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MINE OF HISTORY IS ROMAN FORUM

Excavations Reveal Important Remains.

LARGER THAN SUPPOSED

Tract Adjoining Purchased, and Scope of Archaeological Work Will Be Broadened.

Rome, Dec. 14.—The Roman Forum, which has been the centre of interest for classical scholars in Rome for the last half century, is being gradually extended, and what was supposed to be its limits are well within the central part. Under direction of Giacomo Boni, an accomplished and learned archaeologist from Venice, a force of 110 men is kept at work removing the soil and carting it away, and scarcely a month passes without the discovery of important historical remains. It has been disclosed that the Forum had a much larger area than any one supposed, and its extent is not yet determined, and it contains more things of interest than anybody dreamed of. Through the generosity of Lionel Phillips, a South African mining millionaire, who has a taste for archaeology, and visits Rome frequently, a tract of land adjoining the Forum has been purchased, the houses which occupy it are being torn down, and the fifty or sixty feet of earth and debris upon which they stand will be dug away down to a level with the pavement of the Forum, of which this territory is supposed to have once been a part.

While making excavations there not long ago between fifteen and twenty marble statues, some human, some in the form of animals, were uncovered four feet below the surface. There was no way to identify them; there was nothing in the neighborhood to furnish a clue to their character or purpose or explain how they came to be there until it was accidentally discovered that the house which stood upon the ground had formerly been occupied by a notorious forger of antiquities. He had evidently made these images and buried them in the ground, as is usually done, to give them the color of age, and then either forgot them or hadn't time to dig them up before he moved away.

The land, which was purchased and will soon be removed, undoubtedly consists of the Basilica Julia, which was a house of imperial Rome, and promises to find much of interest to the mission, but he is still more knowing under the Church of St. Adrian, a convent of Spanish monks occupies the site of the Roman senate or curia, as it was called. It is not known that the modern church adopted the same term to describe the college of cardinals. The church and convent referred to can be bought for $100,000, and Prof. Boni has pleaded to the Carnegie Institute at Washington for the funds, on the theory that the result of the excavation will benefit science, literature, and particularly prudence; for in the Curia Roman prudence had its birth and development. Divine law was proclaimed in the Court of Arabia, but common law had its birth in Rome, and in a building which was destroyed and rebuilt upon its own ruins so many times Prof. Boni is confident that important archives and tablets are concealed among the rubbish that lies under the foundations of the convent. At least five times was the senate house destroyed—three times by fire and twice by the barbarians. The ruins were never researched, but were simply levelled and the foundations of the next building were laid upon them. Prof. Boni is so confident of finding things that will interest every lawyer in the world that he thinks the Carnegie Institute would be justified, within its charter, in furnishing the funds. The money that pays for the excavations comes from an annual appropriation by the Italian parliament, but if anything extra is attempted the expenses must be paid by private contributors.

For twenty-seven centuries the Roman Forum has possessed intense human interest. For a thousand years it was the centre of the world—the heart of Rome. In the days when Halicarnassus, Tatius, and Romulus were frowning at each other from the Palatine, Coelian, Capitoline, and Quirinal hills of Rome, it was utilized as neutral ground, where these rival chefs could meet and discuss affairs of common interest and importance. It was a swampy, unwholesome plain, lying between the hills I have mentioned and receiving their drainage. It was not fit for cultivation, and was too unhealthy for residences, but it served for an assembling ground, and the public gradually began to use it as well as their chiefs, until the passing years saw it made a market at which the people from the surrounding country exchanged merchandise and bartered for the products and manufactures of each other. Then, as they fell under the control of the chiefs that lived upon the Palatine, a pavement was laid, booths and stalls were erected, and it became the headquarters for bankers and money changers, a sort of market place; the courts of justice afterward sat there, political meetings were held there, and it became a popular promenade. As Rome grew and business developed, other forums and market places multiplied, but the Forum of Romulus always retained its pre-eminence till it became the focus of imperial power, the stage upon which statesmen appeared, and the centre of the civilized world. It was surrounded by vast and sumptuous palaces, temples and other buildings, the costliest and most magnificent ever erected by human hands, and inclosed altars for the worship of the various divinities upon whom the Romans depended for happiness and prosperity.

The most interesting of the ancient altars is dedicated to "The Unknown God"—not that which Paul refers to, but a shrine to a divinity which was believed to be more powerful than any other and whose name and existence were secrets known only to the priests of Rome. The secrets were so precious that the emperor himself was not permitted to know the name of this god, and it was passed down from generation to generation of the high priests who conducted the worship. When the invocation was made it was of necessary to mention the deity to whom it was addressed, but, as a precaution, to prevent the name from becoming known to the enemies of Rome, it was customary to drown the voice of the priest by the sound of jingling bells. The hem of the robe of the priest was covered with little bells, and when he came to that place in his prayer he would shake them, and the tinkling was louder than his voice. Thus was the name of the most powerful and important of all the deities kept from the knowledge of the people for fear it would be discovered by the enemies of the city and for fear the god would be annoyed by the petitions of the people generally. Hence it was "The Unknown God"; and church historians believe that the custom of ringing a bell at the elevation of the Host in the Catholic service was derived from that practice of the Romans.

Another ancient altar disclosed in the Forum is dedicated "To Whatever God or Goddess This Place May Be Sacred." There is doubtless an interesting story connected with this relic of the past. The superstitious Romans took no chances. If there was a deity anywhere around they worshipped it, and evidently somebody somehow suspected that one had been overlooked.

It is often asked how these altars and temples and other structures of ancient Rome that occupied the Forum came to be buried under so much earth, for the pavement was fifty feet below the surface. It was because of a lazy custom of the people who never cleared the ruins away. Each invasion of barbarians, each civil war and revolution through seventeen centuries caused the destruction of temples, palaces, triumphal arches, monuments, towers, fortresses, and other buildings, which, as they fell, covered the soil with crumbling stones and debris, and it was easier to level it than to haul the rubbish away. The ruins of the architecture of one century served as a foundation for the next, and the accumulation continued in 1536, when Charles V. of Spain, who was Emperor of Germany and the head of what was known as the Holy Roman Empire, the great champion of Catholicism and defender of the faith, visited Rome. Pope Sextus built a road for him to enter the city, and tore down three churches and more than 200 houses, so that he could pass through the arches of Constantine, Titus, and Severus upon a straight, broad street. The remains of the buildings destroyed were dumped upon the Forum. It was then a desert spot, the dumping ground of all Rome for centuries, a dusty, open space upon which rubbish continued to accumulate until the remains of ancient grandeur were buried fifty feet below the surface. It was a melancholy and dangerous spot. Nobody dared go there at night, and in the seventeenth century the municipal government of Rome utilized it as a cattle market. For that reason it was called the Campo Vaccino until three generations ago.

Antiquarians used to mourn; romance writers used to rave; poets to write odes, and painters used to portray the desolate appearance of the famous place. Byron described it; Claude Lorraine painted the Forum as it appeared in the middle of the eighteenth century in a picture that is familiar to every one, showing the solitary columns that rose proudly above the debris. The popes and historians frequently talked about clearing the dirt away from the most memorable spot in Europe, but nothing was done, and even Raphael and Michael Angelo robbed the ruins of the imperial palace upon the surrounding hills of their beautiful columns and carried marble to adorn the palaces of cardinals at the other end of town.

It was not until 1820 that antiquarians began to excavate around the half-buried columns to see what was at their base, and it was not until 1870 that systematic scientific work was attempted. This was done in obedience to a decree by King Victor Emmanuel by Prof. Pietro Rossa, a distinguished archaeologist and conscientious investigator. Many mistakes were made, many important facts were lost for the lack of some one to make a record of the daily discoveries. No official record whatever was kept, and all our information is due to a young Frenchman named Dytert, who was present as an amateur observer, and followed the workmen day by day, noting their progress in his dairy and illustrating it with sketches. Later the government established a department of antiquities and fine arts under a director general. Prof. Florelli, to whom the world owes a great debt because of his careful and skilful excavations at Pompeii. Prof. Florelli organized his department upon a scientific basis, and conducted the excavations of the Forum in a systematic manner until five years ago, when he was succeeded by Prof. Boni, a Venetian, who is an enthusiastic genius in archaeology. The work is done under the direction of the minister of public instruction of the Italian government, and the parliament appropriates 200,000 lire ($40,000) to pay the expenses.

The Forum today is a level rectangle of about 25 acres, surrounded by high grounds is covered with buildings, some of them ancient, some of them modern; some are in ruins, and some have been restored. They represent 20 centuries of architecture. The famous Tarpeian Rock, where in ancient days Roman executioners pushed over the cliff those who had been sentenced to death, has been largely broken up and used for building material; much of it has fallen and partly filled the valley below, and more has been levelled off to receive the foundations of the houses that now occupy it.

At one corner of the Forum is the Mamertine Prison, where Peter and Paul were confined, and where the angel came and delivered them. The prison, a hole in a rock, is now covered by a church, which is largely supported by professional criminals, and the altar is covered with a curious collection of votive offerings in the form of weapons and burglars' tools. Across a narrow street, through which an electric car runs, and overlooking the Rostra, where the body of Julius Caesar was exposed by Marc Antony after the assassination, and where Antony made that powerful speech, is another church, covering the former site of the senate house of imperial Rome. On the west side, and spanning one end of the Forum, is Capitoline Hill, a lofty, rugged foundation, upon which stands the city hall of Rome, a building used by Rienzi, "the last of the tribunes," for his palace, and which has been the scene of much interesting history. Next comes the Parpeian Rock, covered with a group of tall tenement houses, painted yellow, and made picturesque by bright-colored garments which the washwomen have hung out to dry from their windows. These tenement houses encircle the Forum as far as Palatine Hill, where the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars rise in stupendous arches 300 feet or more. The fourth side of the Forum is almost entirely open and leads toward the Colosseum, and the arches of Constantine and Titus.

The pavement of the Forum has been almost entirely exposed and is kept clean and clear, with the exception of piles of broken columns and pediments, statues, remains of walls and arches, carved blocks of marble that were formerly in the temples; empty pedestals, and other remains, all collected and classified by the archaeologist, who are able to identify almost everything they discover, and engage in the most exciting controversies over that which is doubtful. Large holes and piles of earth show where excavations are still going on, some of them being covered with sheds of wood and corrugated iron.—W. E. Curtis in N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

MORE THAN 500 PEOPLE TRAMPLED AND BURNED TO DEATH IN CHICAGO.

(Continued from page 1.)

was heard on the streets was Bishop Samuel Fellows, who happened to be passing the theatre. Without fear or hesitation he made his way through the darkness that was intensified by the volume of smoke that filled the auditorium to the top gallery, and assisted in carrying out the victims.

"God forbid that I ever again see such a heartrending sight," said the bishop tonight. "I have been in wars and upon the bloody field of battle, but in all my experience I have never seen anything half so gruesome as the sight that met my eyes when, with the aid of a tiny lantern, I was finally able to penetrate the inky darkness of that balcony. There was a pile of twisted and bleeding bodies ten feet high, with blackened faces and remnants of charred clothing clinging to them. Some were alive and moaning in their agony, others, and by far the greater number, were dead. I assisted in carrying many of the injured down and ministered to them as best I could."

Mothers Lost Life in Anxiety to Save Children.

It was the presence of the children, hundreds of whom were in the audience, and efforts of their frantic mothers, impelled by their first thought to seek the safety of their young, that caused much of the pandemonium. Alexander H. Revell, who had sent his little daughter Margaret, with a little friend in charge of a maid, to see the performance, five minutes after the fire started, heard of it in his store and hastily calling a carriage, drove madly to the burning theatre. By the greatest good fortune one of the first persons he encountered was the hysterical maid, who informed him that the two children had been saved without injury. Mr. Revell then hastened into the theatre and participated in the rescue.

Sheriff Barrett and a score of deputies from his office assisted in carrying out the injured people and keeping order among the mob of frantic relatives who thronged the streets in front of the burning building, vainly seking information that no one could give them.

"I have never before witnessed such a scene in all my life," said Sheriff Barrett. "We carried out so many injured and dead that at last they grew so numerous that we were unable to keep count of them. Crazed men fought to get within the corridors, thinking to find their loved ones among the pile of corpses that filled every available foot of space. Strong men with tear-blinded eyes, stood on the sidewalk and called loudly the names of their loved ones, as though therew as a chance of the dead hearing. We did all we could to lessen their grief, but such scenes can never be forgotten in a lifetime."

One Man Catches Fifteen in His Arms at Top of Ladder.

Waiters and cooks from Thompson's restaurant, which adjoins the theatre on the east, rescued fifteen people by raising a ladder from the roof of a shed to a window in the rear of the building around which a mass of screaming women and children were congregated. C. Little, the head cook, mounted to the top of the ladder and told them to jump into his arms. Fifteen women and children did this, and were passed by Little down to other men on the ladder below him.

An Eye-witness' Graphic Description of the Horror.

One of the marvelous escapes was that made by the members of the theatre party given by Miss Charlotte E. Plamondon of Chicago. The party was made up of a number of prominent society people of this city, Miss Elsie Elmore, of Astoria (Oregon); Miss Mary Patterson, of Columbus (Ohio); and Miss Josephine Eddy, of Evanston (Ill.).) Miss Plamondon was the first of her party to notice the fire which crept along the top of the drop curtain. She called the attention of other members of the party to the blaze and they all watched it. Miss Plamondon said:

"I could see little girls and boys in the orchestra chairs pointing upward to the slowly moving line of flame. One of the stage hands, wearing overalls, appeared before the footlights and requested the audience to keep their seats as there was no danger. Eddie Foy then hurried to the front of the stage and commanded the people to remain calm, saying that if they would keep their seats the danger would be averted. The curtain, however, still burned, pieces of the smouldering cloth falling into the orchestra pit. An effort was made by the stage hands to arrange the curtain so that the blazing fragraments would not drop into the pit. I looked over the faces of the audience and remarked how many children were present. I could see their faces filled with interest and their eyes wide open as they watched the burning curtain. Just then the people in the balcony rose to their feet and crowded forward to obtain a better view of the fire. Eddie Foy rushed to the centre of the stage again and waved his arm in a gesture meaning for the people to be seated. At that instant a woman in the rear of the place screamed 'fire' and the entire audience of women and children rose to their feet, filled with uncontrollable terror. In another instant there was a roar made by the thousands of people as they rushed madly from the danger.

Men Trampled Children Under Foot.

"Miss Elsie Elmore was the first to leave our box. The upholstering on the railing was then on fire and we were compelled to brush fragments of the burning curtain from our clothing in order to prevent them catching fire. Then there came a great roar and a grave wave of air and the flames shot out over the parquette of the theatre until it seemed to me as though they must reach the very front walls of the building. There were but few men in the audience but I saw several of them pulling and pushing women and children aside as they fought like maniacs to reach the exits. I saw a number of little children trampled underfoot and none of them arose again. The exits to the fire escapes were closed and those in the rear rushed with all the strength they possessed upon those who were nearer the doorway.

"Although I was but a second after Miss Elmore in jumping over the railing of the box to the aisle in front, the stage was a mass of flame. As I started up the aisle a man rushed in to me and knocked me down. I was so terror stricken that I sank into one of the orchestra chairs and after that I hardly remember anything. In some way I reached the main entrance where men were kicking against the doors and shattering the glass and panels in their attempts to afford a larger space for the exit of the people. Many fell as they reached the doors, where a few steps more would have carried them to fresh air and safety.

"As I look at it now, I must have been walking on prostrate bodies as I struggled through the opening. All of our party escaped in about the same manner as I did, but all of them suffered so terribly in the matter of clothing that the first thing they did was to rush to the stores to buy wraps to cover them."

Some Thrilling Escapes.

Mrs. F. A. Horgan, of Chicago, was in the theatre with her sister, Miss Marcella Warren, of Detroit, and her son, five years old. The party was in the first balcony, and when the first sparks were seen arose to depart. All of them reached the first floor when the panic came, and the rush for the doors commenced. Although they hastened as rapidly as possible they were knocked down and sustained severe bruises. A man seized the little boy by the head in attempting to throw him from his path, and the little boy's scalp was practically torn from his head.

Herbert Cawthorne, a member of the caste, assisted many of the chorus girls from the stage exits in the panic. Mr. Cawthrone said:—

"I was in a position to see the origin of the fire, and I feel positive that it was an electric calcium light that started the blaze. I was standing behind a wing on the left side of the stage when my attention was attracted by a peculiar sputtering of one of the calciums. Above the stage, perhaps twelve feet higher than the top of the curtain exposed to the audience, was a swinging platform from which twelve calcium lights had flared up, and the sparks ignited the lint on the curtain. Instantly I turned my attention towards the stage, and I saw the song was being carried out and that many of the actors and actresses had not yet discovered the blaze. Just then the fireman, who is kept behind the scenes, rushed up with some kind of a patent fire extinguisher. Instead of the stream from the apparatus striking the flames it went almost in the opposite direction.

Up to this time the flames had not been in sight of the audience. While the stage fireman was working in an endeavor to use the chemicals the flames suddenly swept down and out. Eddie Foy shouted something about the asbestos curtain, and the fireman attempted to use it and the stage hands ran to his assistance. The asbestos curtain refused to work, and then the stage hands and players began to hurry from the theatre. In my opinion the stage fireman might have averted the whole affair if he had not become so excited. The chorus girls and everybody else to my mind were less excited than he. There were at least 500 persons behind the scenes when the fire started. I assisted many of the chorus girls from the theatre, and some of them were only partially attired. Two of the young women in particular were naked from the waist up. They had absolutely no time to throw a stitch of clothing over their shoulders."

About a score of people in the second balcony were saved by the firemen, who took them through the roof and carried them down the ladders in the rear of the building.

The Successful Collegian in After Life

A good many persons have the impression that high scholars from the colleges do not do particularly well in the workaday world. This is a vulgar error. They do do particularly well. The valedictorian of a college class does not often lead his class all through life, but the chances are very much in favor of his doing much better than the average of his mates. In the current Atlantic Monthly Professor A. R. Lowell, of Harvard, has been at some pains to compute the chances of the high scholars to win distinction. He takes as a rough and faulty, but available, measure of distinction the list of names in Who's Who in America. That measure he applies to graduates of Harvard College between 1861 and 1887. He finds that of these graduates, one in every thirteen and three-tenths is included in that book. But of the men who ranked in the first seventh of their class, one in seven is in Who's Who, as against one in sixteen for the rest of the class, and one in five for the first four scholars. This ought not to surprise any one. High scholars in college are not invariably abler men than their fellows, but they are apt to be abler as well as more diligent.

Mr. Lowell has gone farther and tried to discover how it fares in the matter of distinction with the college athletes. Still using Who's Who, he finds that of the members of the Harvard University crews between [illegible] and 1887, one in thirteen and two-thirds is in the book. But of seventy-two members of Harvard nines between 1869 and 1887, only one, Mr. Lowell says, is in Who's Who, this sole representative of base ball being apparently Dr. H. C. Ernst, of Boston, pitcher and bacteriologist. Of ninety-three Harvard football men who were on the elevens between 1874 and 1887, three, or one in thirty-two, are in Who's Who. It would appear from these figures that the outlook for distinction in afterlife for college athletes is not good.—Harper's Weekly.

Ideas of an Inventor.

No more striking way of handling a fortune has been discovered than Gordon McKay's bequest of $4,000,000 to Harvard College for science, while his sons receive $100 a year, with perhaps a little more in the future. He has thrown into relief the importance of scientific study in our day, and he has put into active practice ideas which are ostensibly held by Andrew Carnegie and other critics of wealth. In judging such bequests the general world must leave out any personal details which might contribute to the result, as it knows nothing of the family relations or the natures of the boys. The interesting question is on the principle involved. We are inclined to think that Mr. McKay's act, if it represents a principle, will seem extreme to the majority of liberal-minded Americans. To have left three millions to Harvard and divided a million among his sons would have been liberal to science and would have given the boys a better chance in the world, if they are made of good material wisely directed. If a youth is not able to use a favorable pecuniary start to advantage, there must be something wrong in his nature, or, what is more likely, in his bringing up. The worship of the self-made man, which was rife a generation ago, has disappeared, and the principles which make it well for him to have the advantage of some money in beginning independent life, provided he is strong enough to use it to enlarge his opportunities instead of diminishing his responsibilities. Nevertheless, although that truth can hardly be denied, the general influence of a will like Mr. McKay's is good, in as far as it raises the banner of public spirit and intellectual ardor against the too rampant spirit of private wealth.—Collier's Weekly.

Government Seed.

By instruction of the minister of agriculture another distribution will be made this season of samples of the most productive sorts of grain to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution is of the very best and has been secured mainly from the excellent crops recently had at the branch Experimental Farm at Indian Head in the Northwest Territories. The distribution this spring will consist of samples of oats, spring wheat, barley, Indian corn and potatoes. The quantities of oats, wheat and barley to be sent this year will be four pounds of oats and five pounds of wheat or barley, sufficient to sow one-twentieth of an acre. The samples of Indian corn and potatoes will weigh three pounds as heretofore. Every farmer may apply, but only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample of oats he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley or potatoes, and applications for more than one sample for one household cannot be entertained. These samples will be sent free of charge through the mail.

Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and may be sent in any time before the 1st of March, after which the lists will be closed, so that all the samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Parties writing should mention the sort or variety they would prefer, and should the available stock of the kind asked for be exhausted, some other good sort will be sent in its place.

Presentation to Rev. George A. Lawson.

Bass River, N. S., Dec. 26—A number of the friends of Rev. George A. Lawson, pastor of the Baptist church, Bass River, met at the parsonage Saturday evening and presented him with the following address:

"Dear Pastor, one of our objects in coming together this evening is to extend a Christmas greeting to you and your aged mother and little son, in your own home. And as you have toiled so earnestly and faithfully, almost night and day of late for the benefit of the cause of Christ we would like by our presence, if it were possible, to help cheer the soul; and while it is good to have spiritual comfort the temporary wants must be supplied, and in order to accomplish this we have made up this purse which I now hold in my hand to help get you a fur coat, and we wish it understood that many of our young people and friends who are not members of this church, on account of their good will toward you have generously contributed to this fund, and our prayer is that at no distant day you may have the privilege of welcoming them into the fold of Christ.

Please accept this purse which contains $62, with the prayer that your life may be long spared to preach the glorious gospel to your fellow men, and that you may by the means in God's hands of winning many precious souls to the Saviour.

Cause of Scarlet Fever.

It has been universally admitted that the main, if not the only, cause of the contagion of scarlet fever is in the cast-off scales of skin from patients convalescing from the disease. These infected particles are believed to float in the air and to be inhaled by the exposed patient.

The precise character of the contagious principle has been always a matter of doubt. According to latest accounts, however, Dr. Frank Burr Mallory, of Boston, claims to have discovered in the desquamating skin of the patient an animal parasite which he believes to be the propagating agent of the infection. Allowing that the demonstration of the new proto-zoon has been satisfactorily made, the explanation of the relations of cause and effect seems reasonable enough. The argument bases itself on clinical as well as bacteriological grounds. So far, then, the apparent mystery of intercommunicability is quite rationally solved.

The discoverer states that the newly found parasite resembles in many respects the one associated with the propagation of malarial fevers. If so, it must necessarily follow the course of the development of the malarial protozoon by having an intermediary host to complete the cycle of its cell life. In malarial fever the parasite passes a certain part of its existence in man and another part in the mosquito, and under certain conditions of development is transferred from one to the other by the bite of the insect. Hence the mosquito is the intermediary host is the main object of attack.

How the analogy can be applied to scarlet fever remains to be seen, if, indeed, such a comparison is absolutely necessary under the circumstances. In any event, this part of the question is not yet settled. Until it is the discovery will for the present be divested of much of its practical utility in instituting any new method of preventing disease.—New York Herald.

"SHE" WAS A TRUSTY COOK.

When Arrested as an Escaped Convict There Was a Fine Scare.

Something new and rather appalling in servant girls has turned up in Birmingham (Ala.) An escaped negro convict from the Pratt City mines put on skirts and a wig, and as "Annie Sanders" obtained employment as a cook for a well-to-do family. He worked there for three months without detection, but has now been found out by the police.

"Why, my husband used to be away for days at a time," exclaimed the mistress of the house, in telling about it. "He always had such confidence in Annie, and so did I, that we felt perfectly safe. She had all the keys and locked up the house every night. She never went out and was the quietest servant we ever had. She had no company and no bad habits, and my husband and I congratulated ourselves on getting hold of her.

"I nearly fainted when the officers came and said, 'We want your cook, madam!'

"'Not Annie!' I gasped. 'Why, Annie never did anything. She hasn't even been out of the house for the three months she's been here.'

"All they did was to show me her record, and I can tell you I was frightened."—New York Sun.

Surgeon Brice Has Traveled 2,500,000 Miles.

Surgeon Brice, of the White Star liner Germanic, has crossed the Atlantic 804 times, traveling altogether 2,500,000 miles. This hale man of seventy-seven years is the senior ship's surgeon of the world, and as a traveler also he holds the world's record.

Surgeon Brice believes that every man should shave himself. He has, for some reason, a contempt for barbers, and to account for this contempt he tells innumerable stories that reflect on barbers invidiously. The other day he said:—

"In some old-fashioned English shops barbers are fined sixpence every time they cut a customer. The last time I got shaved, it was in one of these old-fashioned shops. The journeyman who looked after me told me about the rule, but the last word was hardly out of his mouth before he gave me an ugly gash on the chin.

"'There goes sixpence,' he said, laughing as he mopped up the blood, 'but I don't care a rap how many men I cut today. I found a half sovereign this morning.'"

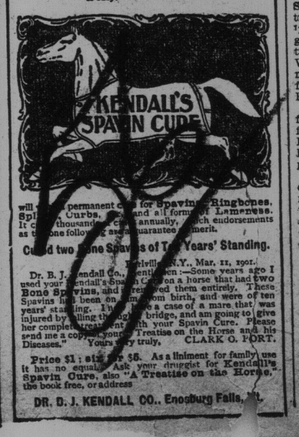
An Old Maid's Reflections.

I've seen young women spend three months' time and scores of pounds of their fathers' money in getting a trousseau for the purpose of marrying a forthy shilling young man. I'd just as lief promise to obey a man as to promise to love and honor him. It's as easy to do one as the other, and sometimes a great deal easier. Many a widow marries a second husband in order to get even with the sex. Marrying in haste is no worse than any other kind of marrying.

THE HORSE MARKET

Demands Sound Horses Only.

Lame horses sell at less than half their actual value and are neither desirable for use or sale. The remedy is easy. A few bottles of



will [illegible] permanent cure for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, [illegible] and all forms of Lameness. It cures thousands of horses annually, which endorsements as the one following, are a guarantee of merit.

Could not have two Spavins cured of Ten Years' Standing.

Berkshire, N.Y., Mar. 11, 1901. Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Gentlemen:—Some years ago I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on a horse that had two Bone Spavins, and it removed them entirely. These Spavins had been on the horse from birth, and were of ten years' standing. I now have a case of a mare that was injured by falling through a bridge, and am going to give her complete treatment with your Spavin Cure. Please send me a copy of your Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Yours very truly, CLARK O. PORT.

Price $1; six for $5. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure

COSTS NOTHING IF IT FAILS.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and suffering, and then death is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. The trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is resistless.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is based on the outcome of experience, actual knowledge. I KNOW what it will do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me, and I will send for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is $6.50. If it fails the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. If you say the trial is not satisfactory, I don't expect a penny from you.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month. If it fails the loss is mine.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 11, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

32 FUR CAPERINES FREE

These Caperines cost us $3.75 and we sold them all last winter for $4.50 cash. They are made of fur quality, gray Alaska seal, [illegible] in, stormcollar, [illegible] on both sides [illegible] 10-in. deep, warmly lined, well lined and [illegible] with 6 long full tails. Out of several hundreds of these elegant Caperines we have only 32 left and as we wish to clear them out at once we have decided to give them away absolutely free for selling only 4 doz. of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16x20 inches, named, "The Angels Whisper", "The Family Record" and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each (every purchaser gets a Certificate free). These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. Our agents are delighted with them. They sell so easily. This is a great chance for any lady or girl to get a magnificent warm Fur Caperine for the winter. Remember, there are only 32, so send for the Pictures at once or you will be too late. Home Supply Co., Dept. 797 Toronto.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879

Whooping Cough, Croup Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

CRESOLENE IS A BOON TO ASTHMATICS

Cresolene is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. Its curative powers are due to the air rendered strongly antiseptic by the vapor coming in contact with the diseased surfaces of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. Those of a consumptive tendency, or suffering from chronic bronchitis, find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat. Descriptive booklet free.

LEEMING, MILES & CO., 1651 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canadian Agents

Cresolene Antiseptic Tablets

dissolved in the mouth are effective and safe for coughs and irritation of the throat.

10c a box. ALL DRUGGISTS 303

KILLED IN AFRICAN FOREST.

Fate of John G. Tate, a White Missionary.

Eighteen Followers Also Murdered by Tribesmen—Minister Lyon Sends News from Liberia—He Takes Steps for Punishment of the Guilty.

Washington, Dec. 30—Minister Lyon has reported to the state department from Monrovia (Liberia), under date of Nov. 4 last, the details of the massacre in the depths of an African forest of a white missionary named John G. Tate, with all his following, eighteen in number. It appears that the massacre took place as far back as March 15, 1901, yet this, the first detailed account, has just come to hand in an affidavit by Mrs. Mary L. Allen, a white missionary at Nouna Kroo (Liberia). She had the story from some of the native Doo tribesmen who knew of the killing. Tate had a large mission and farm, and beside he maintained a considerable school in the jungle, and altogether nineteen people were in the mission when it was surrounded in the night by the Doos. The first man who answered a knock was shot, and as Tate appeared to protect the body of the interpreter, he, too, was shot and cut to pieces. The Doos then killed all the remaining inmates of the house, cut off their hands and placing the bloody members in a coffin sent them back to their people as trophies. In explanation of their action the Doos said: "We have no fight with the white man. But if we do not kill him now he will bring his country to make war upon us." Minister Lyon, on the strength of his affidavit, has communicated with the Liberian secretary of state, with a view to securing fuller information and perhaps the punishment of the perpetrators of the massacre.

GRAND MASONIC BANQUET AT AMHERST.

Amherst, N. S., Dec. 29—The members of Acacia Lodge, A. F. & A. M., celebrated the festival of their Patron Saint St. John last evening in the handsome temple Victoria street. This is the first function of the kind held in their own rooms, and they are certainly well adapted for the purpose. Three long tables, set with their own special dinner services of handsome blue and white china, decorated with the emblem, name and number of the lodge, presented a fine appearance. An elaborate banquet was spread to which ample justice was done by about eighty members and guests. George M. Doull, the most worshipful master, presided, ably assisted by the senor warden, Albert Downey, and junior warden, Dr. C. McQ. Avard.

The usual toasts were drank and responded to, bringing out many able and curtly speeches.

Among the speakers were C. R. Smith, K. C., G. M. Doull, B. D. Bent, Rev. Foster, Springhill (N. S.); Rev. A. T. Creswell, H. J. Logan, M. P., T. S. Rogers, W. F. Dorken, Dr. Morse, Col. Matlby, Newcastle (N. B.); R. Robertson, Mayor Lusby, Warden Seaman and a score of others.

Suitable music was funished by Prof. Max M. Sterne, W. M. Chesley, Rev. Mr. Foster and others. The meeting broke up shortly after midnight, the guests all agreeing that the members of Acacia Lodge are right royal good fellows who thoroughly understand the difficult art of entertaining.

BOSTON AGENT OF CUNARD LINE DEAD.

Boston, Dec. 30.—Alexander Martin, manager of the Boston office of the Cunard Steamship Company for the last eighteen years and connected with the local office since 1872, died at 2 o'clock yesterday morning at his home at 870 Beacon street. His illness began last May, and despite the best efforts of leading physicians, he failed steadily until the end came. Friday would have been the anniversary of his service as Boston manager of the Cunard Company, also his last, for he recently sent in his resignation, because of continued ill health, to take effect on Jan. 1.

Rockefeller Down's Morgan?

New York, Dec. 30.—Control of the United States Steel Corporation, the greatest industrial concern in the world, is now completely and absolutely vested in the Rockefeller group of capitalists and Henry Clay Frick, the enemy of Andrew Carnegie, says the World. Formal announcement of this fact may not be made in set words, but the effect of the change from the control of J. Pierpont Morgan will soon be made evident.

John D. Rockefeller and Mr. Frick have fully worked out their plans. These provide for the complete elimination of the Morgan-Perkins-Schwab, Carnegie parties from active leadership in the affairs of the steel corporation.

Standard Oil methods are hereafter to be employed from top to bottom in the management of the steel trust. The first to feel this will be the men who are drawing salaries of from $12,000 to $25,000 a year. These employes under the new regime must either stand for a reduction in salaries or get out.

Like all movements by the Rockefellers, control of the steel corporation was accomplished quietly. It has been in progress for more than six months. The alliance of Mr. Frick with Mr. Rockefeller is said to be of recent origin.

The ultimate purpose is to put the steel corporation in the same class of conservative management as the Standard Oil Company, and to attain that end none of the necessary surgical operations in finance will be spared. The work is to be taken up in a spirit that is absolutely hostile to everything done in the past by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Perkins and Mr. Schwab.