TRAVEL ON THE YUKON

Recent Passengers Tell How They Passed Wood Piles and Cut Fuel.

Bacon, Beans and Salt Horse as Diet Further Helped the Steamer's Profits.

The Stikine river and Dawson contingents who arrived by the Cottage City on Thursday night are grumblers—the former because they have experienced "hard luck" at Telegraph creek or other points along the all-Canadian avenue of ingress to the country; the latter because their trip up the river has proved anything but a delight. These Dawsonians are for the most part members of a party of sixty who arrived in Skagway about October 17 after a long and tedious trip up the river and lakes on the steamers W. K. Merwin and Nora.

"The boats were long overdue," to quote the Skagway News, "owing to bad management on the part of the owners of the Merwin, Messrs. Hamilton and Burrell. The Merwin was advertised to leave Dawson September 28, and to reach White Horse rapids in six days, and the fact was also added that she drew only two and one-half feet of water. Most of the passengers were notified of this special fact and about 125 victims were caught.

"After a few hours delay in Dawson the boat started and every one was joyful for the first day or two although the accommodations were poor and the meals modest for $1.50 apiece. After two or three days White river was reached, with a realization that the Yukon had bars at about the depth of four feet upon which the good ship was much inclined to repose peacefully.

"There was also another seance that transpired every day, wood must be cut and carried aboard. In this the passengers cheerfully joined thinking thereby to expedite matters. All at once they discovered the parsimony of the owners who studiously avoided wood piles, preferring to cut their own wood and save money. To say that this seemed improper in the minds of the passengers, is a mild statement, but they bore it.

"Then the fresh meat, sugar, butter, potatoes and almost all eatables were exhausted, except bread, bacon, beans and salt horse, which latter contained more salt than horse. This indigestible state of affairs continued throughout the entire trip, broken once or twice by a silver lining when a provident scow was run down. In fact everything run short, except whiskey, and even that became exceedingly tame, owing to too close proximity to the cooling waters of the Yukon.

"A mild disgust changed to a harsher mien, and gentle tones to bold profanity which was not in the least lessened by a delay of three days at Rink Rapids, where they went on a prospecting tour to discover a channel over four feet in depth. This was finally found on the right side coming up stream, lines were put out and the boat driven over. A small hole was put in her bottom by a rock, this being all the damage she sustained.

"Five Finger rapids was comparatively easy of passage. After finding all the possible bars, backing and filling, cutting cordwood, listening to the blandishing overtures of the owners, who even condescended to pass around the 'hootch' bottle, after a wood carnival, and having a heart full of disgust, out of tobacco, tortured by inconveniences they were finally landed one mile below White Horse, eighteen days out from Dawson with a board bill of $81 to settle besides the $100 fare. One must needs be wealthy, as well as a man of forebearance and fortitude to stand such high-handed encroachment on mind, stomach and pocket book.

"The most shameful occurrence aboard the boat was in connection with the death of a young man from Pennsylvaia who was covalesing from typhoid fever when leaving Dawson. Before reaching Selkirk he caught cold, took a relapse, in a few days died and was buried at one of the police stations en route. The owners who were aboard put him in a cold room on the upper deck, and there their care ceased. Some of the passengers did their best, and two were chosen to care for him, but in spite of all endeavor he passed away."

THE BOWMAN APPEAL.

County Court Dismisses the Appeal Taken From the Magistrate's Decision.

The appeal of W. G. Bowman from the decision of the police magistrate fining him $50 for a breach of the Road by-law was dismissed by Mr. Justice Martin yesterday. The preliminary points raised by Mr. Bradburn for the defence were dismissed some little time ago and yesterday the question debated was mainly on the objection by Mr. Frank Higgins for the Canadian Wheelmen's Association that Mr. Bowman having pleaded guilty before the magistrate he could not now appeal, nor could he withdraw his plea of guilty so that there might be a rehearing.

The defence urged that the fine was excessive and that in reality the magistrate based his decision not on the fact that Mr. Bowman was on the wrong side of the road, thus crowding the prosecutor, Mr. Dallain and his bicycle, but that after Mr. Bowman had pleaded guilty the magistrate had taken evidence as to previous occurrences and had in reality imposed the full penalty for malicious injury to property instead of the offence charged.

Mr. Higgins said that the statements as to the previous occurrences were merely taken by the magistrate to enable him to arrive at a conclusion as to the extent of the fine he would impose and the amount of $50 was within the discretion of the magistrate.

Mr. Justice Martin in giving judgment against Bowman said he could not allow the defence to withdraw the appeal of guilty and allow the case to be reheard. He dismissed the appeal with costs, which he fixed at $25.

Mr. Bradburn asked before judgment was given that the court would allow his client to go to gaol so that habeas corpus proceedings might be taken out. The court however, declined to do this as outside the province of the appeal court, though at the same time Mr. Justice Martin said he would have liked to have seen the points settled as to whether the by-law was or was not ultra vires.

It seems that security was given for the appeal and consequently there is no opportunity of raising the question on the validity of the by-law on habeas corpus proceedings.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

New Zealand at Last Adopts the Measure So Long in Controversy.

Wellington, N. Z., Oct. 20.—After 11 days' discussion in committee, the old age pension bill has been passed on third reading in the house of representatives, by a majority of 10.

The bill provides that every person of the age of 65 and upwards, of good moral character, whose income does not exceed £34, and who has resided for 25 years in the colony, will be entitled to a pension of £18 per annum.

In New Zealand the poor have hitherto been relieved almost entirely by the State, charitable institutions for that purpose doing but a small part of the work. In 1896 a bill very similar in its provisions to the one in question was introduced into the house of representatives. There it met with determined opposition, one amendment providing that everybody of and over the age of 65 years should be entitled to the pension, whether he was in need of assistance or not. That was a socialistic suggestion that, if adopted, would have turned the whole colony into one huge friendly society. Eventually the bill was thrown out. In the following year a fresh bill confining the pension to the poor was brought in, and after a terrific wrangle it went through its third reading by a majority of 15, only to be thrown out by the upper house.

Still undaunted by failure, the supporters of the principle of old age pensions on a discriminating basis brought in a third bill this year, and now, after a desperate struggle for 11 days (which in New Zealand, where speeches of only 10 minutes are allowed in committee, is a debate of exceptional severity), the bill has passed its third reading by the smaller majority of 10.

It is expected that 6,500 persons will during the first year draw the £18, or part of it, and that about £100,000 will be so expended. So far there is no mention of additional taxation in connection with the scheme.

THE KLONDIKE ROYALTY.

Correspondence of London Illustrated News on the Subject.

Mr. Julius M. Price, the special artist and correspondent of the London Illustrated News, has been writing a series of letters from the Klondike. The last issue of that paper contains one of them, of which the following is a part:

"There is a royalty of 10 per cent. charged by the government on the gross returns of every claim. This is no doubt a very big and irksome tax on a new country, and is causing an enormous amount of bad feeling—to a very great extent justly so.

"I went carefully into the pros and cons of this question, which appears sufficiently serious to retard the progress of these new fields, unless it is speedily and judiciously revised. The men contend that such a tax will practically mean closing down many mines next year, the possible profit from working being too problematic to balance the risk incurred.

"On the other hand, the government says: 'We have gone to the great expense of bringing police into the country, establishing stations, and thereby affording you complete protection for your life and property. We have thus induced the banks to establish branches in the country. We have introduced a mail service, and are about to spend money on trails to the various creeks, etc. All this must be paid for, and if so, by whom else but those who are taking the wealth from the country?'

"This struck me as all very well, but still the fact remained that a 10 per cent. royalty on gross returns was excessive. The increase of revenue to the budget of the Dominion government this year from Klondike region will be enormous from the usual sources alone. When it is remembered how many thousands of people have come into the country, the number of miners' licenses issued at $10 each, and the number of claims that will be recorded at the fee of $15, the sum derived from these sources of increased income alone would be sufficient to defray any extra expenses that may be incurred through sending police from what is practically one part of the Dominion to another, and the cost of laying out new trails (which have not yet even been started). There can be no doubt in my mind that thus unwisely hampering a young country can have but two effects—first, that of seriously retarding its progress; and secondly, of inciting people to use their utmost ingenuity to evade what they, rightly or wrongly, consider an unjust impost. It is estimated that the revenue of England is the loser by millions every year through people making false income returns. What, therefore, will it be in this far-away region, where the law is only represented by a handful of police and the American boundary line is but a few miles distant down the river? The reply is obvious."

WIDE-OPEN NEW YORK.

The Police Again Drawing Revenue From Vice and Law-Breaking.

Franklin Mathews in Harper's Weekly.

New York is wide open once more. Tammany Hall has at last secured its "terrible revenge." Richard Croker and his assistants have set in full operation a system of Tammany government, under which vice flourishes openly for a price. The old days have come again, and Tammany leaders are fattening their pocketbooks through the privilege of selling the right to violate law and through extortion and forced tribute. Davery, Richard Croker's friend, is chief of police. According to a message to the legislature from Governor Black, he was selected for the place "to repeat the infamous practices which had tarnished his previous career." Davrey knows the town is wide open. Croker cannot help knowing it, and if Mayor Van Wyck does not know it a short investigation will prove it to him.

Despite the safeguarding provisions of the Raines liquor law the saloons have been seized and made part of the Tammany machine; gambling in all its forms is going on and the backers are paying for it; scores of poolrooms are running in town, the most lucrative of all the sources of revenue for certain Tammany leaders; the profit from prize fighting belong to other leaders, and through the police board a monopoly of this business goes to a Tammany man in Manhattan Borough and to certain McLaughlin followers in Brooklyn Borough; the doors of dives swing open to throngs, especially on Saturday and Sunday nights, and for the delectation of their patrons a new "dance," a diabolism beside which the dance imported from the southern shores of the Mediterranean to this country five years ago is a model of virtue and propriety, has been set to music for nightly exhibition, making a performance so depraved that it would seem as if the lowest depths of infamy in that direction had been reached; theatrical performances are tolerated compared with which those which were condemned as indecent by the courts three years ago would be considered refined, and the theatre as which the worst of these is given, conducted by State Senator Timothy D. Sullivan, displays a daily and nightly insult to the entire nation by the appropriation of the name of the hero of Manila as its own; the greengoods men are already in the suburbs and are preparing to come into town again; especially significant is that fact when the woman who was used in the attempt made by the friends of Devrey to break down the Parkhurst case against him, and who, because of its failure, had to flee to Chicago, has come back again, and almost within the shadow of the Tenderloin station house the doors of her abiding place are open once more, as are those of a dozen or more of others of her grade in life; slot machines are running in protected places; most important of all is the fact that the police are demoralized.

To make sure not only that the old system of extortion by Tammany is in full swing again, but to obtain a list of prices charged, I went under proper auspices to one who, because of his actual connection with the police force, knows whereof he speaks, and who, if I were at liberty to give his name, would be recognized as an authority by every one who read the newspapers. This man, so far as I know, does not share in any police plunder—indeed, I was sent to him because of that belief—but he knows all about it. This is the rate of prices that he furnished: Poolrooms, $300 to open, and from $100 to $300 a month; gambling, from $50 to $300 or more a month, according to the size of the receipts; keeping open a dive, $10 to $50 a week; running disorderly resorts, $50 to $150 a month; selling liquor from 1 to 5 a.m., the moderate charge of only $5 a month.

THE EIGHT HOUR SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.

Now that labor conditions enter to such an important extent into industrial operations, much interest attaches to the report of a prominent firm of shipbuilders in Sunderland, England, on the result of adopting the eight-hour system for seven years in their works. They hold that the plan answers well; the men actually do not lose so much time; in ract, they work more hours than they did under the old system. Instead of the production of the works being less from the apparently shorter hours of work, it has gradually increased since 1891. They took up the system in the belief that they could get the same amount of work out of their men by a better method. Of the men working on time wages 15 or 20 per cent lost the first quarter of the day, while the piece men scarcely ever started before 8:30 under the old method. The men started at 6 o'clock, stopped at 8 for half an hour for breakfast; had another interval of an hour at noon, and the day's work was finished at 5. The conditions were such that many workmen were physically incapable of enduring the long hours. It was quite a common thing for a man to lose three-quarters of a week because he could not keep up the early rising necessary for the 6 o'clock start and work full time. Under the forty-eight system the men have an early breakfast and start work at 7:30, going on with only one break until 5 o'clock. They thus do more work themselves, besides getting more work out of the machines, the results being an increased output and a decreased cost. Under the old system the men hardly averaged five hours' work a day. The report has attracted great attention among English employers of labor, with whom the "eight hours a day" has long been a burning question.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

HAVE CURED THOUSANDS---SOME OF THEM YOUR NEIGHBORS.

CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Alpheus Mott, an esteemed resident of Morewood, Ont., says: "For some years past I have suffered horribly with rheumatism. At times I was so bad that I was almost wholly deprived of the use of my legs, and could only go about with great difficulty. I had to give up farming entirely and removed to Brockville, where I had the best of medical advice, but with no good results. I also tried many remedies said to be cures for rheumatism, but with no better results. Some of my friends urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so, and found they were doing me a great deal of good. I then moved to Morewood, where I still continued the use of the pills, steadily gaining in health and strength until I could abandon the use of the cane, without the aid of which I could not before move about. Every ache and pain left me, and only those who have suffered the terrible pangs of rheumatism can understand the joy I feel at what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me."

A VICTIM OF SCIATICA.

Mrs. J. Palmer, now a resident of Forest, but for some 35 years a resident of the adjacent township of Warwick, says: "I have for many years been a great sufferer from sciatic rheumatism, but at times so bad that I was not able to walk. I tried many remedies, and while I had temporary aid from some, I received nothing in the way of permanent relief. In fact, it seemed to be growing steadily worse, and for nine months I was forced to use crutches. My sister urged me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have done me a wonderful amount of good. The crutches have been discarded. I can go about as easy and feel better than I have felt for years before. I think these pills a grand medicine."

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mr. David R. McKay, the well-known baker of Stellarton, N. S., writes: "I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was very badly run down, could not work and could not sleep at night. My appetite was poor, and I was rapidly losing flesh. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was surprised at the rapidity with which they built me up. In a few weeks my weight increased from 130 to 149 pounds. My appetite returned, I could sleep well, and could do my work without feeling tired. I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those ailing.

Autumn Medicine,

Change of season often affects the health more or less perceptibly. Prudent people take "Spring" medicine—but Autumn medicine is just as needful. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood makes itself felt, now that the weather is changing; you feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or an eruption on the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter, it is **NOW** that you should build up the blood and give the nerves a little tonic.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

will make you strong and stave off aches and pains for the winter if you take them now.

Prevention is better than cure. But it is only Dr Williams' Pink Pills that are of any use. If the full name isn't there it is a substitute—don't take it.

DR WILLIAMS PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE — TRADE MARK — REGISTERED

WEAK AND AMBITIONLESS.

Mrs. George Annis, who resides near Orillia, Ont., says: "I thought at one time we were going to lose our eldest daughter. She was run down, weak, and had no ambition. She did not suffer any pain, but just appeared to be slowly wasting away. She was under treatment from two doctors, but neither seemed to benefit her, and for nearly two years this condition of things went on. Having seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills constantly and highly recommended, we decided to try them. Two months' treatment worked wonders; she gained so much strength that she is now able to do any work about the house, and her cheeks, once so pallid, now present a rosy glow of health. I gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other mothers whose daughters may be feeble."

It is proved that **Dr. Williams' Pink Pills CURE**

Rheumatism,
Sciatica,
Locomotor Ataxia,
Anaemia (lack of Blood),
Heart Troubles,
Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
St. Vitus Dance,
Paralysis,
Incipient Consumption,
All Female Weakness,
Dizziness and Headache,
And all Troubles arising From Poor and Watery Blood.

When buying ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

And refuse all substitutes. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE DIAMOND'S HUMBLE MATE.

The United States consul in Bahia, Brazil, Mr. Furniss, reports to the state department that the state of Bahia is said to be the sole seat of the carbon industry. The carbons have been found for years; but there has been no market until the commencement of the present decade, when, on account of their hardness, they were sought by makers of so-called diamond drills. As the demand grew greater the supply decreased and prices rose.

The region in which they are found is in the interior of the state, and is reached only after a long and tiresome journey. One goes from Bahia by boat to St. Felix and then by rail to Bandeira de Mello. This is the edge of the diamond region, and carbons are always found near diamonds. The most productive region is further up the Paragassu river, and to reach it one goes overland by mule, following a rough and hilly pack train for a couple of dys.

It is thought that diamonds and carbons are found all through this section; but, on account of the rude methods of mining, only that bed of the Paragassu and its tributary, the San Antonio, and the side of a range of mountains called Sierra das Lavras Diamantinas are worked. The carbons are found in a kind of gravel called cascalho, and this occurs in the river bed beneath the silt and on top of a stratum of clay; in the mountains, beneath a stratum of rock and above the same stratum of clay; and in the surrounding country beneath several strata of earth.

To obtain those in the river bed a place of not more than twenty feet in depth and where the current is not too rapid is selected. A long pole is then planted there and naked divers go down this pole, taking along with them a sack kept open with a ring. They first scrape away the silt and then proceed to fill the sack with the underlying gravel, removing all the gravel down to the clay. As soon as a sack is full the man above, in one of the native canoes made from a chiselled-out tree, is signalled to. The bag is raised to the surface with the aid of the diver below, taken to the shore and dumped at a sufficient distance to prevent being washed away by any sudden rise in the river.

This operation is repeated day by day for the six months of the dry season. At the commencement of the rainy season, when diving has to be suspended on account of the strong current and great depth of the river, the gravel is washed and examined for carbons and diamonds. The divers are quite skillful, and many of them can remain below for a minute at a time; there are some who stay as long as a minute and a half. Of course, the gravel becomes partly recovered by silt while they are at the surface, thus causing extra work, which would be avoided by more modern methods. Place where there is greater depth of river cannot be worked at all.

The other method of mining consists in drilling through the rock in the mountain side, and by a series of tunnels removing the diamond and carbon-bearing gravel. It is piled up in the dry season and washed during the rainy season, by conveying the water down the mountain side in sluices. The greater part of the carbons is found in the mountains, because they are more accessible here than in the river bottoms.

Carbons are found in all sizes, varying from that of a grain of sand to one of 975 carrats. This large one was picked up in 1894, on a road where the gravel formation was exposed, and was old in Paris for 100,000 francs ($19,000). The most valuable ones are those weighing from one to three carats; the larger ones have to be broken, and there is always great loss, as they have no line to fracture. Thus the largest carbon found, after being broken into suitable pieces, brought considerably less than 100,000 francs, the cost price.

About two years ago there was a local combination to keep up prices, but the chief promoter failed, and there has since been no attempt to combine. The price that now prevails is due entirely to the great demand, small supply and the laborious method of mining. The small supply is due to the crude methods. Frequently a pair of workers will obtain only three or four carbons at a result of their six months' work, and for these they demand and receive a good price.

AN UNJUSTIFIABLE DISMISSAL.

Those who are aquainted with the virulence of Mr. Joseph Martin's political partizanship will not be surprised to hear that the new British Columbia government has broken the record of unjustifiable dismissals. The latest victim is Mr. R. E. Gosnell, provincial librarian, who is known all over Canada as an enthusiastic worker, not in politics but in the duties of his office. With very small funds, and no encouragement, beyond public appreciation Mr. Gosnell made the provincial library one of the most popular and useful of British Columbian institutions. He was its creator, and he regarded it with the affection of a father. His devotion to duty was not that of the ordinary civil servant, even when fairly efficient, he put his heart into it. The present government of British Columbia have rewarded him for his zeal by dismissing him at a few days' notice. In extenuation, it is pleaded that Mr. Gosnell, besides acting as librarian, was private secretary to the Premier, and that his continuation in that position was not to be expected. This seems a very poor excuse for not allowing him to retain the librarianship, and in any case it is a miserable plea to advance. In Dominion politics it is recognized that the private secretaries of ex-premiers are worthy of recognition by succeeding governments. Mr. Joseph Pope, for many years private secretary to Sir John Macdonald, is now one of the secretaries to the international conference. Mr. Douglas Stuart, private secretary to Sir John Thompson, is still inspector of penitentiaries. Mr. John Lambert Payne, private secretary to Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Chas. Tupper, is now private secretary to Mr. Blair, minister of railways. It is recognized that faithful service in the responsible position of private secretary to the Premier is a guarantee of fitness for high official posts, and that it is not to the advantage of either party to turn down those who have so distinguished themselves. Apparently, there is not the least ground for accusing Mr. Gosnell of "offensive partizanship." The government have not suggested any such excuse, and it was left to a small paper in Nelson to raise this issue. Hitherto, Mr. Gosnell has kept silence, but in reply to a personal attack, he says:

"Apart from my duties as private secretary to the Premier, I neither directly nor indirectly took any part in politics, Dominion or provincial. I did not go to political gatherings, and attended no committee meetings. During the five years in the public service I never publicly or privately endeavored to influence a single vote. Outside of a few personal friends on both sides, I never talked politics with any one. I feel quite certain that no supporter of the present government in Victoria who was near the seat of action, and had an opportunity of knowing what was going on, and who has a reputation for veracity to conserve, will make a statement to the contrary.

"Moreover I never was a partizan in provincial politics in British Columbia. Prior to entering the service, the only vote I ever cast was for Hon. C. E. Cotton, then independent, on whose committee I acted and for whom I worked enthusiastically."

The fact is that the work Mr. Gosnell did left him no time for politics. Besides being provincial librarian, and Premier's secretary, he devoted his leisure to spreading a knowledge of the resources of British Columbia. With this end in view he prepared a handbook giving a large amount of useful information. It was a private venture, and, as all who have had experience in this kind of work know, could not have been a profitable one. The book could not have been got out at all if the last government had not agreed to take a large number of copies. This agreement has been revoked by the incoming administration, and Mr. Gosnell is thus involved in a serious loss. Evidently, official zeal in British Columbia is to be discouraged.—Montreal Gazette.

BOYCOTTED WORDS.

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

If the President were scrupulously nice in use of words, he would have adorned his Western speeches less with the large word destiny. The word answers to an idea which looms large in the mind of the President as in the mind of the American people. Realizing this, and inspired by the sympathy of his hearers, he spoke of destiny simply and frankly as Sir Michael Hicks Beach speaks of war when the idea of it reddens in his mind. Neither stops to think how the word has been cheapened and made common by the mystical chatter of charlatans and the babble of empty braggarts till it has become mere jargon instead of the clear, plain sign of a definite and large idea. Each gets himself laughed at by nice persons for a simplicity which is rather fine in its way, but each may console himself with the knowledge that his rude and common word breaks through the thin and brittle crust of human culture and stirs pulse and nerve of rude and common human feeling. Perhaps this is worth while, and perhaps both Sir Michael and the President endure ridicule with an even mind.

Some of the finest words in our common language are avoided by nice verbalists in both England and America, because they have been cheapened and twisted from their meaning by coarse and vain misuse. These words share the fate of titles in America. He is a bold man who calls himself professor, having earned the right to do so, and doctor is going the same lamentable way. Uncommissioned colonels and unbenched judges put soldiers and jurists to the blush, and the statesmen who pack ward caucuses and juggle the stock market with tariff schedules cause men who rule states to seek another designation. Nobody who really works at the trade of news-mongering dares longer to call himself a journalist. These are common words. It is a sadder thing that gentleman has gone with them. It still has definite meaning in England, though not the finer sense it may have when stripped of merely fortuitous distinction. Here it is most rare in the mouths of those to whom the fine idead is ever present, and few gentlewomen care to be called ladies. Culture begins to be shunned by persons who know and value the real essence, and around it is gathering a whole group of words men of letters abandon to be the cant of vain pretenders. There is a cheap theatrical cant of piety never heard in the mouths of the reverent. Conscience and duty are more common in the thought of these than in their speech.

Diplomacy and high politics have an ample index expurgatorius of sonorous and pregnant words, like war and conquest, revenge and dismemberment, to which destiny is now to be added. It has been heard little in sober speech since Napoleon rode the metaphor so hard. These harsher words, it was thought, were avoided out of courtesy, or to save them for great occasions when meaning charged them; but Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Joseph Chamberlain have dissipated that illusion. They must be shunned because they have been coarsened and cheapened, made vague and pointless by the senseless parrotry of irresponsible speaking and writing. They who have deep sense of the real thing, either culture or gentleness or patriotism or destiny, if they are nice verbalists, cannot be content with symbols which have been drained of meaning in baser use. The national destiny of which the President speaks so simply and frankly has for some months filled the mental horizon of most thoughtful Americans, and the people as a whole is not unready to live and act it; but it isn't quite ready yet to talk about it. The idea is too large and the commonplace symbol of speech for it is too inadequate.

A STRANGER WAYLAID.

L. S. Overstreet Knocked Down on Johnson Street and Brutally Kicked.

A most brutal assault was committed on Johnson street just before daylight yesterday morning, as a result of which L. S. Overstreet, a stranger in the city, lies at the point of death at the Jubilee hospital. His cries for help which brought men to his assistance from a near by saloon, undoubtedly saved his life. According to the story told the police by Overstreet he was on his way down Johnson street to the Queen's hotel and had reached McGregor's blacksmith shop, which stands back from the street when an Italian who goes by the name of Dan Sullivan, jumped in front of him, knocked him down and repeatedly kicked him, making off when he saw assistance coming.

Overstreet was taken to Dr. Frank Hall's office and from there to the Jubilee hospital. His face was kicked almost to a pulp and beyond recognition, his elbow was dislocated, his arm fractured and he complained of internal pains. Sullivan got out of the way before the police arrived, but all points of egress were watched so that he could not leave the city.

The cause of the attack is not not known. The two men were in an uptown saloon together but there was no trouble there and if Overstreet's story is true Sullivan must have gone and laid in wait for him and attacked him for some fancied wrong.

The difference in the size of the men makes the assault even more brutal, Sullivan being a big powerful fellow and his victim just the reverse.

Elocution Classes.—A very gratifying stimulus has recently been given in the High school to the cultivation of the art of reading. About 60 of the pupils have enrolled themselves under the instruction of Mr. Finch-Smiles, a thoroughly trained teacher in that department.