

AMEND THE LAW

Important Changes in the Interstate Commerce Act Recommended

At a Conference of Industrial and Manufacturing Associations.

Uniform Classification and Extension of Powers of the Commission.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Important amendments to the interstate commerce law were approved at a conference of representatives of over 30 national industrial and manufacturing associations, merchants and shippers. The proposed amendments to the statutes were prepared by Frank Barry of Milwaukee, secretary of the Millers' National association. Arrangements have been made to have Senator Cullom introduce the bill in the senate at the coming session and a determined effort will be made to have it placed on the statute books. The bill demands a uniform classification of rates and calls for an important extension of the powers of the interstate commerce commission to prevent all kinds of discrimination in favor of manufactured product as against the raw material. It also does away with the system of imprisonment under the present law to one of fines, making the corporation and not the individual responsible and liable to prosecution.

Among those present at the meeting, which was called for the purpose of endorsing the measure, were E. P. Bacon of Milwaukee, F. B. Thurber, chairman of the committee on railroad transportation of the board of trade of New York, and C. B. Cole of the Millers' association. The amendments were discussed at length before a decision was reached. It is probable that a special committee will be appointed to advance the interests of the measure in Washington this winter.

BIG BOOM BROKE.

Great Damage Done to Property Along the Kettle River.

GRAND FORKS, B. C., Nov. 23.—By the breaking of a boom across the North Fork of Kettle river, two miles above Grand Forks, a million and a half of sawlogs were swept away. Half a mile below the starting point, the river, at the site of a small dam, already half finished, is compressed into a canyon scarcely 125 feet across. Through this channel the logs, piled 20 feet high, came with a deafening rush, tearing out portions of the falsework and cofferdams, after having swept away a temporary bridge a quarter of a mile above. Another bridge opposite the smelter site was carried away. The logs struck a bridge and piled up 10 feet high, but the bridge remains firm. The loss will fall upon the Granby Smelting company, who own the logs.

WRECKED THE BUILDING.

Bank Robbers Secure Over \$5,000 at Brooklyn, Mich.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 23.—The safe of the Exchange bank of Brooklyn, Mich., was blown to atoms and between \$5,000 and \$6,000 was secured by three masked men who did the work. Three distinct explosions were heard and the people of the city were out in time to see the robbers escape. The bandits fired three shots at their pursuers and hurried southward. The bank building is a wreck and the safe and fixtures are ruined. Gold and silver currency to the amount of \$1,500 was taken from the ruins and the officials expect to find \$1,000 more when the wreckage is cleared.

Two More Students Suspended.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 23.—Two students of the university law school have been suspended by the law faculty for complicity in the Halloween raid on the Ladies' hall laundry. The discipline committee is pushing its investigation and will shortly report to the faculty the names of several other students for suspension.

Eight-Hour Law Upheld.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 23.—P. J. Carly & Co., contractors on the buildings under construction at the naval academy at Annapolis for the United States government, were fined by Judge Morris for compelling their employes to work more than eight hours a day.

Shot His Wife and Himself.

HOLLAND, Mich., Nov. 23.—Alexander Crawford shot his wife and then sent a bullet into his own head. Mrs. Crawford is dead and her husband is dying. The couple had not been living together, owing, it is alleged, to Crawford's dissolute habits.

Verdict Against the Holy Terror.

RAPID CITY, S. D., Nov. 23.—The jury in the case of John Hedlun vs. the Holy Terror Mining company, for \$20,000 damages for injuries sustained in the Holy Terror mine, brought in a verdict for \$12,000. There are other similar suits against the same company at this time of court.

Lieutenant Caldwell at Hastings.

HASTINGS, Minn., Nov. 23.—Lieutenant H. H. Caldwell of Washington, D. C., is the guest of his brother, J. R. Caldwell. Lieutenant Caldwell was flag secretary of Admiral Dewey on the Olympia, and best man at the admiral's wedding.

Damaged by a Tidal Wave.

LATONVILLE, Cal., Nov. 23.—A tidal wave swept away 550 feet of the wharf at Bear Harbor. Charles Ward and Christopher Jones laborers were drowned. The property loss is heavy.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

BRITISH-BOER WAR.

The British admiralty has chartered the Dominion liner Canada for use as a troopship.

The Boers have abandoned the attempt to capture Ladysmith and have moved south.

It is officially announced in London that a relief force will be sent to Ladysmith immediately.

Boers are stated to have left Mafeking in order to concentrate their energies upon Kimberley.

Winston Churchill, English soldier and correspondent, is slightly wounded and a prisoner at the Boer capital.

Enough British reinforcements have reached South Africa to warrant a speedy advance against the Boers and to relieve General White, who is hard pressed at Ladysmith.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Italian parliament is in session. The first woman doctor admitted to general practice in Germany is a Berlin girl, Agnes Hacker. It has taken the Prussian cabinet two years to decide her case.

The provincial government of Manitoba announces a general election for Dec. 7. This will give a quick campaign of three weeks, and both Liberals and Conservatives are preparing.

Following the advice of the tuberculosis congresses a number of asylums for the free treatment of poor consumptives are being established in Germany. The first was dedicated in Baden last week.

In Russia the Leonid displays last week caused a panic in many places. It was believed that the end of the world had come. Churches were open all night long and hundreds of thousands spent three nights in the open air, fearing earthquakes and a general cataclysm.

PHILIPPINE NEWS.

Filipinos in Cavite province have become very active again.

The United States gunboat Marietta has arrived at Port Said on her way to Manila.

The Forty-first regiment has sailed from New York for Manila on the transport Logan.

Four transports are scheduled to sail from San Francisco for Manila next Wednesday.

Aguinaldo is so hard pressed that his wife's wardrobe has fallen into the hands of the Americans.

Araneta, the rebel leader of the island of Panay, was captured at Tagbayan while attempting to pass the lines into Iloilo.

Bayombong has been captured by the Americans and evacuated. Filipinos are reported so hard pressed by Americans they do not know which way to run.

Aguinaldo's latest orders: "Do not oppose the American advances. Burn the villages as they are evacuated. Divide the forces into bands of forty. Harass the Americans on every occasion."

Filipinos are said to be mobilizing north of Tarlac. General MacArthur with the Seventeenth and Thirty-sixth infantry and a troop of the Fourth cavalry has started northward from Tarlac.

General Wheeler in a letter says it is the sacred duty of congress on the first day of the session to adopt a resolution declaring that the sovereignty of the United States in the Philippines will be maintained.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

Congressman Roberts declares that he has no intention of resigning.

Admiral Schley's flag has been formally raised on the cruiser Chicago.

The official term of Chippewa Indian Commissioner Dar Hall has been extended to Jan. 1.

Secretary Gage announces that the government will buy \$25,000,000 of United States bonds.

Prominent Cubans propose a government by Cubans under continued American military protection.

Commander J. F. Merry has been assigned to duty as commandant of the naval station at Honolulu.

A Cuban paper which favors absolute independence says the Cubans are not yet in shape to receive that blessing.

Indian Commissioner Jones in his annual report, anticipates the abolition of reservations and the advance of all Indians to full citizenship.

The bureau of immigration is considering the question of having a more rigid physical inspection of immigrants made at the principal foreign ports.

Active negotiations are proceeding to secure from Brazil such tariff concessions as will extend the market for American wheat and American flour in that country.

Director Merriam in his report to the secretary of the interior estimates 50,000 enumerators will be needed to take the census. The clerical force will number 2,500, and 2,000 special agents will be necessary to successfully carry on the work.

A meeting of the Democratic national committee will probably be held at Washington Jan. 8 or Feb. 11. Chairman James K. Jones has settled upon these two dates as his own choice and has asked members of the committee to state their preference.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

The two W. C. T. U. organizations—the National and Non-Partisan—talk of amalgamation.

A Grand Forks pastor has begun a crusade against the wearing of large hats in church. In response to his sermon against wearing them in a sacred edifice fully one-third of those in the church removed their headgear.

A LEGEND OF JAPAN.

THE STORY OF CHOBEL, THE MAN WHO KNEW NO FEAR.

Rather Than Tarnish His Reputation For Bravery He Accepted the Prince's Invitation and Went Voluntarily to Assassination.

The following legend of Chobel has been handed down in Japan as indicative of the courage of the "bravos," or duellists, who flourished in Yeddo during the sixteenth century, forming a sort of Japanese St. Herminidad. Chobel, the leader of this clique, was a redoubtable swordsman, whose constantly recurring duels forced his master to expel him from his retinue. Unwilling to enlist with another of the feudal lords, he assembled all the D'Artagnans of Yeddo about him until his power incited even the princes to envy, although they declined to recognize the outlawed duelist.

On this pretense he was excluded from a popular teahouse one day at an hour when was expected Jurozayemon, the leader of the Hatamotos, then the most influential political party in Japan, who had arrogated the city of Yeddo for the official residence. But Chobel, with a shrug of his shoulders, forced his way past the attendants into the apartments reserved for the prince, where he removed his garments and cast himself on a couch in feigned slumber.

"Who is that brute?" demanded the prince on his arrival. "The leader of the swordsmen," they answered him. Jurozayemon seated himself in silence and began to smoke. Having smoked his pipe, he emptied the glowing cinders into the pretended sleeper's nostrils, repeating this five times, when he paused, astounded by such courageous endurance. Chobel, noting this, yawned, rubbed his eyes like one awakened from profound slumber and exclaimed:

"You, O most noble master! And I having drunk too much should have slept uncovered before your eyes! How shall I excuse my vulgarity?"

"I have so long sought your acquaintance that you are forgiven. Be seated and accept this cup of wine, I pray you."

Polltiness forbade Chobel to refuse a drop of the proffered cup, a huge beaker of powerful wine, offered him in the hopes of overpowering him. But Chobel drained it easily and, replenishing it, presented it to his host, who accomplished this feat with the utmost difficulty.

"Will your highness permit me to offer you some gift of value?" Chobel asked humbly.

"Surely."

"What do you most desire?"

Thinking to render the brave ridiculous before the whole city, the prince said promptly:

"A plate of macaroni!"

"Ah, Chobel," thought he, "the whole town will soon be telling how the great duelist was permitted only to offer a plate of macaroni to the president of the Hatamotos."

After a whispered colloquy the attendant disappeared, leaving the two enemies alone, smiling but impassive. But soon a great noise penetrated the apartment, and the prince discovered a crowd of workmen busily constructing an immense wall of macaroni around the teahouse. All Yeddo was assembled to view this unique and royal gift. Discomfited that the "bravo" should have outwitted his ruse, the prince departed to plan revenge. The following day brought with it an invitation from Jurozayemon to breakfast. Despite his comrade's remonstrances, Chobel insisted on accepting it. As he entered the prince's dwelling the Samurais threw themselves upon him with drawn swords. Chobel's immense muscular strength enabled him to disarm them, when he proceeded unannounced to the rear apartment.

"Pardon me, your lordship," said he, "for announcing myself. Your attendants have forgotten to do so."

"Surely. Perhaps they have sought quarrel with you. 'Twas but a joke, for I wagered that all six could not disarm you. Perhaps you would like a bath to refresh yourself."

Who shall say that Chobel was wise? Alone in his enemy's house, he discarded his weapons, removed his garments and crouched in the bath. The water that was at first hot was soon boiling. Chobel dashed from the bath, but ten spears held by invisible hands forced him back. Suffocated by steam, exhausted by blood, Chobel fell dying to the ground.

The Samurais were still congratulating themselves on their success when a loud knocking was heard. Inquiry revealed the dueling confederates who were come to seek their leader.

"He is drunk and cannot see you."

"Our leader is dead. We have brought his bier."

The Samurais were dumb with astonishment. Chobel had divined the trap, yet, preferring to sustain his reputation of daring untarnished by any accusation of fear, had voluntarily gone to his assassination.

Little Troubles.

As it is only now and then that we have a landslide, while we are continually annoyed by the dust which sifts in at every crack and door and window, so it is only now and then that we have a crashing trouble, while we are perpetually annoyed by little daily cares and vexations.—Weekly Bouquet.

His Misfortune.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?
Bobby Smart—Yes, ma'am.
Teacher—Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?
Bobby Smart—He was a poet.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

THE LAND OF GRAVES.

Ancient Egyptians Believed in Constant Reminders of Death.

To the Egyptian death was but the beginning of a career of adventures and experiences compared with which the most vivid emotions of this life were tame. He lived with the fear of death before his eyes. Everything around him reminded him of that dreadful initiation into the mysteries of the tremendous after life for which his present existence was but a preparation. His cemeteries were not hidden away in remote suburbs; his dead were not covered with mere grassy mounds or a slab of stone. The whole land was his graveyard; its whole art was of the mortuary. "Are there no graves in Egypt that thou has brought us into the wilderness to die?" asked the Israelites in derision, and we may believe that Moses winced at the sarcasm.

Egypt is the land of graves, and the whole energy of the people, that could be spared from keeping life together, was devoted to death. The mightiest tombs in the world—the pyramids—were raised upon the deaths of multitudes of toiling slaves. The hills were honeycombed passages and galleries, chambers, pits, all painfully excavated in honor of the illustrious dead, and sculptured and painted with elaborate skill to make them fit habitations for his ghost.

Wherever he looked the Egyptian beheld preparations for the great turning point of existence. The mason was squaring blocks for the tomb chamber; the potter molded images of the gods, or bowls and jars, to be placed in the grave for the protection or refreshment of the Ka, exhausted with the ordeals of the under world; the sculptor and painter were at work upon the walls of the funeral chamber, illustrating the scenes through which the ghost was to pass, or depicting the industrious life of the departed.

The very temples which cluster along the levels beside the Nile were, in a sense, but vestibules to the tombs in the hills behind. The sacred lake, now the weedy, picturesque haunt of waterfowl, was then the scene of solemn ferrings of the dead. The temple walls were covered with the terrors of the judgment to come. The houses of the living, indeed, were built of perishing mud, but the homes of the dead and the shrines where supplication was made to the gods who ruled their fate were made to last forever. On these all the strength, the science and the artistic skill of the ancient Egyptians were cheerfully lavished.—Saturday Review.

THE EXPERT BUTCHER.

One of His Accomplishments the Ability to Cut Off the Right Weight.

It is his business, of course, and he becomes expert at it, as any man might in any work, but the customer who pays any attention to it at all is sure to be interested nevertheless in the accuracy with which the butcher cuts off just the required amount of meat. Whether it is two pounds of steak, or four pounds of chops, or six pounds of corned beef, it's all the same to him. He cuts without long dwelling upon where to set the knives. He slices away sort of casual like and plies the saw and lays the meat on the scales, and it does not weigh more than a quarter or a half pound from the weight required on even the heaviest pieces, and on the lighter pieces he comes within an ounce or two or hits it right on the nail.

A man, for instance, goes into a butcher shop and asks for three and a half or four pounds of, say, corned beef. The butcher gets a big piece out of the pickle, lays it on a block and picks up a knife, and, without the slightest hesitation, with one strong, smooth sweep cuts off a piece, which he lays on the scales. It weighs three pounds and three-quarters. It is in weight exactly midway between the limits set.

The expert butcher gets his ability to do this, naturally enough, from good judgment, to start with, backed up by long experience, but when he cuts things as close as this even the customer familiar with his skill looks upon him as a wizard.—New York Sun.

Too Hot to Extinguish.

A well known Mississippi farmer will have cause to remember his recent visit to Memphis. He stopped in a well known cafe, and among other things ordered a sirloin steak. A bottle of tabasco sauce was on the table, and mistaking it for catchup he spread it quite lavishly on the steak and settled down to enjoy the meal. He cut off a big piece, but no sooner had it struck his mouth than he began to feel like his tongue was on fire. He twisted and turned, and soon had the eyes of every one in the dining hall fastened on him. The more he twisted and screwed his face the hotter the steak in his mouth got. He didn't know what was the matter. He could stand it no longer and reaching up his hand he jerked out the burning bit, threw it on the floor and in a very dramatic way exclaimed, "Now, hang you, blaze!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Cold Water as a Stimulant.

According to a high authority, cold water is a valuable stimulant to many if not all people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. His own experience is that sipping half a wine glass of cold water will raise his pulse from 76 to over 100.

Prejudiced Against the Piano.

"I never thought the time would ever come when I should be delighted to hear that piano going," remarked Fogg as the "instrument" in the next house was being carried down the stairs to the furniture wagon.—Boston Transcript.

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