McKNEW'S
Rebuilding Sale.

Slaughtering the Negliges.

Dressy men will find rare picking here now in Neglige Shirts. A big hole has been made in the stock by these Rebuilding Sale prices:

50c. Neglige Shirts, 39c.
75c. Neglige Shirts, 55c.
$1.00 Neglige Shirts, 79c.
$1.50 Neglige Shirts, $1.
$2 Neglige Shirts, $1.39.
(These are Manhattan's prettiest.)

One lot of Men's 50c. Fine Fancy Balbriggan Underwear. Rebuilding Sale Price.......... 29c.
One lot of Men's 50c. Netted Weave Underwear, cool and airy, at.......... 35c.
30 doz. 15c. Fast Black Socks —high spliced heel and double sole. Rebuilding Sale Price.... 9c.
25c. and 35c. Fancy Hose.......... 21c.
50c. Fancy Hose.......... 31c.

15c. Suspenders, 10c.
25c. Madras Suspenders.......... 18c.
50c. Suspenders.......... 36c.
25c. Madras Ties.......... 15c.
50c. Batwing Ties.......... 25c.
50c. Wales Ties.......... 25c.
50c., 75c., $1, $1.50 Neckwear.......... 75c.

Wm.H.McKnew,933 Pa. Av
jy29-60d

Odd Lots

In Fine Furniture, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages—short lengths in heavy, durable Mattings — in fact, everything that has a summery appearance is being cleared away at less than actual factory cost. This is the season when we lose to GAIN. We must have room for new goods. Now is your time to buy. As usual, you are perfectly welcome to credit—no notes—no interest.

Grogan's
Mammoth Credit House,
817-819-821-823 7th St.
Bet. H and I Sts.
jy27-70d

AN EXCITING HUNT.

Chasing Wild Boars in the Jungle is Fine Sport.

From Pearson's Magazine.

We will suppose the camp already left behind. The beaters, perhaps forty of them (there are often many more than this number), have been swallowed up in the jungle, thickets and the long grass, and betray their presence by a weird medley of sounds, tom-toms, voices, the crash of wood on wood and the blowing of horns. The din seems enough to scare any pig out of his senses.

Outside the jungle patch the spears are posted at likely points; they keep an eye on the line of beaters, whose progress is marked by a long ripple. The slow advance continues, the hideous clamor increasing as it approaches. The excitement of waiting for pig to break is tremendous, every man watching the jungle in front of the beaters. Presently something moves in a zig-zag, then another and another.

A "sounder" (family of pigs), whispers some one, and scarcely is the word spoken when, in answer to the noise of the beaters, and particularly, I should say, to that produced by a gentleman with a cracked horn, which is nearly as piercing and discordant as a White Star siren, the whole sounder bursts almost simultaneously into view. Away to the right goes the boar at a three-cornered canter, and three of the pig-stickers are already after him. His family, consisting of two sows and a whole drove of squeakers (pigs under three years old), have scattered in wild confusion over the open, and are scampering off as best they can to the shelter of a distant nullah bed. Meantime the old tusker is popping along in front of his pursuers, and, quite aware of the game of follow your leader, in which he is forced to become an unwilling participator, he chooses out the worst locality he can.

Away they go! The major on an Arab mare leads the three spears, he is followed a length behind by the deputy commissioner, and a subaltern on a Waler brings up the rear. It is a race among the three for the honor of first spear (to whom piggy's tushes will go), and for half a mile the positions remain unchanged, except that the Waler draws up a little on his leaders. The boar is going well, and they pelt after him, hell-for leather, and so hold on for another hundred yards. Then they draw in upon the quarry.

He is making for a patch of lance grass, and if he succeeds in reaching it he will not readily be dislodged again. He still has some way to go, and with every moment the three riders are closing in and up. They get a better view of him as they thunder along, and note with satisfaction that he is a well-grown beast. And now the deputy commissioner, a lightweight, and well mounted, forges ahead, and the other two, seeing that he has an excellent chance of spearing, like good sportsmen, fall back. Boar and rider are almost level now, the pig being on the off side, and the long spear flashes out at the tusker's ribs. It finds them, too, a trifle high perhaps, but a good thrust, and the boar, maddened by pain, turns to battle and vengeance.

He is a fine sight now. Caution is thrown to the winds. The man or the horse has hurt him, and they must at all costs be retaliated upon. The boar charges down upon them, champing his tushes, the foam flying from his mouth, every bristle in his body erect with fury. The deputy commissioner has turned and is galloping up to the attack, and his companions are prepared to bear their part. The boar is met by the spear again, but the wound is a glancing one and does not stop his rush, though the broken spear remains sticking in his side. Horse and man come down with a crash. Now is the time for the others to make a diversion, and the subaltern on the Waler cuts in, but in his eagerness he aims too far forward and a red seam gapes on the beast's shoulder. However, the deputy commissioner has had time to regain his feet. The boar, now absolutely maddened, makes again at the unhorsed man, and if he should reach him, one upward stroke of his tushes and his antagonist's pig sticking days will probably be over forever.

But it is the major's turn at last, and, swerving his Arab from the direct line, he slips in between the charging boar and his intended victim. The major's spear slants a little, and its keen touch gets piggy neatly in the center of the back. The boar turns upon his new enemy with a rush, but his legs give way suddenly, and he slowly subsides to the ground. In the most literal sense he has died fighting, charging to the last. The major's spear has touched his spine.

By and by the beaters come up, the pig is swung on a pole and carried off to camp, while his slayers pass on to fresh sport.

It has been estimated that English people use an average of eight matches each person per day, and annually over 1,700,000,000,000 are burned. The largest match factory is in Austria, and each year it uses 22,000 pounds of phosphorus, turns out 2,500,000,000,000 matches, and for the boxes alone 160,000 feet of wood are used.

LONDON GOSSIP

What is Thought of the Philippine "Round Robin."

OUR POLICY GREATLY CRITICISED

Valuable Books That Find Their Way to America.

A TRAMWAY SCHEME

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

LONDON, July 19, 1899.

The "round robin" which the American newspaper correspondents have sent from Manila complaining of the censorship and exposing the true condition of things in the Philippines has excited much interest here, where something of the sort has been suspected for a long time.

I have been able to secure the following British testimony to the situation, which has arrived in private advices from Manila.

These advices show that the prolonged crisis is having a very "disheartening effect upon the commercial community and all interested in the development of the islands. The work of subduing the natives makes but slow progress, while in Manila itself, and those portions of the islands where the American authority is established, the administration is ineffective and unsatisfactory. As things are going on at present it may be two years before the war is over and many years before the islands recover from the disastrous effects of the present turmoil. The disappointment of the European population is keen, especially in the British colony, where it was hoped that, failing British rule, American administration would, by its energy and enterprise, secure the element of stability and certainty which was, above all things, needed. Up to the present the American government has proved lacking in the very qualities most expected from it.

A Weak Policy.

From a military point of view the action taken by the American authorities seems to neutral residents to be as much lacking in policy and foresight as in vigor and consistency. To begin with, too light an estimate was formed of the capabilities of Aguinaldo and his followers, while later on the campaign has been characterized by indecision and weakness, which have multiplied the difficulties to be surmounted, and have provoked among the "rebels" a contempt for the American arms. A bold and steady advance immediately upon the outbreak in February would, it is argued, have captured the whole of the railway line within a week, and saved an enormous loss of life in the subsequent fighting, for the natives had then neither intrenchments nor barricades, and were not in a position to withstand a well-organized expedition. Those in authority on the spot seem, as far as can be gathered, to have been hampered by instructions from Washington or by the want of them, but, over and above this, the operations have been conducted in a manner which was not likely to command the respect of the foe. Positions captured from time to time by the bravery of the rank and file have been relinquished without an effort to hold them, and have had to be retaken at heavy cost, not only of men and material, but of that invaluable element in a campaign against a semi-civilized foe—prestige. At the same time the natives have not been made clearly to understand the intentions of the Americans concerning them—and whether to expect self-government or complete subjugation to the foreigner.

On the other hand, some of the measures adopted have not been calculated to conciliate a population just delivered from the hated tyranny of the Spaniards, impatiently endured for generations. Women and children going out from Manila to the interior have not only been rigorously searched at the American outposts, but it is asserted have been robbed of all they possessed, including their cigarettes. Even medicine has been, in certain cases, taken from them, under the order, it was said, of Gen. Otis. It is also regarded in Manila as unfortunate that Gen. Otis is a Roman Catholic, seeing the strong hatred which the native population bear toward the priesthood, as representatives of the worst elements in the Spanish domination. Not unnaturally they fear lest he should be as much under the influence of the Romish archbishop as have been the Spanish captains general.

It is early yet to criticise the civil administration, but it is evident that the Yankees have a good deal to learn in colonial government. What is wanted is good and efficient men, with salaries appropriate to their ability and experience, and an assurance of permanency in their appointments, and not men who are sent out simply because they have a "pull" at Washington, and who are chiefly anxious to "make hay while the sun shines;" in other words, to do the best they can for themselves while their party is in power, and who frankly let you know, as they put it, that they "have not come out simply for the benefit of their health."

I have given this statement from British sources in full, as at this time it has a value which will be appreciated in the United States. The statement concludes by saying that the natives have plenty of provisions, and are growing their crops of rice.

The South African Question.

There appears to be no doubt that yesterday's cabinet council was mainly occupied with the South African question. Nothing definite is known as to the result, but the more cheerful view of matters which has been noticeable in political quarters in the last day or two is fully maintained. It seems, indeed, now to be generally recognized that President Kruger's concessions have brought matters so near a fair compromise that war over such a question would be not merely an act of folly, but also a crime. The extreme friends of the Uitlanders still make reservations on the ground that the offers of the Transvaal government are not sufficiently unconditional, and may prove, when the full facts are known, to be, in part at any rate, illusory. The government ought, however, by this time to be fully cognizant of the situation, and it is easy to see that in ministerial quarters there is a hope that in the forthcoming debate in the house of commons some definite arrangement may be announced. Possibly in some quarters the settlement, if it comes about, will be chiefly valued as a diplomatic triumph for the colonial office.

There is a growing disbelief in financial circles here in the likelihood of immediate hostilities with the Transvaal. The stock exchange today exhibited a distinctly more cheerful feeling because of the latest news from Pretoria, which indicates that President Kruger and the volksraad are prepared to make further concessions on the franchise question. A simple and speedy suffrage for the Uitlander is admitted by all acquainted with the subject to be the essential condition of a settlement, and the sooner this is conceded the more assured will be the maintenance of peace. Every well wisher, therefore, toward the prosperity of South Africa in general, and the safety of the Transvaal republic in particular, will hope for an early termination of the present situation.

Turning the Tables.

The home rulers do not often get a chance of turning the tables on the government, but once in a while an opportunity is afforded of showing up weak spots in the British system of the same character as those which are taken exception at in others by Englishmen.

Mr. John Dillon will have such an opportunity in the commons tomorrow in a question of which he has given notice to the secretary for the colonies. The point to be raised is whether there are 50,000 British subjects from India in the colony of Natal who are denied the franchise and have no share in the government of the colony, whether the children of these people are to a large extent excluded from the government schools, and whether he has taken or proposes to take any steps to insist on the franchise being granted in Natal to these British subjects.

A Scholarly President.

The Wesleyan conference elected yesterday as president, by one of the greatest majorities in its annals, a man after its own heart in the Rev. F. W. Macdonald. He is a cultured, scholarly man, of finely tempered mind, wise and moderate in counsel, devoted to his work and, in a word, the embodiment of the best traditions of Methodism, with the ministry of which his family have been associated for three generations. He belongs to the older and more conservative school of the connection, and yet he is among its most truly progressive spirits. The family of his paternal grandfather, who were Celts of the Scottish Highlands, passed over, as many others did, to the north of Ireland, and there settled, carrying with them their sturdy Protestant faith. Presently there came an association with early Methodism, and, in 1784, young James Macdonald was called into the ministry by John Wesley himself.

Mr. Macdonald has five sisters, all bright and capable women. The eldest married Mr. Lockwood Kipling, himself the son of a Wesleyan minister. Another became Lady Burne-Jones; a third, Lady Poynter, and a fourth, the wife of Mr. Alfred Baldwin, the present M. P. for one of the divisions of Worcestershire. Rudyard Kipling is thus the grandson of two Wesleyan ministers, and the nephew of a third.

In 1881 Mr. Macdonald was appointed to the theological chair at the Handsworth College, Birmingham; and for some time had a seat on the school board of that city. In 1891 a further change came. During an extended tour in the United States, in company with his nephew, Rudyard Kipling, he was suddenly appointed by the conference, then in session, as one of the general secretaries of the Foreign Missionary Society. In this office, alike by his able care of the department of continental missions and by his eloquent advocacy, he has proved a most valuable officer of the society.

As a preacher in his own class the president is facile princeps; his chaste diction and his fluent and felicitous utterance combining to make a unique eloquence. He has always been in the front rank of Wesleyan preachers. Neither is he unknown as an author. Some years ago he published a short life of Fletcher of Madeley, and previous to that a fascinating life of Dr. Punshon. Coming in contact in early and later life with men of literature and art—his brothers-in-law, Rosetti and others—he has always been a cultured and broad student of English literature. During recent years his special study has been Latin church hymnology, and a long series of able articles in the "Methodist Recorder" indicates a wide and expert knowledge of his subject. Though fifty-seven years of age, Mr. Macdonald looks barely fifty, his clear cut features and brisk, alert manner giving promise of many years of service to come.

Tramway Extension.

An extensive scheme of tramway extension is one of the first fruits of the activity of the London county council in the domain of proprietorship. The proposals under consideration comprise the construction of some eighteen new tramways and the doubling of several existing lines, the estimates for the whole work amounting to something approaching a million pounds. Little exception is taken to the project in its broad outlines, as the extensions designed are in nearly every instance well planned, but there is a feeling of impatience at the fact that the council should be at such pains to extend the area of tramways while the problem of traction still remains in abeyance. What the public wants is a system of electric tramways such as almost every other city in the world possesses, and it does not at all understand why it should not have it immediately.

A couple of years ago the county council sent an engineer to investigate American street railway systems, with the result that while Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dundee and other provincial go-ahead towns, even to little Bristol, which generally lags behind, have their electric tramways, either underground, on the surface or overhead, London is about to construct "a short experimental line," in which electric traction will be tested.

Meanwhile Londoners have the omnibus and the smoky underground, commonly known here as the sewer. Perhaps in the course of fifty years there may be a trolley or two in London, or possibly a system of electric underground railways. But we are assured that the experimental line will be constructed as soon as possible, and tests, which could be made in provincial towns within fifty miles of London, will be solemnly carried out and reported to the council's committee.

Good Prospects of the Shamrock.

After a great deal of secrecy and backing and filling on the part of Sir Thomas Lipton and his assistants, the America cup challenger Shamrock has been raced against the Britannia. On the merits of her first performance the aristocratic yachtsmen of Cowes are prepared to pronounce the Shamrock a sure winner of the cup. In a thirty-eight-mile course she beat the Prince of Wales' boat by about thirteen minutes, and is said to have shown great capabilities, being only ten seconds in stays, and proving herself very stiff in a moderate breeze. The fact that she did not use her jackyard topsail, or club topsail, as it is called in America, is made much of. The Britannia spread her largest topsail and all her other canvas, but it is to be remembered that the Britannia is an old boat and has been lying by for a season or so and cannot be regarded as in her usual form. The Shamrock is a new vessel and combines all the latest expressions of the yacht builder's art. It is to be hoped that she will do better than the Valkyrie III and give the Columbia good races, though patriotism forbids the wish that she should win the cup. If she should, however, it would have the effect of putting to an end the statement invariably made here by British yachtsmen that the boat from this side is badly handicapped by having to sail across the ocean. That charge would not, I am sure, be alleged in regard to the American boat should she be obliged to come here. It is conveniently forgotten that the American which won the cup had to sail across. The people who make this statement and those who repeat it on all sides overlook the fact that a boat built strong enough to stand the immense pressure of the enormous sail area spread upon modern racers is naturally strong enough to cross a summer sea without fear of strain or material damage. I do not think that any of the British boats that have crossed in recent years have found the sea formidable under their jury rig or have sustained damage. To be sure, the Valkyrie III had a hard crossing, but this was chiefly due to the vessel being awash all the time owing to her slight freeboard, but she was probably built no stronger than the Defender. The Vigilant and the Navahoe, which made the same crossing, got on well enough and made good passages, the Vigilant beating previous records for yacht crossings.

There is no doubt that the Shamrock is a good boat and a fast one, though the boatmen at Southampton, who have had many chances of inspecting her with critical eyes, are not altogether in love with her appearance, and bets have been freely made against her bringing the cup home.

Agricultural Philanthropy.

The spirit of philanthropy is fertile in the invention of new fields for benevolent effort. An association, whose secretary is the Hon. Caroline Roche, has been formed for the purpose of encouraging the planting of flowers and shrubs in railway cuttings and embankments. There are in Great Britain 20,000 miles of these cuttings, many of them as barren as Sahara. The railway companies and the public would, of course, have to be satisfied that this charitable gardening involved no serious risk to life or interference with traffic, but it seems the companies are friendly to the idea. Earl Grey, writing in Lady Warwick's new magazine, the Woman's Agricultural Times, states that one of the principal railway companies, having been approached, has declared itself pleased with the scheme. Two directors are of opinion that if the 50,000 permanent way men, who are, broadly speaking, stationed in groups of five on every section of two miles, could be interested in helping local effort to make their respective sections attractive the result would be satisfactory to the owning companies, and also to the traveling public. Earl Grey cheerfully suggests that ladies who are fond of gardening should form themselves into committees to take charge of a five or ten-mile section of railway, collect funds for the purpose of seeds and plants, for the wages of labor, the reward of railway men and possibly, where local enthusiasm is sufficiently developed, for the employment of a gardener of their own. It will be interesting to observe how the proposal is taken up. If once a beginning were made it might perhaps be initiated on other railways and become popular. The promoters dream of competing companies entering on a kind of flower-show rivalry, measured by the mile, and that a display of ornamental shrubbery and color through an otherwise depressing district may be held out as an inducement to passengers to book by that particular route. No doubt if that particular route were otherwise as handy there would be many who would prefer it. Hiding the grossness with fair ornament was to Bassanio a base form of outward show and deception, but in a gloomy railway cutting nothing could be more delightful. We suspect, however, that Lady Warwick and her friends hardly realize the extent of the draft they propose to make on the good nature of manhood.

Valuable Books Going to America.

The American book collecting millionaire is rapidly denuding this country of its rarest and most precious volumes. Two years ago the great Shakespearean collection formed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the biographer of the bard, passed into the possession of Mr. Martin J. Perry of Rhode Island. A month back the most extensive collection of works from which Shakespeare is believed to have drawn inspiration for many of his plays, or in which references were made to him, ever got together met with a similar fate. They were actually catalogued for sale in the open market, but the deep-pursed collector from America stepped in and made an offer for the collection en bloc which proved irresistible. And now one of the choicest libraries in the hands of a private English collector has been transferred to the United States. The late Mr. James Toovey of Piccadilly, was an enthusiastic yet judicious bibiliophile, whose particular hobby may be said to have been productions of the early English printers. His library was particularly rich in these works, two of the greatest treasures being a fine copy of the extremely rare "Boke of St. Albans," and the magnificent specimen of the first folio Shakespeare which at one time belonged to Sir Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester. All these works, together with the many splendid examples of bindings by the most eminent masters of France, Italy and England, which found a place in the library, have been sold to a wealthy American by Mr. C. J. Toovey. The price paid for the acquisition is said to run well into five figures.

Eclectic Theater Project.

It is very doubtful if the attempt to establish a sort of eclectic theater in London by means of subscription will be more successful than other attempts which have preceded it. The Independent Theater, modeled on the Theater Libre of Paris, after a few years' struggle disappeared. The Century Theater still exists in a rather vague shape, but can do nothing without more money. The Elizabethan Society, with a narrower aim than either of the two mentioned, would have perished before now had it not been kept afloat by one or two enthusiasts with long purses. The Playwriters' Theater, about which Mr. Charles Hoppe is now busying himself, has a variety of objects in view, including the exploitation of clever actors and actresses, and the production every year of four new English plays, which have been rejected by London managers, or, as Mr. Hoppe puts it, which have failed to obtain a hearing at the regular houses. The managers of the Playwriters' Theater will have a good deal to do in selecting four out of the hundreds of plays rejected by London managers every year.

L. H. MOORE.

A ROSE ON HIS STATUE

Tribute of an Old Soldier to the Memory of His Brave Leader.

A Grizzled Veteran Who Never Forgets the Anniversary of Gen. McPherson's Death.

A faded rose lay between the forefeet of the horse of bronze on which sits the heroic figure of Gen. McPherson in the square which bears his name. It was found there last Sunday morning, shriveled and dead, with nothing to show whose hand had placed it at the feet of the man who fell before Atlanta in defense of the Union, a mute evidence of remembrance.

Saturday night a young man was passing through the park. In a moment of abstraction he turned aside from the path and read the inscription on the granite base of the statue. He was turning away to continue his walk across the park when a voice called to him. Turning, the young man saw seated on a bench, directly in front of the statue, a bent figure, with a slouch hat and an old army blouse. Gray-haired and bearded, clad in army blue, a crutch beside him, the old man was a typical veteran of the time "which tried men's souls."

"Come over here, boy, and sit down," said he, in a voice wheezy with asthma. "I would like to talk to you."

The young man hesitated and then walked over and sat down beside the old soldier. "What is it, captain?" he said.

"No; don't call me cappen, boy, 'cause I ain't nothing but a private soldier, and never was. I saw you a-looking at that monyment there, and I wondered if you knowed much about the ginral. Did you know him? Course 'you didn't, though, 'cause you're too young. I knowed him, boy—God bless him—and that's the reason you see me here tonight. I wouldn't miss being here tonight for all my pension, and I've been a-coming on the 22d of July for the past six year, boy—every year."

The old fellow stopped speaking and gazed at the towering figure on the horse above his head. Suddenly he laid his withered hand on the sleeve of the younger man and said:

"Here, boy; don't mind me a-calling you a boy, but you are a boy to me; take this and put it up there on the monyment. I brought it for the gin'ral," and he handed the stranger a red rose.

Wonderingly, the young man took the rose, and, stepping over to the pedestal, tossed it lightly up between the feet of the warhorse. Turning again, by sudden impulse, he seated himself once more beside the veteran and said gently, "Tell me about your general, won't you, please?"

"There ain't much to tell, boy. Everybody knows he was the finest officer we had when we started through Georgy with Sherman. I loved him like all the boys did, and I love his mem'ry yet. I saw him a-riding along cheering the boys up that day at Atlanta, and there never was a finer looking soldier on a horse. It want wore'n a hour after that till I saw him lying on the ground wounded to death. It was a bad day for his boys, and we all felt like it was a brother or some near kin when we heard he was dead. There want no jokes around the fire that night.

"Well, it's been a long time ago now, but the old man ain't forgot it. Seven year ago I got into the Soldiers' Home out here, and I've been there ever since. I don't trouble them out there much, and I only ask for leave once a year. That's on the 22d of July, and I just come over here where they have put up the monyment and sit down where I can see the gin'ral and think about the last time I saw him cheering up the boys at Atlanta. I won't be here next year, 'cause I'm about ready for 'taps.' I wonder who will remember the gin'ral then?

"Somehow a lady that lives close by the home found out where I went every year, and today when I passed by her house she came out to the fence and told me to come in and get some flowers from her garden. They was mighty pretty, and I thought I'd take a big bunch at first, but then I told her I was beholden to her and would take one of them pretty red roses over in the corner. That's the rose you jest put up there. I wish I thought somebody would put one there next year," and there were tears in the old man's voice. "Now, that's all," he continued. "I must be going. Good-bye, boy. You will never see the old man again, but I'm thankful to you for putting the rose up there."

Receiver for a Church.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It is not often that a court of justice is asked to place a church in the hands of a receiver. That is, however, what Judge King was asked to do a few days ago, and, what is more, he did it. The church is the Immanuel Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, and the receiver appointed by Judge King is Edgar M. Cahn.

The bringing of the suit was the result of a long church dissension which had already made its debut in court before the filing of the present proceeding. It was a strife between the minister, Owen Riedy, and the trustees, a battle of mutual recriminations, in which an $11,000 trust fund figured conspicuously. Testimony brought out in this case led to the application for forfeiture of charter and appointment of a receiver in a petition charging the present trustees with a misapplication of the Caspar Auch trust fund, and asking that the receiver be given authority to recover from all parties who had diverted this fund from the purpose originally intended by the will of Caspar Auch; and that after the charter has been declared forfeited what is recovered of the trust fund should be turned over to the other Presbyterian churches of the city, to be administered for the benefit of the poor according to the terms of the will.

It is believed that the most ancient dictionary in the world is the Chinese lexicon, compiled by Pacut-she 1,000 years before Christ.

DRAWING THE LINE

Ex-Minister Scruggs Expects a Victory for Venezuela.

MEETING OF BOUNDARY COMMISSION

Discussing the History of Occupation.

EFFECT OF RESEARCHES

Few persons are aware of the fact that it was the wish of the Venezuelan leaders to have ex-President Cleveland argue their boundary case before the arbitration tribunal in Paris. Mr. W. L. Scruggs, ex-minister to Venezuela and Colombia, and for a number of years the legal representative of Venezuela in this country, is authority for the statement. Upon resigning the ministership Mr. Scruggs was appealed to by the Venezuelans to act as their legal representive in the United States in the now famous boundary dispute. Mr. Scruggs had made an international reputation as an able, fearless and conscientious diplomat, and the Venezuelans were satisfied that they could find no one better qualified to represent their interests. He accepted the position, but told them that under no circumstances would he agree to argue the case before the arbitrators, and that they must employ for that purpose some one else. They then asked Mr. Scruggs to name a reliable American lawyer in whose hands they could safely place this important duty. Ex-President Harrison was Mr. Scruggs' first choice, but he was told that they much preferred ex-President Cleveland, and he was asked if he would tender the place to Mr. Cleveland. This he agreed to do, and upon reaching home he asked Mr. Cleveland if he would accept; but the ex-President declined on the ground that as he had played a hand in naming the council he did not feel that it would be in good taste to argue a case before judges of his own selection. Mr. Cleveland's declination was cabled to Venezuela by Mr. Scruggs, and then he was instructed to employ Mr. Harrison or any other gentleman he might think capable of representing them. Ex-President Harrison was offered the position and accepted.

Mr. Scruggs devoted more than four years to a study of the case, examining and translating old records, and his brief of the boundary was so full, so thorough and satisfactory that Mr. Harrison adopted it as his own, and it is the one now being used in Paris.

While discussing the probable outcome of the arbitration tribunal Mr. Scruggs said:

"The territory involved in the Venezuelan dispute is about equal to the area of New York state. It is not the dimensions of the territory which is so important a factor in the affair, however. On the disputed lands are located some of the most valuable gold mines in the world. A good proportion of the territory, however, is swamp country. In other portions, though, there is a fine run of land, the climate being both agreeable and salubrious.

History of Occupation.

"The whole territory embraces three distinct and well-defined tracts, the most important of which is the Oronoco delta, a region between the Oronoco river and the Moroco river, extending back from the coast of British Guiana to the Imataca range of mountains, forming a great parallelogram embracing about 12,000 square miles. The second tract involved embraces the territory between the Moroco river and Esiquibo, which is about thirty miles distant on the Atlantic coast, this tract being in the shape of a triangle running back to an apex at the lower falls of the Esiquibo river. The third tract is the great internal basin of the Cuine and Mazaruni rivers. Those two rivers break over the mountain barriers in great falls some ten miles west of the Esiquibo. This territory contains an area, as I said, about equal to the size of the empire state. Spain, as the discoverer of the continent, explored the Esiquibo river and constructively occupied all of the country down to the Oronoco river, including all these tracts.

"At the breaking out of the war between Spain and the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, which raged about seventy years, the Dutch gained a foothold, which was established about 1624, when the great West Indian Trading Company was represented there by an agency. It was a belligerent occupation. The Dutch held this region until about 1649, when, by the treaty between the Dutch and the Spanish, the Dutch were confirmed in their possession of what they held. The treaty conveyed to them all actual holdings, but gave them no eminent domain on any unoccupied territory. The Dutch, however, continued to occupy a greater part of the territory, although the Spaniards claimed it.

"The first great dispute over the boundary arose between the Spaniards and Dutch in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The Dutch had passed up the falls of the Kuina river and established themselves just above the point in what they called the outpost or trading post, a temporary structure, but in reality it was a slave post, established for the purpose of facilitating the work of capturing the Indians, who were impressed into the slave business. As soon as the Spanish found the Dutch had established themselves they drove them down below the falls, and the Dutch never returned or reoccupied the lands. The Spaniards obtained the territory and held it up to the time of the independence of Venezuela.

"About the same time the Dutch had established a post on the Moroco river and had occupied the Pumaron river, which is a thousand miles east of the Oronoco. They claimed that as a trading territory, the same being disputed by the Spaniards. The Dutch trading post on the Moroco river remained there, occupied by the Dutch, until the British took possession of the country in 1808. Prior to that the Dutch claimed all territory to the west of Moroco extending to the Waina river, but in point of fact they never occupied a foot of it nor granted a foot of land to settlers. They got some timber from there, over which the Spaniards protested, and about the same time established a temporary shelter for one of the agencies of the West Indian Company somewhere on the Barima river at some distance from its mouth. That shelter was never occupied excepting during two or three months. The agents who established it were removed by the Dutch authorities and the place was never reoccupied.

Re-Established the Natural Lines.

"More than that, the Spanish, as soon as they found out the Dutch traders had vacated, sent a force to the region and drove them out in 1768, thereby re-establishing the old de facto Moroco line, the natural line between the Spanish and Dutch settlements, and that de facto line was maintained inviolate by both parties up to the time of Schomburgk, in 1840. It was Schomburgk's agitation of the question, based upon Indian traditions and upon the fact that there had been a shelter at the mouth of the Moroco river, that the claim of Great Britain extended to the mouth of the Moroco was put forth and resulted in the establishment of the Schomburgk line. That Schomburgk line was disavowed by Lord Aberdeen, then secretary of foreign affairs for Great Britain, in 1844. In fact, he not only disavowed this boundary, but he gave orders to the authorities to destroy all trace of that line, and he explained to the Venezuelans that the line was never intended as a boundary, but was simply established by Schomburgk as a convenient basis of discussion of the boundaries. Then followed negotiations between Venezuela and England, in which they tried to arrive at some boundary mutually satisfactory. It was then that Lord Aberdeen proposed to make the Moroco river the line, declaring the line a little westward, so as to take in a small territory west of the headwaters of the Moroco, running across the Acradisa creek and thence eastward to the Esquibo river.

"That proposition would have been accept by Venezuela but for the fact that it was accompanied by what she considered to be humiliating conditions. One of these conditions was that Venezuela would not cede the territory to any third power, and another that she would not maltreat any of the occupants. Venezuela considered them detrimental to her sovereignty inasmuch as England would not make a corresponding promise on her side. Venezuela then broke off negotiations, but in 1850 there was an exchange of diplomatic notes by which a truce was effected providing that both parties should pledge themselves not to occupy nor attempt to occupy any of the unoccupied territory then in dispute. At that time England occupied no territory west of the Moroco river. The president of the republic, however, granted concessions to foreign miners in the disputed territory. The controversy went on with more or less bitterness for years without the two countries reaching any agreement.

England Takes Action.

"Finally in 1887 England forcibly took possession of the mouth of the Moroco river, fortified it, and also grabbed a large portion of the Kuini valley and established police stations there. It was an act of force. Venezuela protested and demanded that England move back east of the Moroco. England refused to do it. Venezuela proposed to refer the whole question to arbitration, which England likewise refused. Venezuela then broke off diplomatic relations and ordered the English minister to return to his native country. These relations remained broken off up to the time of the signing of the treaty of 1897, but after the breaking off of diplomatic intercourse Venezuela made three attempts to induce England to refer the matter to arbitration, all of which were unsuccessful. The Schomburgk line had been redrafted in 1876 so as to embrace more than double the area of square miles in 1841, thereby creating the impression that England had no definite claim on the land and that her claim was practically limitless. That was what excited the interest of foreign observers."

"How do you regard the outlook for settlement now?" Mr. Scruggs was asked.

Effect of the Commission's Researches

"As to the English government," he replied, "I can say that I am quite sure she has been misled by her colonial authorities in Venezuela. I am free to say that so far all the facts in this great dispute point to a victory for Venezuela. She has got a good case and all the substantial evidence is in her favor. The English people were first attracted seriously to the case when the first commission, which was composed of Americans, by direction of Congress met in Washington and considered the case. The commission went into the matter thoroughly and examined manuscripts and maps 300 years old. They brought out many facts in connection with the case which had prior to their examination remained in obscurity and with which the American peoople were entirely unfamiliar. When the true case was presented to the world by this commission the English people recognized that the case was deserving of submittal to unprejudiced arbitration. The little South American republic, in my opinion, will win the contest."

"How soon do you think the matter will be decided?"

"If we know the decision by New Year day we will be doing well. Even after the tribunal has finished its work in Paris the evidence and facts will have to be gone over, and this will consume six months or more. Such commissions do not work with any degree of haste, and it is necessary for careful work that they should not."

DEEP SEA MONSTERS.

Terrible Battle Between a Gigantic Octopus and Sunfish.

From the San Francisco Call.

Never before has it fell to my lot to witness the terrible monster we encountered on the last passage from San Francisco toward Nanaimo in the bark Willscott of Honolulu, says Capt. Thomas Peabody of the bark Willscott.

We knew that the octopus grew to an immense size, as Banks and Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage around the world, found the dead carcass of one floating on the water to the westward of Cape Horn. It was supposed to be twenty by thirty feet, the body only; the tentacles were hanging under water. It was surrounded by myriads of birds, which were feeding greedily on its remains.

Pliny also mentions a similar monster having eight arms thirty feet long and a corresponding girth; and many other writers, too numerous to mention, have certified to its actual existence.

But I did not believe that anything similar to the terrible "devil fish" described by Victor Hugo was really in existence until I had ocular demonstration of the fact.

I will quote our log book in relation to the monster we saw: Saturday, May 18, latitude 39:30 north, longitude 136:40 west. Light breeze from north by east; dry, cloudy weather; smooth sea, except for the usual slight undulating swell from the northwest. Ship under all sail, braced sharp upon the starboard tack, going five knots per hour, but scarcely making a ripple on the water.

At 2:30 p.m. my attention was called by the quartermaster, Frank Bastast of San Diego, Cal., to a terrible commotion in the water about three points forward of the lee beam. Our first thought was that it must be breakers in an uncharted reef, but while we were watching the breaking of the water ceased. Then we could distinctly see the outlines of two objects on the surface, one much larger than the other. We at once got our telescope to bear on them and discovered the smaller of the two was a very large sunfish, a curiously shaped fish—all head and no body—having no tail, but an upper and lower fin, with which it propels itself about in a very lazy fashion. It appeared to be fully twelve feet in diameter, and judging from smaller ones we have caught must have weighed 3,000 pounds. It appeared to be endeavoring to keep face on to its adversary, which turned out to be a huge octopus, the length of whose body was certainly forty feet and the breadth about twenty five feet, with eight tentacles.

We at once ordered the quartermaster to keep the ship away four points so as to approach the objects more closely, and to our delight and surprise they remained stationary, regarding one another curiously for fully five minutes, by which time we had advanced sufficiently close to make an accurate examination.

Its eyes were large, of a greenish tint,and somewhat protruding; its mouth, however, was not so very large, and it appeared to be shaped like a parrot's bill; its tentacles were tapering and, like its body, of a grayish color, covered with spots. It appeared to possess the chameleon-like power of changing the color of these spots in a most extraordinary manner as fast as the eye could detect the changes, no doubt indicating the high state of excitement under which the creature was laboring at the time.

Suddenly the octopus discharged a huge jet of dark-colored fluid full into the eyes of the sunfish, and then rushing forward with the rapidity of an arrow, it encircled its prey with the long tentacles, and in another moment the victor and vanquished had disappeared below the surface.

In a few moments more we had sailed right over the scene and found the water was colored almost black for a space of fully 200 feet in diameter, and we noticed an odor slightly resembling iodine rising from the water; our patent log line of snow white cotton, which was towing astern, was colored almost black, and it has not yet assumed its white freshness, although it has towed in the water fully 800 miles since the above episode.

About twenty minutes after we had passed over this spot we saw the huge creature again on the surface enjoying its meal in a very leisurely manner, rolling the body of the unfortunate sunfish over and over and biting off large mouthfuls with its cruel-looking beak.

I knew before that these huge octopods and their relatives, the decapods, were not altogether mythical, as they have at the United States National Museum in Washington a papier mache cast of one of the latter, which was found stranded on the north shore of Trinity bay, Newfoundland, on the 22d day of September, 1877. The total length of this specimen, including tentacles, was only sixty feet, so it is quite safe to infer that it had not become of age when it was wrecked.

OOM PAUL'S SPY SYSTEM.

How the President of the South African Republic Learns Secrets.

From the New York Herald.

No one ever denied that Oom Paul, president of the South African republic, was an astute old statesman. Time and again he has beaten our British cousins in diplomacy and has proved his worth as a diplomatist.

At the time of the Jameson raid it caused Dr. Jameson and his associates considerable surprise that their plans were known to the Boers almost as soon as they were conceived. The British were met, fought and defeated by an ambushed body of men almost at the very beginning of their attack, and it was believed at the time that one of their number had turned traitor and given the plans to the Boers, but now the secret is known.

The old warrior enlisted the services of the barmaids at Johannesburg in the political secret service. Through them he learned that new men were being enlisted in the Cape police and that new guns were being shipped, week after week, from England. Through the same source he was informed of the attempts that were being made by English politicians to force the hands of the government of the Orange Free State in case war should be declared by the British government against his country. The Englishmen babbled all this over their cups, and the barmaids' winning smiles and bright eyes never gave them the suspicion that they were telling secrets of vital importance.

No sooner had the pretty barmaids enticed from the sturdy colonists their important secrets than Oom Paul was informed. The old statesman knew how to parry blow with blow. To the amazement of the British, no sooner had they increased their force of available fighters by means of secret enlistment than they were informed that Oom Paul had enlisted a still larger number of men. No sooner had their guns arrived from England than they found out that the Boers also had obtained, from a firm in Germany, a larger number of weapons of still better manufacture. By means of always being forewarned Kruger warded off war.

In Love and War.

From the Chicago News.

When the volunteers for the Spanish-American war were first licked into shape in the various state camps it took some time for Tom and Dick, who were only privates, to understand that Harry, the lieutenant, was entitled to privileges which they were obliged to respect.

In a certain western state, where the encampment of the volunteers was located near a large city, the boys were in the habit of getting a few hours' leave as often as possible and running into town to see their sweethearts.

It happened that Tom, a private, and Harry, the second lieutenant of one well-known company, were enamored of the same young lady, who favored Tom the most, but who was also fond of official standing.

The siege was pushed by these youngsters with great vigor and strategy. One night both happened to call on the young lady. Tom sat it out until the hour for "taps" approached. Then he departed, leaving his rival smiling, for he was an officer and was independent of "taps." The next evening Tom approached the lieutenant for leave of absence, secretly intending to see the young lady and settle matters. As if divining his intentions, the lieutenant promptly refused him. Then Tom "ran the guard" and saw her.

The lieutenant discovered his absence, and, moved by pangs of jealousy, reported his rival at headquarters. Then the young lady visited the camp the next day and found out that Tom was in the guard tent.

She marched straight to the lieutenant and said: "Lieutenant ——, you are a mean old thing. Tom promised to call again this evening, and now I'll never speak to you again."

That settled it with the lieutenant. Tom didn't get out that evening, but when the regiment left for the front he was engaged to the girl, just the same.

Germany, with an approximate population of 52,279,901, has at present over 1,300,000 sufferers from phthisis, and, according to Prof. Leyden's estimates, 170,000 die annually of the disease. The United States has in fifteen years lost more than 2,000,000 by tuberculous diseases, and from statistics it now appears that in America and Europe one person in seven or eight dies of tuberculosis.

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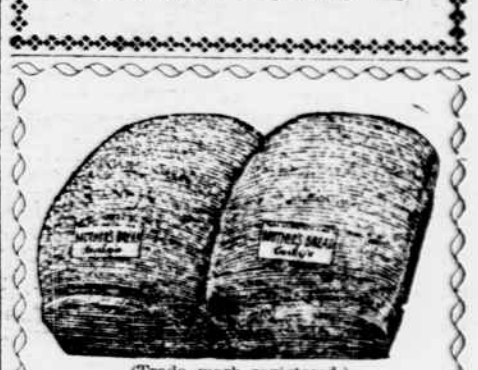
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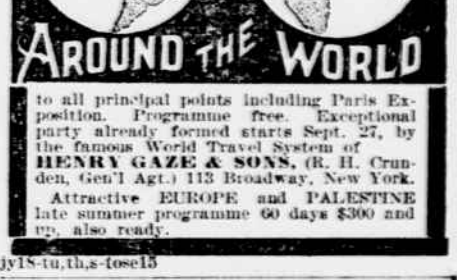

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