PEKING IS IN A PANIC

Chinese Army at Wiju on Yalu River Mutinies.

CHINA IS PERFECTLY HELPLESS

Troops Throw Away Their Arms Because They Have No Ammunition and Can Get None—Rebellion Against the Manchurian Dynasty.

NEW YORK, September 30.—A special from Shanghai says that the Chinese army at Wiju on the Yalu river, which is opposing the advance of the main Japanese army, has mutinied. The men are throwing away their arms, because they have no ammunition, being cut off from supplies. The Chinese defenses have completely collapsed, and are now only a farce. There is a panic in Peking, and the very name of Japan inspires terror everywhere. China is perfectly helpless.

REBELLION REPORTED.

LONDON, September 30.—A dispatch from Vienna says a semi-official telegram from St. Petersburg announces that the Russian government has learned of a rebellion against the Manchurian dynasty.

LI HUNG CHANG TO TAKE THE FIELD.

SHANGHAI, September 30.—It is reported that the Emperor has granted Li Hung Chang's request to be allowed to take the field in person, and that Chang will make his headquarters at Lu Tai, near Tien Tsin, the present headquarters of the provisional commander-in-chief of Chi Li. It is also reported that the Chinese troops have evacuated Corea and are now massed at Chiu Lies Chang, thirty miles westward of the Yalu river. It is stated that the numerous desertions from the Chinese army of late is because of the faulty condition of the arms and ammunition supplied to the troops. Another junk that was sailing through the North Channel in order to evade the guard boats struck a torpedo, and was blown to pieces. Several men were drowned.

JAPAN'S NEXT MOVE.

LONDON, September 30.—The Times publishes this morning an article by an expert, in which the writer compares and collates the Times advices from Chee Foo and the Central News dispatches from Tokio. The writer concludes that it may be safely affirmed that modern weapons have not materially modified the conditions of naval warfare, and he adds:

"Japan's next movement is now a question of the greatest importance. China's fleet is virtually paralyzed, and the Japanese are free to transport a force in any direction. There are two principal courses for them to pursue—to strike direct for Peking or to occupy Formosa. Either course is more probable than a march to Moukden. It seems certain that 25,000 Japanese could take Peking, when Japan could obtain, so far as China is concerned, any terms she is likely to demand. On the other hand, the time available is very short owing to the approach of winter, and the venture, though not impracticable, would be very risky. A force of 20,000 would suffice to occupy Formosa, and a descent upon the place is certainly among the immediate possibilities. Japan seeks territorial expansion, and Formosa offers obvious advantages."

ADVANCING ON MOUKDEN.

LONDON, September 30.—A dispatch from Shanghai says it is reported the Japanese have succeeded in entering the Chinese province of Manchuria and are advancing upon the capital of Moukden. It is also said fighting has taken place between the invaders and Chinese at a town between that city and the frontier. The engagement is said to have ended in a decisive victory for the Japanese, who established themselves in the position previously occupied by the Chinese troops. No details of this report are given, and the Chinese at Shanghai discredit the report.

THINKS THE CHINESE VICTORS.

The Opinion of a Former Director in the Chinese Navy.

LONDON, September 30.—Captain Lang, a former director in the Chinese navy and supervisor of the erection of many Chinese forts, said in an interview today in regard to the Chinese reverses:

"The inherent conservatism and apathy concerning everything outside of China and the want of esprit du corps have had their natural results. As a matter of fact the Cninese never expected to have to fight, and their supreme contempt of Japan is a predominant trait with them. Their seamen are as brave as could be wished, but they have not the slightest patriotism. Their officers are regardless of almost everything but personal advantage, and have always wanted to evade drill and remain ashore. They have hated Europeans and European ideas, and are insufferably obstinate and conceited. There are admitted exceptions to this rule, however, especially in the case of Admiral Ting, who is conspicuously a brave and capable officer, whose lead could safely be followed anywhere. I cannot understand the alleged superiority of the Japanese quick-firing guns. The four vessels of the Ching Yuen class were admirably equipped, and I am not disposed in the light of the present information to give the Japanese the credit they claim."

Captain Lang ascribes the defeat of the Chinese, if they have been defeated, to the fact of their having lapsed from their high standard of efficiency since 1890. The only Europeans now in service in the Chinese fleet, he said, are acting in subordinate capacities. In conclusion he reaffirmed his belief that the Chinese had been the victors.

To Demand Amnesty.

ROME, October 1.—A movement comprising members of all parties has been organized in Sicily to demand amnesty for all prisoners condemned to imprisonment by the recent military tribunals sitting on that island.

To Take the Field.

LONDON, October 1.—A dispatch from Delegoa Bay says that the Governor at the head of 300 white and 6,000 native allies will take the field against the Kaffirs surrounding Lourenzo Marques.

Too Competent.

A duchess requiring a lady's maid had an interview with one, to whom, after having examined her appearance, she said:

"Of course you will be able to dress my hair for me?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl. "It never takes me more than half an hour to dress a lady's hair."

"Half an hour, my child!" exclaimed the duchess in accents of terror. "And what on earth then should I be able to do with myself all the remainder of the morning?"—London Tit-Bits.

LIEUTENANT CASEY'S CHARGER.

Purchased by Colonel Swayne and Not Shipped to His Fiancee.

LOS ANGELES, October 1.—A story was sent from San Francisco a few days ago, in which it was stated that during the battle with the Sioux Indians at Pine Ridge, S. D., Lieutenant Casey was killed. It was stated that Lieutenant Casey was engaged to be married to the daughter of Colonel Hunt, U. S. A., now a resident of Los Angeles, and that the handsome black charger, which he rode at the time of his death, was to be sent to his fiancee, not a single person having mounted the horse since Lieutenant Casey's death. There are some radical errors in the above report. The big black horse that formerly belonged to Lieutenant Casey arrived yesterday at San Pedro, but it was not shipped to "Miss Hunt." In fact, there is no "Colonel Hunt of the United States army" living in or near Los Angeles. The horse was really sent by Colonel Swayne of Fort Keogh, Mont. He is to be retired in January, and will come here to live on his ranch at Los Nietos. He bought the horse when the effects of the late Lieutenant Casey were sold along with some other articles that belonged to the gallant and brave but ill-fated Lieutenant. The horse is now about 17 years old, but is still a magnificent animal. He has been driven in double teams by the Colonel since he was purchased. The Northern Pacific railway gave free transportation and furnished a car for the horse to Portland in recognition of the eminent services of the Colonel during the troubles with the Northern Industrial Armies.

THEY ARE FAR AWAY.

A Whaling Captain's Condemnation of Alaska Missionaries.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 30.—Captain Tilton, of the whaling schooner Nicoline, who has been whaling in Northern seas for nearly two decades, does not think much of some of the missionaries that hie themselves to the frozen zone to purify the souls of the poor Esquimaux and Indians of Alaska. The captain said:

"The missionaries are divided into three classes, and there are some good men among them, to be sure, but they are scarce as the aurora in a summer clime. Those whom I condemn belong to a sect of 'free workers,' who are willing to worship God and Mammon for a chance to make a few dollars. The government should take hold of this matter. The Indians of Alaska are an easily influenced race, who are very anxious to become educated and civilized. The question of sending good women and righteous men to labor among them should meet with support from Congress. I do not desire to condemn all the missionaries of the Territory, for there are many good men up there who are doing exemplary work in teaching the natives. I do, however, want to say something about the scoundrels who infest the northern part of Alaska, and who under the guise of missionaries take advantage of their position to lie, cheat and steal in a manner that would astonish a horse thief. They are more degraded far than the natives themselves. These individuals go out on the pretense of working among the Indians, but in reality they are scheming to gather in skins and to be the recipients of favors that are not granted to men in an ordinary station of life."

FIRE UNDERWRITERS.

What President Littlejohn Says of Those Forest Fires.

CHICAGO, September 30.—President W. J. Littlejohn of the Underwriters' Association of the Northwest, who in an address before the organization declared the recent forest fires were ordered started by the lumber kings in the interior, also stated his charges were based on investigations made under his direction. "Those fires have occurred every year," said Littlejohn. "It was apparent there must be some motive for the incendiarism. Our company accordingly sent men up into Michigan and Wisconsin this summer to make investigations, and they received sufficient evidence to satisfy me some big lumber dealers fired the forests in order to hide the evidence of their timber stealings. The evidence is not sufficiently strong to warrant charging any particular man with the deeds. However, I am informed the States of Michigan and Wisconsin have appointed commissions to investigate the fires. Until we know the results the insurance organizations will do nothing. There is a possibility, however, in the event of the failure of these commissions to develop the matter that some insurance unions will take up the prosecution themselves. I am confident the State authorities can secure all the evidence necessary, if they try."

DENIED BY MRS. PEARY.

Her Husband Sat at the Same Table With His Men.

WASHINGTON, October 1.—Mrs. Peary, the wife of the Arctic explorer, denies emphatically the stories of some of the members of her husband's party of their alleged treatment. These charges in brief are that Engineer Peary's autocratic methods were offensive to his associates; that he was inconsiderate of their comfort and ungentlemanly in his treatment of them; that they were nearly starved to death, and that they would have fared better had Mrs. Peary not been a member of the party. Mrs. Peary said that her husband was unusually considerate of his men, and added:

"As to the men, he gave them the best it was possible to obtain. No partiality was shown. Engineer Peary, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, sat at the table with his men and shared their hardships in every way. I could not go to the public table on account of my baby. Some of the table delicacies given me by friends were used by me, but my husband declined to share them with me, saying that he preferred to have only what was given to the rest of the party."

Want the Law Modified.

BUDA-PESTH, October 1.—At the Bishops' conference to-day the Primate of Hungary read a letter from the Pope directing the episcopate to use its efforts with the Magnates to obtain modifications of the bill dealing with the religion of children of mixed marriages, but the letter added the agitation must not take an illegal form.

Utah's Exposition.

SALT LAKE, October 3.—The Territorial Exposition was formally opened today. The Utah National Guard, infantry, cavalry and artillery, paraded the principal streets early in the day, and marched to the exposition grounds. Prayer was offered by Elder John Henry Smith, and an address was made by Governor West. Every industry of the Territory is represented, and the exhibits, especially of agriculture and minerals, surpass anything shown in former years.

SOAKED OR DRY CORN

The Result of Experiments in Feeding Steers.

DEPENDS UPON CIRCUMSTANCES

Steers Get More Out of Soaked Corn Than They Do Out of Dry Corn, and the Reverse is True of the Hogs Which Follow—Agricultural Matter.

The August bulletin of the experimental station of the Kansas State Agricultural College contains the result of experiments in feeding steers. Following is what is said of feeding with soaked and with dry corn:

Whether the answer to this question will be a yes or a no will depend upon circumstances. Steers get more out of soaked corn than they do out of dry corn, and the reverse is true of the hogs which follow. It will not pay to soak corn whenever it is necessary to take precaution against freezing, nor is it likely to pay if it involves more extra labor than can be done by the regular force in charge of the cattle. But when a feeder is so situated that the corn can be soaked at slight expense it is a profitable practice, at least during mild weather.

In conclusion the facts brought to light by this experiment may be summarized as follows:

First—The five steers fed on soaked shelled corn gained a total of 1,632 pounds in 150 days on 282 bushels of corn, while the five steers fed on dry corn gained a total of only 1,468 pounds on 290 bushels of corn.

Second—The steers fed on soaked corn, owing to their better condition, brought a higher price in the market than the steers fed on dry corn. Balancing both cost of feed and market value of the two lots, there is a difference of $25.50 in favor of the soaking of the corn.

Third—The hogs following the steers fed on soaked corn made a total gain of 635 pounds, while the hogs following the dry-corn steers made a total gain of 747 pounds. This makes a difference of 112 pounds gain in favor of the dry corn, and the market value showed a difference of $5.58 in favor of the hogs following the dry-corn steers.

Fourth—Based on the foregoing figures, it will pay to soak corn if it can be soaked for 6 cents or less a bushel.

Green Bone for Poultry.

The proper food for poultry is usually available at reasonable expense, if a little time is taken to study the need and to obtain that which is within reach. The Poultry Keeper says: Green bone contains the natural juices, and is not only soluble, but is a food. It contains lime for the shell of the egg, nitrogen for the white, a proportion of oil and fat, and also serves as grit. There is nothing which can approach it as a food for poultry, so far as a combination of excellent materials for egg formation is concerned. Bear in mind that, though we also recommend ground bone, there is quite a difference between green cut bone and ground bone. The one is ground, while the other must be cut with knives. The green bone contains adhering meat, and combines flesh and bone, forming elements which make the complete chick. Ground bone becomes hard and brittle, having lost the natural solvents by evaporation, but green bone is readily dissolved when eaten, and is also the most economical of all foods. A pound of cut bone will be an excellent allowance for sixteen hens, or an ounce for each hen per day. This is cheaper than corn, and has the advantage of containing more egg-producing feed than corn. A pound of bone will give as good results as four pounds of corn, but we do not infer that nothing but bones should be allowed. Give grain and green food, but make the green bone a part of the ration also.

Breed and Feed.

Professor Henry of Wisconsin once took three representative cows of their respective classes, a common, a grade and a thoroughbred cow, and put them in the same stable and under nearly as exact conditions as possible. Each was fed the same exact ration in amount, quality and kind, costing 17 cents each day. The common cow, from her 17 cents' worth of food, made a pound of butter, the grade a pound and five ounces and the full blood one pound and fifteen ounces. Why did not one cow appropriate as much of her food for butter-making as the other? If it is dairy produce that is wanted, does feed make the breed and produce the thing and amount we want? Does the common steer put as much of food onto his ribs as the well-bred animal? Does breeding, even in its most successful aims, give animals that are essentially all alike—where individuality is lost in high average? No, but it comes far nearer it than where no breeding is in view, and feed is held up as the great essential in excellence in animals.—Practical Farmer.

Wasteful Feeding of Cornstalks.

It is not true that cornstalks are always the cheapest food for cows. Rightly grown and matured they are. But there is always a strong temptation when pastures fail in August on account of dry weather to begin to cut and feed cornstalks before they have got into tassel. It is too common practice to sow corn fodder late, thinking that as it does not require time to ripen ears of grain the late sowing is just as good. It is not. Until cornstalks get into tassel they are worth very little as feed. They say it is not sweet and the cows, if forced to eat it, will shrink in their milk. It is better to buy bran, which is cheaper in summer and early fall than it is at any time later, and leave the corn to gain more maturity. Bran made into mash with plenty of water will supplement the deficient pasture cheaper than feeding cornstalks before they have reached their prime.—Colman's Rural World.

Corn for Fodder.

Corn for fodder should not be planted so thick as to prevent the formation of ears. It seems to be pretty well established that some sort of an ear on the stick is indispensable for bringing it to perfection. It does not appear to be necessary that this should be a full sized ear of the variety planted. For ordinary flint corn we should plant in rows not less than three feet apart, and in hills or drills in the row allowing not more than four stalks to the running foot. We believe less than this would be better, and have a personal preference for planting in hills, so that a cultivator may run in both directions. The stalk contains more nutriment than the leaves.—Hoard's Dairyman.

THE SEATTLE MARKET.

The following quotations are the prices paid to farmers and producers by Seattle business houses for articles named, the goods to be delivered in Seattle:

HOPS—Choice, 6¼c per pound.

HAY—In carload lots: Puget Sound, $7@8 per ton; Eastern Washington, $10@11.

GRAIN—In carload lots: Oats, choice, $17@18 per ton; barley, $15; wheat, chicken feed, $12; corn, $28; cracked, $29.

POTATOES—$8@12 per ton.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY—Handled on commission.

HIDES, PELTS AND TALLOW—Heavy salted steers, over 60 lbs, 4@4½c per lb; medium, 3c; light, under 46 lbs, 2c; salted kip, 2c, and calf, per lb, 5c; green hides 1c less than salted; dry hides, 5@6c; culls of the above one-third less; dry elk, per lb, 6@8c; dry deer skins, summer, 20c; good winter, 12@15c; poor and thin winter, 5c; sheep skins, 15@25c; full wool, 50@60c; wool, 4½@6c; tallow, 3@4c.

LIVE STOCK—Choice beef cattle, 2½@2¾c; choice sheep, 3c; good hogs, 4¼c; calves, large, 4c; small, 6c per lb.

LOGS—Fir, superior quality, $5.50@7.50 per M; choice cedar, $5.50@6.50; common, per M, $4.00; spruce logs, $4.50@5.50.

Jobbing Quotations.

The following are the prices paid by retail dealers for round lots delivered at the wharf or on the cars, or the jobbing rates quoted by wholesale dealers with ordinary terms of credit:

STAPLE GROCERIES.

SUGAR—Golden C in bbl, 5⅜c per lb; extra C in bbl, 5⅝c; D in bbl, 5⅛c; dry granulated in bbl, 6⅛c; cube, 6¾c; powdered, 6⅜c; ¼c per lb discount for spot cash on prices quoted.

FLOUR—Washington, straight, $3.00; per bbl; patent, $3.30; patent excellent, $3.50; California brands, $3.30; Dakota brands, $3.50@4.50: buckwheat flour, $6.50; per cwt, $3.50; graham, $2.80 per bbl; 10-lb sacks, $1.75 per cwt; rye flour, $4.25 per bbl; 10-lb sacks, $2.75 per cwt; rye meal, $4.00 per bbl; per cwt, $2.50; oat groats, $6.00@6.50 per bbl; hominy, $2.75 per cwt; cracked wheat, $2.40; rolled wheat, $5.00 per bbl; flaked wheat, $2.15 per sack; whole wheat flour, $2.25 per cwt; pearl barley, 4½c per lb; split peas, 5c; table cornmeal, yellow, $2.40 per cwt in 10-lb sacks; 50s, $2.30; white, 10s, $2.50; 50s, $2.40; flaked hominy, $2.50 per keg.

BEANS—Small white, 3½@3¾c per lb; pink, 3@3¼c; bayos, 4c; butter, 4¼c; lima, 4½c.

RICE—Japan, $6.50@7.00; China, $5.00 per cwt; Island, $6.25@6.50.

DRIED PEAS.—Field, per lb, 4c.

SALT—Liverpool, 50-lb sacks, $17@19 per ton; American dairy, 50-lb sacks, $15; Coast, half-ground, 100-lb sacks, $11; 50-lb sacks, $12; 3-lb sacks, 77 in bale $2.50; 5-lb sacks, 50 in bale, $2.50; 10-lb sacks, 28 in bale, $2.50.

LARD—Home rendered Sinclair, tierces, 12c; Rex leaf, 11½c; lard compound, tierces, 9c.

COFFEE—Green—Mocha, 29½c per lb; Java, 29½c; Costa Rica, choice, 24c; Rio, 23½c. Roasted—Arbuckle's, in 100-lb cases, $22.80; 60-lb cases, $22.90; 36-lb cases, $23.00; Java, 50-lb tin cans, 34c per lb; 50 and 100-lb sacks, 33½c; Aden Mocha 35c; peaberry blend, 35c; Guatemala, 25½c; ground coffee, 20@24½c; Mokaska, 100-lb cases, $22.80; Lion, $22.80.

CHOCOLATE—Baker's 12-lb Premium, 40c; 12-lb Eagle, 25c; Star, 12-lb boxes, 20c.

CANNED GOODS.

CANNED VEGETABLES—Tomatoes, 2½-lb cans, 90c@$1 per doz; gallons, $2.90@3; Blair corn, new, $1.40; Silver Shield, $1.20; sugar peas, California, $1.25@1.50; string beans, $1.25; lima beans, $1.25; Boston baked beans, $1.95@2.25; mushrooms, $2.25@3.50; French peas, $2.25@3.50.

CANNED FRUITS—Table—Assorted $1.90 per doz; apricots, $1.75@2.90; blackberries, $2.00; Bartlett pears, $1.90; white cherries, $2.25; black cherries, $2.15; peaches, California, $1.75@3.50; strawberries, $2.25; currants, $2.25; grapes, $1.85; plums, $1.90; gooseberries, $2.25; raspberries, $2.35; pineapple (Johnson's), $3@3.50. Pie—Assorted in gallon cans, $3.50@4.00; 2½-lb tins, $1.25@1.40; peaches, $1.35; apricots, $1.30; blackberries in 2-lb tins, $1.75; currants, gallon tins, $4.75; plums, $3.50; 2½-lb tins, $1.25; apples, $1.25; gallons, $3.50; grapes, 2½-lb tins, $1.25.

MEAT AND PROVISIONS.

FRESH MEATS—Choice dressed beef, 4@4½c per lb; mutton, 4c; lamb, 6c; pork, 7c; veal, 5@8c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, large, 14c; hams, small, 14½c; breakfast bacon, 13c; dry salt sides, 10c per lb.

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS AND POULTRY.

BUTTER—Best Eastern creamery, strictly fresh, 60-lb tubs, 28c per lb; choice dairy, 19@21c; fresh California, 21@25c; Eastern, 2-lb prints, 30c; fancy ranch, 20c; Ellensburg creamery, 2-lb prints, 28½c.

CHEESE—Native Washington, 10@13c per lb; Eastern, 12@13c; California, 10@11½c.

EGGS—Fresh ranch, 27c per doz; store eggs, 22c.

POULTRY—Chickens, broilers, $2.25@3.25 per doz; hens, $3.50@4.50; ducks, $3.50@4.50.

VEGETABLES, FRUIT AND NUTS.

POTATOES—New, $10@12 per ton; Yakimas, $14@16.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, $1.25 per cwt; onions, new California, yellow, $1@1.25; parsnips, $1.00 per sack; beets, 90c; turnips, 75c; carrots, 75c per sack; cauliflower, 40@60c per doz; lettuce, 12½c; green onions, 12½c per doz; native peas, 3c; string beans, 2½c per lb.

GREEN FRUITS—Lemons, California, $5.00@6.00; bananas, $2.00@3.50 per bunch; pineapples, No. 1, $2.50@3.50 per doz; cocoanuts, 50@90c per doz; blackberries, $1.00 per case; peaches, 40@75c; pears, 75c@$1.25 per box; plums, 30@60c; prunes, 30@60c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apricots, bleached, 11c per lb; figs, California, 7c; Smyrna, 12c; peaches, evaporated, 11c; plums, pitted, 9c; apples, bleached, 11c; prunes, Washington, 9@10c; prunes, California, 7@10c; raisins, L. L., $1.50@3.00 per box; L. M., $1.65@2.52; seedless Sultanas, $2.40.

NUTS—Best almond, 16@17 per lb; peanuts, raw, Virginia, 7c; roasted, 10c; filberts, 14c; Brazil, 12c; walnuts, California, 9@14c; cocoanuts, $6@7 per 100; chestnuts, Sicily, per lb, 15c; Ohio, 18c; pecans, 14@15c; pine nuts, 16c; hickory nuts, 6@7c.

HAY, GRAIN AND FEED.

HAY—Puget Sound, $8@10 per ton; Eastern Washington, $12@13; straw, $8.

WHEAT—Chicken feed, $14 per ton.

OATS—Choice, $19@20 per ton.

BARLEY—Rolled or ground, $18 per ton.

CORN—Whole, $29 per ton; cracked, $30; feed meal, $30.

MILLSTUFFS—Bran, $14; shorts, $15 per ton.

FEED—Chopped feed, $16@18 per ton; middlings, $16; oilcake meal, $45.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

BRICK—Common, $6.50 per M; pressed, $27@40.

LIME—All brands made on the Sound, $1.00.

CEMENT—Portland, K. B. & S., $2 35.

PLASTER—Golden Gate, $3.25 per bbl.

PLASTERING HAIR—Washed, 5½c per lb; unwashed 4c.

PIPE—Terra cotta, 30c per foot.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Ned Peace, the Famous Athlete, Paresis Smitten.

TOO RICH, TOO POPULAR, TOO WILD

He Was a Great Friend of Marie Jansen and Was Once a Man of Muscle and Enjoyed Wine, Women and Song, but Now the End Is Near.

For the last 10 years every college man has known Ned Peace by repute. It was in the fall of 1879 that he came up to Princeton, a huge strapping youth, from one of the "prep" schools, says the New York World. He had a fortune in his own right and an easy going guardian. He was handsome and strong and young. He had clear, bright eyes and a clear, healthy skin with a lot of color in it. And his hand was as steady as a rock, and he had never known what it was to be sick or out of condition in his life.

The whole class admired him before the first three months were done, and through his strength and skill on the football field he had begun to get a college reputation. Then he was so clever and good humored, his pockets were always full of money, and he was always throwing it about. By sophomore year he had the name of being a "devil of a fellow," thanks to a number

MARIE JANSEN.

of escapades that seemed terrible to the college boys, but were really harmless enough. He had also bloomed as an athlete. He was good at everything, but at football he was superb. He had the weight for the rush line, and he had the strength and agility, and a head that was always planning shrewd strategies. By junior year there was nobody in the college like Ned Peace.

In addition to his athletics, Ned Peace was a sport. He could drink all night and show up at chapel, which comes at Princeton at an unearthly hour, with as bright eyes and as steady nerves as the sedatest freshman whose bedtime was 9 o'clock. And how he could drink! And how the girls did admire him! And what yarns his friends could tell of his conquests!

He used to get into trouble with the faculty now and then. But he was too athletic and too handsome and too brilliant and perhaps too rich to be judged by ordinary standards. So he traveled the fastest gait in the fastest crowd that ever broke the night echoes of Nassau hall with their shouts and songs.

But when it was time to train Ned Peace knocked off all his dissipation and got down to work. He traveled with the fast athletic crowd and set them a good example every fall and spring. As soon as training was over, away he and his crowd went, adjourning their gayety to New York when Princeton got too dull or too hot to hold them. And from New York came the most glittering yarns about soubrettes and actresses, of wine suppers, of greenroom marvels, of exciting adventures with the police or with the wild orgies that haunted New York's streets in those wide open days of 10 years ago.

His fame spread from college to college. He was the mainstay of the great Princeton football team. He invented the block game that had to be legislated out of football when Yale became as expert at it as Princeton was. He visited Yale and Harvard and drank the best men at "Morey's" under the table and drove gayly back to Boston in a cab, while the last man at the Hasty Pudding was trying to find the door on his hands and knees.

Then he met Marie Jansen. It was in his senior year, when he was only a grown-up boy, but looked a full grown, experienced man. This was the crowning act of his brilliant career, for Jansen was then more famous and more popular and younger and prettier than she is now. The news went all over Princeton that Ned Peace and Jansen were traveling a jolly fast pace together.

The pace he had set for himself at college was only a preliminary canter to get into condition. As he had plenty of money his time was his to spend as he chose. And he chose to spend it in a mad gallop down that broad road whereof Sunday school scholars hear much. He and Jansen were the best of friends, and no one could have been more devoted than he was to her. It was talked of everywhere, and finally it was said that they were married. But this was contradicted and at last died out. He had a fortune of something over $200,000 to spend. He wanted to spend principal as well as interest. And Jansen helped him with those pink, extravagant fingers of hers.

Then came a time—less than five years after Ned Peace left college—when his friends were saying that the end had come. All the cash was gone, and every bit of land that his father and grandfather had left him was mortgaged above the highest tree top. There was no more money for the big generous hands to dive into and toss away. But for many months he and Jansen continued to be friends. She was fond of her handsome athlete, and she did not give him the "marble heart" in the days of his misfortunes.

But with misfortune came despondency, and with despondency came drink of that deeper and heavier sort that tells that a man is crossing the line. Everybody noticed the change—the bloodshot eyes, the fat body, the puffed cheeks, the stooping shoulders. And it seemed as if the end of the brilliant part of Ned Peace's career was at hand.

But there came a stroke of luck of the sort one reads about. Down in Pennsylvania there was one bit of Ned Peace's inheritance which was so worthless that he had not been able to mortgage it. It was a wild mountain side, barren and worthless. When Ned Peace was down a good many dollars on the negative or borrowing side, he got wind that coal had been discovered on this worthless land. He was rich again, richer than before.

He picked up at once. He quit the haggard, despairing sort of dissipation and was seen about his clubs and his old haunts in the swell cafes and restaurants. He picked up all his old college friends whom he had rather dropped when it became impossible for him to hold up his end of the string, and soon he was going the old gait in Philadelphia.

This brings us down to the last year or so, down to the Paresis club of Philadelphia, of which he is a member. It may have been that it was one of the theories of that amazing organization that paresis is a disease which never touches college men. There are doctors who insist that it almost never attacks men who have been properly educated early in life, but only assaults those who have educated themselves in the school of experience, and with brains poorly organized have risen to fame or importance to the strain of which their brains are unequal. Little is known about the Paresis club except that its members were rich and each one spent his time in defying that particular disease.

Well, the end has come for Ned Peace. One of his friends went out to see him in West Philadelphia a month ago and saw only a shadow of the strong, clear eyed, clear headed youth of 10 years ago.

They say it is only a question of a short time before the most famous of Princeton's athletic sports will pass into the last stages of that disease from which there is only one relief.

And Jansen was in Delmonico's dining Sunday night. She was looking as young and fresh as ever, and her laugh was just as gay and her eyes just as bright as when she sang and kicked herself into the big heart of the big Princeton boy. A man with a black pointed beard was with her and looked exceedingly proud and happy.

Who would have the courage to disturb the combination of a bright smile and a new bonnet and a man with a black pointed beard with the picture of a darkened room, a wasted frame and a ruined mind down in West Philadelphia?

FACED DEATH FIVE TIMES.

The Postmaster of Chicago Has Had Many Lucky Escapes.

"When a boy, at the unlucky age of 13," said Postmaster Hesing of Chicago to a Tribune reporter the other day, "I had my first encounter with possible death. My mother had started to put me in school in Germany, and we took passage across the Atlantic on a sailing vessel. We were 31 days out, and when off the coast of Newfoundland suddenly found ourselves befogged and hemmed in by icebergs. For 30 hours the ship drifted helplessly, and every moment we expected to be ground between the icebergs that we knew were towering above us, but which we could not see. Women were on their knees crying and praying, and I can distinctly recollect the feeling of relief when the fog lifted and we had an unobstructed sea before us.

"I came back from my trip to Germany in 1861 and then had even a worse experience. My mother was again with me, and we had taken passage on the steamer Bremen. Before we were half way over we encountered a terrific storm. The lifeboats were swept away, the masts were broken and carried away, three or four sailors were washed overboard, and finally the captain announced that there was no hope of reaching harbor, and we had best prepare for the worst. We were saved as by a miracle.

"The third time that I faced death was on my wedding trip. With a party of friends my wife and I had ascended Mount Vesuvius to view the crater and were descending in a carriage. The whiffletrees broke and the carriage became uncontrollable in its descent until it was miracu-

POSTMASTER HESING HELD UP.

lously stopped within six inches of an abyss several thousand feet deep. There were three ladies in the party, and two of them promptly fainted. The gentlemen jumped, and some of them completely lost their heads. They seemed only to think of their own danger and to be oblivious of their wives."

"What did you do?"

"I wanted to hurry you along past that question, for I must confess that I was one of the gentlemen who lost their heads. My wife could not jump out, for she was on the side of the precipice. I jumped out, however, and it was several minutes before I realized that I had a wife.

"In a tour of the Yellowstone National park a park carriage that I was in was held up by robbers. A revolver was placed at my head, and I was ordered to throw up my hands. I was about to do so when another carriage appeared around a bend in the road, the robbers became frightened, fired into the air and hastily rode away. I was probably more frightened at that time than at any other, but no review of my life passed before me. I simply shook in my boots, and it took me a long time before I could smile.

"Four years ago I was driving a spirited team of trotters and attempted to cross the Western Indiana railroad at Taylor street. No one was in the gate tower, and the track appeared to be clear. When fairly on the tracks, I saw a switch engine bearing down on me. It came upon me so suddenly that it had reached within 18 inches of the wheels before I fairly realized the danger. There was but one thing to do. I gave the horses the reins, and they jumped into their collars, just cleared the locomotive and started on a run. Taylor street comes to an end a block from the crossing, or I should have been dead today, for the team was beyond all control. This was the only time that I fully realized my danger and really expected to be killed. The horses turned suddenly into State street, when a cable car checked them temporarily. My wife was with me, and we were both thrown out. My arm was broken, and Mrs. Hesing was bruised."

England's Vital Statistics.

The slow machinery of the English government has just turned out the report of vital statistics in 1891. It appears that the steady decline in the number of early marriages which began in 1874 still continues. In the latter year 84 in 1,000 bridegrooms and 227 in 1,000 brides were under 21. In 1891 only 59 men and 190 women in 1,000 married under age. The odd fact also appears that the proportion of Jews in the population of England has more than doubled in 20 years, without counting immigration. This extraordinary fecundity is quite unmatched by any other class in the population.—Charleston News and Courier.

Judged by Appearances.

Sweitzer cheese is comparatively unknown in Ireland; hence the mistake of an Irish immigrant employed by a down town grocer. His first job was to go down the cellar to slice off 10 pounds of sweitzer cheese. He came running up the cellar and astonished his employer by saying the cheese was full of mice and roaches, and he knew what he stated was right, because he had seen the holes where they went in.—Philadelphia Call.

FAMOUS, YET DELUDED.

Well Known Men Who Observe Signs and Omens.

WISE, LUCKY AND SUPERSTITIOUS.

Why C. P. Huntington Does Not Move Into His $2,000,000 Mansion—Are President Cleveland and Recorder Smythe Afraid? Society Star Gazers.

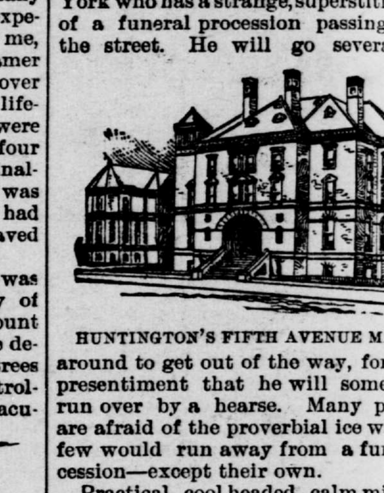
Who is not just a bit superstitious? By this is not meant the superstition of the idol worshiping sort, but the kind we mean when we say we are either lucky or unlucky. If you are not so, you are not in fashion.

President Cleveland's demeanor recently when traveling has led to the query, "Is our president superstitious?" Many reply that he certainly must be. When he arrived at Jersey City from Washington a few days ago, en route to Gray Gables, he was met by 10 stalwart policemen, who formed a hollow square around him, while he made his way along a private passageway to the pier. His friends say that the president has developed a remarkable dread of crowds since the assassination of President Carnot. He has become morbid and suspicious and never goes out without an escort.

"President Cleveland is courting trouble," remarked a bystander when the president and his cordon of police passed by. His bodyguard of police attracted no little comment. The king of Italy, it is said, goes out driving through the streets of Rome unattended and often even goes so far as to face a passing cab and jump in.

At the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, in New York city, stands a royal mansion erected by Millionaire Huntington. It is untenanted, although completed at a cost of $2,000,000. Mr. Huntington, it is said, would sell this stately stone pile at a sacrifice, for his wife is afraid to move into it, as she has a morbid fear that she might die there, as some of her friends have done soon after moving into new houses.

There's a prominent politician in New York who has a strange, superstitious dread of a funeral procession passing through the street. He will go several blocks



HUNTINGTON'S FIFTH AVENUE MANSION.

around to get out of the way, for he has a presentiment that he will some time be run over by a hearse. Many politicians are afraid of the proverbial ice wagon, but few would run away from a funeral procession—except their own.

Practical, cool headed, calm minded Recorder Smythe of New York has one superstition, but don't speak of it to him, or you may get six months. During the Carlyle Harris trial the recorder was overrun with letters and missives of every description. He read a few of them and found that they threatened him with all manner of calamities for his conduct of the case. The rest of these letters were shoved into his desk unread, where they have remained ever since. The recorder would never let them go out of his possession and laughingly says that he is going to take a month off some time and read them all.

John F. McIntyre, one of the assistant district attorneys in New York, is another man easily affected by his presentiments. While he was prosecuting Pallister—who, with his fellow convict Roehl, made that famous escape from Sing Sing prison—Pallister one day grabbed up an ax, which was one of the exhibits in the case, and made a lunge at McIntyre. When he was sent up the river, Pallister threatened that as soon as he got out of Sing Sing he would come directly to this city and kill the enterprising prosecuting attorney who convicted him. McIntyre heard of this and was not feeling especially comfortable after news came of Pallister's escape from prison, when one day a witty friend sent him a postal card signed "Pallister" and warning him that he would soon carry out his bloody intention.

Actors and actresses are especially superstitious, even in little things. If two of them while passing along the street on their way to the theater become separated by a third party going between, you are sure to hear one or the other of them presage that they won't finish the season together in the same show. If any one by chance opens an umbrella or parasol in the room with an actress, 10 to 1 she will jump up, wring her hands and declare that misfortune is in store for her, or that one of her Johnnies is growing cold and hard hearted.

Turfmen are also quite superstitious. Many a "good thing" has been let go by the talent because of some circumstance which has aroused their superstitious ideas.

Father Bill Daly, Mike Dwyer and a host of heavy plungers are more or less affected by such ideas. With many it takes the form of a marked inclination for the same seat in the grand stand. If by chance certain of the talent arrive a little late at the track and find their seats taken by strangers, they will not place a bet all day, as they believe they have been "Jonahed." The same holds true in regard to certain books in the ring. Each regular bettor has his favorite books, while there are other books which he never placed a bet with, because he has a superstitious belief that he could never win a bet there.

Women "regulars" at the races are even more superstitous than men. They always occupy the same seats, employ the same messenger boys to place their bets in the ring, and if they cannot get one of their regular boys they will not bet at all, although their "lady friend's" boy may be eager to help them out and make his commission.

Among society ladies superstition numbers many devotees. They consult astrologers and have become such slaves of what is foretold them that fortune tellers, astrologers and star gazers of all descriptions are growing in numbers.

Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins quite frequently has her horoscope cast, paying as high as $10 each time to learn the mysteries of the gods. Some well favored seeresses derive a handsome income from this form of buncombe. Lillian Russell is said by those who know her best to entertain many superstitious foibles, among others the old time notion that it bodes misfortune to sign a contract, begin rehearsals for a new play or start on the road on Friday.

Insulted.

An American traveler relates that, alighting at a hotel in Granada, a man at the door put out his hand toward him. The traveler supposed that the man was the porter of the hotel and offered him his valise. The man stepped back, tossed his head and frowned scornfully. "Caramba!" he exclaimed. "Do you take me for a porter? I would have you understand that I am no porter." "Indeed? Then may I ask you, senor, what you are?" "I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms."—San Francisco Argonaut.