe cops came running, grinned at Gelderman and closed in on the steer. He shook them off lightly as he would dislodge gnats, and continued northward, shaking his head.

Gelderman, on his wheel, and the foot men, loping behind, pursued the steer on up Eighth avenue, while behind them ran a crowd of 2,000 or more, constantly augmented by people from side streets anxious to be in at the finish. The steer turned east into Fifty-third street and made for Broadway. A German saloonkeeper ran out with a rope, and while the footmen badgered the steer Gelderman lassoed it around the horns. All hands pulling, the policemen started down Broadway. They might as well have tried to yank a homesick elephant. Three swings of the big head and Gelderman and the others were in the dust, down and out, the steer shooting north along Broadway, trailing the rope.

Along came a trolley car, going south, the motorman making strange sounds, free hand going like a windmill. It perturbed the Texan. He rammed the car. Before the window glass was shattered and dropped the car gave up its people, mostly women shoppers, who fled screaming, leaving handbags and a muff or two. The Texan hurt his head and bellowed from the pain of it. People were yelling "Help!" and "Police!" and Gelderman and his reinforcements were dancing in helpless rage. The Texan started again, head low, swinging from side to side.

At Fifty-sixth street and Broadway there is a noble picture of a bull, a picture which covers all of a gigantic signboard. The Texan found himself face to face with it and paused to admire. It was a weakness which led shortly to his undoing. Bicycle Policeman Hoffman and Waters came up puffing. Policeman McCormick joined them. Being fresh in the game, McCormick tackled the steer with his night stick. The Texan ran at him and McCormick went sprawling.

Along came a workman carrying a plank for an automobile stable going up at Broadway and Fifty-sixth street. The ends of a very red bandanna floated behind him. He manifested no curiosity and turned his back. The police yelled, but it was too late. He got a pile-driver blow in the back and went head-first into a box of mortar. When he crawled out he resembled a plaster of Paris image before the smoothing process. What he said was vigorous, but trite to the worried cops. The steer made a run up the steps of the Broadway Tabernacle, bumped the doors and whirled back.

A truck from the Brady stockyards at Sixtieth street and the North River came along providentially, carrying two husky Irishmen. The crowd, by then, was in a big oval a block long—an oval in which the steer held the center. The stockyards men got into the game. One of them, by a quick dash, grabbed the trailing rope, made a half hitch around a truck post and rolled over weak from laughter.

"Turn away your fa-aces," he chuckled to Gelderman and the other cops. "For the love of goodness, it's sick I am from laughin'!"

There was a roar then from the big crowd, a big laugh that rumbled for a block and shook the air. Perhaps the steer was fagged out, but the rest was easy. With Gelderman, Waters, Hoffman and the patrolmen as escort, the stockyards men took the steer to their yards. He seemed anxious to go.

Mike Haley, from the pound, arrived at a late hour, and removed the wearied Texan to the haven of lost and naughty four-footed creatures. Save that he came from McKenna's stockyards in Jersey City and was fresh from the plains of Texas, his antecedents are unknown. If an owner does not claim him he will be sold in course of time to the highest bidder.

SEYMOUR IS AGAINST IT

British Admiral Doesn't Favor 18,000-Ton Battleship.

New York, Nov. 20.—Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, in command of the Asiatic squadron at the time of the Boxer outbreak, sailed Saturday morning on the Cunard Liner Campania. Speaking of the coming of the 18,000-ton battleships, he said that he personally did not believe in such great fighters.

"There are many reasons why the 18,000-ton battleship is not so desirable," he said; "they draw too much to enter shallow water and then they are rather too large to be docked without great trouble. They furnish a big target, and then, again, I do not believe in having all your eggs in one basket.

"It would certainly be more difficult to 'put up' two or three of the smaller class than one of the large battleships. I believe the latter way too unwieldly. England is building two of the 18,000 class. It is in the nature of an experiment."

TWICE ESCAPES IN COFFIN

Londoner's Grewsome Method of Evading the Police.

London, Nov. 20.—A strange and somewhat grewsome device, by which a man named Baker, charged yesterday with fraud, succeeded in once evading arrest, and a second time in dodging a summons, was described at the West Ham Police Court.

On one occasion, when "wanted," Baker was understood to be at an undertaker's shop at Manor Park, and the officers of the court went there to apprehend him. But he could not be found, though the place was thoroughly searched.

On trestles in the shop was a coffin in which the police were informed there lay a body. In the presence of the officers the coffin was screwed up and taken away to, as was intimated, a public mortuary.

A day or so later it was discovered that the supposed dead man in the coffin was no other than Mr. Baker, whose friends had collaborated with him in this way of evading arrest.

On the second occasion a judgment summons was to be served. This time a woman at the house said that Mr. Baker was very ill and could not be seen.

When the officers next called the blinds were all down, and they were told that the defendant had died that morning. Then came a coffin, and the "body" was again removed.

After each of these adventures, Mr. Baker started business in another part of London.

He has now been sent for trial on the charge of fraud.

TIREDNESS MEANS DANGER!

Indicates Faulty Blood and Worn-Out Nerves—Build Up, or Total Collapse Will Surely Follow.

When you're tired all day, bothered by trifles, exhausted with nervousness, be sure there is something wrong.

You need bracing up, need more nourishment in the blood, need a powerful medicine to vitalize the nerves and distribute force and staying power to all over-worked organs.

The most marvelous success is Ferrozone, a nourishing tonic so scientific as to be the admiration of every physician. Ferrozone performs wonders for people in poor health; it acts directly on the blood, enriching it with strength and new life that is at once dispatched to all parts of the body. Ferrozone feeds the nerves and vital energies, supplies force, determination and joyous, buoyant spirits.

A case where there was lassitude and lack of strength is told by Mr. David Brown, of postoffice box No. 30, Beeton, Ont.: "About a year ago my health commenced to fail. My hands and feet seemed always cold. I felt worn-out and exhausted, weak as a little child. My face twitched. My limbs and arms commenced to lose their sense of feeling and finally my left side was perfectly numb. All my color left. My appetite ran down. Ferrozone was the first to give me any help. I improved with it very quickly. It toned up the blood and started circulation, so that the numbness gradually disappeared. My condition was perfectly cured by Ferrozone and I have been well ever since. (Signed) 'David Brown."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To get satisfactory results be sure you get Ferrozone only. Fifty cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

PERILS OF SAILORS ON GREAT LAKES

Heavy Toll in Human Lives by November Storms.

FOGS IS A CONSTANT DANGER

Much Sunken Treasure Lies in the Bottom of the Inland Seas.

Toronto, Nov. 18.—The season of extraordinary peril, when men and ships go down with alarming frequency on the great inland seas is now on. Each year, from Nov. 1 until the close of navigation, occur on an average more tragedies on the great lakes than during all of the rest of the season.

It is the season when, for the sake of higher rates, captains and owners hazard lives and property in mad races with the last cargoes from the North. From now on the scores of men who guard the dangerous points between Duluth and Buffalo are doubly vigilant. Constant guard is kept by life-saving crews. Powerful lights burn through every hour of the night, and through most of the hours of the day. It is always during these days of late and dangerous navigation that occur those tragedies which forever remain deep mysteries. A ship goes out and never appears again.

These are the days when the "little ice devils" get in their work, when, despite all human effort, tons upon tons of ice grow to the sides of the ships, and, like so much lead, weight them down to the bottom of the sea. In Superior, the bottom of which is filled with deep pits and caverns, a ship that is drawn down by the ice never returns to the surface, for down in the black, cold depths of the pits the ice never melts. Some have said that if this were so "Superior would in time become filled with ice," but scientific investigations have proved otherwise.

The ice is heavy enough to carry a ship under water, and when once under water the ship carries the ice to the bottom. Otherwise the ice would not sink. Bodies which sink in this lake are seldom recovered. Of the 190 persons drowned on the great lakes two years ago, 60 were lost in Superior, and only four of these were found. Of the 150 lost last year more than 40 were drowned in Superior, and three-fourths of the bodies disappeared forever. This year the casualities on Superior have been tremendous, and within recent weeks two ships have gone to the bottom there and only one person of all those lost have been recovered. With the unusually high rates paid for the carrying of ore this year ship captains and owners are predicting that more vessels than ever before will risk the perils of late navigation, and consequently more lives will be lost.

Notwithstanding the many tragedies that occur each year on Lake Superior, Erie has long been known as the "Graveyard of the Great Lakes." From the day the British Fleet was met there and defeated by the Americans, Erie's record has been rising. Many years ago superstitious sailors regarded her as possessed of devils, and the majority of seamen would rise from their berths and completely dress if they were passing Point Pelee in the night. Off that point scores of vessels have gone to their doom, and hundreds of lives have been lost. The most beautiful of the five lakes in calm weather, Erie, perhaps with the exception of Superior, is the most violent during storms.

But the location of the "Graveyard of the Lakes" has been changing during the past few years, and now it is probable that Lake Superior can justly claim that title. The increased traffic between Duluth and eastern ports is each year taking more and more vessels across Superior, and it must be said that Superior is the most dangerous stretch of water in America, especially from October on.

A late November trip across Superior is filled with days of anxiety for crew, captain and owners. From wherever the vessel is sighted along the way, news is sent to the owners. But there may come a time when she appears no more. The air turns bitter cold, and the sky gives place to banks of snow-clouds. Darkness comes in the middle of the afternoon, with a heavy gale. Now, the darkness of day is worse than the densest blackness of night. Through the latter gloom the lights from shore may be seen, but clouds of snow and sleet hide these. So everything depends upon the captain. If he thinks he is near the Big Sable light all eyes are strained to catch a glimpse of it. But that light, powerful as it is, may not be seen a mile away. So unwarned of danger the vessel runs too close to the dangerous, reef-ridden shore, and is beaten to pieces. This is what happened some time ago to the Western Reserve, within a short distance of the most powerful light on the lakes—the Big Sable.

This is one way in which Superior claims her victims. But there is another way, and a more terrible one. The day may be clear, but it is bitter cold. Waves and spray dash upon the ship, and ton after ton, the little "ice devils" are formed. Ice clings to the sides of the ship, to the bow and to the decks. It encases the rigging, and though a dozen men work with axes and picks, it accumulates faster than they can cut it away. Within an hour after the temperature has suddenly changed, the rudders of the vessel has become useless. Inch by inch the vessel is drawn down. She soon grows unmanageable, and though the crew works desperately lightening her, she continues to sink. Then comes the moment when the crew must take to the boats. In the majority of cases the men are never heard of again, for the chances of life are small for those who set out in small boats on Wintry Lake Superior.

Such was the fate of the Algoma, and since the day she went down never a spar nor a rope of her has come to the top to tell the story.

Lake Huron has long been known as the grave of the lumber barge and sunken treasure. While there is a great deal of mystery about the ways of Superior, there is more of romance about Lake Huron. Not so many years ago on the shores of Lake Huron were numerous lumber camps, and each month hundreds of thousands of dollars were carried to the camps by the boats. In those days, too, lumber barges without steam did nearly all of the traffic, and hundreds of them lay among the reefs and shoals of the lake. Millions of dollars of money have been lost in these wrecks, and at least three great fortunes in ingot copper have gone to the bottom there. There are few ports of shelter along Huron, and in case of storm a captain must run before the wind, or try to get between the dangerous shoals on the Michigan side. These shoals, which stretch from Thunder Bay to Saginaw, have demanded a sacrifice on scores of ships. For seven miles at Point aux Barques these treacherous shoals intercept passing vessels, like a trap. It was here that the City of Detroit sank with $60,000 in money aboard her—a treasure that has not been recovered. These same waters also foam over the remains of the Water Witch and the load of copper which she was bringing down from the Michigan mines.

Several years ago a three-masted schooner left Duluth. Then she disappeared as completely as though the sea had swallowed her. Months passed and the cold autumn sped into midwinter. One day a trapper in one of the densest parts of the Michigan wilderness came upon a spectacle such as a human being is seldom allowed to look upon. Cast upon the shore was the ship, and from her keel to the mainmast peak she was coated with ice. On board were three men, frozen stiff, one of them a moss of ice. Where the rest of the crew disappeared to is a mystery, though it is probable that they attempted to reach shore in a small boat and foundered.

GEORGE FOURTH DIED CHILDLESS

No Issue of His Marriage With Mrs. Fitzherbert, Says Marquise de Fontenoy.

London, Nov. 18.—Marquise de Fontenoy cables the following in regard to the alleged marriage between George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert:

In view of the announcement in the English papers that by King Edward's permission the package of documents consigned more than seventy years ago to Coutts' Bank has been opened and has been found to contain the certificate and other indisputable proofs of the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert to King George IV. when the latter was Prince of Wales, it may be as well to state that on the authority of Lord Stourton, who was a near relative of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the certificate was in the handwriting of George IV., and signed by him, and bore the signatures of the witnesses of the ceremony, who were her uncle, Harry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe, the marriage having been performed in her own drawing-room on Dec. 21, 1785, by a Protestant clergyman, whose name I do not recall at the present moment.

There have been all sorts of people who have put forward claims to have been descended either in the first or second generation from this marriage between George and Mrs. Fitzherbert. But it is generally known that there was no issue whatsoever to their union although Mrs. Fitzherbert, by her previous marriage to Thomas Fitzherbert, had no less than five sons. She was by birth a Miss Mary Anne Smythe, youngest daughter of Walter Smythe, who was the second son of Sir John Smythe, Bart., of Eshe Hall, County Durham, and of Achton Burnell Park of Shropshire, and her first husband was Edward Weld, of Lulworth Castle. Nearly all of Mrs. Fitzherbert's five sons by her second marriage to Thomas Fitzherbert left children, and it is this which has probably led to the misapprehension, people on hearing that such and such a person was one of her descendants naturally inferring that the other ancestor in the case was King George.

The Fitzherberts are an old Derbyshire family, which traces back its descent in an unbroken line to the twelfth century, the baronetcy having been created in favor of one of the members of the household of George III., just a year previous to the marriage of Mrs. Thomas Fitzherbert to King George IV., then Prince of Wales. The present chief of the family is the Rev. Sir Richard Fitzherbert, of Tissington Hall, Derby, and one of his sons, William Fitzherbert, is married to a sister of Lord Maitland, who is now in New York. Several of the Fitzherberts, too, have married in America, notably Capt. Henry Fitzherbert, who was killed in the Boer war, and whose widow is a daughter of Eugene Wilson, of Minneapolis.

If King Edward were in any way descended from King George IV., it is probable that no permission would ever have been given by the crown to reveal the contents of the package of documents at Coutts', which has just been opened, and which now definitely has established, once and for all times, the existence of George's marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert by means of the marriage certificate and the testimony of the witnesses, also a letter of King George, acknowledging the marriage, and a will made by him, bequeathing certain property to Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom he described as his wife. For by the statute enacted in the reign of King William and of Queen Mary, entitled "The Bill of Rights," it is provided that "every person who shall marry a papist shall be excluded and forever be incapable to inherit the crown of this realm." It did not matter that the marriage in itself was invalid in law, owing to its having been contracted in defiance of the terms of the royal marriage act of 1772. The circumstances that the marrage has been celebrated, entailed the penalty instituted by the bill of rights, and there is no doubt that George IV., who died childless, should by law never have been permitted to reign and should have been excluded from the succession to the throne.

JOHN D.'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

Rockefeller Must Worry Along on $40,000,000 Next Year.

New York, Nov. 20.—John D. Rockefeller will on Dec. 15 next draw $5,000,000 as his share of a dividend of $10 a share declared yesterday by the Standard Oil Company. The total dividend will be $10,000,000 and Mr. Rockefeller now owns 50 per cent of the capital stock of all subsidiary companies.

The $10 a share declared yesterday for the quarter compares with $6 for the previous quarter, and $7 for the corresponding quarter of last year. The increase of $3 per share explains the advance made in September by the Standard Oil Company in the price of oil. The consumers of petroleum were thereby forced to increase Mr. Rockefeller's Christmas present.

The declaration of yesterday makes the Standard Oil dividend for the year 1905 40 per cent, or $40,000,000. Of this Mr. Rockefeller's share is $20,000,000. It is estimated that his income from his railway, gas, subsidiary oil companies and other investments will be at least $20,000,000 more, so that his income for the year on the most conservative estimate has not been less than $40,000,000.

A SOP TO SAVE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

Is the Emperor's Offer of the Crown Lands to the Peasants of Interior.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 17. — It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the reported decision of the Russian Government to distribute the imperial estates of the Czar and the grand dukes among the peasantry. Evidently it is another and final morsel thrown into the hungry maw of the awakened Russian nation in the hope of satisfying its voracious appetite.

It has been said time and time again: "Give the peasant more land and he will not care whether he is ruled by an autocrat or by a constitutional emperor." The Czar apparently has determined to test this declaration in the hope that it will create a spirit of content which will permit the restoration of tranquility in the empire.

The strikes which have tied up Russia give the impression that the entire Russian population is involved in them. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The great mass of the Russian people are not industrialists; they are agriculturists. Eighty per cent of the 145,000,000 toil in the fields and live exclusively upon its production. The land is covered by a white mantle of snow for five months in the year, and when the summer bursts upon the country men, women and children rush into the fields and work with desperate energy. There is always the haunting fear of failure of crops and consequent famine during the coming winter.

Ten provinces now are in the throes of starvation as a result of a loss of crops during the last summer, and the Government is spending millions of dollars for the relief of the inhabitants. The people who are suffering are not the owners of large estates, though many of these are mortgaged.

The poor peasants, who share their land on the communistic principle, are the real sufferers. At the time of the emancipation of the serfs 44 years ago the amount of land given to each peasant family was sufficient for its wants. But there has been a tremendous increase in the population, and the lands owned by the communes have had to be subdivided into smaller and smaller lots. Today the average holding of a family is only fifteen acres. Conditions are such that in some communes the peasants are assigned to till a number of strips of land, some only 3 feet wide by 80 feet in length, and several miles apart. The toil inseparable from the cultivation of each of these strips will be appreciated by the farmer of our country. The soil in many cases has been almost exhausted by the constant iteration of the same crop, but there is a better understanding at present, and the practice of most of the communes is to let one strip of land of every three lie fallow alternately.

Barely able to wrench a mere existence out of the land which belongs to them, the peasants have cast envious eyes upon the lands of the nobility. Many of them have believed the Czar would some day redistribute the soil, and that they would obtain larger farms without any cost to themselves.

This is the practical effect of the decision said to have been arrived at by the Czar and Count de Witte. If this decision be carried out there will be distributed among the peasants an area equal to the States of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota and Nebraska.

This vast territory is situated in European Russia and Poland, and does not take into account the valuable lands in Siberia. The department of agriculture in St. Petersburg has estimated that the land of European Russia and Poland is thus distributed:

	Acres.
State and imperial family	401,624,000
Peasants	460,241,000
Nobles, towns, etc.	260,941,000
Unfit for culture	67,345,000

The equal distribution of crown lands will mean practically the doubling of each peasants' holdings. At the same time the Emperor takes this action, it is probable that he will make some reference to the debt which the peasants still owe upon the land assigned to them when they were emancipated. This debt was placed upon the peasantry in order to enable the Government to compensate the nobles from whom the land was taken. This debt aggregated almost $1,000,000,000 up to Jan. 1, 1902, and up to that time not more than one-third had been paid off. The Czar as an act of grace has annually remitted millions of dollars of the arrears, but it is evident the money never will be paid.

The question now among the Russians is: "Will the Government require the peasants to purchase or assume an indebtedness for the land which is to be distributed among them?" The answer is that it will decide to make the land a free gift, and to remit the indebtedness now due upon lands distributed in 1861.

There are some Russians in Washington who believe the Government will make a mistake if it distributes the crown lands among the peasants. They say the action taken in 1861 was criticised by the nobles because they had suffered serious loss and inconvenience, and by the peasants, either because they had to take the land which they had no desire for, but also to shoulder a debt which they had no wish to contract.

It is evident the Czar's Government wants to obtain the support of the great mass of peasants. The large estate owners, however, may feel that the way is being laid to their ruin.

The peasants will not be satisfied with the crown lands. They will consider that their new liberty gives them the right and title to the lands of the nobles, just as they had expected the liberty of 1861 would bring with it ample lands without the payment of a kopeck. De Witte may gain the gratitude of the mob, but he will likely lose the support of the landed proprietors, practically all of whom are nobles.

In fact, information which has reached here show that Count de Witte's Government is in a serious state—so serious, in fact, that diplomats here say that any representation by a foreign power regarding the Jews might tend rather to weaken it and might solidify the various parties opposed to it. Believing Count de Witte is endeavoring earnestly to bring order out of existing chaos, President Roosevelt and Secretary Root propose to aid him by keeping "hands off," in spite of the clamor from all sections of the country for diplomatic action in behalf of the persecuted sufferers in the Jewish pale.

It was reiterated today there are available but two means of intervention—diplomatic representation and military operations. The American people never would approve the latter, and even if they were to be determined upon it, it is probable the Jews would be exterminated before a soldier could put foot upon Russian soil.

With respect to the former, it is put out of the question for the moment, because of Count de Witte's assurances that he is doing everything he can to protect every person within the empire, whether Jew or Gentile, and because of his known sympathies for the Jewish race.

Countess de Witte, wife of the premier, is a Jewess, and it is evident, according to the authorities that her husband would do more for the race of his wife than he would because of the pressure exerted by a foreign government.

The administration will not countenance the movement initiated by a Jewish society in New York, to obtain money with which to purchase arms and ammunition for the Jews in Russia. Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador, will probably call the attention of the state department to this matter, and when he does so, observing precedents, the district attorney in New York will be directed to take steps to prevent action of a character hostile to Russian authorities.

Train Goes Over Bank.

Port Arthur, Nov. 18.—The wreck on the C. N. R. at Mattawan Thursday was one of the worst on the road this year, and the escape of the crew was miraculous. The locomotive left the rails and toppled down a fifteen-foot embankment, pulling five cars of coal after it. Engineer, fireman and Brakeman O'Donnel were buried under the debris, but escaped with only a few bruises.

Because England's canals are used so little, comparatively, a correspondent of the London Times has written to that paper making a novel suggestion. He would have the canals drained and their beds converted into roadways for the use of automobiles.

Watch the Children

If they are restless—feverish—have bad breath—start up in their sleep—pick the nose—they are suffering from worms.

Menthol Worm Remover

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Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark.

Mr. Wm. O. Jenkins, Spring Lake, Alta., writes: "I had a very bad cold settled on my lungs. I bought two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup but it only required one to cure me. I have never met with any other medicine as good."

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