

The Semi-Weekly Telegraph

VOL. XLVII

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1908.

NO. 77

U. N. B. ATHLETES SMASH FOUR FORMER RECORDS

Ten and a Half Seconds Clipped from the One Mile Mark

Baird Carried Off First Honors--Horse Races in the Afternoon Well Attended--Baseball Season Opened--Holiday Well Observed at Fredericton.

(Special to The Telegraph.) Fredericton, N. B., May 25--Victoria Day, in this city, was marked by beautiful summer weather and was thoroughly enjoyed by all classes. There was a general suspension of business, flags floated to breeze in the honor of the day and the small boy, with his fireworks, was much in evidence. Quite a number of citizens, particularly disciples of Isaac Walton, spent the day out of town, but the exodus was more than offset by visitors from St. John and other provincial points. The chief event in the outdoor attraction was horse races at the Driving Park, although the college sports held at the same time also proved a good drawing card. Baseball season was opened today with matches morning and afternoon, between Victoria and St. Dunstons teams. The morning game was decidedly rocky, Victoria winning by the score of 21 to 6. In the afternoon St. Dunstons turned the tables on their opponents by beating them out by a score of 9 to 4. Prof. Isherwood Plummer, organist of the Cathedral, left today for Halifax, where he will be joined in matrimony in a few days to a young lady now on her way out from England. The nuptials of Peter J. Cox of Halifax, and Miss Ethel M. Collins, daughter of the late Chas. Collins, were celebrated at the bride's home here Saturday evening, Rev. A. A. Rideout officiating. The happy couple will leave tomorrow for Lowell, Mass., where they will reside. Four Records Broken. The annual sports of U. N. B., were held on Wilnot Athletic Field this afternoon and attracted about 500 spectators. Our college records were smashed, including one which has stood the test for upwards of twenty years, and in the 100 yard dash the former record was tied. Baird, son of Senator Baird, broke the record in the running jump and shot-putting events. Al. Landry, son of Judge Landry, of Dorchester, clipped ten and one second off the record in the mile run, and Stanley Bridges of St. John lowered the record in the quarter mile run and that of the 100 yard dash. The honors of the day were with Baird, who captured no less than five firsts. Rutledge, Bridges and Dever also made a capital showing. The sports were not as well handled as in former years and the spectators found cause for complaint in the long delays between events. At the conclusion of the sports, Mrs. Jones, wife of the Chancellor, presented the prizes on the steps of the grand stand. Baird, Bridges and Landry, each received a medal breaking records and other prizes were awarded. The Fredericton Brass Band, and proceedings with a choice programme of music. The summary: Standing broad jump--Baird, Dever, Rutledge, distance 9 feet 9 inches. Hundred yard dash--Bridges, Rutledge, Dever. Time 10 1/2 seconds, tying record held by Armstrong, '06 and Thorne, '06. Running high jump--Brooks, Rutledge, Dever. Distance 5 feet 5 inches. Running broad jump--Baird, Brooks, Bridges. Distance 21 feet 5 1/2 inches, breaking record of 21 feet held by Squires, '06. 220 yards dash--Bridges, Rutledge, McLean. Time 24 3/4 seconds, breaking record of 24 1/4 seconds held by Squires, '06. Pole vault--Spicer, Dever, Brooks. Distance 9 feet 6 inches. Hammer throw--Deeds, Cronkite, Rutledge. Distance 91 feet 7 inches. 440 yards dash--McLean, Bridges, Dever. Time 58 1/2 seconds. 120-yard hurdle race--Baird, Rutledge, Armstrong. Time 21 seconds. High school 220-yard dash--McDonald (Fredericton High School), Teed (Rothesay), McGibbon (Fredericton High School). Time 25 1/2 seconds. Putting shot--Baird, Rutledge, McLean. Distance 37 feet 3 inches, made by J. W. Wetmore, '07. Hop, step and jump--Baird, Brooks, Dever. Distance 30 feet 1/2 inch. Mile run--Landry, Brooks. Time 5 minutes, lowering record made by Peake, '02 by 10 1/2 seconds. The hospital benefit races at the driving park this afternoon attracted a crowd of about 400 spectators and were quite interesting. In the named races, mile heats, best two in three, Miss Letch, the pacing sensation of the season had her colors lowered by Tom Holmes' Sphinx B., after winning a heat. Daisy Wilkes won from Cecil Mack. In the third event Harvey McCoy's Lucky was an easy winner, in straight heats. Class A--Pacing. Miss Letha, gr. m. W. K. Allen, Fredericton. Time 1:12 1/2. Fred Parsons, Halifax. Time 1:13 1/2. Class B--Pacing. Daisy Wilkes, ch. m. Hugh O'Neill, Fredericton. Holmes. Time 1:14 1/2. Cecil Mack, gr. m. Brown, Fredericton. Time 1:15 1/2. Hat Laforet, Laforet. Time 1:15 1/2. Class C--Pacing. Ducky R., H. H. McCoy, McCoy. Time 1:16 1/2. Jack Wilkes, gr. m. Fred Parsons, Halifax. Time 1:17 1/2. Massey, gr. m. H. A. McCoy, Fredericton. Time 1:17 1/2. Class D--Pacing. Time 1:17 1/2.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT BATHURST MONDAY

I. C. R. Heaviest Loser

Freight and Coal Shed With Contents Were Destroyed--Legere's Hotel and Stables Also Gone--Loss at Least \$25,000.

(Special to The Telegraph.) Bathurst, N. B., May 25--A disastrous fire occurred near the I.C.R. station here this morning between 1 and 2 o'clock. The I.C.R. freight and coal shed were burned to the ground and the fire then spread to the hotel owned by John P. Legere, just across the street. The hotel was entirely destroyed. All the contents of the I.C.R. freight shed were burned and a snow plow standing near was also destroyed. The blaze was first discovered in the end of the freight shed and is supposed to have been started by a spark from a special locomotive, which passed a short time before. The stables in connection with Legere's hotel were also axed to the ground. Some of the furniture was removed from the hotel, but the loss will be considerable on the buildings and contents. There was \$5,500 insurance on Legere's buildings and furniture, which were valued at \$10,000. The loss to the railway is estimated at \$15,000. It is difficult to tell the exact loss as the amount of freight in the shed is not known. Strangled Girl Wife Who Asked for Money Ernest Terwiger Threatened With Lynching After Killing His Eighteen Year Old Bride. Newark, Ohio, May 24--Ernest Terwiger last night killed his 18-year-old wife and their unborn child by choking the woman during a quarrel, and tonight he is under special guards in the city prison because many infuriated citizens set up a cry for summary vengeance about the prison when the crime became known. The Terwigers were married about a year ago, the bride being popular in her set of society, on account of her beauty and social qualities. Terwiger was jealous of his wife and domestic discord caused a separation. Recently the pair became reconciled and went to live at the home of Charles Nutter. This morning the Nutters went to call the Terwigers for breakfast. Getting no response the door was forced and Mrs. Terwiger was found dead on the bed. Her tongue protruded from her blackened face and there were finger marks on her throat. As Terwiger was gone, a search was begun for him. No sooner had he been arrested than he admitted that he had been out of work for some time and had taken several drinks with some friends yesterday. Returning home in the evening, he said his wife asked him for some money to buy some things for the baby. He told her that he had no money for her and old troubles were revived. Recriminations aroused the husband's anger to such an uncontrollable pitch that he seized his wife by the throat, threw her over the edge of the bed and choked her till she ceased to struggle. Terwiger, thinking he had only choked the woman into submission, left the house to renew the quarrel. As soon as the details of the crime became known to the many friends of Mrs. Terwiger, a great gathering around the jail and demanded the prisoner. Special guards have been placed on duty, and it is thought that no attempt to storm the prison will be made. Priest Stabbed Twice at Church Door by Parishioner Salisbury, Mo., May 24--In the presence of 400 worshippers, Father Joseph H. Lubeley, aged 33 years, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church, was stabbed twice with a pocket knife and perhaps fatally injured in church today by Joseph Schutte, a farmer, who is believed to have become suddenly demented. A panic was narrowly averted among the communicants, many of them women. Immediately after Father Lubeley had finished high mass today, he started to leave the church. At the door, Schutte rushed upon the priest, from parishioners, stabbing him twice, bore the pastor to the floor. The first blow struck the priest in the temple and the second cut a deep gash in the neck, just missing the jugular vein. The crazed man was about to stab the priest a third time, when Mrs. Barbara Ginter and John Gates, both parishioners, caught his uplifted hand. In the struggle which followed, Schutte stabbed Mrs. Ginter in the hand and inflicted a painful cut on Gates' arm. A dozen men then overpowered Schutte, who, struggling and fighting, was taken to jail. Schutte has been a devout member of St. Joseph's Church.

BANNER YEAR AT MOUNT ALLISON INSTITUTIONS

Ladies College Full, and More Room Needed, Says Principal.

Crowds Attended Male Academy and Seminary Exercises--Interesting Programmes Carried Out--The Prize Winners and Graduates.

(Special to The Telegraph.) Sackville, N. B., May 25--Today's proceedings began with a physical culture drill by the lady college students on the college tennis courts. Following the drill came the students' recital in Beethoven Hall, which was attended by an unusually large gathering. Every number was given in a delightful manner, arousing the warmest praise. Piano--Polacca Brillante, Op. 73.....Weber G. Melanson. (b) The Country Wreck of Job and Joggins.....F. S. Phelps. Air--Hear Ye Israel (Bible).....Mendelssohn. Trio, Three Violins--Serenade.....Elchberg. Piano--Novellette No. 4.....Schumann. Reading--Mabel Stronghold.....Jules Verne. Song--(a) Proposal.....M. S. Anderson. (b) The Battle of Marston.....Bonhair Mr. Simpson and Mr. Layton. Piano--Etude Mendelssohn.....Raff. Song--(a) Autumn.....Salter. (b) Ashes of Rome.....Wood. Violin--Scene de la Reine.....DeBeriot. Song--(a) Swain's Song.....A. L. (b) 'Twas Within a Mile.....Scott. Duet--The Angel.....Rubenstein. E. Anderson and H. Goodill. Overture--The Marriage of Figaro.....Garlett. Song--Humantit.....Schumann. Piano--Polka de la Reine.....Raff. Scene--From Hamlet.....Shakespeare. Devotional Exercises.....Dr. Stewart. Vocal Solo--Soprano with Glee Club.....Miss Edith Nugent. Essay--A trip to the Ice Fields.....Wood. Recitation--The Captured Flag.....Weir. Piano Solo--Scherzo in E minor.....Mendelssohn. Essay--Canada's National Park.....Ernest H. Welch. Recitation--Desperamento.....E. J. M. Pena Y Resnoe. Violin Solo--Oberon Overture.....Wieniawski. Chester M. Hanson, Barabara (N. B.). Vocal Solo--(a) Good Day.....J. D. Harfield. (b) Mignon.....Gay D. Harfield. Essay--The British Flag.....S. A. Bartlett. Reports, presentation of prizes, diplomas, etc. God Save the King. Principal Palmer in his review of the year's work, stated that the session had been one of the most successful in his experience as principal. The attendance had been larger than ever before and work had gone on in a way that was most gratifying. He spoke of the large number of students who had completed the last outlook for the future is very bright. Matriculants to University. S. A. Bartlett, Sackville (N. B.). Bert Bent, New London (Conn.). P. D. Bennett, North Sydney (N. S.). Lewis Cummings, New Glasgow (N. S.). Kenneth L. Dawson, Sackville (N. B.). Blake Eaton, Canard (N. B.). Fred R. Law, Rexton (N. B.). Elmer Lockhart, St. John (N. B.). Jessie Morris, Port Grenville (N. S.). Alex. Sweeney, Rexton (N. B.). E. L. M. Southgate, Springfield (N. S.). Sidney Windsor, Bathurst (N. B.). Warren Windsor, Bathurst (N. B.). Graduates in Bookkeeping. Ethel Atkinson, Derby Junction (N. B.). E. Alia Baldwin, Liverpool (N. B.). Flora A. Bishop, Memramcook (N. B.). Jessie Le. Fawcett, Middle Sackville (N. B.). Crawford O. Guphill, Grand Manan (N. B.). Bessie M. Hanson, Barabara (N. B.). John F. Logan, Amherst (N. S.). Bessie M. Hanson, Barabara (N. B.). Isadore Myers, Glace Bay (N. B.). John S. Palmer, Tyne Mouth Creek (N. B.). Mennel Spence, Bayfield (N. B.). Graduates in Stenography and Typewriting. Edna A. Alexander, Campbellton (N. B.). Ethel Atkinson, Derby Junction (N. B.). Hazel G. Baird, Amherst (N. S.). A. Louise Bennett, Newport (N. S.). Jessie Le. Fawcett, Middle Sackville (N. B.). Agnes M. Fisher, Burlington (N. B.). Eva Jeffrey, Summerside (P. E. I.). Etta Lowerson, Sackville (N. B.). Edith G. Melford, Liverpool (N. B.). Dora Muscovitz, Edmundston (N. B.). Mabelle G. Miller, Hawshaw (N. S.). Fannie E. Palmer, Sackville (N. B.). Rose Ella Smiley, Milltown (N. B.). Sada B. Thompson, Upper Sackville (N. B.). Jean M. Thurber, Harcourt (N. B.). Graduates in Penmanship. Laurie Bell, Moncton (N. B.).



MRS. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT

FREE TO MARRY AGAIN

Absolute Divorce Granted Wife of Man Who Inherited \$60,000,000, and Custody of Their Only Child is Given Her--No Question of Alimony.

New York, May 25--Mrs. Ellen French Vanderbilt was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt by Justice O'Grady in the supreme court today on the report of David McClure, the referee who was appointed to take testimony and determine the findings in the suit instituted by Mrs. Vanderbilt. Justice O'Grady confirmed the report of the referee that Mr. Vanderbilt was guilty of misconduct and directed that Mrs. Vanderbilt be granted a judgment of absolute divorce. The divorce decree provides that Mrs. Vanderbilt may marry during the lifetime of Mr. Vanderbilt but prevents him from marrying during her lifetime. The custody of Wm. H. Vanderbilt, the only child of the marriage, was awarded to Mrs. Vanderbilt. No provision was made for alimony in the divorce nor was the subject alluded to in the report of Referee McClure. The referee's report shows that testimony was obtained from Mr. Thomas Meuse, son of Mrs. Noel, pointed to a bottle labelled bay rum as the cause of the trouble. The squaw was hurried to the hospital, but she died an hour or two after her arrival there. According to Thomas Meuse, son of the dead woman, his mother and Oliver Grimes arrived at the camp at half past six Saturday evening in an intoxicated condition. They carried an empty pint bottle labelled bay rum. Not until Sunday morning did Mrs. Noel and Grimes show the effects of the drink. Then they both complained of illness and sent for medicine. They were around all day but this morning both were seized with violent pains. Grimes died about half past twelve and Mrs. Noel a little later, medical aid being unavailing. Grimes arrived in camp Saturday from Buteoche. The husband of the dead squaw, James Noel, was away fishing at Buteoche at the time of the tragedy. Mrs. Noel was about forty years old and Grimes about sixty or seventy. Coroner Purdy tonight empaneled a jury and will inquire into the case tomorrow night.

STEAMERS COLLIDE AND RUN ASHORE IN NEW YORK FOG

New York, N. Y., May 25--Dense fog which has been sweeping in from the Atlantic for several days, enveloping a seaboard hereabouts and delaying shipping, caused two coastwise steamships--the Clyde Line vessel Seminole and an unknown steamer to run today upon the shoals that fringe the New Jersey coast, causing a collision between two steamers to-night in the harbor, which threw over 800 passengers into a panic, generally snatched ferryboat service in the harbor and kept two trans-Atlantic liners hanging their anchorages off Sandy Hook all tonight.

CIVIL SERVICE BILL COMES UP WEDNESDAY

(Special to The Telegraph.) There was a brief sitting of the cabinet today at which government legislation was discussed. It had been intended that the minister of agriculture should introduce the civil service bill tomorrow but Mr. Fisher was called to Montreal on Saturday to attend at his mother's deathbed. Mrs. Fisher died on Sunday and will be buried on Tuesday so that the introduction of the bill will be postponed until Wednesday.

HOMER WINS FIVE-MILE RUN EASILY

Halifax, N. S., May 25--(Special.)--Homer, the crack long-distance runner of the Crescent Athletic Club of Halifax, romped away from a field of 33 starters in the five mile road race for the championship of the maritime provinces today, doing the distance in 26 minutes and 37 seconds corrected time, thereby lowering the previous record by 2 minutes, 32 1/2 seconds.

CAPE BRETON MINERS TO VOTE ABOUT JOINING AMERICAN ORDER

Halifax, N. S., May 25--The membership of the P. W. A. will decide by referendum on June 24 whether or not the order shall amalgamate with the United Mine Workers of America. This was decided at a meeting of Grand Council of P. W. A. which held its concluding session today. It was agreed that the minority should accept the vote of the majority, whatever it may be.

NOVA SCOTIANS WANT G. T. P. ROUTE DEVIATION AT AMHERST

Delegation at Ottawa to Urge Government to Go to Truro by Way of Parrsboro and Five Islands--Will Make Line Several Miles Longer. (Special to The Telegraph.) Ottawa, May 25--It was stated in the house recently that in order to avoid the steep grades of the Cobouquid Mountain route for the Grand Trunk Pacific, a deviation would have to be made from the present Intercolonial line. A strong delegation from Halifax, Cumberland and Colchester has arrived here to wait on representatives of the govern-

TWO DEAD OF WOOD ALCOHOL AT MONCTON

Aged Indian and Squaw the Victims--Victims Were on a Spree Saturday and Succumbed to Their Deadly Doses Monday.

(Special to The Telegraph.) Moncton, May 25--Mary Noel and Oliver Grimes are lying dead at the morgue in this city as a result of drinking bay rum or wood alcohol. This afternoon between 1 and 2 o'clock, Dr. L. C. Harris was notified from the new I. C. R. shops that the Indians, whose camp is near there, were critically ill. He went at once to the camp and found the aged Indian dead and a squaw, Mrs. Mary Noel, wife of James Noel, in a critical condition. Thomas Meuse, son of Mrs. Noel, pointed to a bottle labelled bay rum as the cause of the trouble. The squaw was hurried to the hospital, but she died an hour or two after her arrival there. According to Thomas Meuse, son of the dead woman, his mother and Oliver Grimes arrived at the camp at half past six Saturday evening in an intoxicated condition. They carried an empty pint bottle labelled bay rum. Not until Sunday morning did Mrs. Noel and Grimes show the effects of the drink. Then they both complained of illness and sent for medicine. They were around all day but this morning both were seized with violent pains. Grimes died about half past twelve and Mrs. Noel a little later, medical aid being unavailing. Grimes arrived in camp Saturday from Buteoche. The husband of the dead squaw, James Noel, was away fishing at Buteoche at the time of the tragedy. Mrs. Noel was about forty years old and Grimes about sixty or seventy. Coroner Purdy tonight empaneled a jury and will inquire into the case tomorrow night.

DALLAS FLOOD COST FOUR LIVES AND \$1,000,000 DAMAGE

Dallas, Tex., May 25--Four lives lost, more than a million dollars worth of property destroyed, 4,000 persons homeless and telegraph and telephone wires west and southwest put out of commission, are the results of an overflow of Trinity river last night and today. The river at nightfall passed the record of 52 feet, made in 1866, when business houses, standing in what is now a poor residential quarter of Dallas were swamped. That part of the city tonight is under several feet of water and thousands have lost their household effects while the residence quarter of North Dallas is cut off from the business part of the city so far as street car lines are concerned. Only one line is operating a part of North Dallas.

ARMAND LAVERGNE WILL FOLLOW HIS LEADER, BOURASSA

To Resign Seat in Federal House and Enter Quebec Provincial Politics. (Special to The Telegraph.) Ottawa, May 25--It is announced that Armand Lavergne is about to resign from the house of commons to follow his chief to the field of provincial politics. He is to contest the constituency of Montmagny, which he now represents in the federal parliament, his opponent being Mr. Lislois. His resignation, which will have to be made within the next six days, will leave the Nationalists without a representative at Ottawa. Mr. Bourassa is to run in St. Hyacinthe.

CONSERVATIVE LEADERS TO SPEAK IN ST. JOHN

R. L. Borden, with Premiers Hazen, Whitney, Roblin and McBride to Open Dominion Campaign June 23--Meeting in This City Afterwards, and Then Ontario and Quebec Will Be Invaded.

(Special to The Telegraph.) Halifax, May 25--Preliminary arrangements have been completed for a great meeting in Halifax about June 23, to be addressed by R. L. Borden, with the four conservative provincial premiers of Dominion all on one platform. Hon. R. L. Borden, E. P. Roblin, J. P. Whitney, and J. D. Hazen have signified their intention of being present and taking part in the meeting. This meeting will open Mr. Borden's election campaign and it will be the only one in Nova Scotia. It is to be followed by a similar gathering in St. John for the province of New Brunswick and will also include meetings in Ontario and Quebec. The largest building in Halifax, the Arena, has been secured for the meeting here, which will be representative of the whole province and excursion trains will be run from various points in the province to the Capital.

FROM ALL OVER THE MARITIME PROVINCES

ROTHESAY

Rothsay, May 21.—The large audience at "Netherwood" on Saturday evening...

Mrs. Liddlow Robinson is to spend the summer in Rothsay instead of at Moss Glen as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Foss of St. John were visitors here on Saturday.

Mr. George Gilbert of Bathurst spent last week here with his mother and sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchet and children, who have been guests at the Kennedy house, moved to the summer cottage in the woods on Saturday.

Miss Nora Knight spent a week with her friend Miss Jean Daniel and returned home to St. John on Tuesday.

Mr. R. B. Emerson and Miss Emerson were guests at the Kennedy house on Saturday.

Mrs. Rupert Turnbull leaves tomorrow for England where she will meet Mr. Turnbull and have a trip on the continent before returning home.

Mrs. Gibbard and lady friend were guests of Mrs. R. P. Foster on Monday.

Miss Barker of St. John visiting the Misses Robertson at "The Cottage."

PROFESSOR HORSTAL

Professor Horstall and two or three of his pupils. Miss Hemming has resigned her position at Mr. Allison and early in June she leaves for home in England.

Miss James R. Ayer of Middle Sackville spent Thursday in Moncton.

Mr. Asa Estabrook, one of Upper Sackville's oldest citizens died on the 18th of May, after a few days illness, aged 86 years.

The funeral was on Friday and was conducted by Rev. E. L. Steeves.

Mr. Burton of St. John was in town last week. He was accompanied by his little daughter, Florence, who will be a student at Mt. Allison next term.

Mrs. Lunan of Campbellton, accompanied by her nurse and three children, and her sister Miss Minnie Harper, arrived in Sackville this week and are at present the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Harper, Middle Sackville.

A handsome touring car appeared on the streets of Sackville this week. It was purchased and owned by Mr. Fred Ford of this town.

The Sackville Corn Band on Friday evening serenaded the bride and groom with a handsome rocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ayer, who have been visiting in Sackville this week and are at present the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Harper, Middle Sackville.

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WOODSTOCK

Woodstock, will conduct the services in this church.

Miss Alice Criley arrived home from Toronto today after spending the winter studying in that city.

Truro, May 20.—On Thursday evening a quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. William McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. McLean were the bride and groom. The bride was Miss Edith McLean.

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Chapman left town last Saturday on a two weeks' trip to Chicago and other American cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left for New York today, en route for Germany, where she will make an extended visit with friends.

On Monday evening last, a number of citizens assembled at the home of Mrs. James Friel, and organized a Golf Club.

The water in the river here has gone down three feet during the last week.

Members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church, who are preparing for the large audience, will be present at Port Graville, tomorrow evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Aikman, of Australia, arrived in town by special train on Wednesday evening, and are the guests of Mrs. J. G. Aikman.

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AMHERST

Amherst, N. S., May 21.—Mrs. Stuart Jinks left on Saturday for a trip to Montreal and New York. She will be absent some weeks.

Miss Margaret Johnstone of Sydney, Minos, is visiting Mrs. Blair B. Cunniff, Copp Avenue.

Miss Clara Patterson, who has been visiting her home at Linden for a few days, returned on Monday to Springfield.

Mr. W. A. Cates gave a Thimble Party to a number of lady friends on Thursday afternoon from four to eight.

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BATHURST

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CHATHAM

Chatham, N.B., May 21.—The music-loving people of Chatham are looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the musical concert, which is to be held in the new opera house, June 5, when the Rose Maids will sing.

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FREDERICTON

Fredricton, May 21.—The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Tweedie held their second reception of the season yesterday afternoon, when about 100 guests were present.

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HAMPTON

Hampton, Kings Co., May 21.—Myles H. Fowler came down from the North Shore on Saturday last and spent the week-end with his family at his home on Church street, near the station.

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WOLFVILLE

Wolfville, N.S., May 22.—Mrs. H. H. Roach, wife of the late Rev. H. H. Roach, of St. John, is in town visiting friends.

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WOODSTOCK

Woodstock, May 20.—The president of the Woodstock Musical Association, Mr. J. W. Newcomb, has been elected to the position of president for the coming year.

SACKVILLE

Sackville, May 21.—Mrs. Alfred Tingley of Upper Point de Bute, an aged and esteemed lady passed away on Friday after a lingering illness at the home of her son, Mr. J. W. Tingley.

THE BORDER TOWNS

St. Stephen, N. B., May 21.—On Monday afternoon Mrs. George Wilson was the hostess to the Neighborhood Club.

DORCHESTER

Dorchester, May 21.—Mr. Leo Richard went to Halifax on Monday, where he has been transferred from the Royal Bank.

PARRSBORO

Parrsboro, May 22.—Capt. A. W. Copp is home for a few weeks.

ST. GEORGE

St. George, May 20.—A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. Alex Stewart on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MONCTON

Moncton, May 21.—(Special).—By the first of September the R. M. S. ships will be replaced by the new ships of the Dominion.

ST. ANDREWS

St. Andrews, May 21.—Miss Margaret Kerr went to Boston on Wednesday's train for a visit to her sister, and will be away for two months.







THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1908

THE GREW SOME TALE OF A TEA JAR

BY MARY FENOLLOSA

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Between the hour of his appointment already secure, and that stupendous hour to come when he should take his seat among the mighty, the six dull, intermediate months stretched out before the minds of the Peagram family as some long, sandy road.

The time of the year was spring. "Couldn't we let a villa at Newport for the season?" suggested Miss Peagram. The senator elect gave her a cautious smile.

"A heap better go to Europe," remarked Miss Una Peagram, with school-girl carelessness.

The smile turned as on a wheel, losing its caution and acquiring approbation. From a quarter yet unheeded the slight sound of a clearing throat now issued. All eyes were directed to the direction of Mrs. Peagram. That lady knew her power and was prone to hold the bliss of absolute decision a little while at bay. Her very appearance was a symbol of authority. Jet glittered on her bosom and in her glance. The family waited eagerly for her words. They came in due season, deliberate and calm.

"Newport can wait another year. We go to Europe. It is most appropriate. Perhaps we shall encircle the globe."

"A royal progress!" sighed Miss Peagram, in an ecstasy.

Una began to jump straight up and down. "Now I'll find out for myself whether the earth is really round like an orange or a ball."

The senator's smile was like a photograph of the canals on Mars. "Trust me to know what's the thing!" he cried, and placed a pudgy hand of approval upon the shoulder of his bridling spouse.

A few weeks later, various hotel registers of the Old World gained this imposing array of entries:—Senator J. A. Peagram, Mrs. Peagram, Miss Peagram, Miss Peagram, Miss Una Peagram, two maids and a valet."

The success of their tour was instantaneous. For four wonderful months they revelled on the hilltops of social preference. They were presented at more than a single court and knew royalty by sight and name. They began to regret, usually at night, that arrangements had been made for continued travel. Yet so it was. Their very itinerary had been published, and, as Mrs. Peagram wisely observed, "people in their position couldn't afford to deceive the public."

Strengthened, if not cheered, by this high sense of martyrdom, they finally passed the eastern border of "dear, delightful, hospitable Europe" and plunged despairingly into dark Asia.

It had been agreed before starting that they were to patronize the Trans-Siberian Railway. Mr. Peagram had always been interested in the shaggy empire, especially in the way of mortgages on mining stocks. This had been, indeed, the one personal element in their travels on which the Senator had insisted. "And," as his good lady was wont emphatically to declare, "see what it did for us."

They found the Russian trains to be most rolling cabins of discomfort. The police espionage was enough to curdle the blood of any good American; fancy, then, the indignation of a new-fledged senator elect! At Lake Biwak, having been transferred three separate times to smaller steamers, their third craft stuck ignominiously in the mud. Here they remained for three days, their food supplies brought out from shore by means of long poles and consisting chiefly of sour black bread. Their drink was an inkly fluid called "tea," stewed in a corroding samovar.

It was a weakened and pallid party that arrived at last, through brightening social stages of Peking, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Kobe, to the irreproachable management of Yokohama's best foreign hotel.

Here newspaper reporters, English and Japanese, flocked to interview them, an attention which Madame had begun to miss. Uppon the gentry she bestowed broad consideration, arranging them to her cause. In three or four days Mrs. Peagram and her daughters pervaded Yokohama society like a tincture.

The Senator, in double capacity, as man and statesman, had many special functions devised for him alone. There were club dinners, visits to the races and the polo ground, yachting excursions and Japanese banquets without end. He had his photograph taken between two venerable native statesmen.

Yet alone of his family did not rally. Health and buoyancy seemed to have fallen from him into Lake Biwak. Perhaps the deadly samovar had done its work. But let us not dwell upon harrowing details. The bare fact is tragically enough. Senator J. A. Peagram, still a man in the prime of life, with his seat

among the mighty yet untaken, his passage on the home steamer was paid for, and farewell banquets pledged up to the very hour of departing, with all these things accomplished and a glorious future rising like a dawn from America's distant shore, the Senator was actually inconsolable enough to die!

This catastrophe, will be thought, destroyed in one fell swoop all social hopes and ambitions of the ladies of the Peagram family. Not so! Mrs. Peagram did not turn her face to the wall. If death had snuffed out a shining career it was her part to see that the world realized its loss. Newspaper reporters were again summoned and the wireless telegraph station hummed. In a time, miraculously brief, the four corners of the earth had news of Mrs. Peagram's bereavement. In Yokohama the "eccentric" was spoken of as a "marvel," a "wonder." And so she was.

The poor senator had breathed his reluctant last at six, one stormy evening in September. By nine of the next morning the widow and her two daughters were attired in full suits of mourning, with pins, belt buckles, handkerchiefs, note-paper and hair-combs to match; while the maids and the valet bore wide bands of crepe upon the left arm, and the crimson bow of the new poodle, a gift from the Marchioness Katsudira, was changed to one of black.

That awful first day and the next Mrs. Peagram did indeed bear herself with amazing courage. If she wept no one perceived it. Only once was she seen to falter, and that was when the consul general—unhappy man—had to hint of cremation. The word stuck in her bullock's throat and made him sick.

Yet in such cases it was the only way. Mrs. Peagram had risen and, with a less gallant tread than usual, crossed her sitting room to stand beside a window. For some moments, she had stood motionless. Apparently she was watching the splash and surge of billows as they charged against the rock breakwater and went writhing forty glittering feet into the air. Sea birds skimmed like giant swallows about a sea of tempestuous blue grain.

Her eyes, indeed, were set, and bright; but she had not been gazing on such things. It was a boy and girl, upon a western farm—a little home, then Washington—and now this far Eastern town with its dreadful something called a crematory. She closed her tired eyes for an instant, and then drew herself to the cold glass.

"Very well—if it is necessary," she had told him. "I consent to what is necessary. Will you attend to it like a man?"

The Consul General, a kindly man, who should have been a foreman in a factory, mumbled and got himself hastily from the room. Once in the street he thanked his Maker fervently and aloud that that particular "stunt" was over.

Fortunate visions have little place in the usual designs of crosses, wreaths, pillars, gates and broken columns; for the foreigners have imported their own florists and their own bad taste in Japan. One might have fancied it a real funeral, except that, at the last, the stricken family returned, weeping, to the carriage and to the hotel, while the Consul General, the Rev. Mr. Potts and the unctuous undertaker only followed the sombre foreign hearse out over the hills to a valley centered by a tall stone chimney, from which, at irregular intervals, might be seen to creep a sluggish yellow breath. Early the next day the ashes were to be gathered up into a bronze urn (already selected) and the precious relic given into the charge of Mr. Potts until the hour of sailing.

The third day after the church service was the one of departure. From literally the hour of dawn—the Japanese are early risers—more visitors, more hearers of gits, more calligraphs and notes of condolence knocked at the door of the Peagram's suite.

Within the rooms everything was going wrong. The cherished poodle made his escape, and after an hour of frantic search was identified only by his sable bow. One of the maids had a fainting spell and needed a physician. Una locked her long crepe veil in the wrong trunk and had to go down in person to the hatoba to reclaim it. Maddening small

incidents and accidents multiplied, until even Mrs. Peagram's iron nerves began to feel like tin foil.

The very last gift of all, brought in by Japanese dealer a few moments before starting and offered with many deprecating bows and audible intakes of the breath, was a large tea jar, beautiful in shape and coloring, but about as appropriate an ornament for a steamer cabin as would be a totem pole. "Somebody bring it or leave it," said Mrs. Peagram desperately. "I don't care which!"

The Rev. Mr. Potts, nervous, excited, affable, was everywhere. He had come and gone many times already in the last afternoon. Once Mrs. Peagram, catching him in transit, had whispered, "The niggard nod and smile, with the assurance, 'All right, dear lady.' As a matter of fact he had not understood, being deaf in that particular ear; but it was second nature to him reassured."

Now, at length, the sable group appeared, moving slowly down the hall, out through an evening, and sympathetic through to the waiting carriage. The American launch, its crass colored flaglet properly swathed in crepe, conveyed them to the great ship, half a mile distant from the land.

The captain on his quivering, pendant stairway came to meet them. He assisted the widow as tenderly as though she had been a lighted bomb. The family ascended in order of preference, and last of all the two maids, one carrying the poodle and one staggering under the multi-tinted tea jar.

The Peagram ladies went immediately to the upper deck, where they might lean over the railing for a last waving of hands. Below them, on the launch, the upturned faces of friends were already shrunken to meaningless oval dots. Pygmy, answering hands, and now the more pronounced note of a waving handkerchief, continued the messages of good will. Even at such a distance the portly, authoritative figure of the Rev. Mr. Potts dominated the group.

All at once Mrs. Peagram gave a gasp, then a sound like a cry strangled in a nightmare. She caught at the railing, covering down upon it, then drew herself full height. "Mr. Potts! Mr. Potts!" she screamed. Her words were torn in fragments by the rough sea winds. Not even the gulls paused to listen.

"Why, mother!" cried the girls in a breath, each grasping a gesticulating arm. "What could have happened right here on deck?" questioned the clerk, looking fearfully about. Even her commonplace mind felt the touch of a new tragedy.

But Una realized it from her mother's twitching face. There was something like scorn in the girlish voice as she said, deliberately:—"It's only that, after all the hullabaloo, we've come away without our poor papa!"

"Hush!" commanded Mrs. Peagram fiercely. "Don't dare to say it. Don't think it! Get me to our cabin, quick! Send the maids off. Don't let any one come in!"

The officers and fellow-passengers gazed sorrowfully after the three black, stagger-

ing figures. Heads were shaken and sounds of apprehension made.

"Now look the door. This far we are safe, thank Heaven!" Mrs. Peagram glared for a moment, wild eyed, about the tiny space. Her elder daughter, succumbing to the moment, sank sobbing to the first convenient heap.

"Stop that noise. We've got no time to smile. We've got to think!" commanded the mother. She took deliberate seat upon the narrow bed lounge under the port holes and leaned her head, still swathed in crepe, against the white panel of the wall. "Will Potts have sense enough to keep his mouth shut until I can send him a wireless?" she asked aloud, as if to herself, but her hunted eyes went to Una.

"Sure," said Una promptly. "He'll be feeling like thirty cents himself!"

"I believe you're right. Now I'll compose the message while you girls find an urn."

"An urn," echoed the elder. "What on earth can you want with an urn—now—when—?"

Her son-comprehension gazed the already frantic parrot to madness. "Yes, my, my, an urn! What am I to hand out to the delegation when they meet us at Frisco—a hairpin—or a smelling bonnet?"

Una was again inspired. "The tea-jar! She's sitting on it. The very thing!" Incontinently she thrust her sister over, disclosing the tea jar in all its glory—in the dignity of its ample size.

"I've something yet to live for," murmured Mrs. Peagram. "He taking off the top, Una, while I write this awful message."

A few minutes later the following instructions flew Japanward through the air:—"Rev. Mr. Merriweather Potts, D. D. Gratitude for your kindness suggests that I make through you a donation of \$2,000 for your work. I find I have left a valuable curio of bronze in your charge. Say nothing. Keep in personal and private charge until you get letter of instructions from San Francisco. Mrs. Peagram."

When Una returned saying that one important step, at least, had been successfully taken, Mrs. Peagram, for a passionate instant, longed for the relief of tears. But no—they were to come later! There was still work to do.

By this time the purple silk cloth lying down the cover of the jar had been removed. A delicate, yet pungent, fragrance filled the room.

"What are we to do with it?" asked Miss Peagram, helplessly.

"Lift the jar, Una. I presume that the tea—alone—would be too-light!"

"Yes," said Una, grimly, "and too green."

"Then throw it all out of the window. A Boston tea party in Yokohama Bay! We'll fill it up with something heavier."

"This was accomplished in a somewhat stilled silence, owing to flying particles of tea dust and an indination, betrayed by first one then another of the workers, to go off into a spell of shrieking hysterics. The rolling of the vessel now grew worse with each moment. Soon the air giving and tea excluding portholes must



HE TRAMPLED IT WITH HIS BARE FEET

be closed. Mrs. Peagram, always a poor sailor, went over bodily to the nearest mattress of the berth, but even then her spirit prevailed. Like a wounded general beneath a tent she lay, issuing strategic orders.

"It's empty now, thank heaven! Begin to fill up with anything—anything—just so you get it heavy. It's supposed to be bronze, you know. Put cloth and paper in the bottom, so things can't be heard rattling. Chuck the flowers out of the window and put in the tooth brush mug—it weighs a pound. Yes, put in all the overshoes; they're a nuisance kicking about the cabin. Hand me the salted tea, my hair rat, soap talcum powder—anything, anything—put it all for him!"

For an instant she wrestled with a very genuine anguish, and then regained her moral if not her physical prowess. "Finished at last! Now, girls—before we all die of seasickness—bread, needles, black petticoats and shawls! Yes, all of them and the first that may come handy. I want this horror sewed round and round with so many layers of black cloth that an army would wonder of sowing politics!"

A half hour later, in the very instant of dissolution (as it seemed), Mrs. Peagram roused herself to the ultimate heroism of demanding the captain's presence and of delivering into his hands with her own object resembling an enormous swart cocoon. With the horror of last resort, Mrs. Peagram calmly though with increasing vehemence, gave herself up to a fit of hysterics.

It was a week before a Peagram showed a face. With the landing at San Francisco Mrs. Peagram once more girded up her diplomatic loins. As at Yokohama, she received in person all delegations and private visitors. An imposing array of leading citizens from their own town awaited them. To the chairman of this organization she offered with a stony face and in sight of all the passengers the black, swathed object, which she touched, as usual, with her handkerchief, and then, as usual, she left to them a devoted husband and an adoring father.

Nothing could have been more affecting. The onlookers were just at the moment of coagulation into one great, sticky group of sympathy when suddenly the younger Miss Peagram went off into shrieks of wild laughter. "Poor, old dad! Sacred urn! Garters, mugs and chewing gum!" were a few of the unattractive and disjointed phrases she was heard to emit. Fortunately the stewardess was still near, and Una allowed her ministrations to prevail. But the sentiment of the occasion had received a shock.

A private car, heavily draped in black, conveyed the party outward. During the trip the urn occupied a stateroom to itself, resting on an ebony pedestal, with the fringe of Mrs. Peagram's best black shawl vibrating with the motion of the train. Arrived at its destination, it was taken to a chapel where, heaped about with fresh flowers, it became an object of reverent curiosity.

Finally, the committees and sub-committees having come to an agreement, a day for the great funeral was announced. Business was at a standstill. Banks hung their doors in ink. Excursion trains brought in thousands of country visitors. The whole town took on the air (to quote from a somewhat flippant young reporter) of a "country fair at half past."

Mrs. Peagram, looking hands always with the right people, weeping always at the proper moment, held herself vice-regent of the departed hero.

The site chosen for the burial of the urn (I had nearly said tea jar) was the summit of a low hill. Here, into a tiled vault, lined with fragrant bloom, the symbol was lowered. The throng of onlookers, mounting the hillside in tiers, like a circus audience reversed, moved its untried feet, rustled and gave out a forest of sympathy. Una alone was unimpressed, though this time she was calm.

This all took place at noon one bright October day.

On the other side of the world, in Japan, the hour was midnight. That morning the Rev. Mr. Potts had received an unexpected and most unusual communication. Because of this letter he remained

now alone in his study, while all the rest of his household slept.

Almost on the stroke of twelve he rose and drew from a certain niche a squat, bronze urn. Bearing this he went cautiously to the door and summoned his trusty jirikisha coolie, Taro. A few moments later he was whirling away on noiseless rubber tires, the urn between his knees. A small spade, too, lay on the jirikisha floor.

"The haka-wara, Taro," was the low direction given.

The white tombs of the hillside foreign cemetery gleamed with an uncanny distinctness under the thronging stars. Mr. Potts' teeth chattered, but that might have been with the autumn chill. He and the servant bore their burden to a far corner of the consecrated plot and silent went to work.

The hole was not deep. When time came to "fill in" no conventional mound was attempted. The coolie flattened it with bare feet, as though he had been burying trash in a gutterway. Mr. Potts, stooping for a wedge of clay, crumbled and threw it, muttering something indistinct about "the resurrection and the life." Then both men hurried from the place.

The minister re-entered his vehicle. The weight seemed disproportionately less. He threw his head far back that he might see the stars. They were all there—Orion, the Pleiades, the morning stars that sang together—all the dear constellations that his English boyhood had learned to know and love. Job, watching these same stars, had drawn strength from their serenity. The old Chinese sage knew them well. Mahomet, the Buddha, Christ—all these had come and gone! Ar a thousand years before a Peagram showed a face.

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