

SEND WARSHIPS TO PANAMA

European Nations May Mix in the Troubles of the Isthmus

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 5.—The administration has information leading to the belief that at least one European nation contemplates sending warships to the isthmus. This is accompanied with the knowledge that during the whole canal debate in congress last session several European countries did everything possible to prevent the ratification of the treaty. This makes it probable that considerable naval display will be made by America as a guard against further trouble.

Joaquin Miller's Yarn
(Chicago Record-Herald.)

Captain John Healy, the millionaire mining and railroad promoter of Alaska, tells the following on Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras."

"Miller had been in Alaska for some time when he concluded to come down into civilization again and make some money lecturing. One afternoon I met him in one of the big cities, and after exchanging frontier greetings the poet said: 'Captain, you must bring your daughters to hear my lecture on Alaska.'

"I promised, and when we reached the theater we found a box awaiting us. Well, Joaquin came on, long hair, long beard, high boots, flannel shirt, true western style. Of course he got a big 'hand' on his appearance alone. Then he started in to portray Alaska as only a poet could. He held his listeners spellbound as he described the progress and future of the great northwest. Finally, to vary his theme, Joaquin started to tell some pretty good mining stories, but he reached a thrilling climax with the following:

"One night I was invited to a dance in a miner's cabin, and while Bill Dalton scraped away on his fiddle we just hoed it down. But the miners tramped in and out so much between dances that before midnight the ladies declared the floor was so slippery they couldn't dance another step unless something was done.

"Then," continued Joaquin, after an eloquent pause, "something was done that never was possible in mining days in California. Each miner gallantly opened his buckskin powder pouch and sprinkled gold dust on the floor! And this was repeated throughout the night."

"Joaquin certainly had the audience or he would never have dared to continue as he did.

"And in the morning, ladies and gentlemen, those miners never troubled themselves about sweeping up that gold dust. They just hitched up their dog sleds and rode away."

"There was a slight agitation in the audience, which Joaquin must have recognized as ominous or incredulity, but he was equal to it. With a wave of his hand toward my box he said: 'And my old friend up there in the box, Captain Healey of Alaska, will substantiate what I say.'

"It was a master stroke of the poet, for the house burst into applause, and Joaquin Miller bowed himself off."

RACING BEGINS AT PIMLICO

Maryland Steeple Chase Association Have Put a Fine Program

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)
BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 5.—The stables at Pimlico are well filled with horses which have come from Canada, New York, Philadelphia and other places, and bright prospects exist for the success of the race meeting which began today under the auspices of the Maryland Steeplechase association. The meeting is to last one week. The program is made up of steeplechases, hurdle races and flat races.

Golf at Atlantic City

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Nov. 5.—A number of prominent players are taking part in the annual fall golf tournament of the Atlantic City Country club which opened successfully today on the Northfield links. The final rounds will be played Saturday and the governor's cup, emblematic of the championship, will be awarded to the successful contestant.

Max Geidl Lands in the Pen

Warden Perrin of the state penitentiary returned last evening from his trip to North Idaho says the Statesman, bringing in a prisoner for the state institution. This is Max Geidl, convicted in Idaho county of stealing horses, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

The new convict is a young man, pleading guilty to twenty-three years and looking even younger than that. He was associated in his escapade with an older man named Brown. The two

were captured and tried about a year ago in Nez Perce county, Brown being convicted and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary, while his younger companion was acquitted.

Part of the horses were stolen, however, in Idaho county, and immediately upon his release from Nez Perce county he was arrested for the offense over the county line. The result of this prosecution was a conviction, with a sentence of four years.

Langley Wants to Try Again

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 5.—Considerable public interest is manifested in today's meeting of the army board of fortifications and ordnance, of which General Gillespie is president, as it is expected that a report will be submitted by Professor Langley on the recent experiments with his flying machine near Widewater, Va. A report on the same subject also is expected from Major M. M. Macomb, artillery corps, who made observations of the tests of the machine by direction of the board. The board's interest in the experiments is due to the fact that it made an allotment of \$50,000 to defray the cost of the experiments. It is understood that Professor Langley will ask for a further appropriation with a view to making another test of his invention.

In Honor of Bishop Foley

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 5.—Bishop Foley of the Catholic diocese of Detroit was the recipient of innumerable congratulations today on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. A big reception in honor of the bishop is to be held this evening at the Hotel Cadillac.

Four car loads of century plants that were planted in the university gardens at Notre Dame, Ind., were recently bought by the world's fair management. Many of the plants are ten feet tall. They will be used by the landscape architect in beautifying the exposition grounds.

GUN COTTON EXPLOSION

Shakes the Earth and Creates a Panic but None Were Injured

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)
PORTSMOUTH, Nov. 4.—A half ton of gun cotton exploded at Taital naval station this morning. No one was injured but the entire district was shaken by the explosion. A small panic ensued for many believed there had been an earthquake shock.

Tennessee Endeavorers Meet

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)

JACKSON, Tenn., Nov. 5.—Decorations of red and white flags and bunting are much in evidence today in honor of the delegates to the West Tennessee Christian Endeavor convention, which will be in session during the remainder of the week. Scores of delegates and other visitors have arrived and from all appearances the attendance will be unusually large. A program of exceptional interest has been arranged for the meeting. In addition to the regular business relating to the affairs of the organization there will be addresses by a number of Endeavor workers of note, including Ira Landrith, G. W. Shelton, and Rev. E. E. Hendrick. The people of Jackson have thrown open their homes to the delegates and nothing is being left undone that would contribute to their pleasure or comfort.

Carnegie Art Exhibition

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 5.—The eighth annual art exhibition of the Carnegie institute, which opened today, is notable for the splendid representation made by leading American artists. Never before, probably in the entire country, has there been held a more representative exhibition of all that is best in American painting and sculpture. While the competitive exhibition is limited solely to the works of American artists, there is exhibited at the same time, in a separate gallery, a notable collection of paintings from the international society of sculptors, painters, and graveurs of London.

A relief map of Louisiana, 10x15 feet, will be displayed in Louisiana's state pavilion at the world's fair. It will show accurately the topography of the state, the area devoted to sugar, rice and other crops, and the railways and waterways. Supplementing the map will be photographs of typical farms and Louisiana scenery.

Saving a Fib

A certain young woman has been devoting her evenings to entertaining a bashful admirer. He seemed to be deeply in love, but he evidently didn't dare to propose.

One evening while he was calling another young gentleman rang the bell. The pretty girl was embarrassed and looked to the bashful youth for help.

"Tell him you're engaged," the bashful one said.

Delighted, the girl made haste to answer. "But I don't want to tell him an untruth."

"Well, you tell him that, and we'll fix it afterward," the bashful one stammered.

And before he went that night the wedding day was set.—Exchange.

AN ILLUSTRATED PASSION

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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"And so," concluded Thomas Fontelle, "I would marry Yvette and be a son to you."

"Son!" hissed old Matthieu. It was an unfortunate word. "Yes, yes! You think—you to take my son's place—but you never shall! Take thyself off. Thou shalt never marry Yvette. No man shall be a son to me now that my Jean is dead!"

Expostulations proved unavailing, and in the little known village of St. Leger, between Vevey and Blonay, there were at least two sad hearts—Yvette's and her blue-eyed lover Thomas'. That evening they stood together gazing sadly at the house pictures around them, for once taking neither pride nor interest in the remarkable drawings with which M. Alfred Beguin is good enough to decorate his neighbors' dwellings, for St. Leger is probably the one illustrated village in the world, and tourists, those few who know of it, study the village as one might the pages of a magazine. Yvette for the first time in her life seemed even irritated by them.

"I do believe," she said, with a vicious click of her pretty white teeth, "that he would have consented if M. Beguin had not made him so cross by always passing over his house. Volla, we are not at all illustrated! Oh, Thomas, if thou couldst only paint!"

"This woman's work," said Thomas shortly. "A man belongs in the field. Foi d'un homme, Yvette—I think I will enlist."

"No, no, no!" pleaded the girl, with the ready credulity of her sex in masculine threats of wandering afar. "Wait! We will find a way. Look, Thomas, there is a new tourist! See! He gazes at the pictures! He is coming this way. What a kindly fellow!"

It must be confessed that even the gloomy Thomas was moved to some return of cheer by the gracious presence of the stranger who now came up to them and began asking about the spirited design on the wall near them. Finally he inquired where they dwelt, and some remark of his concerning the



THE WHOLE VILLAGE TURNED OUT TO SEE HIM PAINT.

absence of decorations there, coupled with his sympathetic tones, made Yvette suddenly inform him how sore her father felt concerning the omission, yet how he was too proud to make any advances.

"And he could not now if he would," she added, sighing, "for M. Beguin is away at present."

"And is that why you look so sad, pretty maid?" returned their new friend. "There were tears on your lashes when I came up."

A second's hesitation and the unhappy love tale came out.

"If he was only illustrated," sobbed Yvette, "he would regain good humor to Thomas."

"And do you think nothing but that would move him?" inquired the stranger.

"Alas, no! But, oh, if I could only move M. Beguin to do it, do you know what he should paint on our cottage? He should paint Jean," said Yvette breathlessly, "my dead brother Jean, and he should paint Thomas standing beside him, and they would be hand in hand, and then father would be obliged, yes, obliged, to see it was like a command for our marriage."

"No such luck," observed Thomas sourly, adding like a Greek chorus of woe, "I shall enlist."

"Don't say that again," implored Yvette. "Ah, me, if monsieur could but paint—monsieur, who has been so sympathetic!"

An odd smile crossed the stranger's lips. "I have been told," he said kindly, "that I know something of painting. Give me leave and I will do my best."

"Tomorrow, tomorrow!" cried Yvette joyfully. "Father goes away for two days tomorrow, and then you can do it. Oh, monsieur, the saints sent you!"

"But the evil one may have sent his painting," muttered the doubting Thomas. "When he hath messed thy father's house and thou canst not tell his picture of Jean from a cow, then what?"

But faith carried the day, and no sooner was old Matthieu safely gone than the tourist was standing on a scaffolding beside the cottage. He

wore a blouse belonging to Thomas. The whole village turned out to see him paint, some prophesying that the audacity of one who dared work in opposition to M. Beguin would meet merited failure.

The stranger painted rapidly. Sometimes he gazed in comical dismay at the increasing crowd; sometimes he looked at a quaint little tintype in his left hand which bore the features of Jean, son of Matthieu, long drowned at sea.

Suddenly a man in the crowd shouted: "But see—it is too strange! It is Jean—the dead Jean whom he makes there!"

Next day the whole village turned out to see what the second figure would be, and, lo, it was Thomas—Thomas, whose rejection by Matthieu was too well known already. The villagers gazed open mouthed. But the surprise was completed when Yvette herself appeared on the wall also, and the tableau showed the lovers' hands being placed in each other by the beguiling Jean, who wore a smile beautiful to see.

The artist shook himself and descended, and his descent had barely been made before old Matthieu was upon them.

"Out of my way there!" he shouted. "How do you congregate around an honest man's house?"

He made a plunge toward the crowd. They surged back willingly, and, lo, he was face to face with his cottage wall, and there—had the sea given up her dead?—there smiled the bold young sailor, his cap afloat, his frank eyes shining down on old Matthieu just as they used to shine when they came home together.

A sob of mingled pain and rapture leaped to the old man's throat. Then as he discovered the other figures Yvette, leading Thomas, crept timidly to his side.

"Who hath done this?" demanded the old peasant so sternly that Yvette's heart sank fearfully. The tourist stepped forward as though to shield her, saying:

"It was my work."

"Thine—a stranger's? And who art thou?"

"At home," said the other simply. "men call me Millais."

"I know not of thee," answered Matthieu, "but a greater than thou hath worked through thee." Then, turning to Yvette, he placed her hand within Thomas', saying solemnly:

"Wed when thou wilt, and whom the dead hath joined may no man put asunder!"

Eccentric Henry Cavendish.

Whenever Mr. Cavendish entertained his guests he would always give them the same fare—a leg of mutton. A story goes that one day when four friends were coming it was asked him what should be ordered for dinner. He answered, "A leg of mutton." "Sir," was the reply, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," said the host. When this gentleman died, he was the largest holder of bank stock in England. He owned \$1,157,000 in different public funds, besides freehold property of \$8,000 a year and a balance of \$50,000 on account. This large income was allowed to accumulate without attention. On one occasion, when the bankers had in hand a balance of \$80,000, they thought it well to acquaint Mr. Cavendish with the fact.

"If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands; do not come here to plague me." "Not the least trouble to us, sir, but we thought you might like some of it to be invested." "Well, what do you want to do?" "Perhaps you would like half of it invested?" "Do so, do so, and do not come here to bother me, or I'll remove it," was the churlish finale of the interview. Cavendish was seventy-eight years of age when he died in 1810, and he had never changed the fashion of his dress for sixty years.—Temple Bar.

There Are No Artists in Burma.

There are as yet no artists in Burma, and to see how the people draw we must examine the designs of the decorator, the gilt lacquer maker, the silversmith and the wood carver. It is true that pictures may be seen in some of the houses of the well to do. Many of these are panels taken from the base of the funeral pyre of a monk, and the others are similar productions made to order by decorators. These pictures are remarkable chiefly for the glaring colors used, for the absence of any composition and for the distorted perspective common to oriental representations. The drawing is, however, good, the attitudes are lifelike and the story is generally well told.

To European eyes the attitudes appear distorted as to the perspective, but it needs a very slight knowledge of the country to recognize that the Burmans habitually place themselves in the most ungainly positions. After more intimate acquaintances with their mode of life we find out that these very attitudes are esteemed graceful and are only acquired after years of practice.

Delights Her to Be Stared At.

When the pretty black-eyed girl got on the crowded Broadway car, at least six men got up and offered a seat to her. She could only take one, but every man who had made the tender proceeded to take his reward for the proffered courtesy by staring at her. One could hardly tell from her manner whether she was embarrassed by the double-barreled gaze of nearly every man in the car, for even the corpulent old man who sat near the door did not pretend to keep one eye on his paper.

"I think those men are rude to stare at that girl," said a lean woman to her companion.

The old man leaned over and in a low voice said to the lean woman:

"Don't worry about her being embarrassed. She likes to be stared at. She is my niece, and I ought to know."—New York Press.

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