

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

JANUARY—1900.

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William Rockefeller's new and rare orchid, which is valued at \$1,000, is a cross between a Lindleyanum and a Candatum. There are only seven plants of this variety in existence. It took Mr. Rockefeller's gardener five years to get the orchid to flower properly.

In the United States the first class passenger fares last year averaged 2.14 cents per mile. In England the first-class fare is 4 cents per mile, the third-class for inferior service is 2 cents per mile; in Prussia the service is 2.29 cents per mile and in France 3.36 cents per mile.

The order of decoration worn by the German emperor, according to a Berlin newspaper, are worth about 1,000,000 marks, or a little over \$230,000. The Kaiser's principal and most valuable decorations are the insignia of the black eagle, the order of the Toison d'Or. In all he has over 200 crosses, badges and other insignia.

Miss Emma Siboni, of Milwaukee, who has been commissioned by the dowager empress of Russia to paint a miniature of her on ivory, was born in Denmark 22 years ago, and came to America when her parents died. She first established herself in Chicago as a portrait painter, but lately has confined her attention to miniature work.

Probably the smallest monarch in the world reigns over the Hindoo vassal state of Bhopaul and governs a people of more than a million souls. This dwarf is a woman, Dijnah-Begum by name, but although she is about 50 years old, she does not appear larger than a child of 10. Her diminutive size does not prevent her, however, from holding the reins of government with a firm hand.

The production of petroleum in the world is 5,000,000,000 gallons, of which 2,500,000,000 are produced in the United States of America, 2,250,000,000 in Russia, 87,000,000 in Austria, 72,000,000 in Sumatra, 30,000,000 in Java, 29,000,000 in Canada, 24,000,000 in Roumania, 15,000,000 in India, 3,000,000 in Japan, 7,000,000 in Germany, 3,000,000 in Peru, and the smaller remainder in Italy and other countries.

Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe college, who was recently chosen by Gov. Wolcott to serve on the Paris exposition commission, is a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. She was born in Washington in 1841, and is the daughter of Wm. Wallace Irwin, Her maternal grandfather was Richard Bache, grandson of Franklin. Her mother's mother was a daughter of Alexander J. Dallas.

The anniversary of Washington's death has started comment in Maryland newspapers over the condition of the senate chamber at Annapolis, where Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief. The Annapolis Capital calls for a restoration of the senate and house of delegates to the original design and decoration of Washington's day. Since that time, incredible as it now seems, the original decoration has been obliterated by tawdry and florid work.

The briefest biography in the congressional directory is that of a Missouri congressman. It simply says: "Dorsey W. Shackelford (Democrat), of Jefferson City, was elected to the fifty-sixth congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Richard P. Bland, June 19, 1899, receiving 19,331 votes." The longest biography is that of Chauncey M. Depew. It occupies nearly a page in the directory. Nothing has been allowed to escape from the hour he was born to the day he was elected to the senate.

The "Empty Stocking" club, of Baltimore, a club for the distribution of presents for children at the Christmas season, was greatly successful this year. The Academy of Music was filled with hundreds of the little beneficiaries of the club's kindness. There was an entertainment of music and dancing and a realistic visit of Santa Claus. The empty stockings of the children were really filled and Christmas in hundreds of homes in Baltimore is the brighter for this thoughtful kindness.

Italy once had a plague that killed 10,000 persons daily. Five hundred a day died in Rome. In one year 200,000 citizens of Constantinople died. The epidemic of 1847-1849 was the worst ever visited on man; in Asia 25,000,000 perished by it, and in Europe 25,000,000. In London 200 persons were buried daily in the Charterhouse yard. It was called "Black Death." The plague in England in 1741 destroyed more people than the continual wars for the 15 preceding years. "Sweet-sickness" prevailed in England for three years.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

When she married, often she Forcefully asserted. On the threshold-chrone she'd bid Sovereign sole, nor dominated by her chosen minister. Others might be held and harried; None should dictate unto her When she married!

When she married—as she did— Found her throne of love rose-bidden, And she walked as she was bid. Never knowing she was bidden, He could reign enough for two, And her maiden plans miscarried, She became the gentle shrew When she married!

When he wedded, so he said, He'd none of the bonds that tie men! She, his choice, would know who led. Ere they'd quit the shrine of Hymen, She might make and mend his things: He'd feed and softly bed, He would hold the house-purse strings When he wedded!

When he wedded he would check Butchers', grocers' bills and bakers'; And would find him no soft keck Milliners and mantua-makers! He would manage stern and well, Marriage in his bowise dreaded; But the records do not tell When he wedded! —Philip T. Roxbury, in Illustrated American.



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CHAPTER XIX. EXIT THE ANCIENT BRICO.

I had gained my point without waste of words or time, but it was to be my way or not at all. My lady was in dire peril. Against this could I for a moment weigh the thought of myself? What cared I whether France, Spain, or the Borgias ruled in Italy? What mattered it to me whether one crafty statesman held the reins of power, or another outdid him in craft and fledged away his bone? My lady was in danger, and my honor might rot, and the Most Christian, the Most Catholic, and Most Holy wolves might tear each other's throats out before I would move a finger, take one step, until she was free. If I had to pull down Baglioni's hold with my own hands, I would free her. If a hair of her head was injured I should take such vengeance as man never heard of, and then—my foot caught in the carpeting of the passage, I tripped up and fell heavily, the shock sending stars before my eyes.

"Too much haste, cavalier," and a hand helped me to rise. As I gained my feet I saw Machiavelli beside me.

"I followed you at once," he said, "but you went so fast I had missed you but for that lucky trip. A word more—if you free her, take her to the convent of St. Jerome, two miles northwest of Magliana—the abbess will do the rest. I will see to that."

"Very well. God grant I succeed!" "Amen to that," and Machiavelli took my hand. "Adieu, cavalier, once again, I must go back to his eminence, we have a point or two to discuss yet, but no more Falernian. Cerpo di Bacco! I grow cold when I think of our escape."

"Goodby, your excellency," and we parted. I went on with a little more care, and, being a trifle cooled by my fall, was able to think better. By the time I reached my apartments I had decided on my course. I should leave by the Porta del Popolo, keep on the right bank of the river as far as Borghetto, there cross the Tiber, and on to Perugia in a straight line by Narni, and Todi. It was close on three and thirty leagues; but I did not mean to spare horseflesh. As I reached the entrance which led to my rooms, I found Jacopo and my men ready, and Castor whinnied a glad welcome, pawing at the air with his forefeet in his impatience. St. Armande and the abbe, already mounted and attended by a couple of men, were a little to the right.

"I will not keep you a moment, chevalier," I called out as I passed him, and, running up the stairs to my room, began to dress rapidly. Jacopo attended me, and, as he handed me my sword, pointed to the open window.

"A fair night for a long ride, excellency!" "Yes, the moon stands well—my cloak—quick," and we descended the stairs.

"All ready, Jacopo?" "Your excellency." "Steady, Castor," and I swung into the saddle.

There was the jingle of bit chains, the clank of steel scabbards, the ring of iron-shod hoofs on the pavement, and with St. Armande by my side and my troop behind me, I left the Palazzo Cerneti.

To avoid risk of stoppage I did not go down by the Alessandria to the Ponte di San Angelo, but determined to cross at the Ripetta. Therefore, crossing the Borgo di San Angelo, we went northwards by the V. d. Tre Fontani, up the Via Cancellieri, and then, turning to the right, rode up the Via Crescenzo. To our right, as we rode, the moon hung over San Angelo and the dark outlines of the gloomy stronghold loomed like a vast shadow of evil above us. In front of us lay the Tiber, and the long line of fires of the charcoal-burners. The latter overhung by a blue cloud of smoke, into which the forked flames leaped and danced. At the bridge we were stopped by the guard, but the safe-conduct set us free, and we crossed at a slow pace. Above the hollow beat of the horses' hoofs I heard the waters churning around the piers, and, looking over the side, saw the gray river as it hummed past below me, flecked with white foam-tipped waves, chasing each other in lines of light across its surface, or, as they broke, catching the moon rays, and dying in a hundred colors with an angry hiss.

Passing through the ruined Porta del Popolo, where the breaches made by Charles' cannon were still unimpaired, we took the Flaminian Way, and galloped down the road almost in darkness, owing to the shadows thrown by the high walls on each side of us. We recrossed the Tiber at the Ponte Molle, and, still keeping the Via Flaminia, turned our horses' heads in the direction of Castel Nuovo.

Not the best horse in the world could keep up the pace we were going for long, and I was old enough soldier to know that our speed must be regulated by the slowest beast if we wanted to reach in full strength, so I slackened rein to a walk and gave the animals a rest.

Excepting once, when Jacopo rode off to make his duty to the Fountain of Trevi, I had not exchanged a word with St. Armande, indeed I was in no mood to talk; but he broke the silence with a question.

"Do we ride all night, cavalier?" "We have many leagues to go, St. Armande."

"Ciel!" he muttered under his breath, and I heard the abbe as he leaned forward whisper: "Courage! would you give way now? Courage!"

Clearly there was a mystery here to which I had no clew, and it troubled me. I glanced at St. Armande, and through the moonlight saw the white of his cheek, showing all the paler for the black patch he wore transversely across it; but looking at him did not explain matters.

"What the devil does this mean?" I said half aloud to myself.

"And you speak?" "Merely something to myself, chevalier. Diavolo! But this is a dark ride."

"Do you think so?" and his tone softened suddenly.

I made no reply, but stirred up Castor, and we jogged along. I left the mystery to take care of itself, and mapped out a line of action. I would take only two men with me into Perugia, and send the rest with Armande to the convent of St. Jerome to await the result of my attempt to free Angiola.

It sounded like foolishness to give St. Armande the control of the stronger party, especially if he meant treachery; but this I was persuaded he did not. On the other hand, a following of six troopers was a trifle too many to pay a peaceful visit to Baglioni, and might arouse suspicion, while they were too few to attempt open force. In short, if I could not do what I wanted with two men, I would not be able to effect it with six or a dozen, and made up my mind to split our party, either after crossing the Paglia, or before it.

In this manner, sometimes galloping, sometimes trotting, and at other times walking our horses to give them a rest, we reached Castel Nuovo, but did not enter the town, skirting it by our right, although one of the troopers suggested our going westwards by Campagnano, a useless detour as it seemed to me. We passed the little town exactly at midnight, and the chime of bells striking the hour fell pleasantly on our ears. A short way beyond we found the road so cut into ruts and fissures that it was not possible to go at any other than a snail's pace, so that within the next two hours we barely covered as many leagues. The moon was now on the wane, the road became worse, and one or two of the horses showed signs of fatigue. Jacopo rode up beside me.

"By your leave, excellency! We have the road by Soratte to cross soon, and in the coming darkness may possibly lose our way. I would suggest, therefore, that we halt here until dawn. It will rest the horses, and with the light we can press on."

"Very well. Hark! Is not that the sound of water?"

"Yes, your worship." "Then we will stop here." A few yards beyond we came to a ruined temple, near which a fountain was bubbling. Here I gave the order to halt, and in less time than I take to write this the troopers had sprung to earth, the saddle-girths were loosened and all the preparations for a two hours' halt begun.

I shared a little wine with St. Armande and the abbe, and the former, rolling himself up in his cloak, leaned his back against a fallen pillar, and seemed to drop off at once into sleep.

The abbe followed his example, but my mind was too impatient for rest, and I walked up and down, watching the ending of the moon, until it finally sank out of sight, and darkness fell upon us.

Dark as it was around me, my mind was in a still greater darkness, for I was unable to think of any plan by which I could gain access to Angiola after reaching Perugia. Time, too, was short; but that did not matter, for I was prepared to let the affair of the duca's side, rather than lose any chance of rescuing her.

A straw yet remained. Luck might be on my side, and with luck and a strong heart one might do anything. There was nothing for it but to content myself for the present with this. Until I reached Perugia I could do nothing. So I paced up and down, and off we went at a smart gallop. Shortly after passing San Greste the road led along the side of Soratte, and the morning being young, besides very bright and clear, we had a glorious view. To the left lay Civita Castellana, the walls of the new citadel standing high above the town, which lay in the middle of a network of deep ravines; to the right and behind us the Sabine Hills extended in long, airy lines, and the wooded heights of Pellachio and San Gennaro, where, close to Palombara, was an old castle of our house, rose to the south-east. Above us was the monastery of St. Silvestro, and Soratte itself reached towards where Borghetto stood, on a bend of the Tiber, in a series of descending peaks. Cool puffs of air caught us, and freshened the horses as well as our hearts, and it was a cheery party that finally reached the Ponte Felice, and entered the town. Here our safe-conduct again stood us in good stead. Indeed, we had difficulty in getting away, for the Captain Lippi, who held Borghetto for the Borgias, wished to press his hospitality on us for a few days; but, on my eventually taking him aside, and whispering to him that I was bound on a confidential mission, he gave in, but with some little reluctance. He, however, invited us to share his table at dinner. I accepted, but Sir Armande, who was looking very weary, declined, and dined quietly with the abbe at the "Silver Eel," where I quartered my men.

Lippi was an old soldier risen from the ranks, with a head more full of drill than suspicion; but in order to remove any such suspicion that might be growing there I affected to be so delighted with his conversation at dinner that I begged the favor of his accompanying me for a league or so on my way, after we had dined. To this he agreed with alacrity, and I was subsequently sorry for my pains, for the old bore did not quit me until we had all but reached the Nera, and saw the campanile of St. Juvencialis rising above Narni. We did this portion of the journey at a rapid pace, as I wanted, if possible, to shake off the captain, but, mounted on an Apulian, he stuck to me like a burr, dining with my ears to his opinion as to how the crescent moon was a weapon as superior to the arquebus as the mangonel was above even Novarro's new cannon. At length he wished us the day sad departed, and the horses, scenting the end of their day's journey, put on fresh speed as we galloped through the oaks that studded the valley of

the Nera. The river here was hemmed into a narrow ravine, and, crossing by an ancient bridge of three spans, supposed to have been erected by the Romans, we climbed up the steep ascent that led to Narni, and there found food and lodging for both man and beast, at an albergo, the name of which, somehow, I have forgotten. St. Armande was quite worn out, and I saw he was unfitted for any long strain. We supped together, and he retired almost at once. After supper I had a detailed examination of the horses, and found that one of them had a sore back. The trooper who owned him vowed he would not part with him, so I had to dismiss the man, which I did. This reduced my fighting strength to six men, including Jacopo. I did not include St. Armande and his followers in estimating this, putting them down to so much encumbrance, of which I would soon take care to be rid. I was anxious, however, to hurry on, and so altered my original plans a little, and in the morning, after we had gone about a league, I turned to St. Armande, and said:

"Chevalier, it is necessary for me to press on with all speed. I want you, therefore, to do me a favor."

"Anything you like, cavalier; but we do not part, do we?"

"It is this. I am going on at once; I want you to take four of my troopers, and with your own following make for the convent of St. Jerome. It lies a little beyond Magliana. Your arrival will be expected. If not, say you are awaiting me. Await me for a week. If I do not come then, go back to Rome, and tell the cardinal what you have done."

"But I thought I was to go with you and share your adventure?"

"I give you my word of honor, St. Armande, that you will share in the adventure for which I agreed you should come—share up to the elbows—but you will spoil everything if you do not do what I say."

"There is no danger to you?"

"No more than there is to you; in one word, St. Armande, do you agree or not?"

"Very well." "Then there is no time to lose. Jacopo!" "Excellent!"

"Pick out a man, and he, you, the lackey and myself, will go on ahead. The rest can follow. I have given all other orders to the signor, St. Armande."

"There is Lande Nere, your worship." "I am ready, cavalier," and a tall, thin, gray-mustached trooper saluted as he spoke. He looked the man I wanted. My lackey was a stout horseman, and at a pinch might hold a sword as well as he held my valise. So, shaking hands with St. Armande, I put spurs to Castor, and we dashed off. Turning the corner of a belt of forest land, I looked back and waved my hand in further adieu to the chevalier. I caught the flutter of the white handkerchief the young dandy carried, as he loosed it to the air in reply to my salute, and the next moment the trees hid them from view.

We rode hard now, Castor going almost as freely as when we started. Indeed, I



Jacopo attended to the task as if he loved it.

would have far outpaced the others, if I did not let him feel the bit once, and the noble beast, as if following his duty, required no further warning not to outstrip his companions.

Going as we were now Perugia was but a few hours away; but the pace was too great to last long, and from Todi to Perugia there were nine leagues and a trifle over of an ascending road. Castor might do it, the others I was sure would not. In order, therefore, to rest the horses, as well as to avoid question, I resolved that we should dine at Rosaro, and after an hour or so of rest press forwards, passing by Todi, and traveling all night, so as to reach Perugia in the morning. If we went faster, we would only reach at night, and so late as to find France into the town impossible.

We dined past the villages of San Gemin and Castel Tordinone, and about noon drew up our now somewhat blown beasts at the gates of the "Man-at-Arms," the only inn in the village.

It was a poor place I saw at a glance, and, as we pulled up, a crowd of yokels in holiday attire gathered around us. The inn seemed full, too, for the yard swarmed with people, and a half score heads of contadini were at each window, staring at us open-eyed.

As I took this in, the landlord came running out, cap in hand and full of apologies. "Ohime! But my house is full to the garrets, signore, and it is nothing I can do for you to-day. To-morrow is the feast of St. Mary of the Consolation, and all the country is going to Todi."

"I do not want to stay. We merely halt here to bait our horses and to dine. Can you manage that?"

"If that is all, excellency, yes, oh, yes. The beasts, they can rest anywhere, and there is a polenta and room for your excellency's followers; but for yourself, signore, and he shook his head mournfully.

"What is the difficulty?" And I dismounted, my men following suit.

"But this, signore. There is but one room in the house you could use, and that is occupied by two gentlemen of the army. Violent men, signore, who will not allow anyone to share it. Lasso me! But not a paul have they paid me as yet!"

"Give them my compliments, and say that the Cavaliere Donati begs to be allowed a corner of their table for his dinner." "Alas, signore! It is useless. They have been here two days—"

"Then it is time they made room for other travelers. Give my message, landlord, and say I am following."

amusement to the ancient Brico's bluster, for it was he, and he was having all the talk, his companion, whoever he was, now and then giving a grunt of assent.

"Mitre and cowl! Hell and sulphur! Will you begone, fool, or shall I slit your wind-pipe?" and I heard him beat the table with his fist. "Out, rascal," he roared, "and bring in another skin of chianti!"

Out came the wretched innkeeper, and, seeing me at the door, began to urge me to go; but at this moment Jacopo came running up with a stout stick in his hand, and, pushing the landlord on one side, I stepped into the room, followed by Jacopo.

Brico's friend, who was quite drunk as it seemed, had fallen asleep whilst he was talking, and lay with his head between his arms, on the table, half on his chair. The attendant was seated with an empty skin before him, and rose in wrath as I entered.

"What then," he began in a wine-blown voice, and then his face paled a little as he saw me.

"I did not waste words. 'Cudgel me this fellow out, Jacopo,' I said, and Jacopo attended to the task as if he loved it. The attendant attempted to draw his sword, but it was useless, and a minute or two later he was flung out into the courtyard, beaten to a jelly and howling for mercy. He lay where he was flung, too bruised to move."

His friend slept through it all; but as my lackey lifted up his head in an attempt to eject him, I recognized Piero Luigi, and felt that some more stringent action than I had taken with Brico should be adopted here.

"This man is a thief," I said to the landlord, "and his friend little better."

"Then to the stocks they go; and now," almost screamed the host, "not a paul have they paid me, signore. I swear that, the bandits, his! Giuseppe! Giovanni!"

A couple of stout knaves came running in, and the innkeeper, trembling with anger and fear combined, yelled out:

"Bind this brigand and his companion securely, keep them in the stables, and to-morrow we will hale them before the podesta."

I enjoyed my dinner comfortably, and on going out to see after the horses was met by Brico Nere, who took me aside to where, in a corner of the stables, two men were lying securely bound. One was Luigi, still happily drunk. The other was the ancient, whose bones must have ached sorely, for he had been beaten sorely, and was feeling the full effect of the cudgel and the ropes. He was groaning terribly, and, being sorry for the wretch, I was about to interpose for him with the landlord, when Jacopo interposed with a whisper:

"Let the scotched snake lie, signore; he knows too much."

I let wisdom take its course, and left the ancient to his sorrows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STONE KINGS.

Spanish Sovereigns Are Petrified in Their Coffins by a Peculiar Process.

The kings of Spain are petrified in their coffins. All the Spanish sovereigns for many years have been buried in an octagonal chamber of the Escorial at Madrid.

But previous to the final sepulture each corpse has to be exposed, naked save for a single sheet, renewed from time to time, on a marble slab in the podriero or rotting vat. It is said that the very air of this charnel house possesses petrifying properties. These properties are enhanced, or possibly produced, by the action of drugs, which slowly trickle down upon the corpse from faucets above. Properly constituted authorities examine the corpse from time to time to see that the work of fossilization is progressing satisfactorily and to announce when it is completed.

Then the ceremony of the translation of the relics is observed with magnificent pomp. It is averred that bodies so petrified do not always retain their stony consistence. It is whispered that many of the sarcophagi contain only crumbled dust. But it is certain that two of the mightiest dwellers in this pantheon are as hard and firm as when they were first put into their last resting place. These are Charles V. (the first of Spain) and his son, Philip II. Charles V. died in 1558, and at the completion of the Pantheon his body was transferred thither and found to be unchanged. The sarcophagus was opened by Carlos III. to gratify the curiosity of Beckford, the eccentric author of "Vathek," and again in 1869 by the ministers of the revolution. On the latter occasion a drawing was made of it by a Spanish artist, Martin Reco. It confirms in every point the traditional description of the emperor—"broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, very muscular in the arms and legs, the forehead broad, the nose crooked and aquiline and the under jaw protruding" so far beyond the other that the teeth could not meet."—N. Y. Herald.

The Cook's Feelings Were Hurt. A first-rate chef was in the employment of Lord Seaford, who, not being able to afford to keep the man, prevailed on the duke of Wellington to engage him. Shortly after entering the duke's service the chef returned to his former master and begged him, with tears in his eyes, to take him back at reduced wages or none at all. Lord Seaford asked: "Has the duke been finding fault?" "Oh, no—he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would have made Ude or Francaelli burst with envy and he says nothing! I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by my cook maid and he says nothing. Dat hurt my feelings, my lord!"—Cornhill Magazine.

A Phonetic One Day. A young lawyer was one day making a plea before Lord Russell. It was late in the afternoon, the hour for adjournment was fast approaching, and the young barrister, anxious to finish before closing time, was hurrying along as best he could. Suddenly he spoke of 2 Q. B. D. Lord Russell interrupted him sharply. "You forget yourself sir," he said, sternly; "you forget your self. That is no way to address this court." The tyro was profuse in apologies, and explained that he only meant to refer to 2 queen's bench division of the law reports. But the chief justice refused to be appeased. "Why!" he cried, "I might as well say to you, V. B. D."—Boston Herald.

EXPENSIVE WAR.

Estimated the South African Trouble Will Cost England \$300,000,000.

The Heat at Ladysmith is Intense, Being 104 Degrees in the Shade.—Will Reduce British Prisoners' Rations.

London, Dec. 29.—During the continued lull in the military operations in South Africa the papers are filled with letters and articles criticizing the government and the campaign, and suggesting remedies, improvements and alterations in the plans and the like.

The Times complains of "Needless censorship and concealment." It cites the fact that nothing has yet transpired to show how Gen. Gatacre came to lose 600 men at Stormberg. The dispatches from the front all represent the Boers as in nervous condition and constant dread of the British advance, but this is probably an exaggeration.

The Modder river correspondent of the Daily Chronicle gives an explanation of a sudden rifle fire inexplicably opened from the Boer trenches. He says: "The Boers have wires stretched along the ground in front of the trenches and connected with lamps. If a wire be touched a lamp is extinguished, thus giving warning. One night a high wind extinguished a lamp, which resulted in a false warning. The fire ceased when the Boers discovered that the alarm was false."

According to a dispatch from Ladysmith, dated Wednesday, December 20, the heat there was intense, being 104 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. There were many cases of enteric fever in the town at that time but not enough to cause alarm. On the other hand, reports from Boer sources on the continent assert that typhoid fever is epidemic in Ladysmith.

The Transvaal government, according to information supplied by Boer sympathizers threatens to "reduce the rations of British prisoners if Great Britain stops the entry of food by Delagoa bay."

The British government now evidences a marked change from its attitude in the early stages of the war and shows a disposition to accept assistance from any quarter. The imperial yeomanry committee has issued a statement to the effect that the government considers the formation and dispatch of yeomanry as one of the most pressing needs of the situation and has intimated that it is now prepared to accept from 8,000 to 10,000 yeomanry, instead of 5,000 as originally asked for. It is expected that the first contingent will sail about the middle of January.

The government has announced that it will accept the services of a battery from the Honorable Artillery corps. When these services were first offered they were declined on the ground that the corps was not affiliated with any regiment of regulars. It will now be attached to the City Imperial corps.

It is now estimated that the war will cost £50,000,000 (\$500,000,000), and it is suggested that the sinking fund of the national debt should be suspended for five or six years, in order to defray the cost.

London, Dec. 29.—The Morning Post has received the following from Mr. Winston Churchill under date of December 26, telegraphed from Chieveley Camp, where he has arrived: "All ranks have complete confidence in Sir Redver Buller and there is a stern determination to succeed next time at all costs. A painful impression was caused by the announcement of the change of commander-in-chief, and the soldiers here are resolved to vindicate their trusted leader."

The situation, nevertheless, is difficult, the Boer position being one of extraordinary strength, with high hills line tier on tier with trenches and galleries, rising from an almost unfordable river and with a smooth plain in front.

"The enemy have all the ranges marked, and many powerful guns command the various points of the river while the drifts are commanded by converging musketry fire from probably 12,000 Boers. There are 15 miles of wild, broken country before reaching Ladysmith, which demands early relief."

Winston Churchill's new arrival at Chieveley camp is perhaps responsible for some overcoloring of the gravity of the situation, but all Wednesday's news conveys the impression that Buller may be intending another attack upon the Boer position.

Certainly the Boers are not inactive. At both Modder river and the Tugela they are said to be strengthening their forces and extending defense works, which in both cases are seemingly almost impregnable.

Dispatches from Chieveley indicate that Gen. Buller's forces will mobilize at Frere before attempting another advance. Doubtless he would be glad to retrieve the Colenso reverse, yet he is hardly likely to attempt another frontal attack. It is more likely that he is preparing to strike should the Boers make any offensive movement.

Not a Candidate for Re-Election. Springfield, Ill., Dec. 29.—At the gathering of Illinois republicans for their annual lovefeast a bombshell was exploded Thursday afternoon by the declaration of Gov. John R. Tanner that he was not a candidate for reelection.

Sousa's Band Selected. New York, Dec. 29.—Commissioner General Ferdinand W. Peck, of the United States commission to the Paris exposition of next year, has appointed Sousa's band as the official American band to play at the exposition.