THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND

A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

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CHAPTER XI.

SOME SMILES AND SOME FROWNS.

The guests at Chateau d'Or were not disturbed by the dramatic scene going on in the room where Fairfax, Colonel Loring and Mr. Vernon were grouped together under such peculiar circumstances.

Mrs. Vernon and Pauline were alert and facile hostesses, and as the custom of the time permitted them a wide latitude in their method of entertaining, it was easy for them to make the most of the occasion.

Everybody felt the charm of the place, with its flowery vistas, its effect of amplitude, its surprises of light, shadow, color, perspective and its pervading air of generous wealth and hospitable welcome.

Lieutenant Ballanche could not have been altogether unaware that he was one of the chief attractions of the occasion, yet he showed no sign of such consciousness. Everywhere he was met with smiles and with words and looks of approval. This was probably due as much to his military reputation as to his fine form, his clear-cut face and his extreme ease and grace of manner.

When he danced with Mlle. Marie de Sezannes the thought flashed through the company that never had a handsomer couple been seen in New Orleans society.

Mademoiselle de Sezannes was a dark brunette, tall, stately and of superb form, with the perfect skin, teeth and eyes which have always made creole beauty so distinctive and [illegible]tic. She was richly dressed, [illegible]st enough of dark scarlet showing her gown to contrast excellently [illegible] complexion. She was loaded [illegible]els till she glittered like a [illegible]incess, but her manner was [illegible] refined and modest. Tall [illegible]ant Ballanche was, Made[illegible] Sezannes's head rose [illegible]ould[illegible]as she leaned on

[illegible] dancing with a [illegible]g man, who was [illegible]r that a friend her [illegible]m. The reader, [illegible]ld have recognized [illegible] a glance as one of [illegible]s of the Pearl River [illegible] history as John A. [illegible]ng upon the present [illegible]d Parker, son of a [illegible]mer. They stood [illegible]ear the festooned [illegible]way, and Parker's [illegible] soon singled out [illegible]zannes and Lien-

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[illegible]sweetest friends. [illegible] Marie de Sezan[illegible]

[illegible]eautiful!"

[illegible]s so; and she is [illegible]ly."

[illegible]hat. The lieu[illegible]re in love with her. Ah——. What is the lieutenant's name?"

"Ballanche. He is the famous young Indian fighter. He was with General Jackson."

"These fighting men make their way easily with the young ladies. I wish I knew how to fight."

"Lieutenant Ballanche thinks that we may have fighting here."

"Not to-night."

"You choose to make light on a very serious subject, I fear. He says that the British are going to attack New Orleans."

"If that is the case, I shall set out for Tennessee in the morning. It makes me nervous to think of danger."

Pauline looked at him to see whether he was chaffing or speaking seriously. Although he met her eyes with a bold, almost boyishly frank gaze, there was something in his face that troubled her.

He laughed, and said that he did not think there was any danger of an attack being soon made.

The lieutenant came up with Mademoiselle de Sezannes on his arm. Both were evidently in high spirits. Pauline presented Wilfred Parker, and then some duty called her away.

When the eyes of the two men met it was like flint meeting steel, so cold did they appear and so sharply flew out the commonplaces of polite but meaningless intercourse. Parker very much desired a further acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Sezannes; for he understood at a glance that she was rich as well as beautiful. Ballanche had no thought of permitting the young lady to leave his side so long as he could hold her.

Parker saw this, or felt it, and at once drew upon his resources of boldness and enterprise. Self-reliance was inexhaustible in him, and he always had an expedient which just fitted an exigency. Mademoiselle de Sezannes was impressed with the remarkable personal charm of this handsome youth, and was caught by the lure of his original and forthright manner. Perhaps she discovered at a glance that he admired her, and that he would not be slow to fall at her feet. Sometimes a discovery of this sort is very fascinating to a young woman. It was much more apt to be so then than now. Parker would not be shaken off by the lieutenant's coldness, but stood close to the beautiful girl, looking boldly into her face, and speaking with fluency and engaging versatility.

Mademoiselle de Sezannes dropped her fan. In these days, young ladies sometimes did this very skillfully; it was a way of testing the promptness and gracefulness of her admirers. We must not say that Mademoiselle de Sezannes's fan fell in accordance with a design of this sort; certainly, she let it fall with a most innocent air and with a pretty little start and a step backward.

Lieutenant Ballanche was a quick man, a man whose every muscle acted with almost instantaneous promptness at need. He bent toward the jeweled toy at once; but Parker was already handing it to Mademoiselle de Sezannes with an exquisite bow. Such celerity astounded the lieutenant; indeed, it actually offended him; and his face showed it in spite of him.

"That is a remarkably fine ruby, mademoiselle, in the hilt of your fan," said Parker, after gracefully receiving her thanks. "Such a stone might have a history."

"Monsieur Parker, you have very quick eyes," she smilingly answered, "and you guess well. This stone has a romantic history. Rochon, the last of the buccaneers, gave it to my grandfather. It is known as the buccaneer of Caribbean ruby."

"That is very interesting. Will you kindly let me look at it. I have a passion for old gems."

"Oh, certainly, monsieur. Every one desires to look at it. It is a famous little pebble."

He took the fan and held it so that the light fell favorably upon the rosy-hued setting.

"Superb!" he exclaimed. "It glows like fire and has the color of a red cherry's juice. Thank you, mademoiselle; it is a great pleasure to have seen the beautiful thing."

Parker was exquisitely dressed, and upon his own hands and bosom sparkled diamonds of no mean size. His air at that moment was that of a connoisseur delighted to have been permitted to look at a marvel in his special field of knowledge. He lacked the peculiar air of ease and finish, so to speak, that made Lieutenant Ballanche so notable in company; but there were a self-sufficiency, a readiness and a sharp vigilance that even the famous lieutenant could not command. Evidently he was one to watch, if you would not have him beat you in any race.

He looked bodily into Mademoiselle de Sezannes' eyes, and said:

"Will Mademoiselle de Sezannes honor me with the next dance?"

Ballanche had been just on the point of asking the great pleasure, but the quick youth had forestalled him.

"Yes, monsieur, with pleasure," she answered, "but let us pass one dance, if you please, I am a trifle tired."

"Take my arm, I will find you a seat."

He stepped close to her and bowed. He was so prompt, so taking in some way, and withal so outright that there was no denying him.

A moment later Lieutenant Ballanche found himself standing there alone, while the tall girl was walking away leaning with superb grace on the arm of the spry little muscular stranger. A flush of anger mantled the usually cool cheek of the soldier, and he turned on his heel, as if to give an order to a company behind him. He came near upsetting an old gentleman of short but portly figure.

"Your pardon, sir."

"Ah, pardon."

Both men bowed and apologized.

The old gentleman was Madamoiselle de Sezannes's father, Octave de Sezannes, the banker. He rubbed his hands togther in a businesslike way and smiled with that perfunctory readiness noticeable in men who make money by sharp turns. The seal of his watch was a maltese cross of gold set with diamonds.

"Pardon, monsieur, we heavy men move but slowly and awkwardly; we are in everybody's way."

"But it is I who am to blame, Monsieur de Sezannes; I sprang around as if I meant to run away. I was angry, however, and you know an angry man is a fool."

He spoke lightly, but the ring of his sudden creole fury was not yet out of his voice.

"I saw, I saw; I know what you mean," said Do Sezannes, with the air of one from whom nothing escapes. "The young fellow swooped down like a hawk and took Marie right away from you. Ha, ha, ha!"

Lieutenant Ballanche joined the old gentleman but dryly in his little laugh.

Through a rift in the company and beyond a curtained doorway he could see Madamoiselle de Sezannes sitting in a tall, carved chair and Parker standing by her side. They appeared to be charmed with each other's company. A little later they were going through a dance together, while Ballanche was talking with Monsieur de Sezannes.

In the meantime, Mr. Vernon was laboring to convince Fairfax that Colonel Loring was not Pierre Rameau. Loring himself stood by, apparently quite indifferent as to the outcome, holding his head high and turning his half-closed, inscrutable eyes toward the ceiling.

Fairfax found himself in a predicament very difficult for one of his temperament and disposition to control. He felt that he could not be mistaken; he recollected with absolute memory every feature of the face disclosed to him when the loose cloth mask of the robber fell partly away on that very noteworthy night in March over at Vasseur's place. The form of the man, the peculiar beauty of his hands (long, shapely, muscular) and then the ring on his last finger—that of itself was identification beyond doubt; for no other ring like that was, in all probability, ever made. Moreover, the voice was unmistakable and the peculiar, half-nonchalant, half-reckless air could belong to no other man.

Still, what was Fairfax to say when Mr. Vernon sturdily, even peremptorily, declared that the person before him was well known to him, intimately known to him, indeed, and was a valued and distinguished friend of his, just returned from a long sojourn in Mexico? It was strange beyond comprehension, and th[illegible] dis[illegible]

non ought to know, and beyond question he would not have such a man as Pierre Rameau in his house as an honored guest.

Of course Fairfax had but a crude knowledge of the social, political and moral condition of New Orleans at that time. He was too close to the scene for his vision to have a correct focus upon it, and he knew but little of the comparatively recent history of the city in which Wilkinson had schemed and toward which all of Burr's treasonable plans had gravitated, nor was it possible for him to imagine the extent to which the lawlessness had insinuated itself into the very life-tissues of New Orleans society.

"I am sorry that this little mistake has happened," said Mr. Vernon, turning from one to the other, and trying to make the whole thing appear of no consequence; "but it's quite an honor, Loring, to be taken for Pierre Rameau, who is reputed to be the handsomest man in the South. You know my friend Fairfax here had quite an adventure with that renowned robber—was robbed by him, in short, and holds a just grudge against him."

"Ah, I see," said Loring. "I understand now. He has taken me for a robber."

"You've heard of Rameau?"

"No; but you must recall that I have been in Mexico for nearly three years."

"Certainly. Well, gentlemen, this ought to be satisfactory. Now, then, the broken finger; let's look to that. Mr. Vernon bustled a little and produced some bandage-cloth that a servant had fetched.

Colonel Loring promptly set the fractured bone, and with great skill and rapidity applied the wrapping.

"There," he said; "you are all right, sir. You will have no trouble with it."

"Thank you, sir," responded Fairfax coldly enough, in spite of an effort to regain his lost temper and appear kindly polite.

"Now, gentlemen," remarked Mr. Vernon, laying a hand on the arm of each and smiling from one to the other in his large way, "you are my guests and my friends; be friends to each other. Forget this curious little mischance, this awkward mistake."

By this time Fairfax had shaken off the outer coating of his mood and with something like his habitual frankness began to apologize.

"I am quite sorry," he exclaimed, "and chagrined that I should have spoken so hastily, Colonel Loring. I hope you understand my embarrassment, sir, and will forgive my passionate words. I really thought you were Pierre Rameau."

"It's nothing at all," insisted the colonel. "I don't care a straw about it. Let it drop here, sir, and be forgotten."

Somehow in an instant Fairfax regretted his apology. Surely, this man was Pierre Rameau—it was he from head to foot.

Mr. Vernon, still inclined to be heavily impetuous, kept his hold on the arm of each. With his double muscles, not the least impaired by age, he propelled them to the dining-room.

In the midst of a rapid and light conversation, Loring suddenly exclaimed:

"Please excuse me, gentlemen. I am losing a greater pleasure than ever your company affords me. Miss Vernon promised to dance with me. Excuse me."

And he hastened to the drawing-rooms. Fairfax looked after him with gloomy eyes and flushed cheeks. The bare thought of Pauline's dancing with that man went like a leaden bullet to his heart. In fact, just then his heart was particularly sensitive in this regard, for it seemed to him that Lieutenant Ballanche had been doing nothing but dance with Pauline the whole evening; and that man, or boy, rather, Parker—she had been unnecessarily agreeable to him. These were not exactly the thoughts of Fairfax. We must acquit him of actual petty jealousy. But somehow he felt left out for the time being, or as if he had failed to seize the opportunity with manly promptness.

He wandered into the conservatory, where many tropical plants were flourishing. Here the music reached him in subdued waves and throbs; the brisk phrases of the violins were softened and sentimentalized by the distance till they seemed to creep through his sense, trailing a nameless melancholy behind. He stroked his moustache and gazed vacantly about.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gibraltar and Warships.

There have lately been some interesting tactics at Gibraltar between the first-class cruiser St. George and the second-class cruiser Juno, both belonging to the particular service squadron, and the guns of the rock. The two cruisers, than which there are none smarter in the British Navy, approached the rock, steaming at various speeds, precisely as they would have done had they been really engaged in searching out the most vulnerable points of the fortress. Then the bugles of the garrison sounded to arms, when the ships were within a range of 3000 yards, and every available weapon was discharged at one or other of the cruisers as long as she remained within range, of course using blank cartridges only. The military authorities were immensely interested, taking careful observations, not only of how many shots could be loosed from a gun in a given time, but also what chance a couple of attacking ships would have. This was an eminently practical experiment, and though the results of it are, of course, a secret locked in official breasts, the fact of its having been made at all shows that the powers that be are paying serious attention to the defences of Gibraltar. It is an experiment which would well bear repetition in other localities.—London Globe.

How Natal Got Its Name.

South Africa was discovered by the Portuguese, who were searching for an ocean road to India. Bartholomew Diaz was the commander of the two little ships that formed the expedition in 1486. Eleven years later Da Gama took another Portuguese fleet south. He discovered Natal on Christmas Day, and thus named it in conse-

THE GREAT FAMINE IN INDIA.

That the monsoon has broken and that rain is falling throughout the stricken district of India does not mean that the famine is at an end.

The cause of the famine was lack of rain. The present fall is the first the country has known in twenty-four months with the exception of the one hour's rain which fell on the 20th of July last year. Hence rain must now fall for many weeks before the parched surface will become softened to a sufficient depth to assure the raising of a crop. Moreover, millions of head of cattle, ninety-five per cent. of all the cattle, indeed, have died, for want of fodder, and farmers are tied hand and foot till Government supplies new live stock to replace the old, whose bones lie scattered over the whole country.

Therefore desperate distress still exists. Utter desolation is still the lot of millions. If the Government were now to withdraw its aid, shut up the relief works and poor-houses, seven million homeless, helpless people would be in imminent danger of starving to death. Moreover, since the rain has come scores of thousands who have been saved from death by starvation are threatened with death by exposure. Blankets and clothing are scare; only one person in every thousand possessing more than a loin cloth. Never since the world began have ten million people, at one time, been absolutely without a crumb of their own to eat.

Gilson Willets, the special correspondent of Collier's Weekly, writes as follows about what he saw in India:

"The breadless area covers 350,000 square miles, one-third of all India, big as all our New England, Middle and Southern States. In this area are 50,000,000 people, one-sixth the entire population of India, a number equal to our whole, well-fed family east of the Mississippi. Ten millions are entirely destitute, and of these Government is taking care of 6,500,000 on relief works and in poor-houses.

"As for the mortality—more famine deaths daily than the total American losses in the Spanish-American war; more deaths weekly than the Boer and British losses to date in their present war, and a grand total of famine deaths, since January 1, equal to twice the figure at which is placed the losses on both sides from all causes in the Civil War. In actual figures the death list amounts to more than 3000 daily, 100,000 each month, 700,000 this year.

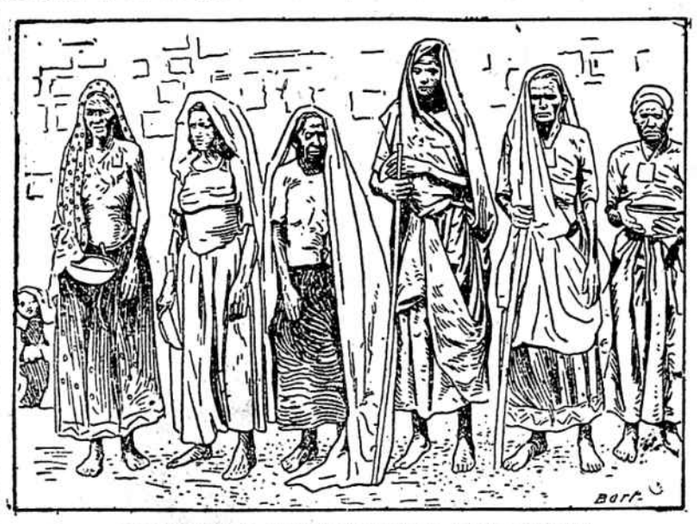
"Up-country crawled the train, passengers so few that each of us had a carriage to himself. Twenty-five miles from Bombay vegetation ceased. Eyes searched the miles vainly for a single green speck. We had passed even the last cactus. Blasts of hot air, as from millions of furnaces, almost suffocated us, and yet the trees of the 'jackal jungle' bordering the farms were shorn of leaves, as in a Canadian winter. Jackals could be seen prowling, trying to hide behind tree trunks, and we shuddered at the thought of their 'daily bread.' Human skulls and bones dotting the sun-baked fields told awful stories.

"One hundred miles up the train crawled into Gujarat, once the garden, now the Sahara, of India. The whole world, level as a prairie, barren as a desert, was dust-colored. The only thing of another color was the train. Even the naked trees were coated with the dust of the desert. The train zizagged in and out between farms and deserted villages, where there was no living thing anywhere, not even a jackal. Yes, a few scampering monkeys seemed to find fun keeping pace with the train. Huge, almost ape-size, they were, and dust-colored, too.

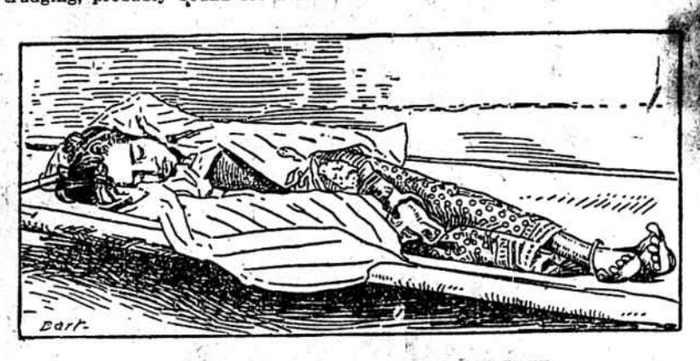
"Rivers, streams, lakes, pools had disappeared, leaving beds, like the fields, parched wastes of earth. Water, except in the few remaining wells, had vanished from the earth's surface. We were journeying through a depopulated Hades. Were all the absent ones at work in the relief camps? After all, besides the monkeys, we did occasionally see a stray brown man, or a stray brown group of families, trudging, probably bound for a relief camp, where they would arrive too late, so weak, so wasted, that the first stomachful of curry would be like a mortal wound. At stations nearest these camps the train paused for water, which was brought by gaunt, half-dead coolies in buckets from the nearest cholera-infected well.

"Two hundred miles and two days from Bombay the train wriggled into the big station at Ahmedabad, the city in the heart of the desert. Ordinary population, 100,000; famine population, 130,000—the 100,000 living in stone houses, normally, and the 30,000 in straw tents on the relief works outside the city walls. These were the people I had come to see. This camp was the Mecca for all famine victims within a radius of thirty miles. None within that area need starve. All were welcome. Here they could earn two annas (four cents) a day, which would buy grain enough to sustain life. The camp was divided into three sections; in the first, 20,000 people were digging a reservoir half as big as Central Park; in the second, 7000 were building a narrow-guage railroad; in the third, 3000 were breaking stone for roadbed. Two-thirds of the workers were women. On the tank works the men dug the colossal pit, the women carried away the sand in baskets on their heads. The great reservoir was for the reserve storage of water, thus providing against the recurrence of famine in the future. In the stone-breaking section both men and women broke stone, but women only were the burden-bearers, carrying away the broken stone in baskets on their heads, each tottering under her load for a distance of from one to two miles, till she came to the pile to which she must add her share, day by day. Among the stone-breakers were nursing mothers, old crones, young girls. One mother broke stone with one hand while with the other she held an infant on her lap. Death claimed the child even while I looked on, and the native in charge of the gang of thirty to which the mother belonged came and took the little body away. She followed it awhile with animal eyes, then, after pulling her torn saree closer about her face, resumed her task, grasping the hammer now with both hands.

"Next morning at sunrise we followed the carts that gathered up the dead. In a cleared space in the adjacent jungle we attended the funeral of sixty-five famine victims. The ashes of a thousand other victims lay in white, smoking heaps. On top of these ash-heaps low-caste men piled logs—four such piles. Atop the logs were thrown the sixty-five bodies, the morning's harvest. On the bodies more logs were thrown, till only a foot here, a head there, protruded. Then the four piles were set afire, and the flames of the funeral pyres leaped far above the tops of the surrounding trees. Thus is the trace of famine obliterated from the face of India."



BLIND VICTIMS OF THE FAMINE IN A POOR HOUSE.



SHE REACHED THE RELIEF CAMP TOO LATE.



FAMINE ORPHANS IN THE POOR HOUSE.

DEAD BODIES OF THE STARVED ON FUNERAL PYRES READY FOR BURNING.

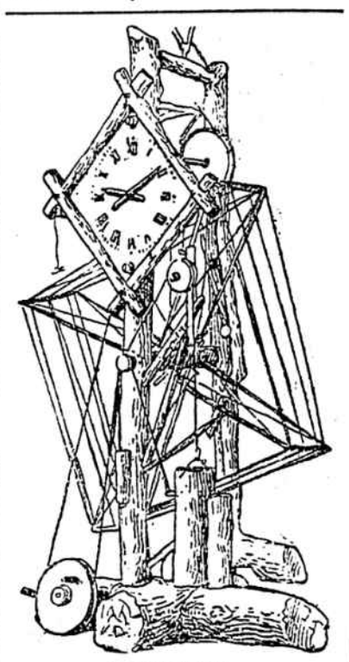


WAITING FOR AN ORDER ON THE BUNNIAH (GRAIN DEALER).

A RUSTIC CLOCK.

Keeps Accurate Time Although All Working Parts Are of Wood.

The rustic clock shown herewith, according to Revue Chronometrique, was constructed by M. Boullat, a clockmaker of Coutances, France, as a curious piece of horology, yet notwithstanding its rusticity it seems to conduct itself with much regularity, and reflects credit on the mechanical skill of its author. It possesses all the necessary organs, although they are exceedingly simple. Two small logs of firewood, fastened crosswise, constitute the base, and two upright sticks, solidly connected at top and bottom, serve for the reception of the arbors. The mechanism consists of a motor weight, a four-armed wheel and escapement rack, a pendulum and two pulleys, one of which has a crank and handle for winding. A dial and hands, with the dial work, complete the ensemble. All is of wood, except the wheel range of the rack, which is of metal. The motor weight is suspended from the drum of the four-armed wheel, which occupies the central part of the clock. The force is transmitted to the pendulum and the motion work by a wire, four and a half meters in length, rolled on one hand on the arbor of the rack, and on the other attached to one of the arms of the wheel, as shown in the illustration. The pendulum is attached to a wire, of which the length is regulated by means of a pin seen at the top of the frame. The winding is effected by means of a pulley placed at the lower part of the construction and connected with the axis of the escapement wheel by an endless wire. The motion work is operated with the aid of a pinion of three leaves acting on a cannon pinion of seventy-two teeth, which revolves once an hour. This pinion is on the arbor of the escapement rack, so that the latter makes twenty-four revolutions an hour; as it has 120 teeth the virtual length of the pendulum is about 30.6 centimeters The wheel revolves once in four hours



RUSTIC CLOCK.

Extenuating Circumstances.

The British soldier is a first-class fighting man, but his mental attributes are not always very high. Numerous anecdotes are told of the simplicity of his ideas, and the following is, perhaps, one of the best:

A gunner in one of the campaigns in Egypt was serving his piece, when he was surrounded so closely by Arabs that he had to use his rammer as a club. He repulsed the enemy and saved his gun at the expense of a broken rammer, and for his bravery he was selected for the Victoria Cross.

When summoned before the board of officers, the soldier thought it was for the breach of discipline in having broken the rammer, and, before a word could be said, he spoke up and volunteered a plea of "guilty, with extenuating circumstances."

There was a broad smile on the face of the board, but the soldier got the Cross.

SAYS HE KILLED BROWER.

Peter Austin, of Stormville, N. Y., Confesses, But Pleads Self-Defense.

His Wife Tells All She Knew About the Crime, Then He Makes a Clean Breast of the Affair.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (Special).—The murder mystery of Stormville was cleared up when Peter Austin, the farmer who was arrested a few days ago, confessed to District Attorney Wood and Sheriff Smith that he killed Charles Brower fourteen years ago and threw the body in the old well, where the skeleton was found. He says he killed the man in self-defense. Austin's wife went before the Grand Jury and told all that she knew about the crime. This is her story, as given out by the authorities:

"Brower had lived with us off and on for three years. He was a queer man, and about forty years old. He seemed very fond of the oldest of my two daughters, a girl then twelve years old, who is now the wife of Mr. Briggs, the blacksmith, in Hopewell. He spoke to me about marrying her, and I rebuked him for thinking of such a thing. He said he would kill both me and my husband, and then he would be free to have the girl. He laughed when he said it, but I thought he was joking. One morning he and Peter went out to milk the cows. Peter came home alone. His leg was all blood, and I asked what was the matter. Then he told me that he had killed Brower."

The District Attorney next had the wife repeat her story in the presence of Austin, who was brought from the jail. The result was that he broke down and made a clean breast of the affair.

HARD CONDITIONS AT NOME.

Many Persons Likely to Suffer and Die—Stampede to a New Field.

Port Townsend, Wash. (Special).—The steamship Elihu Thompson arrived from Cape Nome, bringing 200 passengers, many of whom are without means. Her officers report conditions but little changed. There are about 14,000 persons there, many of them in destitute circumstances, and as winter approaches much uneasiness prevails among the unfortunates, as they can see no prospects of getting away and nothing ahead but suffering and perhaps death.

Before the Thompson sailed from Nome a report reached there that rich diggings had been struck on Big Stone Creek, the other side of Cape York. This caused a stampede, and all small steamers and schooners at Nome headed for the scene of the new strike, loaded with passengers. By the time the stampede is over, and the last steamer of the season sails south, Nome may be almost depopulated.

Nome is practically free from sickness, smallpox and other diseases having disappeared.

REFUGEES LIVE IN CAVES.

Americans in Cape Colony Ruined by the War Cannot Pay Rent.

Cape Town, South Africa (By Cable).—In the Cape House of Assembly the Premier, Sir John Gordon-Sprigg, replying to a question concerning the fate of refugees who had not been permitted to return to their occupations, said that if charitable funds failed, the Government would see to it that the refugees did not starve.

London (By Cable).—The Cape Town correspondent of the Daily Mail, referring to the question put in the House of Assembly to Sir John Gordon-Sprigg regarding the refugees, says:

"The distress among them is very serious. Large numbers, mostly Americans, are living in caves on the sides of Table Mountain, owing to their inability to pay rent."

DROVE 3000 SHEEP TO DEATH.

Cattle Men in Colorado Bring the Old Range War to a Climax.

Walsenburg, Col. (Special).—Reports from Sharpsdale, a small town near Mount Blanco, in Southern Colorado, say that the feud over the use of the range, which has existed long between cattle men and sheep men, reached a climax a few days ago, when the cattle men drove 3000 sheep over a high precipice, killing nearly all of them.

The trouble has grown out of the scarcity of water along the water courses. Where grass still remains the sheep were pastured, and after they had once passed over the ground cattle refused to eat on it, and either died or became very poor. It is said that the entire country has taken up arms.

TRAIN CUT OFF HER FINGERS.

Odd Accident to a Nine-Year-Old Italian Girl at Bound Brook.

Somerville, N. J. (Special).—Katie Seicox, a nine-year-old Italian girl, and two companions were playing on the railroad tracks at Bound Brook when a west-bound freight train bore down on them. Katie's companions escaped by jumping down an embankment, but Katie did not see the train until it was almost on top of her. She jumped, but fell so that her hands lay on the east-bound track. An east-bound passenger train running at the rate of fifty miles an hour came thundering along and cut off three fingers of her right hand. Her injuries were dressed by two physicians, who believe she will recover.

Our Reply to Peace Edict.

The State Department at Washington has made a non-committal reply to the edict empowering Li Hung Chang to negotiate for peace in China, wishing first to see what the other powers will do.

Transvaal's Name Changed.

The Transvaal Republic will hence forth be known as the Vaal River Colony. General Baden-Powell has been appointed chief of the Transvaal police.

Newsy Gleanings.

The Japanese gold yen is being imported into India.

A coal famine now threatens the colony of Newfoundland.

The Congress of Peru has declared full amnesty for all political offenders.

Sweden is the latest foreign country to come to the United States seeking a loan.

Over $1,324,000 worth of subsidary coins were minted at Philadelphia in August.

The old Russian city of Riga will celebrate next year the 700th anniver[illegible]