LIFE OF BARNATO

NEW BIOGRAPHY OF HIM PREPARED BY AN OLD FRIEND.

HIS VERY METEORIC CAREER.

WORK AS A SPECULATOR DESCRIBED BY A SOUTH AFRICAN REPORTER.

HARD FIGHT AT THE START.

His Success Finally Wonderful—Suicide From the Steamship Scot.

The story of Barney Barnato's origin and meteoric career in South Africa and later in London has been told frequently and each time with a different assortment of facts. For two years the effect of his name in London was magical. Everything that he touched became profitable and English investors went crazy over Barnato stocks. Much was known about his financial operations, but very little definite information could be obtained about the man's history. According to one story he went to South Africa as a circus clown and according to another he was a younger son of a titled family and a man of much culture, and the newspaper-reading public struck an average between these two portraits. Barnato's millions were not myths if the stories about him were, and he seldom took the trouble to deny the latter.

What purports to be practically an authorized biography of Barnato has just been published under the title "B. I. Barnato; A Memoir." Harry Raymond, the author of it, was a reporter on a South African newspaper during the years when Barnato was fighting his way to great wealth, and knew him intimately. If his sketch of Barnato's life is authentic, the previously published biographies were chiefly fairy tales. Mr. Raymond tells his story in a simple,straight-forward fashion without attempting to portray Barnato other than as a shrewd financier with a ready wit and the money-getting instinct. Many of Mr. Raymond's anecdotes of Barnato are new.

It was in 1871, when there were gathered in the diamond fields in a series of camps some 4,000 white men and four times that number of Kaffirs, that a young Hebrew named Henry Isaacs made his appearance in Kimberley, and, assuming the name of Barnato, began to give public entertainments for the miners. Harry Barnato didn't take long to discover that he could make more money in diamonds than on the stage, and at the end of a year he sent home for his brother, Barnett Isaacs, to come out and help him gather profits. Barnett Isaacs also assumed the name of Barnato, and it was his genius which guided the new firm to success. They were the sons of a pious Hebrew in London named Isaac Isaacs, and the grandsons of a rabbi of some reputation. When Barnato became famous and one of his friends chided him on the amusement that he derived from the absurd stories told about him, he replied:

"Well, why shouldn't I? A man who doesn't care twopence about me comes with a yarn and asks if it is true. I say 'Oh, I suppose so; go and ask So-and-So, he will tell you what really occurred.' Now, if I was to say there was not a word of truth in the whole story I should not be believed. I have had hundreds of men come to me for details of my career. If I told them the truth they wouldn't believe me; if I didn't tell 'em anything at all they would go off angry and try to write nasty things. So I let them talk, find out what they want to hear and then tell it to them; and they believe it all and go away and say what is, perhaps, the only absolutely true thing they will say, that I am not a bit ashamed of my origin and never put on side. If you do not like it, tell me what else I can do better."

The history of Barnato's dealings in the gold fields has been told frequently, and Mr. Raymond adds little that is new. According to this biographer Barnato was an amateur actor of great repute in South Africa, and his favorite characters were Bob Brierly in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" and Matthias in "The Bells."

As an illustration of Barnato's business methods this incident is related:

"On one occasion, after being very little in the office for some twelve days, he suddenly entered and asked what the balance at the bank was and what business had been done. When told he sat down and made some brief calculations.

"'No, that is not right,' he said. 'Have you gone through the books?'

"'Yes: I have checked everything this week. All is in order.'

"'Well, you are wrong, I tell you. You are about £4,000 out. You had better find out where it is.'

"The books were re-examined, every detail of the business of the firm was closely scrutinized, and in the end—after six weeks' continuous work—it was found that an employe had misappropriated a single parcel of shares of a little over £4,000 in value, consisting of 100 Kimberley Centrals at £41, and had very cleverly falsified the entries. Barnato had no knowledge of the misdeed, and never dreamed of suspecting the individual; but he happened to want to know the exact position of affairs, and he could at any time roughly balance the whole of his vast business to within a few pounds. I never heard him enunciate the time-honored maxim 'Look after the pence,the pounds will take care of themselves'—he generally preferred to clothe his thoughts in his own terse phrases—but it was never better exemplified than in his conduct of business."

Barnato's philosophy was of the get-there kind, and Mr. Raymond quotes him as saying:

"If you are going to fight, always get in first blow. If a man is going to hit you, hit him first and say, 'If you try that, I'll hit you again.' It is no use your standing off and saying, 'If you hit me I'll hit you back. D'ye understand?'

"'Yes, I understand,' I answered; 'but you are quoting Kingsley in "Westward Ho!"'

"'Who was Kingsley and "Westward Ho!"' he sharply queried.

"After I had explained and quoted the passage from Drake's letter to Amyas Leigh, he said:

"'Ah! I did not know anything of Kingsley, but when he wrote that he knew what life was and he was right and I am right, though it is queer for me to get a supporter in one of your parsons. If he was a true man he would also have to agree with our law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but, being a Christian, of course he couldn't do that. Pah! never let a man wrong you without getting square, no matter how long you wait; and never wrong a man if you can help it, because he will wait his time to get back on you, and at the worst possible moment. I don't care whether it is Jew or Gentile, it is all the same.'"

Barnato was a member of the Cape Town assembly, and he delighted in mildly scandalizing the members of parliament. During a debate on the Cape liquor law, which prohibited the sale of intoxicating drinks on Sunday, except as an accompaniment of a substantial meal, a local Raines law, Barnato said:

"A few Sundays ago I walked some distance from Cape Town, for, being busily engaged in mentally reviewing the course of business of the honorable house, I went on much further than I had intended, without noticing the time. I at length retraced my steps, and, being then both hot and thirsty, went into a decent and most respectable hotel for refreshment. I only wanted to quench my thirst, but, according to law, a drink could only be supplied as the accompaniment of a bona fide substantial meal. Mine host set before me a bottle of beer and a leg of roast pork. He had no other eatables. What was I to do? If I ate the pork I broke the law of Moses. If I drank the beer without eating I broke the law of the land. Between the chief rabbi and the chief justice I stood in a very awkward position."

Barnato had no sympathy to waste on the broken-down adventurers who came to South Africa to live by borrowing. When he became known as a very wealthy man he was frequently bothered by requests for small loans.

"At Johannesburg some years ago," says his biographer, "a well known individual of a type rather common there borrowed £10 from Barnato, and although asked for the money several times, always put off payment. One day between the chains Barnato said openly to some friends: 'Mind, none of you ever lend F. D—— any money. He has £10 of mine, and it is time he was stopped.'

"The man heard of this, and, coming up to him, said: 'I hear you have been talking about me.'

"'Yes; I want my money.'

"'Well, here is your £10, and don't talk about me any more.'

"A short time afterward the same man asked Barnato for a loan of £25, as he was hard up.

"'No; I can't do it,' was the reply.

"'Why not? I do not owe you anything.'

"'I know you don't, but you've disappointed me once. You paid me back £10 I never expected to get, and I won't risk another disappointment.'"

Barnato's education was very elementary and he almost never read books or newspapers. He did read Kipling's "Story of the Gadsbys" on one of his trips from England to Cape Town. His nerves were badly shattered and when he found that he could not sleep Mr. Raymond gave him Kipling's story.

"I did not see him again until the second morning after, and then asked him if he liked the book.

"'I like it very much, it is very good, very clever. I did not begin it until early yesterday morning, and then wondered what you had given me. The first chapter is all about girls and darning stockings. But do you know, I put it in my pocket when I went down to the office, and looking at it again I sat there till I had finished it. I did what I do not ever remember to have done before, and clean forgot a board meeting. C—— reminded me of the meeting, but I sat to finish.'

"'If it made you forget yourself for a while you had better try the same prescription again.'

"'No, it takes up too much time. The "Heriot Woman" played her cards badly, but she had no chance.'

"We discussed the loves of Capt. Gadsby until breakfast time. I repeatedly tried to induce him to make another incursion into light literature, but without success. He had no time for it, he said. The last occasion on which I saw him was about a fortnight before he left England, in November, 1896, for the trip to South Africa, from which he was not to return alive. He said:

"'I'll get the book of Kipling's you lent me in Johannesburg. I think it will do me good to read it again.'"

One of Barnato's early partners in Kimberly was Louis Cohn. They rented a little corrugated iron shanty, and there they bought diamonds and lived. Mr. Cohn tells a new story to illustrate Barnato's shrewdness. He says:

"There was one man then, a diamond buyer in a comparatively large way, whose business we both envied. He seemed to have a regular and large connection, and made constant rounds, riding an old, yellow, rather lame pony. We tried to follow him several times to see which way he went, and who, among the wilderness of tents, huts, and debris heaps, he called on, but without avail.

"One day Barnato said to me, 'That chap—has a rare good connection; we must get hold of a bit of it somehow.'

"'All right; we want it bad enough.'

"At that time we were very hard up indeed, and prospects were poor. A few days later Barnato came to me in great glee.

"'I know what we have to do to get ——'s customers. I've seen him come home three days running.'

"'If you had seen him go out and followed him up it would be more to the purpose, I should think.' I answered, rather sharply perhaps, for I thought he was fooling.

"'Have patience Lou, and I'll tell you if you give me a chance. Look here, I've seen him come back from his rounds three days running, and he always stops first at Hall's canteen. Mind this, however. He does not guide the pony to that place, but just sits still all the while with loose rein and the pony stops of his own accord. Now, it is my firm conviction that all day long he rides just the same way, and that the pony knows all the stopping places. I've known this for some days, but it don't help so long as he had the pony; today he has seen some other beast he likes better, and wants to sell his whole present outfit.'

"I agreed. We bought that old, worn-out yellow pony and its bridle for £27 10s., and with it the man's whole connection, for the morning after the purchase Barnato started out early, and the pony, without trouble, took him in and out among the debris heaps to every one that chap had been in the habit of calling on. We paid £27 10s. for it, but it brought us a good connection and very much money."

To lend Barnato small change was to say good-by to it. He never repaid small loans. He was also absent-minded. His biographer says:

"I have seen him, lost in thought, go up to a stranger in the street and hold out his cigarette for a light without a word, only walking up when asked angrily and abruptly what he meant. At the race meeting at Johannesburg he went on the grand stand to see a race in which one of his horses was to start. As usual he had no glasses, and only managed to borrow a pair for the race as the flag fell. After one glance at the beginning of the race he turned to a stranger next to him and said excitedly:

"'For goodness sake, man, tell me what my colors are.'"

Barnato's career ended with his suicide from the steamship Scot, which was bearing him and his family to England less than a year ago.

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WITH A SHOSHONE

SERGEANT GAMBLER MEETS A BLANKET SHARPER AT POKER.

THE SERGEANT WAS GAMY

UNTIL THE SHOSHONE MAN CONFERRED WITH BIG RINGDOVE,

WHO HAD JUST STROLLED IN.

Then the Shoshone Called—Besides Cards He Held Two Army Pistols.

An army officer who was stationed at Boise barracks told this of his gambling sergeant, says the Washington Star:

"By the time taps was sounded the sergeant was out $450 on his chuck-a-luck game, and it was given to me that he was about as miserable a looking man as ever wore a stripe on his leg, when the recruit, stuffing his last rake-off into his bulging pocket, announced with a grin that he had had enough for that night The recruit said 'Cert-'nly' when the sergeant pathetically asked him if he wouldn't give him a show to get back on him on the following night, and walked out in the direction of the quarters, but he never got there. Instead, he took the midnight train on the Oregon Short Line for the East, and they haven't got him yet either. When he failed to turn up for reveille the next morning the sergeant was torn by a sudden agonizing thought, and he raked out his mustang dice in a hurry. He found that they weren't his own dice at all, but first-class imitations of them, and two of them were just almost bewitched to roll over so that a club on one and a heart on the other would turn up. The grief that consumed him when he made the discovery was not assuaged by the hoarse hooting he got at the hands of the men who had financial dealings with him

"This thing, as I said, started the wheels in my sergeant's head to whirring, and he got haggard with anxiety to get even. He wanted to win that $450 back the worst way, and it was for this reason that he fell into the habit of playing draw poker with some of the Shoshone Indians who used to hang around the post at times. Some of those Shoshones always had a good sum of government money stowed about their clothes for a while after their quarterage days, when the agent would make them their payments, and the sergeant took it into his head to have a try for some of it. He had pretty good success at first, for he knew a good deal about the game of draw, and got $50 or $60 each from four or five of the Shoshones without much trouble.

"Then he fell in with Charley Daw, a chief with a face as hard as an Easter Island lava statue. Although the sergeant didn't know it at the time, this Charley Daw had mastered the game of draw poker right here in Washington, on a visit that he had made with some other Indians for the adjustment of some Shoshone claims—and when a wooden-faced man becomes a really good player of draw poker it is a wise thing to steer clear of him. The sergeant was too much rattled, however, over the way he had been looted by the recruit to weigh considerations of this sort, and he also forgot to remember until it was too late that Charley Daw, since his return to the reservation from Washington, had become known to the men of his own tribe as the most magical dealer of poker hands that ever chucked one of his papooses under the chin.

"Charley permitted the sergeant to win nearly $300 from him on the first night the two sat down together, and on the next night he donated him $200 more. He fed the sergeant on coin for nearly a week, in fact, and exhibited such opaque stupidity at the game that the sergeant must have had his real estate office furnished pretty gorgeously in his mind. The games took place in Charley's wickiup, the best on the reservation, and the only onlooker present on the final night of the game was the post ordnance sergeant, who told me all about it.

"The sergeant, about $700 of the Indian's money to the good, was so infused with joy on this final night that at the beginning of the play he started the bluffing system. It worked splendidly, Charley Daw appearing to lay down his big hands out of pure fear of the man with the cross-guns on his cap. But when the soldier attempted to bluff the Indian out of a jack pot that the Shoshone had opened on his own deal, he struck a snag; Charley Daw let him get in very deep, making very small raises himself in a half-hearted kind of a way. The soldier, fancying that the Indian was only trying to protect himself, and would sooner or later lay down, kept on raising it with $25 bets, until there was about $500 in the pot. Then the Shoshone, not caring to scare his man out on the play, called, and spread out his queen full. The sergeant jammed three kings up into the deck with a nervous oath. To ease the soldier up a little, Charley Daw let him win $100 back on the next four plays. Then he settled back firmly on his haunches to play poker.

"The last play was a natural jack, and it was the Indian's deal. Charley Daw was one of those poker dealers that make men nervous by covering the whole deck up with their hands while riffling the cards. The sergeant was in a pretty rattled frame of mind, and the only thing that relieved his nervousness while the Indian thus shuffled the cards was that the latter seemed to be giving no attention to the job, but kept his gaze fixed dreamily to the top of the wickiup.

"'Shuffle the cards on the blanket,' he said, however, to the Indian finally.

"'Huh?' inquired Charley Daw, but he showed that he had heard the remark all right by giving the cards an ostentatious riffling on the blanket.

"With a pat ace full, the sergeant, I was told, looked as if he felt a revival of interest in life, and, in order to entice the Indian in, he opened the pot for only $5. The Shoshone studied his hand for a long time, and finally heaved a $5 gold piece into the pot with the air of a man who believes he is making a fool of himself. He looked quite concerned when the soldier stood pat with a self-satisfied grin and threw one of his cards into the discard with the hasty, hopeless jerk of a chap who bobs to a straight or flush. For the first time since the two had been playing the Indian's countenance assumed a look of disgust when he saw the card he had dealt himself, and the soldier looked as if he feared he couldn't make much out of his ace full.

"'Fifty dollars,' said he, in a bluffy tone of voice.

"The Shoshone gazed at him with the stolid, injured expression of a man of whom a gross advantage is being taken, and then his jaws set with an expression that was probably meant to convey, and did convey, the idea that he din't intend to be bluffed right along. Carefully conning his hand, he raised it a hundred. This was pie for the sergeant. He saw plainly that the Indian was flustered and rattled.

"'Five hundred more,' said he, reaching inside his blouse and hauling out his reserve bag of coin.

"Charley Daw now looked pitiful. He dropped his hand of cards on the blanket and gazed smack into the sergeant's eyes for fully a minute. Then he gave a long whistle, and inside of half a minute another Indian, Big Ringdove, also a chief, walked into the wickeup. Charley Daw beckoned to his tribesman, showed him his hand, and the pair had a conference in Shoshone, which wound up by Big Ringdove looking as if he felt ashamed of his brother chief. The sergeant was the picture of complaisance through it all, but the ordnance sergeant who was present at the game told me that the sure-thing noncommissioned officer somehow lost the finer edges off his grin when Charley Daw grunted out a raise of $1,000. That raise tapped the sergeant, all but $500. But he was still pretty confident, and so he stood the raise and threw in his last $500, certain that it would drive the Indian out. But a wicked smile now wreathed Charley Daw's countenance.

"'That all you got?' he inquired of the soldier. The latter, fear now gripping him, nodded affirmatively.

"'Then I call you,' said Charley Daw, with his eyes now contracted like a serpent's, and he allowed the sergeant to nervously spread out his ace full on the blanket.

"'No good,' said the Indian, flicking his four queens onto the blanket one by one.

"'Look a-here, you cursed, red-hided, short-card player——' the sergeant began, scrambling to his feet, and then he stopped suddenly. The Indian sat perfectly still, holding a big army pistol in his blanketed lap with both hands.

"'You go your barrack,' said Charley Daw. 'Tattoo, he go in a minute; you get in bunk and sleep; I play you again some time. You go now.'

"And, persuaded by Charley Daw's manner (which was right chopped-off, I was told) and by the gun, my sergeant returned to his quarters, which he had no right ever to leave to play poker with Shoshones. The devil of it was that when it became known around how he had been cleaned out all the men made it a daily practice for weeks to ask him if he wouldn't give them a job clerking in his real estate office over in Spokane."

SHAW WILL BE CHAIRMAN.

Business Men's Convention Will Meet in Indianapolis This Week.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Private advices which reach here from Indianapolis are to the effect that the business men's convention, which will be held in that city on Tuesday and Wednesday next, will be more largely attended than was the first convention of a year ago. The purpose of the convention is to indorse the report of the monetary commission, which provides a comprehensive plan for a reform of the currency. Delegates to the number of 380 have announced their intention of being present, and it is expected that the actual number will be greater. A number of Southern and Western states will be represented. These circumstances are regarded as significant and as showing the wide interest in the movement. Gov. Mount, of Indiana, will deliver the address of welcome. The permanent chairman of the convention will be Gov. Shaw, of Iowa, whose recent inaugural address showed him to be in strong sympathy with the work of currency reform. Mr. C. Stuart Patterson, the president of the Union League of Philadelphia, and one of the eleven members of the monetary commission, will present the report to the convention and explain such circumstances connected with its preparation as will prove of interest to the delegates.

The principal address at the first day's meeting will be delivered by Charles S. Fairchild, of New York, who was secretary of the treasury under the first Cleveland administration. In the evening the delegates will be entertained at a reception to be given by the local commercial bodies. Among the well known men who will address the convention and urge the importance of an active propaganda are William E. Dodge, of New York; Charles C. Homer, of Baltimore; John C. Bullitt, of Philadelphia; Augustus E. Willson, of Louisville; Jacob L. Green, of Hartford; ex-Gov. Stannard, of Missouri, and John W. Fries, of North Carolina.

CREW TOO HASTY.

Abandoned a Steamer Which Finally Drifts to Safety.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Jan. 23.—Three weeks ago the steamship Commonwealth, of Liverpool, in command of Capt. James, with a crew of thirty men, while en route from Kobe to Portland, broke her shaft and was abandoned. The steamer drifted in mid-ocean, finally bringing up in Nootka sound on Vancouver island, where she was found Wednesday by the steamer Willapa. Search was made for the crew, and they were finally found in a friendly cove. The following day the crew were restored to the Commonwealth and the Willapa towed her to Sydney. The Commonwealth is uninjured, and the salvage to the Willapa will amount to $400,000.

GO TO NEW YORK TO DINE.

Gov. Griggs to Be Banqueted by His Staff.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 23. — Gov. Griggs, in honor of his selection as attorney general of the United States, will be complimented by a dinner given by his personal staff and state officials at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on either Feb. 19 or 26. United States Senators Sewell and Smith and the New Jersey congressmen will be invited guests. Gov. Griggs on the occasion will receive a costly service. The executive will resign as soon as he is confirmed as attorney general, and Senator Voorhees will become acting governor.

NEWFOUNDLAND ICEBOUND.

Bergs Close in on the Island and Prevent Navigation.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Jan. 23.—A succession of northeast gales is driving the Arctic floe in upon the whole northern coast of this island and closing navigation for the winter. Several steamers and other vessels lying in this harbor and loading cargo are likely to be caught by the barrier and kept here until the wind changes. Numbers of people in the northern bays are in a destitute condition, but it will be difficult to get relief to them now.

Talmage's Honeymoon.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 23.—Rev. Dr. Talmage and bride passed the day at their hotel in this city. Tomorrow morning they will depart for Buffalo and from that city they will go to New York for a stay of a few days before returning to Washington. Dr. Talmage said today that there was nothing sensational. He has known his wife for about three years. His wedding was a quiet affair because of recent deaths in the family of his wife.

Will Defend Sailors.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 23.—J. Havelock Wilson, M. P., president of the International Sailors and Firemen's union, with headquarters in London, England, is in Baltimore on behalf of the sailors of the British steamer Ursula Bright, who are in custody here, charged with mutinous conduct on the high seas. The men are members of the international union, and hearing that Mr. Wilson was in this country, telegraphed him in New York to take charge of their case, which will be taken up tomorrow.

Hunters of Men.

During the open hunting season in Maine fourteen men have been shot in the woods by hunters. It is claimed that the men who do this kind of shooting know that they are aiming at other men, but are so excited that they cannot help firing.

GOT AHEAD OF CHRIS

SUCH IS THE CLAIM MADE FOR EARLY PORTUGUESE NAVIGATORS.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

SAID TO HAVE BEEN KEPT A SECRET FROM OTHER NATIONS FOR SOME YEARS.

BARRED FROM THOSE WATERS.

To Have Published Their Finds Would Have Shown That They Had Broken Treaties.

Did Columbus discover America?

A discovery has just been made which seems to prove that there is a rival of the Genoese navigator, of Lief Ericson and other daring navigators. It is the finding of an ancient chart that furnishes new light on the discovery of America, making it appear that it was not Columbus who first set eyes on the Western Hemisphere, but pilots of some caravels sent out by the King of Portugal. It further shows that the discovery was made in direct violation of an impending exploration treaty with Spain; that Portugal's ships of discovery penetrated waters that she had expressly promised not to enter, and that the news of the great find, if made public, would have made trouble. It would have caused her to forfeit all right to the great prize she had secretly secured. Hence her silence. Or so the explanation runs, says the New York World.

Of the existence of such a document nothing was ever known until Dr. Henry Harrisse, the well-known historical student, who has for years been making a study of the bibliography of the Columbian epoch, recently discovered it hidden in the archives of the library of Modena. It is in the form of a huge, closely inscribed map, the first of America ever drawn, and was made for the king of Portugal, showing in the fullest detail then possible the outlines of the new continent his caravels had found.

Dr. Philip J. J. Valentini, the famous geographical authority, furnishes the following account of the great discovery and what it means, showing how it alters the whole early history of America and upsets the theories that for four hundred years have prevailed in American histories.

When Columbus returned from his voyage of discovery he was forced by stress of weather to put into Lisbon harbor. It was a delicate situation for him, because he had left Portugal secretly to pursue in Spain his quest of a king willing to authorize his trip. However, King John received him courteously, but insisted that he should come to the palace three times; and on each visit, except the first one, pumped him about his discoveries.

Columbus answered him truthfully enough, because Spain and Portugal had made a treaty limiting the area open to exploration to each. The islands he had found—Cuba and Hayti—were clearly on the Spanish side of the line. Then, after a final conference with Queen Lenor, Columbus sailed away.

As soon as he had weighed anchor King John summoned the cortes. Distinct pledges had been given to him, he said, that no Spanish vessel was to pass the line of the Canary islands to the south, and yet Columbus had sailed beyond this line and claimed to have found new islands. Therefore, these islands belonged to him.

There was a fleet at anchor at Madeira, ready to start on an expedition along the African coast. Why not change its sailing orders and send it to search these new waters? It was done. Then, in order to gain time, King John despatched a letter describing the aggrieved feelings of the nation regarding the islands, but saying not a word about his own expedition.

Notwithstanding the speed with which the messenger travelled, rumors preceded him to Castile of the naval preparations. Ferdinand hastened to send an envoy to Lisbon, even before the messengers of King John arrived. This envoy, Don Lope de Herrera, bore two missives to King John. One was a friendly letter entreating King John to avoid difficulties certain to arise if ships had been sent to seize the new islands. The second letter contained a curt summons to stop naval preparations.

Herrera found nothing suspicious, for all preparation was being done in Madeira. So he delivered the first letter. He returned to Spain and reported hte fears to be groundless.

In the meantime, Portugal's caravels were speeding across the Atlantic. A few days after King Ferdinand's second letter, the ambassadors arrived, but did not ask to be shown at once into his presence. Ferdinand began to see what this delay meant, so he wrote to Columbus in haste:

"You remember our last, in which we told you that the king of Portugal was to send ambassadors to us. We had a long conference, and it seems almost as if no agreement can be reached. They know plainly what our ideas are, yet tell us that they wish to be furnished with new instructions. Make haste to sail as soon as possible. Avoid the coast of Portugal, so that nothing of your ships will be noticed. And now about those caravels; the rumor has been confirmed. The ambassadors pretended that one caravel sailed and that the king sent three caravels after it to seize it. Now, what other object can this have than that the three caravels should join the first, and all four together sail to search those waters where you found the islands? Moreover, the same ambassadors hint at the belief that there may be a mainland lying beyond them, and perhaps other tracts of land."

Columbus set sail again. But during this interval the Portuguese caravels had crossed the ocean, had sighted the islands, and sailing beyond them, were the first white men to set eyes upon the outlines of the American continent. They discovered the Gulf of Mexico and landed upon the shores of Yucatan. They made a survey of the coast, and to the inlets, projections and other notable features gave Portuguese names. Many of the points bear the same names to this day. Most of them are what are known as "sailor names," as, for instance, "Punta Roa" (red point), "Cabo Delgado" (narrow cape), "Cabo do Fin de Abrill" (end of April), "El Golfo Baxo" (the shallow gulf), "Cabo Arlear" (cape to strike sails), etc.

Among the twenty-two names on the discovered document only two appear to be personal names, viz.: "Rio de Don Diego" and "Cabo de Don Martinho," and these are the names of two high councillors of King John's court, one the Prior of Crato, of the Order of St. John, and the other the king's royal chamberlain. Both the men were among the chief inquisitors who questioned Columbus, and both were deeply connnected with King John's secret expedition.

The ancient map is defective in measurements and proportions. Some peculiarities of the coast, those which most excited the interest of the pilots, are rendered in disproportionate dimensions, while others not so significant are treated with less attention. But it will readily be seen that not one of the chief physical features escaped attention.

Now comes the bitter part of Portugal's great discovery. She could not claim the land she had discovered, for it was found to be in Castillian waters and far beyond the stipulated line across which Portuguese ships might not proceed. She had really discovered a new land, of which Columbus had no idea, but she had done it dishonestly and against the instructions of the pope.

A chart showing that such explorations had been made in Castilian waters was a dangerous document, and there is every reason to believe that it was secreted in the king's private archives, there to remain hidden forever. But through unknown circumstances it eventually found its way to the archives of the ancient Este library in Modena, where, under the accumulated mass of ancient records, it was discovered by Mr. Harrisse. It tells who were the real discoverers of America and why they kept silent.

SAVED THE REST.

Man Who Knew a Klondike When He Saw One.

The old man with long hair and an old-fashioned carpet bag, who was waiting in the depot with the rest of us for a train, began coughing almost as soon as he sat down and it was a cough which pulled his feet apart and humped up his shoulders until his head almost disappeared from view. Everybody looked at him, but nobody said a word until he repeated his cough and his antics. Then a man near him remarked:

"You seem to have a bad cold."

"I don't seem nothin' about it!" testily replied the old man. "I ketched cold five years ago and the blamed thing hangs right by me."

"You've tried flaxseed tea, slippery elm and all that, I suppose?"

"Yes, twenty times over, but nothin' does any good. 'Pears to me—" Here he interrupted himself to start off on another coughing fit, and before he was through with it he moved the bench five feet back and set everybody's teeth on edge. As the cough died away to a distant rumble a well-dressed man, who was perhaps a traveling professor of legerdemain, stepped forward and said:

"My friend, you seem to be having a hard time of it."

"Yaas, purty hard, but nuthin' to what happens when I'm home. Last week I coughed myself over a six-rail fence and never touched a sliver."

"It can't be cold," continued the professor. "You must have accidentally swallowed something while drinking.

"Mebbe I did, but I didn't know it."

"You will excuse me, but the next time you cough I want to try an experiment. If you have swallowed any foreign substance I think I can relieve you."

The old man told him to go ahead with his experiments and five minutes later was seized with another "performance." The stranger seized and held his head and of a sudden grabbed at something and opened his right hand to reveal a $10 gold piece lying on his palm.

"This was what ailed you, my friend," he observed, as he pocketed the coin, "and there are probably eight or ten more where this came from. Please cough again."

"Not much!" exclaimed the old man, as he rose up. "No, sir-e-e! You bet your life I don't. If thar's $70 or $80 more down thar' they belong to me, and I'll wait till I git home to cough 'em up. It was a blamed mean thing for you ter grab that one, but you don't git the rest of 'em—not if William Henry Wallace knows his bizness!"

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

To Europe Six Times in Twelve Years and Learned Six Languages.

A plucky American woman, who began to support herself at 18, says the Philadelphia Times, has shown how a poor school teacher can see Europe to the best advantage in 12 years. Earning a small salary in a public school, she has taken private pupils and lived frugally and has been able to go to Europe every other year for a two months' holiday.

Her first journey was made to England and Scotland, and was enjoyed so keenly that she planned another one and saved money for it during the next two years. The second tour was through France, Belgium and Holland, and in order to travel comfortably she learned French during her leisure hours.

Returning to her school work she began to study German, and at the end of two years was ready for a journey up the Rhine and to Vienna, and thence through Dresden and Berlin to Bremen. With renewed ardor she plunged into the study of Italian, and at the end of two years she started for Rome. She made the round of the Italian cities, and spent a fortnight in Switzerland. Two years afterward she was in Spain, and was able to speak the language.

During the last year she has made her sixth journey to Europe, traveling through Denmark, Norway and Sweden to Russia, and spending a fortnight in Moscow. She carried with her a fair knowledge of Swedish, and not only knew the Russian alphabet so as to read the street signs, but could make her own bargains with drosky drivers and go about without a guide.

In the course of twelve years she had made six journeys to Europe and learned to speak six modern languages, and she has supported herself entirely by her earnings as a school teacher, and has paid every penny of her traveling expenses. Starting with a painstaking study of the language of the country which she was to visit, and also preparing herself by a course of reading, she has made the best possible use of her time abroad.

The reward for all this energy and perseverance has come in her thirtieth year. Her knowledge of foreign languages has fitted her for broader work as a teacher, and she has left the public schools to take a position as instructor in French, German and Italian in a high school for young women.

There may be higher aims than those ordinarily involved in foreign travel, but the persistency of this American girl in carying out her plans is worthy of praise. It is a great gain in any human life, if it is governed by a definite purpose and keeps that purpose steadily in mind.

ENGINEERS WILL BALLOT.

Will Probably Decide to Resume Work.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The executive committee of the London engineers has issued a circular advising the men to accept the employers' terms. A ballot of the men has been fixed for Tuesday next, and it is probable that work will be resumed on the following Monday.

Herz Able to Drive Out.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—Cornelius Herz, of Panama canal notoriety, was permitted to take a short drive yesterday. It was the first time he had left his house at Bournemouth in five years.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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French Baron Dead.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—Baron Rene Charles Francois Reille, member of the chamber of deputies for Castres, department of Tarn, is dead. The late Baron Reille was the son of Marechal le Comte Reille, one of the most celebrated soldiers of the first empire, and grandson of Marechal Massena. He was born in Paris Feb. 12, 1835. He cast his ballot in the chamber for the war with Prussia in 1870, and took an important part in the defense of Paris. In 1877 he was appointed under secretary of state by M. Fourtou, in the ministry of that day.

Government's Veto Ignored.

ROME, Jan. 23.—Signor Amilare Cipriani, the Italian Socialist leader, whose election to the chamber of deputies for Forli in July last was annulled by the government, has been re-elected deputy for Forli.

Reduced Grain Tariffs.

ROME, Jan. 23.—King Humbert has signed a decree reducing the customs tariff on cereals from 7½ to 5 lire until April 30. It will come into operation Tuesday next.

Service Stripes.

Pittsburg firemen are now permitted to wear service stripes on their sleeves, different colors denoting various terms of service, up to a golden stripe for five years.

English Navigable Streams.

There are nearly 5,000 miles of navigable waters in the United Kingdom.

"Klondyke Bulletin,"

A 16-page paper, published Mondays by the Soo Line, contains important and direct information from Alaska; gives Best Routes, Steamship Sailings, Lowest Rates, How to Obtain Outfits, and other invaluable information.

To be placed on the mailing list, send six cents in stamps to W. R. Callaway, G. P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

DIED.

GARVEY—In St. Paul, at late residence, 280 Grove street, Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3:30 a. m., H. C. Garvey, aged 65 years. Funeral from above residence Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30 a. m. Service at St. Mary's church at 9 o'clock.

GERMAIN—In St. Paul, at late residence, No. 971 Dayton avenue, Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2:30 p. m., N. E. Germain, aged 55 years. Funeral from above residence Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30 a. m. Service at St. Luke's church at 9 o'clock.

FOR FUNERALS—Hearses, $4; carriages, $2; at Schroeder's Livery, 20 West Fourth st., and at Morehead & Horrigan's, 370 East Ninth and 488 Selby av.

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