IN FRONTENAC CAVE

As Told by One Who Was There, and Edited by Hayden Carruth.

PART IV.

There were two men with London. When I ran out of the Gun Barrel he snapped me up like a dog catching a rabbit coming out of its burrow, taking me by the collar and jerking me around without the least ceremony. Then he snatched out his revolver. I thought to shoot me without any more ceremony, but it was only to shoot at Dauphin, which he did not do after all, as the fellow was out of sight along Bat street in no time at all. Seeing which London said, quick as a flash:

"Joe, you and Tom go after him. Don't fetch him back—shoot him." They started and London said to another man: "You go back and get Pete. Put out the fire lest you leave." Then London held up his lantern and had a better look at me.

"Yes," he said. "I reckoned I was right. I ain't generally wrong. I've seen you before. This trouble and cares of my being so soft and easy—think kindly of yourn in the bank ain't bothering me any. Are you—couldn't be mistaken—I wasn't a regular old woman. Now, you answer mine. What you doing in this here cave?"

"We are exploring it," I answered.

"Yes, and were exploring the Blue Grass before you. What was that shooting I heard?"

"One of your men shot at me."

"Oh! if he don't learn to shoot better I'll shoot him. Now, where's that old Cap. Archway that's along with you?"

"He climbed up the rope and I think your men have got him."

"They have, have they? Well, they'll just go up and see. And then we'll just have the two of you give us the same lars, the tooth-ful particlars, 'bout where you got in, and how many there is of you, and what you want. Then mebbe you'll just mention—sister Jim mention, you understand—how you expect to get out," and he patted into a large and fed our down an our barrel.

When we came to the pit I could see that a light of some sort was burning in the tunnel above. London called but got no answer. "Reckon they've took the old man to the Fort," he said. Then he opened his lantern and took out the candle, a very thick one with a large wick, stuck it in a socket on his hat, took hold of the rope and said to me:

"I reckon you can climb this here?" My hands were raw from having sawed down before and I showed them to him and said that I was afraid I couldn't. "That don't make any difference," he replied. "Just come along close to me," and he started up. He had not gone two arm's lengths when he dropped back and said:

"I don't watch out you'll be running away again. Just you go up first, and if you run when you get up there we'll soon find you."

I started up, but the pain was so great from my blistered hands that I could scarce keep my hold on the rope, he kept shouting at me to climb faster, however, or he would shoot at my legs, which helped a good deal, and I got on pretty fast after all.

I scrambled up on the steep incline at the top and stopped to rest, the rope drawn half under my knees by London coming up like a squirrel. I think I never slow minded (I know it, indeed), but this time I did at last, for a wonder, get my stupid wits together, so just as London's candle came above the edge I snatched out my knife, and with one desperate stroke cut the rope. There was a lighted lantern and a basket of food and other things at the top of the incline. I took the lantern on one arm, filled one side pocket with candles and the other with cold meat and cheese, put two boxes of matches in my trousers pockets, tucked a loaf of bread under the other arm, and ran away into the cave with all speed. I ought to have said just now that after I slashed off the rope I heard London strike the rocks pretty solid at the bottom of the pit; but I thought it was good enough for such a great scoundrel.

I ran on looking with all my eyes for a pit or hole, and soon I found one, that was exactly what I wanted. It seemed deep, but the sides were slanting and rocky, and I thought a person might, if he had little care for his neck, scramble down it. On the brink of this, then, I sat down my lantern and scattered about a few bread crumbs. I then lit a candle and started back as hard as I could run for the pit out of which I had just come. On coming up to it and looking about I spied a little rock or shelf above my head just at the top of the steep incline where the wall jorged back. It appeared two feet wide and ten long. The only way to reach it seemed to be by leaping up, and I doubted much if I were good for it. Just then I saw the gleam of a light along the tunnel. I puffed out my candle and tossed it and the loaf of bread onto the ledge, stripped off my coat and sent it after the bread and candle. Thrusting my fingers over the ledge I gave such a leap as I had never given before, landed fairly on top of the coat, and stretched out on my shelf, flat as a flounder. All this time I could hear a Londoner moving below, so I knew he was not dead.

The man with the light came up, holding the candle above his head, so that it shone in my left eye as I lay flattened out on my right ear. Then he scrambled down the slide, as I could tell by his giant shadow on the roof, and called to London and asked what was the matter.

"Get another rope!" roared back London. "I'm hurt. Hurry up!"

The man rushed away, his shadow dancing all over the roof and side of the pit, growing bigger and bigger, till it swallowed up everything. But before he could get back some of the other men came down below—Pete and the one who had gone after him, as I soon told from what they said.

"Are you much hurt?" asked one of them.

"My left arm is broke, and I don't know what else. Give me a lift and I'll see if I can walk."

He seemed to find that he could walk; then suddenly he broke out in a torrent of abuse of me for cutting the rope, adding that he would hunt me down and pitch me headlong from the top of the highest pit in the cave. And you may perhaps imagine the fit of terror into which this cast me, lying not four feet from where he would soon come, and knowing full well that he would have no least scruple in doing as he said.

The other man was soon back with the rope, and after the two below had come up they hauled London up. He leaned against the rock below me to rest, and, with his lips not one yard from my ear, talked out the most frightful language about me, ending by swearing to go to the ends of the cave for me, and to fling me into the Bottomless Pit, a hole I had heard Dauphin tell of, and the deepest in the cave. So I lay there not daring to breathe.

"Why didn't you hit him when you shot, you hitter," he demanded at last.

The man broke into the most vident laughter and kept it up till I thought he would never stop. When he could speak he said:

"Why didn't I hit him, hey? Why, hey? Just wait till you get to camp and I'll show you why. I'll stand off and let you shoot at me with that gun," and the man began to laugh again.

"You've got the old Cap'n, have you?" said London.

"Yes," answered the man.

They all went on, after one of them had made a sling for London's arm out of the lining of his coat, and I was left on my shelf in the blackest darkness. I turned over into an easier position, but it took me, I verily believe, an hour to get calm enough so I could think. Then I decided I had best eat something, as I knew it was hours since I had done so. And after I got started at the bread and cheese and meat, never, I think, did food taste so good before, and when I thought of fish I wished I might never see any again, nor should I have cared much since if I had had my wish.

When I had done eating, I found that I was very thirsty, but I could see no way of getting any drop to drink. I then fell to wondering if what was best to do, and at first I thought I would slip down the rope and get back to the part of the cave where we had been so long, but I soon decided against it, and on these grounds, namely: Firstly, I should stand a chance of running plump into the arms of the men who were looking for Dauphin. Secondly, my hands were so sore that I doubted if I could go down the rope. Thirdly, I was in the only part of the cave where there was any hope of getting out, and if I went down might not be able to get up again (though I had not forgotten the pole). Fourthly, I had food and seemed to be fairly safe from being found, and it is always best to leave well enough alone. Fifthly and lastly and most importantly (I say it who shouldn't but I defy any one to show that I am a loafer), I wanted to stay as near poor Capt. Archway as I could, hoping that I might be able to do something for him.

Shortly after eating, being pretty tired, I fell asleep and had a good nap, and one, I suspect, of some hours. When I wakened I found all still, and without much waiting began breakfast. But I could do no sort of justice to it, being now half consumed with thirst. I had seen some pools of water not far off, but I was afraid to get down to them, knowing full well that I could never again spring up to my perch; began now stiff and my hands sorer than ever.

I lay there for what I suppose was several hours, though it seemed to me rather like days, my thirst growing all the time greater. Once two of the men stopped at the pit to see if the ones below had come up.

"They ain't up yet," one of them said; "the rope's down."

"Reckon they ain't having no better luck finding oil than we've had with the young feller."

"Well, he's gone down the Slide Pit," answered the other. "I knowed it soon's I seen his lantern. But I'll bet he'll never come up again."

They talked to go back, the other saying: "That's so, but I'd like would rather of throwed him down."

I should have been again half scared to death had I not been by this time so far gone with thirst that I could pay no attention to anything else. I tried to eat, but could force no morsel down my swollen throat. At last I could stand it no longer. I felt that I must have water or perish miserably where I lay. So I slipped off, blundered along to the pools, and I make bold to say, drank half enough for a horse. I crept back, and, my thirst being now gone, of course, wishing I had not come down, well knowing that I could never get back up. As I crawled across the rope, having a care for the edge of the pit, I felt it taut under my knees, and, on putting my hand on it, could clearly feel some one was up. Was climbing up it. My first thought was that the two men had got back, and I whipped out my knife to repeat my plan of rope cutting. I had the blade fairly under it and ready to pull, when I reflected that I heard no voices and all was dark and quiet. Just then the man reached the top, breathing very hard from the work of climbing, and (you may smile if you please) I knew from his breathing that it was Dauphin. Indeed, I had been so much in the dark that I was becoming very like a bat, with no least need for eyes, and I knew Lota—the captain's and Dauphin's manner of breathing as well as their voices. When he had pulled himself up I spoke to him in a whisper.

"Is that you, Harry?" he said, much surprised. I answered yes, and then, as fast as I could, told him what had happened since I had come up—and how matters stood. He then told me that he had first gone up the Gopher Hole, but, being scared by the throbbing sound, which now filled the whole cave beyond the Trap Door, he had retreated backward toward Rope Pit, and had like to have been caught by the men, they having come up the pole. He had had to put out his torch and creep away, and had finally thrown them off the track and got down the pole himself, but, having no light or food, had seen but one thing to do, that is, to come up the rope and take his chances. His hands were sore from feeling his way, and he was faint from hunger. He boosted me up, and I got what was left of the bread, which I gave him, together with some meat and cheese, the first right food he had tasted in four or five weeks, if he spoke the truth. He was soon done, and then, on my telling him that I had matches, he was fast for our going back down the rope.

"Come on, Harry," he said. "Down there is no place for a white man or an honest man to live, but it's safer'n this is. Though if we could get more men grub as that I'd say stay. We can get along without the cap'n. The cap'n is a good man in some ways, but he's ever too free with 'Dauphin, hold your tongue,' or, 'Dauphin, you'll be well-hanged some day.' He ain't got no feelings for a man what's been unlucky, the cap'n ain't. We're well rid of the cap'n, so we are, Harry."

"I'll not listen to such talk about the captain," I said. "You may go down if you choose, but I mean to stay and see if I can't do something for him. You'd best stay, too, and maybe we can get out. You ought to know some place here where we can hide till they give up the hunt for us, and then we can see what we can do."

"Oh, for the matter of what you say I do know an uncommon snug place to stow ourselves, but staying here and fooling 'round 'bout the cap'n is the worse thing we can do."

"Come, show me that place," I said, and we started with him grumbling like a cross bear about the captain.

We went on, a little way, and then lit a candle. "There," said Dauphin, pointing to a hole not much bigger than a barrel-head in the ceiling: "up there is a place which'll make you say you're in the Robin's Nest again; it is so like it, barring the hole in the bottom."

It was beyond our reach, but he stooped over and I stood on his back; then as he slowly straightened up I got hold of the edge and drew myself up, with his pushing on my feet. Then he tossed up the candle and the last of the bread, and I lay on my face and, catching my toes in a crack, reached down and hauled him up by the arms, though the lift went close to pulling me in two. The place, as he had said, was very like the Robin's Nest, and being, in a way, hung up, I called it the Swallow's Nest. There was also some room around the edges, cracks and low places, one of them with some little stalactites and pools of water. There was no other way to get out except through the hole in the bottom.

"It like London shoves his head up that there hole he'll need liniment for it," chuckled Dauphin. Then he broke off a stalagmite shaped like a teacup, which must have weighed five pounds, and, tearing a sleeve from his coat, he tied it in one end of the sleeve with leather strings from his boot-tops, winding it all tightly, and making a most horrible weapon, it seemed to me, and he was that cheerful about it, chuckling to himself and talking of London's head, that it made me shudder to watch him.

But no head was thrust up the hole, though some of the men went through the room below several times. From a few words we caught I concluded that they had given up the hunt for both of us.

It must have gone near two days that we stayed in the Swallow's Nest; then we left it, we thought for a short time only, but we never saw it again, and I dare guess that a bunch of keys which I forgot and left there, is there to this day. It fell out in this wise: Our victuals being gone and our candles down to one small bit, something had to be done; I decided that we had best scout about a little and see what it should be, so we started. We soon came up near the Fort, creeping like cats. Over a rock at the end of a small hole we got a view of it down a larger tunnel. Thus I may describe it in two dozen words: Large room, nearly round, maybe 100 feet across, floor mostly level and sandy. Bright fire in middle, with smoke going straight up, as if it were under a dome, as Dauphin, indeed, said it was. The outlaws were sitting about the fire drinking and smoking, London still with his arm in a sling. My heart gave a glad leap as I saw the captain sitting a little to one side, seeming as well as ever.

The liquor they were drinking was in bottles, which they passed about freely enough. We watched them for some time, Dauphin growling ever time he saw them drink. I had hard work to keep him still, and was on the point of going back to the Swallow's Nest, when one of the men rolled up in his blanket by the fire as if to sleep for the night. Soon the others began to do likewise, being, I think, two-thirds drunk, and I thought there would never be a better time for our first move, which I had planned. By and by they were all in their blankets except London and one other. At this London got up and snapped a pair of handcuffs on the captain's wrists who then himself lay back and did the same.

But I was a good deal disheartened to see that the other man intended to stay on guard. He sat on a rock, a candle burning beside him, and with his revolver in his lap. But soon he began to drink out of a big flat bottle, which he took from his pocket, and I had hopes. And my hopes used me well, too, because, after some time, he rolled over on the bare ground and went as sound asleep as the others, leaving the fire burning in the center.

"Now is our time," I whispered to Dauphin. "I will creep up to the captain and waken him. You go to the guard and get his candle. Then you can show us the way to the opening, and in two hours we can be out."

"I'll get his barker, too, Harry—leave me alone for that. We might need it, and till Dauphin is the feller that knows how to use it."

He dropped his sleeve and stalagmite, and we crept down among the men without making a sound. I got to the captain, and touched him on the shoulder. He sat up instantly cool, as was ever his way. He held up his shackled hands, but I pointed toward the tunnel which led out of the cave, and he nodded his head. I looked at Dauphin. He had got the candle and pistol, and had them in his left hand. Then he reached over, and my heart stood still, as I saw him tugging at the bottle in the sleeping guard's pocket. I motioned him to come on, but he paid no attention to me. It seemed an age that he worked at that bottle to get it out, as the man lay half on it. I thought I should go wild to see him taking the chance he was and wasting our precious time. At last he got it out, and the captain and I took a step toward the tunnel. But, instead of coming, he pulled the cork with his teeth and began drinking out of the bottle. Just then London turned over, opened his eyes and saw him standing there with the bottle to his lips. London seized his pistol and bounded to his feet.

Dauphin's bottle crashed on the rocks, and he took the guard's pistol in his right hand. For one second the two men glared at each other across the fire, then there was a report which stunned my ears, for they had both fired at once, and they both fell as near together as they had fired. The captain dropped back on the ground, while I ran away toward the pit where the rope was. Some of the men came behind with a light. The rope was coiled on the brink. I pushed it over, but it was unfastened from the point of rock and the end snapped in my face as it all went down. The men were too close for me to spring on the ledge. There was nothing to do but to follow the rope, hoping for as good luck as the two others had had at this pit, so down I went.

It was, I think, the rope that saved me. It had been in a coil, and it struck in a heap, which is the way I struck, too, only I was on top of the rope; and the first other way to get up; so after all it served its purpose at this place, and more, carrying up twenty-seven men instead of three.

The sheriff told me that the guard had been left up at Lota mouths of the cave, the other having been found since we had come down, so he did not doubt that we should find the men all in the cave. But I feared greatly for the safety of the captain.

We went on from Dauphin's Pit with great caution, and soon the sheriff and I scouted ahead. We got sight of the fire, even though the fire was low and no candle burning, we could see that most of the men were asleep, with two on guard. I counted them eagerly, but could make out no more than seven, all told, and feared more than ever for the captain.

Sheriff Milliron brought his men down very skillfully, I thought, and as a signal they all rushed forward, each with his gun ready and the head ones carrying lanterns. The man on guard shouted and made motions as if they would shoot, but when they saw the number of our party they dropped their weapons and threw up their hands. This a little surprised us, for London was not the man to surrender under any circumstances; but it was explained when the sheriff called for him, and the nearest man said gruffly:

"Ike London is dead."

Then I dived forward to a man who was rolling over in his blanket, and it was Captain Archway, and I felt so weak and foolish that I thought I might as well sit there on the ground awhile and pretend I was trying up my shoe, though no such boots, but the tops being cut off made them not so unlike shoes after all.

The sheriff first took off the captain's handcuffs, slipping them on the nearest outlaw; then he put others on the rest of the gang, and a pretty sick lot they were, too. Our men all shook hands with the captain, heartily enough, you may be sure, for most of them knew him well, and had been sure he was dead. I had missed Dauphin at first glance, and asked the captain of him.

"Dead," he answered, shaking his head, but with a kindly tone in his voice. "Neither he nor London ever got up after they fired. It was the end that might have been expected to the kind of life Dauphin had led, but if it was fit for London, then Dauphin deserved something a little better, for he was not so bad a man."

The captain went on to say that he thought Lincoln's death was all that saved him after our attempt to rescue him, as he was the chief and their chief they became frightened, and seemed afraid to risk a desperate step.

The sheriff decided to take his prisoners out by the way of the mouth of the cave, but the captain wanted to go out as he had come in, by the Sink Hole, partly so that he might see the well which had broken into our Best Room.

Three or four of the men went with us and were fast to see everything in the cave, but as for the captain and me, we had seen quite enough of it, and only cared to stop for a look at the well-hole. The captain would not forgive himself for not having guessed the sound we heard.

At Sink Hole Dome there were men waiting to draw us up, first the captain went, then I. Half way up, a bat under the ledge squeaked at me, but as he unhooked himself and slid down into the pit, I told him it would be many a long day before I bothered him and his kind again, which it has been.

When we came to the top, the sun, which was near setting, seemed to fill the whole western sky with a mighty blaze, like ten suns instead of one, and we could only wink our eyes tight shut. Indeed, we could not look at the eastern sky even without closing our eyes; and it was only when it had got quite dark that we began to feel at home.

So there is no more to tell of our adventures in Frontenac Cave. We got back to Hawk's Landing the next morning, where people looked at us as if we had just dropped from the moon instead of not having been ten miles away. That evening the poor captain fell sick with brain fever and lay with his life in jeopardy, but pulled through, as he had done his days in the cave. Nor did I think his fever strange, for I believe I went near to it myself, and I was close to fifty years younger than he.

As for the robbers they got what the law was waiting to give them, and went to state's prison, where they yet are. Sheriff Milliron found all of the money taken from the bank, and much plunder belonging to other people. The bank paid the reward honestly enough. I knew then, and know yet, that the captain deserved three-quarters of it; but what would he do? not one thing except take one-half and make me take the other half, so I could do nothing else. And it came in very handy at home, too, where I soon took it, and where I stayed for one while, you may be sure, my desire to see the world being well satisfied, having, as I used often to tell folks, seen enough of the inside of it at least.

So I gave the money to my father, and he, ever generous and anxious for the welfare of his children, used close to every penny of it in sending my brothers and sisters and myself to school, where we needed to go, and where I think, if I could have stayed even longer, I might have written a better account of this time than I have. But I should not have cared to go longer on money come by with so much danger and suffering as this was, or do anything else with such money, either. Nor have I ever so much as gone into Frontenac Cave since the day we came up the pit, though I went several times to visit the dear old captain; but we used often to say laughingly that when they got gaslight in it and velvet carpets on the floors and these new-fangled elevators for the pits, and all the squeaking bats in bird-cages, we might run in some day for an hour or so, which they never did, so we stayed out.

THE END.

By All-Night Inhalation

—THE—

PILLOW INHALER

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Grip, Throat and Lung Troubles . . . .

During all the sleeping hours the head is enveloped in a thoroughly disinfected, pure and curative air (tar, iodine, carbolic and other healing properties). With every breath the inflamed air-passages are soothed and healed.

There is no stomach-dosing, no douching, no snuffing, no suffering, no loss of time.

It is as safe as sunshine. It is easy and simple to use.

What the brother of ex-Congressman Sibley says:

Galena Oil Works,
Franklin, Pa., May 27, 1897.

Of a case of bronchitis, so severe that some of my friends began to fear it might be tuberculosis, I was cured in this unfavorable climate, in the month of January, without losing a day from my business, by the use of the Pillow-Inhaler Remedy, after all other medicines and measures tried had proved unavailing.

You are at liberty to publish this statement, as I deem it a duty to make known the merits of this simple and inexpensive, but efficacious, means of treatment. Yours truly,

E. H. SIBLEY.

The Pillow Inhaler is for sale by all druggists.

CHURCH NOTICES.

SPIRITUALISM—Typographical Hall, 425 G st. nw.; Sunday evening, 8 o'clock; Mrs. Zoller, assisted by another medium, spirit tests, automatic writing, etc., séances Tuesday and Friday evenings; at residence, 1102 N. Y. ave (11th and I nw.) ja22-2t-em

FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS—Temple, 513 9th st. nw.; services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; discourses by the pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; morning subject, "The Foundation Principles of Spiritual Philosophy;" evening, "The Seven Teachings." Tuesday, "Are Spiritualists: Their Relations to Each Other;" questions answered and poems improvised; Dr. W. R. Price will address the Children's Lyceum and Adult Class at 10 a. m.; all seats free; public invited. ja22-2t-em

WONN'S HALL—721 6th st. nw.; Sunday circle, 2:30 p. m.; lecture and tests, 7:30 p. m.; Mrs. Nickless, pastor. Tuesday evening, pyrotechnic readings in Wonn's Hall; sittings daily. 1t-em

FOR SALE—BICYCLES.

FOR SALE—1 lady's '97 Stormer wheel, with lamp and fixtures; in good order. Address G., this office. 1t-em

FOR SALE—A Stearns bicycle, nearly new, fine condition; $25 cash, $30 on time; cost $125. 155 E st. se. 1t-em

WANTED—Old bicycles as part payment for new ones; or will sell old wheels on commission; make a specialty of selling old wheels. R. R. BURR, 727 14th st. ja21-3t

FOR SALE—One Victor, one Rambler wheels, '96 and '97; lamps and tools; guaranteed as good as new; $15 and $20. After 5, 20 D st. ne. ja21-3t

FOR HIRE.

DRESS SUITS for hire at GARNER'S, 7th and H sts. no16-tf

FOR HIRE—Full dress suits, $1 only. JULIUS COHEN, 1104 7th st. nw. no10-tf-em

FOR HIRE—To drunkers and business men, horse and buggy or dayton, $2 per day, and special prices for pleasure driving. Apply to the REX STABLES, rear 615 E st. nw.; telephone call, 109. ap30-tf

PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING. Printing 500 cards, 75c.; 500 envelopes, 75c.; 500 note heads, 75c.; 500 statements, 75c.; binding magazines, 50c.; miscellaneous books rebound. G. H. WILLIAMS, 615 7th st. nw. fe6-tf

COUNTRY PROPERTY.

FOR SALE—22 acres, 8 miles out on B. & O.; new 7-room dwelling, out-buildings; will sell on easy terms, or exchange for city property; good orchard. Several nice places in Md. and Va. on monthly payments; 2 to 300 acres, with fine improvements; would exchange for city property. HALL & JUSTICE, 613 F st. 1t,em

FOR EXCHANGE.

FOR EXCHANGE—Send description of your property to my exchange department; I have both improved and unimproved, large and small, city and country property to exchange; some unencumbered. ABRAHAM FISHER, 512 E st. nw. ja23-3t-eod

is strong, there is a very considerable consumption of sugar per capita, whereas in those countries in which these qualities are not predominant among the inhabitants the consumption is smaller. In England, first among the maritime nations of the world, the consumption of sugar is 86 pounds a year to each inhabitant. In Denmark it is 45, in Holland 31, in France 30, and in Notway and Sweden 25, whereas in Russia it is only 10, in Italy 7, in Turkey 7, in Greece 6, and in Servia 4.

The consumption of sugar seems to have very little connection with or relation to the production of sugar, for in Austria the sugar product of which is large, the average consumption is only 19 pounds, while in Switzerland, in which there is no production to speak of, it is 44. And another curious phase of the matter is that there is a great disparity in the consumption of sugar in the two tea-drinking countries, England and Russia. The large amount of sugar consumed in France is attributed in part to the fact that the French confectioners and candymakers, and more especially those doing business in the city of Paris, use in their trade enormous quantities of sugar in a year, adding abnormally to the average consumption of sugar in the French republic.

Monkeys as Gold Finders.

(From London Tid-Bits.)

Capt. E. Moss, of the Transvaal, tells the following story of the monkeys who work for him in the mines: "I have twenty-four monkeys," said he, "employed about my mines. They do the work of seven able-bodied men. In many instances they lend valuable aid where a man is useless. They gather up the small pieces of quartz that would be passed unnoticed by the workingmen, and pile them up in little heaps that can easily be gathered up in a shovel and thrown into a mill. They work just as they please, sometimes going down into the mines when they have cleared up all the debris on the outside. They live and work together without quarreling any more than men do. They are quite methodical in their habits, and go to work and finish up in the same manner as human beings would do under similar circumstances. It is very interesting to watch them at their labor, and see how carefully they look after every detail of the work they attempt. They clean up about the mines, follow the wheelbarrows and carts used in mining and pick up everything that falls off on the way."

A Strange Prank of Diphtheria.

(From the Hartford Times.)

New London, Jan. 12.—A peculiar case which was treated in this city by Dr. J. C. Taylor last week has just come to light. It was the sequel of a case of diphtheria, and is considered somewhat in the light of a phenomenon by the medical profession.

A child of ten years, whose sight had been perfect before the attack, became affected by a paralysis of the muscles of the eye. The normal eye of the child of ten years had changed to that of a woman of seventy years. It is practically old sight, and will necessitate the wearing of glasses of the strength of those worn by aged women. It is said to be a rare case, and will probably receive attention from medical journals.

Fill full with Heurich's Maerzen! Why this is as it should be here is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces, happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.

SUGAR-EATING NATIONS.

Figures That Indicate That Maritime People Excel in Its Consum

(From the New York Sun.)

The sugar crop of the world amounts in a normal year to about 8,000,000 tons, of which the larger part, about 4,500,000 tons, comes from beets and the balance, 3,500,000 tons, from sugar cane. Of the latter the largest proportion comes from the West Indies and a large amount from the Island of Java. Among the countries producing beet sugar, Germany comes first with about one-third of the world's crop; then Austria with about as much, and then France, Russia, and Belgium and Holland together with substantially the same quantity.

In respect of the production of beet sugar in the United States there has been a vast increase since the establishment of the McKinley tariff in 1890. The year previous the American product was 2,800 tons. Two years later it was 12,000 tons. Four years later it was 20,000 tons. Last year it was 43,000 tons, and the product is on the increase. The McKinley tariff, established between July 1, 1891, and July 1, 1905, a bounty to be paid by the United States Government to sugar producers, with view of stimulating the industry and compensating those engaged in it for the changes made in the duty upon imported sugar.

Among scientists the opinion has been general that a moderate amount of sugar, like a moderate amount of salt, should enter into the dietary of the people of each nation; but it is only when the figures of the consumption of sugar are examined that it is seen that the quantity consumed varies radically, and it is a curious fact that in those countries in which the maritime spirit—the spirit of navigation, commerce, travel, and colonization—

PERSONALS.

SPIRITUALISM—Madame Nolan will hold a circle Sunday evening at her parlors, 802 7th st. nw., at 8 p. m.; names given; silver collection. 1t

The "3 Days" Cure

(for men) beats all remedies in this city; a prompt and permanent cure or no charge; consultation free. Dr. McKEEHAN, 716 12th st. nw. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., 5 to 8 p. m.; Sunday, 2 to 4 p. m. de24-1mo

PROF. CLAY,

The oldest established clairvoyant, has cut his prices for short time: ladies, 25 cents; gentlemen, 50 cents; tells from cradle to grave, business, love or family affairs; about lawsuits, divorces, speculations, etc.; brings separated husband or wife together; removes spells; bad luck or mysterious feelings 10 to 10 daily. 489 N st. sw. Short time cut prices; ladies, 25 cents; gents, 50 cents. ja21-3t-em

A COLORED GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with colored lady of a brown complexion; age, 25 to 35; with some means; object, matrimony. Address, with particulars, Mr. HOLLAND, this office; strictly confidential. 1t-em

SPIRITUALISM—Mrs. Zoller, medium, 1102 N. Y. ave., 11th and I nw.; circles Tuesday and Friday evenings; interviews daily; Sunday evening meetings, Typographical Hall, 425 G st. nw. ja21-7t-em

MASSAGE, hot sea-salt baths, manicuring and chiropody; close at 9 p. m. 702 9th st. nw. ja19-6t

FROM THE ORIENT—The queen of the East; all mysteries solved; has the seven holy seals; in psychic powers has no peer; will advise and help all. Parlors, 811 10th st. nw.; hours, 1 until 8 p. m. ja19-6t

MME. THEO.

Medium and card reader. Washington's most famous clairvoyant and palmist. Consult her on business, love and family affairs, reunites the separated; removes spells; causes speedy marriages and gives good luck; open daily; German spoken; 25c and 50c. 929 H st. nw. ja19-12t

MRS. BROWNING, New York ave. Vapor, Steam, Massage and Chiropody. Hours, 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. ja19-7t

THIS is no passing fancy, but an established fact: We are selling elegant custom-made suits but "slightly worn" at figures that are the talk of the town. Look us up. JUSTH'S OLD STAND, 619 D st. nw. ja18-1w

MME. LA RUE, Medium, tells past and present; gives luck, and spells taken off. 1223 1-2 F st. nw. Walk upstairs. ja11-1mo-em

Dr. Leatherman

EXPERT SPECIALIST, (25 years' experience.) All private diseases quickly and permanently cured. SYPHILIS positively cured in any stage. Consultation free. Hours, 9 to 12 and 2 to 5. Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Evenings, 7 to 8. No. 602 F st. nw. Closed Sunday. no15-tf-em

Mrs. DR. RENNER, SPECIALIST

in obstetrics, gold medal awarded for the science of obstetrics from the University of Munich, Bavaria, treats successfully woman's complaints and irregularities; private sanitarium for ladies before and during confinement. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.; No. 619 Pa. ave. nw. se3-tf-em

NATIONAL DENTAL PARLORS
908 F Street Northwest.

Gold fillings and bridge work a specialty, at the lowest price. Amalgam fillings, 50c; full sets of teeth on plates, $5; extracting either by gas or local spray, absolutely painless, 50c; without, 25c; all work done by experts and guaranteed the best; open on Sundays from 10 to 4 o'clock. no22-tf-em

When Others Fail, Consult

DR. CZARRA

The most able and successful Specialist in the treatment of all Nervous, Chronic, Skin and PRIVATE DISEASES. His COMPLETE outfit of modern appliance, X-RAY, Static, Faradic and galvanic Electricity enables him to treat with success, especially in Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Sexual Weakness, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Syphilis and Diseases of Women; free consultation, 9 to 6. 619 Pa. ave. nw., Washington, D. C. no10-tf

Madame LAMONT,

Clairvoyant and palmist; advice on business, love and family affairs; names in full; madame convinces the most skeptical; fee, 50c and $1. 1303 G st. nw. ja4-1m

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE DINNER SET.

Ladies, send us your full name and address, plainly written, and we will express to you 125 packets of our sweet and exquisite Arabian Perfume Rose Powders, to sell among friends at 10c each; when sold remit us the money, after deducting express charges, and we will send you for your trouble, a beautifully-decorated 100-piece dinner set, full size, for family use; a perfect beauty. Name nearest express office and address ARABIAN PERFUME CO., Dept. 1, Bridgewater, Conn. ja21-2t-em

GIRLS, learn to make your own dresses; MADAM VIRTS has opened a school of dressmaking three evenings a week; limited number taken; $3 a month. 618 12th st. nw. ja23-3t

WASHINGTON SAVINGS BANK, cor. 12th and G sts. nw., successor to the Ohio National Bank, conducts a general Banking business. Pays 2 per cent interest on accounts subject to check averaging $300 or more. Pays 3 per cent interest on savings deposits. One dollar opens an account. Special rates for deposits one year or more. Safe deposit boxes in latest improved fire and burglar-proof vault, to rent at very reasonable rates. Open from 9:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. daily, and until 5 p. m. on the 15th and last day of the month, and receives savings deposits from 6 to 8 Saturday evenings. ja23-7t

ROOMS papered with gold paper; $2 up. LEPRECUX & ROBBINS, 493 Md. ave. sw. ja22-3t-em

Cards, 25c per 1,000.

CUT PRICE PRINTING CO.
609 9th St. N. W.
ja22-3t

IF unemployed business or professional men will call at 615 8th st. ne., after 7 p. m., they can find employment. ja21-3t-em

BAD BILLS COLLECTED by experienced collector. H. HESS, JR., 503 12th st. nw. ja21-3t-em

DARLING & DONY,
PRINTERS,

610 11th st., opp. Woodward & Lothrop's, work equal to the best; prices what they should be—no higher. ja21-1m

DANCING—Private dancing lessons, with music, by lady teacher; waltz taught in four lessons. Address YOUNG LADY, this office. ja21-3t

WANTED—Old postage stamps, departments especially desired. J. M. BARTELS & CO., 702 14th st. nw. ja14-1mo,em

PIANO LESSONS—Rapid method for learning brilliant parlor selections; easy and accurate; don't spend half your life on dry exercises. Call at COLUMBIA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 802 K st. nw. ja19-7t

WALL PAPER, 2 1-2 cents per roll up; papering and painting. YOUNGER, 440 N. J. ave. nw. ja19-6t

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED—You earn money by having us do all your painting. Our prices for fine work are real money-savers. Rooms papered with rich, stylish paper, $2 up. F. G. NOLTE, 810 9th st. No branch. ja19-tf

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY—Established 8 years; 200 customers; price, $100; owner leaving city. DUNLAP, 906 F st. ja18-6t

DANCING—MISS MARIE LEONARDO, 619 M st. nw., the only lady teacher in Washington teaching under a diploma of the National Association, Masters of Dancing; protect yourself from incompetents; waltz, two-step, clog, reel, skirt, Spanish and fancy dances. ja18-6t

ARE you going to sell or store your household effects. If so 'phone 1574 or drop postal to MARCUS NOTES, 637 La. ave. nw., where you are assured of liberal dealing and good returns. ja18-tf

WANTED—Old postage stamps; department; foreign stamps wanted especially; collections bought. F. W. BRADLEY, 617 14th st. nw. ja18-1mo

HIGHEST cash prices paid for second-hand furniture, carpets, pianos, entire houses, stocks of all kinds. Address JONES, 1004 Mass. ave. nw. de7-3mo

AUCTION SALES.

DUNCANSON BROS., Auctioneers.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF UNIMPROVED REAL ESTATE IN THE SQUARE BOUNDED BY TWENTY-FIRST AND TWENTY-SECOND STREETS AND N AND O STREETS NORTHWEST.

By virtue of a deed of trust, recorded in Liber No. 1699, folio 153 et seq., of the Land Records of the District of Columbia, we will sell at auction, in front of the premises, on WEDNESDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY, A. D. 1898, AT FOUR O'CLOCK P. M., the following described real estate, situate in the city of Washington, in said District: Lots numbered one hundred and fifty-one (151), one hundred and fifty-two (152) and one hundred and fifty-three (153), of William L. Brainhall and others' recorded subdivision of lots in square numbered sixty-nine (69), as such subdivision is recorded in Book No. 18, page 24, one of the records of the office of the surveyor of said District, containing in the aggregate 4,696 square feet of ground, more or less, unimproved.

Terms: One-third cash, balance in equal installments, at one and two years, with interest at six (6) per centum per annum, payable semi-annually from day of sale, secured by deed of trust upon the property sold, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser. A deposit of $150 will be required at time of sale. All conveyancing at purchaser's cost. Terms to be complied with within ten days, otherwise the trustee to resell the right to resell at risk and cost of the defaulting purchaser.

WILLIAM E. EDMONSTON, Trustee, 500 5th st. nw.
ROBT. E. L. WHITE, Trustee, 505 D st. nw.

J. E. FRECHE & CO., general auctioneers, 316-18 8th st. nw.; personal attention given to sales at private residences, stores, factories, assignees, receivers, executors, real estate, stocks, bonds, etc. de4-3mo-em

PROPOSALS.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR PROPOSALS TO PURCHASE IN BULK THE LONG-ESTABLISHED AND VALUABLE DRY-GOODS BUSINESS LATELY CONDUCTED IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C., BY SEATON PERRY, NOW DECEASED.

THE UNDERSIGNED, executors of the last will and testament of SEATON PERRY, deceased, late of the city of Washington, District of Columbia, hereby give notice that until TUESDAY, the 15th day of February, 1898, at TWELVE O'CLOCK M., they will receive sealed proposals for the purchase, in bulk, and as a whole, of the stock of dry goods and merchandise, good will, leases, fixtures and property of every kind, which belonged to the late SEATON PERRY at the time of his death, and was then in his place of business, at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Ninth street northwest, in the city of Washington, D. C.

All horses, wagons, harness and stable fixtures belonging to the said business are included in the property mentioned above.

Book accounts due Seaton Perry, cash on hand at the time of his death, bills receivable, bonds and stocks then belonging to him are not