More Stories Of War Path

(Contined from page 5.)

came one vast, melancholy encampment of sad-visaged refugees, representing the exodus of the inhabitants of a whole territory, fleeing from the dread of Turkish reprisals after Gourko's retirement. What a motley, picturesque crowd they were, camping or wearily tramping along through this most ravishingly beautiful country, full of summer sweetness, and yet with the shadow of death hanging over all. The extremely poor and the well-to-do were all on the same level here. All had left their blazing homes, and the majority had saved little but what they stood up in. It was heartbreaking to see the women of the better class plodding painfully, with their children in their arms, trying to protect their young ones from the blistering sun with parasols—women not with the ordinary Turkish trousers and bodices of gaudy hues, but dressed in the fashion of Englishwomen of gentle birth. Luckily the nights were warm, for their beds were the furrows of the fields. Fear of rape, mutilation, and murder was now passed, but the faces of all were piteous to look upon, for the light of their burning homesteads was still in their eyes. They looked as if they had suddenly awakened from some horrible dream.

The picturesqne town of Dreanova, where we made our midday halt, was crowded with refugees. The variety of their costumes in all the colors of the rainbow, and fashions of the various towns of the southern slope of the Balkans, with the back ground of the quaint oldworld architecture of the houses, carved wooden projecting fronts, storey over storey, with wide lattice windows, little courtyards shaded by trailing vines loaded with yellow and purple fruit, presented to the artist innumerable pictures. When we stretched ourselves on the ottoman of the principal Khan, I, for one, was quite satisfied to remain with the artistic surroundings in Dremova, and felt inclined to let the fighting in the Shipka go on without me as a spectator. I was never so loath before to leave a place. Why, here was work for a painter for months to come—a kaleidoscope of beautiful tints and quaint forms. And what a contrast we wandered through between Drenova and Gabrova, full of the most wonderful surprises in valley, mountain, glen, whimpering brook, and gushing torrent—all fragrant and beautiful, but cursed by that distant dull, incessant rumble from early morn to dusk that came from those higher peaks of the balkans flecked with snow which now rose up from the shimmering heat of the valley!

The sweltering day was on the wane when my comrade and I, dead tired and with jaded horses, entered the old Bulgar town of Gabrova. The streets were crowded with the troops of the Podolsk regiment. Forbes in chatting with the colonel heard that his men had been so hurredly pushed forward that they had not slept for two nights, and had not had time to cook a meal. The tired troops were even stripping off their tunics and throwing them into the munition carts, so as to be free to refresh their weary bodies with the cool night air, for they were to march straight on. There was no time to be lost, for there was bloody work on the Shipka. Their brave comrades fighting in the Pass were hard pressed, for the Turks under their renowned leader had been for days pushing their attacks with extraordinary determination. Forbes and I found lodgings in a shoemaker's house in the main street, and after a meal of baked fowl and paprika, a luxury we least expected, we were pressed to sleep. Once during the night I was awakened by the rumbling over the rough cobbles of waggons, the moaning of the wounded men within, and the rattle of empty ammunition carts—sure signs of severe fighting. It was a ghostly procession moving along under the light of the summer moon. I stole back to my ottoman and fell asleep.

I awoke before daylight with the sound of cannon, and immediately aroused Forbes. He simply said, "Your ears are too keen, Villiers. You must be dreaming."

"Listen!" said I. "I am certain that is cannon fire."

"By Jove! I think you are right. Yes, it's the sound of big guns sure enough."

He then put on his boots. I was already dressed for the road, and as I looked out of the window the quaint old streets were quickly shewing life as men and women thus early stood about in groops and with pale lips whispered the latest news, and their fears regarding the closer noise of cannon. It was anxious time for these poor folk. The fighting was only three hours off, and their Russian champions holding in check their merciless foe were but a handful against Suleiman's legions. Once the Russians were driven from the Pass a savage torrent of Circassians and Bash-Bazourks would pour down into the valley, and, sweeping over the camping-grounds of the miserable fugitives, destroy every living thing. Yes! only three short hours after the last Russians left the pass the ghastly work would begin in these very streets.

The light of the moon still prevailed as Forbes and I rode down the alleys of the old town and out on to the open country. The camp fires of the refugees still starred the romantic valley of the Yantra, for the dawn was only just breaking.

"Well," said Forbes, "it's going to be an eventful day, and, as usual, we are the only correspondents in it.

"Yes," said I "we are lucky once more. There's only one man who might turd up, and that's the Russian Jew."

"Bah!" said Forbes. "He doesn't count."

"It is rather remarkable that out of the fifty-eight correspondents accredited to the army only you and I and the man who doesn't count have been at the three most important fights at present of the campaign."

"It is," replied my friend, as he drew up at the fountain gushing from the side of a rock into a natural trough and watered his horse. Our nags were plunging and snorting at their refreshing draught, when I heard the sound of a horse trotting up the road.

Presently a voice cried: "Vhy, vat luck! moucher Villiers, and ze amiable Forbes."

"Well," said I, "talk of——"

It was no less a presonage than our Russian Jew.

The sharp rattle of infantry fire now filled up the interlude between the booming of the guns as we rode into the foot hills of the Shipka. The famous Pass was not the ordinary gorge or cleft which usually signifies the name, but a track over a section of the Balkans of less than an average height, which had been widened into a fair road for artillery by the Russians. It, however, passed through and over a network of glens covered with dense foliage and bare, rocky spurs, and was a difficult place to hold unless with a big army. Forbes, who summed up the situation at once saw that the Russian position as a defensive one was weak, for their guns emplaced on the road could not search with their fire the pockets of valleys and reverse slopes which hemmed it in. The Turks with good leading might creep up near to the guns without coming within the zone of bursting shells. In fact, as we expected, Stollitoff and his little force had been hanging on, so to speak, by the skin of their teeth, trying to keep the road to their base free from Suleiman's Redifs, who were endeavouring to join hands. Only the day before the grip was nearly clinched. For four days—long midsummer days—Stollitoff had held the Turks at bay, swarming up from those glens and reverse slopes to environ their enemy. The sturdy Moslems drove in the Russian outlying posts, rounded them up on to the main force, as the cowboys of the Western prairies herd in their cattle. All day the Russians behind their forts and earthworks kept the Turks from closing in with a final grip; but as the sun dipped below the skyline of the hills the Turkish exultant cries of "Allah! Allah! Il Allah!" could be heard on all sides as they commenced to close in on the gallant little force behind the Pass. The Russian generals had sent a message to their Czar, stating what they expected, and, in spite of being driven into their positions and bested on all sides, they would hold them to the last drop of their blood. Towards sunset the Turks seemed to slacken their fire, pausing for the supreme effort of driving the last rivet in the encircling belt of steel.

The Russians lay along the bullet-swept ridge, panting and exhausted for want of food and water, and the terrible nervous strain of the three days' fighting. On the summit of the Pass the two generals stood anxiously scanning through their glasses for a glimpse of the succor they so urgently needed. The long brown trail leading down to the Yantra Valley showed no living thing upon it. Stollitoff suddenly clutches his comrade's arm and points down the Pass. A long, dark column is winding up over the rocks and through the sombre patches of dark purple foilage.

"Heaven be thanked!" murmurs Stollitoff, and both generals bare their heads. A glint of sunlight rills along the rapidly-moving column. The parched and panting men on the ridge spring to their feet as the welcome relief is apparent to all, and with yells which echo and re-echo from rock to rock they drown the exultant cries of Suleiman's pressing legions.

The glad cheers of the men seemed to be as quickly arrested, for surely that dark column is composed of horsemen. Great heavens! what use are cavalry among the precipices of the Balkans? A thrill of bitter disappointment passes through the gallant defenders hemmed in in that bloody defile.

Suddenly troops of riderless horses break from the mysterious column, and the dismounted men hurry forward up the hill and spread towards either flank of the encircling Turk. Then white puffs of smoke float upward, and the welcome crack of the Krand rifle breaks. Radesky has saved the day by hurrying up a battalion of the rocks without delay, and after some hours of hacking and filling, some Cossack ponies, a file mounted on each little beast, while the rest of the brigade are hurrying up on foot. Sunset saw the Turks sullenly giving ground, and the valley of the Yantra, with those thousands of wretched refugees camping in its verdant fields, who had trembled at every blast of the distant cannon, was safe for yet another day.

It was the morning which followed this exploit of the resourceful Radesky that Forbes and I rode up into the Pass. The Russians had about 13,000 troops facing the Turks, and were now able to act on the aggressive. In the mouth of the Pass the men of the Podolsk regiment were lying perdus among the rocks, having earned a well-deserved rest, for they had just arrived, having been marching without a halt since we saw them fling away their tunics at Gabrova the previous evening. I was sketching some of these brave fellows when on looking round I missed Forbes. He had but a moment before ordered our grooms to keep our horses behind the shelter of the Turkish custom-house at the foot of the Pass and had been ascending with me the winding road leading up to the peak on which was Fort St. Nicolas. As I looked up the incline there was not a living sole moving upon it. Behind the natural scarp of rocks on either side were men crouching, and one or two Red Cross flags trailing in the dust told me that the doctors were waiting their gruesome work.

A furious infantry fire was raging in the valleys on either flank of the Pass, and the Turkish batteries blazed from the opposing summits of the mountains. The name of the Prophet was yelled from the wooded heights, and was answered by the ringing cheers of the Russians as they advanced through the scrub, skirted the boulders in the glens around us, and bent back the ends of the belt of steel which was so nearly clasped around the Russian position at sunset the day before.

The fighting was practically a game of chasse-cruise, for while the Muscovites attacked the Turkish commanding position on their right flank the Moslems renewed their endeavours to cut the road between the Russians and the Yantra Valley, and work round their left. And this I discovered for myself on moving along on that quiet and apparently inoffensive-looking road in front of me, in search of my friend Forbes. At first I thought a company of Russians lying between some rocks waiting their turn to advance were whiling away the time by playfully heaving stones at me; then the mosquito-like ping of missiles of a different type made me pause. High up on the road a figure stood up from behind the natural scarps and gesticulated furiously in my direction. It was Forbes. Delighted to see him, apparently safe and sound, I moved towards him. This seemed to agitate my friend all the more. The situation soon flashed on me, and I quickened my pace, for the Turks were making the road a perfect hell. In another moment I was running on my hands and knees; in a second more Forbes caught me by the scruff of the neck, and as he dragged me under cover breathless with excitement, I gasped: "I was looking for you—thought you were wiped out. Not only that, you have got a flask and I want a drink badly."

"Leave some for me," I growled my companion, "and for Heaven's sake keep your head down, and don't give me another shock like that!"

Apparently the Turks had told off sections to shoot at any moving thing upon the Shipka road. It was only when an orderly dashed up or down and drew the fire of the men of those sections that we with the slightest safety could peep over the ridge to view the scene below.

It was just before noon. Fighting from early dawn had been going on among the woods clothing the hills, and a terrible struggle it was. In the hidden depths of the forest the red flashes of fire leaped incessantly from out the dark foliage, and the smoke clung to the trees like tangled wool. Back and forward run the bright spurts of flame, and hoarse cries and shrieks of up to us on the summer air. Some of the open spaces limped men; Out into all of a heap, others staggered and drop wards our ridge, and are on up to ambulance men, while seized by the their places, hurry fresh men take swallowed up in the wooded, and are the woods. sombre depths of

We now move further along the road towards the point where the generals and the staff were watching anxiously the scene below. I was standing by the side of General Dragomiroff when he staggered and fell. A bullet had struck him below the knee. Forbes assisted in taking him to cover. He smiled gratefully through his blue spectacles, which still lodged on his nose and quickly helped the surgeons to bind up his wound. One of the bearers bending over the general gave a sharp cry as he fell shot through the stomach.

Little eddies of dust whisked up on the road told us that the Turks were still far from being beaten. The bullets seemed to search every nook and cranny of that ridge, and the doctors had been working the whole day practically under fire. Lead appeared to drop from the skies and strike from all angles. A surgeon fixing a tourniquet on a wounded man twisted a rock had a bullet enter his shoulder plough down his whole side, and smash his foot. In spite of fighting without intermission now nearly ten hours, the Russians had made little headway with their stubborn enemy. They had kept the two ends of the steel belt from clinching. That was all. Suleiman was pouring in reinforcements, and we knew that on our side Russian infantry and artillery were hastening night and day up from the Danube. It was now nearing two in the afternoon, and still the fight wavered in the balance. Once more Radesky, the hero of the previous night saved the situation. By placing himself at the head of some companies of the reserve, he, in the nick of time, supported the battalions still pressing the Turkish left, and, amidst the ringing cheers of his men, drove the enemy up over the wooded summit flanking our right. He then returnied to the peak and quietly surveyed the position. He motioned an A. D. C. to his side, who saluted, turned, and galloped down the bullet-swept road to the further reserves at the Han. The general flushed with success, resolved to attempt to drive the enemy from their positions in our immediate front. Up over the ridge came the attacking columns. It was a fine sight, and one I shall never forget, to see the men of the Podolsk regiment marching as if on parade along that bullet-swept pass, the colonel, stately, riding bolt upright with no sign but for a slight convulsive movement of the throat, his men steadily following him with eyes looking straight to the front, with no heed to their comrades falling around them. Arrived at the deploying point, with loud cheers they, under the renewed fury of the Russian guns covered their attack from Fort St. Nicolas, sprang down into the valley, and at the point of the bayonet drove the enemy from their works. Helter-skelter the Turks scattered for a moment, then with stubborn fury they returned to the attack again and again. And so the afternoon wore on, and the sun began to sink once more below the hills, kissing with his ruddy rays the pale faces of over a thousand brave men who lay among the rocks and scrub of the glen, who would never again see the glory of his rising.

As twilight commenced Forbes was anxious to go back to the base with his budget of news. I saw him hurrying down the pass looking out for the servants and horses. As he possessed our combined rations in his saddle-bags I closely followed him. On arriving at the Khan, to our surprise our horses were nowhere to be seen. Forbes was furious at the men not obeying his orders, and ran on, for might not that Russian Jew get back first with the day's news? About half a mile further we found the servants and our nags hiding behind some rocks. Forbes' man tried to explain that they were compelled to beat a retreat because of the Turkish flanking attack on the road. But my comrade would not take this as an excuse, and giving the man a taste of his riding-whip, he snatched the bridle from his hands, and, mounting his horse, commenced to trot down towards the Gabrova.

"Forbes! Forbes!" I shouted, "stop a minute. Hi! you have got all the grub. Leave some for me, please!"

He was still in a fury at the delay caused by his boy. Without a word he suddenly pulled up, dived his hand into the bag, and deliberately aimed its contents—a chunk of black bread, and onion and a box of sardines—at my head. I resented the way my friend handled these luxuries, so I quickly collected them and shied them back. The fish box, striking his horse, ricochetted into the valley below. The poor brute kicked up his heels at this unusual treatment. Forbes in another moment was recovering himself from a possible spill, and shaking his fist at me swore vengence when next we met. In a flash he was careering down into the valley, and I was left standing supperless in the middle of the road.

FOR A BAD COLD.

If you have a bad cold you need a good reliable medicine like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to loosen and relieve it, and to allay the irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. The soothing and healing properties of this remedy and the quick cures which it effects, make it a favorite everywhere. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

MARCH OF PROGRESS AT THE COAL CITY

Western Fuel Company Modernizing the Plant In a Very Marked Fashion.

Improvement work around No. 1 shaft pithead goes on apace and the present place would hardly be recognized as the same as a year ago, says the Nanaimo Herald. The old brick chimney that extended about eighty feet into the air has been razed to the ground and in its place are two iron smoke stacks over 100 feet in height. These carry away the smoke of the four new boilers that have been installed, over which is built a large boiler house of corrugated iron. The most recent improvement in method of work is that of carrying coal to the furnaces. Formerly it was dumped at a considerable distance from the furnaces and had to be wheeled and shoveled by Chinamen to the furnace door. This required quite a staff of the yellow men, but around the new boilers scarcely a Chinaman is to be seen and the one or two who are there are drawing ashes and loading them into cars to be taken away.

The coal is landed at the furnace doors by means of a system of bunkers. A new trestle work has been built immediately over the front of the boilers and a track laid on it. The coal is brought up in cars and let down through trap doors into these bunkers, the mouth of which is at the furnace doors. A of which is at the advantage and to be convinced of the boilers over the old, one need only watch the operation for half an hour. One white man attends to four furnaces, thus taking the place of six or eight Chinamen under the old system and everything looks as spic and span as a new pin. In a very short time another new set of boilers will be installed to replace the six old ones that still remain in use, and when that is done the place will be a model of twentieth century improvements over the old system formerly in use.

BETTER THAN A PLASTER.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back, or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

CONSOLIDATED LAKE SUPERIOR

Newhaven, Conn., Nov. 24.—The adjourned meeting of the stockholders of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company this afternoon was adjourned until early in December. The date is not fixed.

ONE HUNDRED FEET TO DEATH.

Cage in Mine Falls Killing Two Passengers.

Dubois, Pa., Nov. 24.—While three miners were in an elevator cage at Mine No. 2, of the Buffalo & Susquehanna Coal Company about noon today, control of the machinery was lost and the cage and themen were precipitated to the bottom, a distance of 100 feet. The men were killed almost instantly. They were married and leave families.

Moana Disabled At Quarantine

Struck on the Rocks at William Head and Disabled Her Steering Gear.

Will Have to Be Docked for Repairs—Calchas Sails for Liverpool.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

The steamer Moana, of the Canadian-Australian line, which arrived at the ocean dock yesterday after a good passage from Sydney, via Brisbane, Suva and Honolulu, struck on the rocks at William Head the previous night as she was rounding into the quarantine station for inspection. There was a strong current setting toward the rocks, and as the Moana was avoiding the steamer Umatilla, which had preceded her into William Head, the officers of that steamer were flashing their searchlight about in a manner which dazzled those on the bridge of the Moana. Meanwhile the Moana, which had been stopped, was being carried stern first toward the rocks, and before her officers realized her proximity to the point at the entrance to the quarantine station, she had struck by the stern on the rocks. It was not a hard impact, but it disabled the steering gear of the steamer and caused injuries which will cause the steamer to remain here for some days, instead of proceeding to Vancouver early yesterday morning, as was anticipated. When the steamer struck the impact caused the breaking of her rudder post and shoe, and some of the blades of her propellor were partially broken. The big steel casting of her steering machine at the stern of the vessel, snapped sheer, and the quadrant was also broken. This will make it necessary to secure a new steel casting, otherwise the damage was not serious.

When it was found that the rudder was rendered useless and the vessel would not steer, Captain Carey, by dint of clever seamanship, brought the steamer to the ocean docks. She was steamed from the dangerous position at the rocks without delay, and after some hours of hacking and filing, and going ahead, and when the revolutions of the single screw had caused the helmless steamer to point to starboard, she was backed until she straightened once more, and so forward and backward she steamed for five or six times it would ordinarily have taken to bring the vessel to the ocean dock before she arrived and moored, assisted by the tug Earl. A diver, Mr. McHardy, was then secured, and he went down and made a survey of the injuries sustained by the vessel.

As a result of his report it was decided to dock the steamer for repairs, and efforts were made to have the naval authorities allow her to precede the flagship, Grafton, into the dock at Esquimalt yesterday morning, but the naval officials would not give way to the merchant steamer, and she will wait at the ocean dock until she can follow the Grafton into the dock. Meanwhile her cargo—she brought but a small amount of merchandise—was despatched to Vancouver this morning by the steamer Charmer, together with the through passengers.

The Moana had a pleasant voyage other than for this incident. She left Sydney on November 2nd, Brisbane Nov. 5th, Suva Nov. 9th, and Honolulu on Nov. 17th, and had good weather throughout. Her passenger list was smaller than usual. There were but six in the saloon and a number of intermediates as well as 52 steerage, of whom 50 were Japanese from Honolulu and another from Francisco. The saloon passengers included T. H. Parish, until recently manager of the cable station at Suva, his wife and family, and Mr. S. Prins, a Victorian, who has been touring. He left Victoria many months ago for England and returned here via the Antipodes.

The passenger list was: T. H. Parish, wife and three sons, Mrs. Byrne, Miss Welstead, Mrs. S. Prins, H. H. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wellington, Mrs. Richardson and infant, Mrs. J. R. Bell, Mrs. K. Barber, Mrs. E. Jensen, Miss M. Cocks, Miss Vyne Pike, Miss Ora M. Peoples, Rev. F. R. Hughes, Dr. R. J. Ashton, Messrs. W. Reid, C. Cooke, H. W. Hicks, D. A. McCallum, Jas. Hale, R. Hamilton, Mrs. E. Price and five children, J. F. Morton, R. E. Metz, R. Swindall, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Hallett and three children, C. Jones, R. White, R. R. Whitehead, B. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Owen and five children, E. Montgomery, J. McLeod, R. Banekard, two Chinamen and 50 Japanese.

The imports were: Ten barrels cocoanut oil, 10 cases soups, 572 bales flax, 2 casks casings, 171 bales skins, 20 cases pineapples, 2 packages saddlery and sundries.

WANTS HIS SHARE.

Seaman Sues for Interest in Award for Seizure of Cape Horn Pigeon.

"Peter Layton, seaman, has brought suit in the United States District court against J. & W. R. Wing & Co., for a number of claims with which he finds himself possessed after returning from a whaling expedition on board the bark Cape Horn Pigeon," says the San Francisco Examiner.

"Layton's articles of agreement call for a one-seventieth of the catch. The catch consisted of two whales, and an arbitration case against the Russian government, which wrongfully confiscated the whaler while she was in the vicinity of Russian waters. For this breach of the bark's rights the Court of Arbitration at The Hague awarded the owners $38,750. It is this money from the Muscovite treasury that Layton seeks to include in the profits of the excursion of which he was to receive one-seventieth.

"The Cape Horn Pigeon took in the sights of the South Pacific, made her way to the coast of Japan, entered the Sea of Okhotsk, went by the Isthmus of Kamchatka, and, in August, 1901, while off Copper Island and outside the Russian jurisdiction, was seized by officials of that government for alleged violation of marine law. The United States protested; the matter was referred to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and, on June 30, 1902, Professor Asser, sitting as arbiter, made the aforesaid award, the value of the vessel, to which was added interest at 6 per cent, from the date of seizure.

"From the two whales caught were obtained 2,500 pounds of bone at $1.50, and 250 barrels of oil at 40 cents per gallon.

"Had the Pigeon returned unmolested to its port, Layton's share would have been only in the bone and blubber. But, fearing that the owners made a profit in the involuntary transaction with the Czar, the seaman now wishes to partake thereof, making the Russian money part of the booty of the cruise."

Previous information in regard to the seizure of the Cape Horn Pigeon has been to the effect that the vessel was sealing off the Copper Islands, not whaling.

TRACES OF DISCOVERY.

Excelsior Is Bringing Relics of Missing Steamer.

Later reports concerning the probable loss of the Nome steamer Discovery were brought by the Skagway liner City of Seattle. The purser has a telegram in his possession which was sent from an man by a government officer at Sitka. It is to the effect that the steamer Excelsior has on board a number of life-preservers belonging to the Discovery. The Excelsior is now on her way from Nome, and will reach Puget Sound tomorrow. Further than the despatch the officers heard nothing regarding the supposed wreck of the Discovery. With the arrival of the Excelsior tomorrow additional details of the fate of the Discovery may be expected.

THE WRECKED BARK.

Patrol Force Searching for Remains of Drowned Sailors.

The patrol force on the shore near Point Reyes was increased, but so far no bodies had been washed ashore from the wrecked French bark Francois Coppee.

All that is visible of the ship is her white bow, which is out of the water four feet, and even this is broken.

Quantities of wreckage have been washed ashore, including clothing, casks of wine, cognac and other stuff, but no sign of anything to tell the fate of others of the crew.

CALCHAS SAILS.

Several Liners Now on the Way to This Port.

With a heavy cargo of general merchandise including big shipments of salmon loaded at this port the steamer Calchas of the Blue Funnel line, sailed yesterday morning for Liverpool via the Orient. The steamer Indravelli is due today from the Orient and the steamer Athenian of the C. P. R. is expected on Friday, and the steamer Hyades of the Boston Tugboat line on Monday next.

DAMAGED BY EXPLOSION.

Schooner Lyman D. Foster Damaged by Accident to Donkey Engine.

The schooner Lyman D. Foster, Capt. D. O. Kilmam, which left Port Angeles Wednesday morning in tow of the tug Bahada, lumber laden from Whatcom for Australia, met with an accident off Pillar point about noon which disabled her, necessitating her return for repairs.

The donkey engine in the forecastle, used for hoisting sails and cargo, exploded with terrific force, tearing away the forward house, ripping up the deck and doing other serious damage. The Japanese cook, who was standing near by, was frightfully scalded. His injuries were dressed upon arrival at Port Angeles by the surgeon of the revenue cutter Manning, which is at anchor in that harbor.

At the time the accident occurred sail had been hoisted and the Foster was about bidding farewell to the Bahada. She landed her cook in the hospital at Port Townsend and proceeded to Winslow for repairs.

SPENT OVER $2,000 DOCTORING.

Mr. Joseph Pominville, Stillwater, Minn., after having spent over $2,000 with the best doctors for stomach trouble without relief, was advised to try a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He did so, and is a well man today. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

OLD TIMERS HERE FOR LEGISLATURE

Pioneers of Cariboo Camp Down For Opening of the House.

James Murphy and Harry Jones, the newly elected members from Cariboo, are here to attend the opening of the legislature. Mr. Murphy, who is a practising attorney at Armstrong, was born in Cariboo and has lived there nearly all his life. Harry Jones has not been down from Cariboo in nearly twenty years. He is one of the best practical miners of that district, and has been nearly all the time for many years in charge of deep ground work for some company, his last employment of that kind being with the Lightning Creek Gravels and Drainage Company. Mr. Jones went to Cariboo in early years, and when a boy of 19 years of age, had charge of important work on the celebrated Van Winkle mine on Lightning Creek, when gold pans well filled with the precious metal would be seen drying around barroom stoves with no fear of robbery.

Reports from Kamloops are to the effect that Mr. Jones, while in that city last week, in conversation with friends, stated that he was elected on the issue of crown-granting placer claims, and not on a political platform; that he felt free to give his support to any government that he considered was doing the best it could for the country, whether Liberal or Conservative. He expressed himself strongly on the subject that something should be done by the present government and does not favor another election at this time.

LATEST FROM WHITE HORSE

Newsy Letter From District Where Rich Gold Strikes Have Been Made.

A correspondent writing from White Horse, under date of November 15th, says: "About three weeks ago a party of stampeders left White Horse to explore the scene of the latest discovery of placer gold fields in this district. The return trip took about sixteen days, including two days spent on the creeks. Cold weather and deep snow were encountered on the uplands, which made the journey on foot one of great hardship and difficulty. In spite of this the party, which was composed of Bruce, Wiesdepp, Smith, Sugden, Rothaur, Brown, Dumontier, Darte and Markle, pressed on to the finish and succeeded in staking out some valuable claims. These men were closely followed by a band of Indians, headed by Jim Boss.

"Bullion Creek is considered to be the Eldorado of the new diggings, and eighty applications have already been made for claims upon it. One pan taken out three feet above rim rock contained two dollars in gold, three silver nuggets, two pieces of platinum and a copper slug. The forty ounces of gold, which Smith, the first discoverer, had brought in, was found on the high rim two or three feet above the creek bed. The geological formation of Bullion Creek is most remarkable, all varieties of strata being seen from granite to marble.

"Seven creeks in all have been staked out, and one hundred and seventy-five applications have already been made. The prospects for summer work are good. Winter work may also be done, but with more difficulty.

"Racine, of the Windsor, has rented his hotel for five years at $5,000 a year, and intends taking out machinery this winter to develop his claims in the Alsek district.

"We are getting a taste of real winter weather this last week. The thermometer ranges at night from zero to twenty below. The river froze over on Friday night, broke loose, jammed and froze again within twenty-four hours. The water has risen level with the wharves on account of the ice jam, and the electric light works are in danger of being flooded out. There is not enough snow yet to make good sleighing. The sad news was received today from Skagway of the death of Mrs. H. M. Lay, wife of the manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who had previously been stationed in White Horse."

FOR SALE —Six hundred Silver Lead Wyandotte fowls. H. W. Bullock, Salt Spring Island. o13

Convicts Escape From Penal Colony

Prisoners From French Prison Settlement Picked up in Open Sea.

Seven Rescued who had Been Afloat In Small Boat for Thirteen Days.

The steamer Moana, which arrived yesterday from the south seas, brought news of the rescue of seven escapees from the French penal settlement at New Caledonia. Derelict at sea, without compass, without idea of navigation, emaciated and weak from the effects of thirteen days' privation, adrift in a small boat, the French convicts were found by the steamer Cromarty, which was bound to Melbourne, Australia, with a cargo of phosphates from Ocean Island. The escaped convicts were picked up about 400 miles north of New Caledonia, far out of where they expected to be, as they had left New Caledonia intending to make for the Australian coast.

Capt. Dunn, of the British steamer Cromarty, which picked up the French escapees, said: When we were five days out from Ocean Island, in 15 south and 160 west, we saw the sail of a boat and steered toward it. The men in the boat appeared to be making no signs to attract our attention, unless the lowering of the sail as we came near was meant for that purpose. The weather was fine enough to allow them to come to us without our sending a boat from the Cromarty, but as we neared them we saw they could not handle their craft. We moved the Cromarty so that they would come up on the lee side, but they were not seamen and, not understanding, came up on the weather side. This made me suspicious.

When we came near them I saw that each were armed with blunderbusses and pistols, so that I searched each of them as they came on board. It was obvious that they were not castaways from a vessel. They could not speak English, but one of them managed to say that they had been blown out to sea. They claimed to be fishermen from the Island of Belip, near New Caledonia, who had been blown out to sea, and seemed grateful to be rescued. They had been without food for some time and were weak. After we fed them they slept, and some did not wake for forty-eight hours. Their boat was a small one, sixteen feet long by five feet, and they had a mast in her there but no sapling. They evidently had had oars, but only one remained. Their water casks were empty, and of the provisions they had but a little flour, all soaked with salt water, remained. There were two double-barrelled shotguns, four revolvers, an axe, a tomahawk and several knives in the boat. There was no ammunition except a few revolver cartridges, and there was no fishing tackle on board.

The escapees had tickets of leave, which, however, do not permit of their leaving the settlement. They showed no hesitation about assigning crimes to themselves, and all were violent ones. Vincent, one of them, said he had been in the French navy, and had been sent to New Caledonia five years for striking an officer who abused him. Moran, another, described himself as a soldier, who had retaliated upon a sergeant by reaving a blow with a stick, the thrust of a dagger at Rouen thirteen years before. Hai, a powerful Arab, laconically answered, "Stabbing," when questioned, but shrugged his shoulders when asked for particulars. Mohammed, another Arab from the French territory, said, "It was my wife. I found her with another man, and I gave her a dagger thrust. Then I left her. Oh no, she did not die."

The Frenchmen said that for four days the sea was terribly rough, and they had never expected that their boat would live through the weather, the boat dragged through the waves they were continually up to their waists in water. The heavy weather had ruined their flour and they had been on rations of one biscuit and a glass of water to each man for five days before they were picked up. They claimed that their sentences had been completed and they were free to go where they wished, that they had gone fishing and accidentally drifted to sea. The arms in the boat had been carried for protection.

At the request of the French consul at Melbourne, the prisoners were held by the Australian police, pending advices from New Caledonia, which had not arrived when the Moana sailed.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS

Nothing like the Maori entertainments has ever been seen in Victoria and have become so popular that they will be given every night this week to give all a chance to attend. Last night the auditorium of Y. M. C. A. was full, and Mr. and Mrs. Rawel gave a most delightful entertainment. Some new features were introduced and several songs repeated by request. A very large number of those present last night have attended each night, which shows the attractiveness of the entertainment.

It has been decided to extend the entertainments for the rest of the week, so that on account of the limited space, those who could not get in before may have an opportunity during the remainder of the week.

The matinee for children at 4 o'clock was also well attended and was especially suited to the little folk. Another matinee will be given today by Mr. and Mrs. Rawel.

AGAIN SEEKING COCOS ISLAND MONEY

New Yorkers Will Cruise to South Seas on Yacht After Buried Millions.

With his alluring tale of the pirates' horde buried on some far away island in the South Seas, Captain James Brown, ex-buccaneer, adventurer and romancer, has induced several credulous men to join him in an attempt to locate the hidden millions for which the schooner Herman searched in vain, says the San Francisco Examiner. The second expedition, states Capt. Brown, will start from New York.

A trim white steam yacht, bearing the treasure-seekers, will soon be threading its way amid narrow channels flanked with reefs of coral. It will drop its anchor off some palmy island and a boat will ride through the surf to the yellow stretch of sand. Captain Brown will lead the way to the spot where the treasure lies buried, and then the home-coming of the treasure hunters will tell whether or not the glittering pile exists only in the imagination of their leader, or is in reality buried on some former buccaneer isle.

Capt. Brown has painted this tempting picture before, and its bright colors lured a party of men on a quest from which they returned several months ago with empty hands and with unkind words for Captain Brown, whom they brand as a romancer with glib tongue and vivid imagination. The schooner Herman bore the treasure seekers out of this port more than two years ago, and upon the return of the party Captain Brown was placed under arrest, but subsequently released, his accusers failing to prove the charges placed against him.

Captain Brown is still in the city, and announces that he will leave here on next Saturday for New York.

"A party of Eastern men," said he, "will sail in search of the treasure with me on a steam yacht. I will not divulge their names yet. I know where the treasure is, and we will bring it back with us. The men who were with me on the Herman expedition might have had the buried millions had they not acted foolishly."

SAN DOMINGO NEXT IN ORDER

United States Consul Objects to The Constantly Recurring Rebellions.

Washington, Nov. 25.—It is said at the American state department that the statement attributed to United States Minister Powell in the despatches that periodical revolutions ought to cease, because they interrupted commercial relations with other countries and augmented the debt of Santo Domingo, is made upon the minister's own autnority and without special direction from the United States department. This does not mean that the state department withholds an approval of the minister's statement, which, in fact, is pointed out, directly in line with the representations which the United States Minister Beaupre was instructed to make to the government of Colombia. It is the intention of the state department to hold the new revolutionary government to all engagements respecting arbitrations and American concessions, which were entered into under the administration of Wos Y Gil, notwithstanding the disposition shown by the Jiminez party to disavow these agreements.

ATTACHES DOWIE'S PALACE.

Chicago Publishing House Sues the High Priest for a Book Bill.

Detroit, Nov. 24.—A Free Press special from Muskegon, Mich., says A. S. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, today began suit against John Alexander Dowie, leader of the Christian Catholic church by filing an attachment against Ben Macdhui, the palatial summer home of Dowie at White Lake. The amount of the claim is $998.28, claimed to be due for books purchased by Dowie for the magnificent library at Ben Macdhui.

HOBSON DOWN FROM CARIBOO

General Manager of Cariboo Consolidated Tells of Season's Work.

J. B. Hobson, general manager of the Cariboo Consolidated Hydraulic Gold Mining Company, was a passenger from Vancouver by the Charmer yesterday evening.

Mr. Hobson said that owing to the unusually dry season and consequent lack of water, the season's operations had been disappointing. Hydraulicing had been carried on for only fifty-three days and on August 4th the mines had been forced to shut down owing to lack of water. The clean-up for that period amounted to about $60,000. In September heavy rains were general throughout Cariboo and there was a plentiful supply of water, but it was too late then to gather the men together again and resume operations. The water had, however, been stored in huge reservoirs and Mr. Hobson estimated that there was 108 days' supply on hand, so that with the coming winter's precipitation there should be plenty of water for next season.

During the past summer a large amount of development work was done and the surrounding country had also been thoroughly surveyed for sources of new water supply. Two lakes and creeks had been found, one ten miles distant and the other fifteen miles off, and it would be for the directors to decide whether ditches should be dug to bring the water to the mines.

Mr. Hobson will leave for Toronto in which will be submitted to the meeting of shareholders in January next.

LIMITATION OF VILLAGE EDUCATIONAL WORK.

Writing on this subject, Engineering says: We quite appreciate the advantages of higher technical training in industrial pursuits; but the difficulty where there is a limit of the financial allowance is to pay salaries adequate enough to secure the highest teaching ability, and to provide satisfactory appliances. There is thus the grave danger of work being so insufficiently done as to be almost, if not quite, worthless. No doubt the teaching of dairy farming, farrier work, smithy work, and such other callings associated with country life, brings with it some degree of general efficiency; but it is a question whether the proper body to carry out even these classes is the urban district council, dissociated as it often is from the educational authorities in the larger towns with their more extensive resources. In many cases, we know, the county councils are doing very good work in appointing traveling lecturesships; but there is a limit to the number of subjects that may thus be profitably taught with reference to the highest theory and experimental apparatus. Otherwise there is likelihood of the result not being commensurate with the expenditure involved. Moreover, the decentralization of educational work carries the further disadvantage that a large proportion of the vote goes in administration expenses. In some cases the amount spent in this way equals from 12 to 18 per cent. of the total grant under the Act, which is very much too large. Many of the classes that have been instituted in the village districts of England pander more or less to the unfortunate spirit of dilettanteism which too extensively permeates the whole educational system of England, or create an ambition which there is not sufficient latent ability to achieve. We (Engineering) are therefore convinced that if the local boards, instead of attempting separate educational establishments would set a standard even for the ordinary day schools, or, if necessary, for special evening schools, so as to sift out those country lads or girls who are endowed with mental faculty capable of development, and were to utilize the remainder of the vote