FOUR SCENIC WONDERS

SOME NOTEWORTHY SIGHTS ON THE DESCHUTES RIVER.

Fantastic Lava Beds of Seemingly Recent Formation—An Ancient Crater—Interesting Cave.

Down in the center of the state, overshadowed by the Three Sisters and the array of snow-capped peaks in that part of the Cascade Mountains, is a little volcanic wonder of which not much is heard. Lava Butte, the lava beds, the great cascades of the Deschutes and Lava Butte cave are a quartet of scenes that will one day be visited by thousands of tourists. Today the occasional traveler and few residents thereabout are the only persons permitted to revel in these natural beauties. More energetic fishermen who push so far up the Deschutes in search of the big redsides, Dolly Vardens or rainbow trout, have long been familiar with the lava district that, on a small scale, rivals the great lava beds of Northeastern California and Northwestern Nevada.

Lava Butte is about 1300 feet higher than the Deschutes River, which flows near its base. Nature never formed a more perfect, symmetrical cone through which to spout lava. The upper 600 or 800 feet constitute a sharp pinnacle, among mountains, of barely sufficient circumference at the apex for the crater, which is nearly 100 feet in depth. The sides of the cone are covered on the north and west with well-ground loose stone, which is ready to roll from the climber's feet.

At no place in Oregon does lava look of more recent formation than the beds spreading from the base of this butte. At first glance one would say that it cannot have cooled more than a half dozen years. On the northeastern side, where the wagon road approaches the butte, there are beds looking as if they have been dumped from a furnace in large wheelbarrow loads. Piled and jumbled together in all imaginable grotesque shapes and still retaining the cellular form of burned coal cinders, with scarcely any vegetation climbing up its sides, this mass of lava might well be taken for the work of a volcano in very recent years. No one will take exception to the term, "The devil's cinder heap," which some have dubbed it.

There is no course down the sides of the upper portion of the butte where a lava stream can be traced, which adds to the wonder of the scene. It seems to have been vomited out and fallen off to one side as completely as if thrown away by a patent ejector.

Around on the northern and western side a better defined flow is found, after leaving the sharp pinnacle constituting the apex. The Deschutes is about five miles distant there, but the flow extends down to the water's edge. This mass of molten lava one time impeded the progress of the stream, filling up the canyon bed, with the result that a series of beautiful cascades have been formed. Until the lava bed is reached, the stream runs smoothly and with little current. There it suddenly leaps over boulders and heaps of lava, dashing and plunging through a rough, picturesque gorge with a fury and energy that is fascinating to the lover of wild, tempestuous scenes. Four large cascades are found within the distance of five miles. Two of these are drops of at least 100 feet each. The Deschutes at this point is about 50 yards across, six to eight feet deep and exceedingly swift. One side is walled to the water's edge with the weird lava, while on the other soil and rocks of an entirely different formation are seen.

The crater of the butte has decomposed and worn away until fair soil covers much of the space below the edges of the cup. A few small pines grow down in the bottom, their tops not reaching to the level of the rim. From the indications in the crater it is evident that lava has not come out for many years.

But the most interesting phenomenon of this district is the cave. Near the butte it opens to the surface on the hillside. At the entrance there is a hole much larger than is necessary for a man to enter upright. While the way is at first rough and rather broken, a good corridor for a cave accommodates the explorer until about a mile in the ground. There the opening broadens to a great court of splendid walls and high, vaulted roof, from which many beautiful stalactites are pendent. In some places the sides of this great subterranean way are almost as smooth as a hewn wall. In certain portions of this larger stretch, ice is found at all times of the year, and residents thereabout have utilized the product of this great refrigerator of Nature for manufacturing ice cream July 4, and other Summer festivities. The larger opening is about a mile in depth, making a total depth for the cave of two miles. The level of the passage-way does not incline materially upward or downward in any part, thus enabling one to walk with comfort. But little is known of the cave among local inhabitants. Residents appreciate they have some sort of a wonder near their homes and relate a few circumstances concerning visits to it, but no particular interest is taken to direct the curious public who might be attracted to such a cavern.

SUCCESSFUL MOUNTAIN GUN

Excellent Working of the Maxim-Nordenfelt Rifle in Philippines.

New York Sun.

The Maxim-Nordenfelt 75-millimeter (3-inch) mountain gun battery, purchased by our Government last Fall and sent to the Philippines under the direction of Captain George W. Van Deusen, Seventh United States Artillery, has been severely tested in the field, and has proved itself the best gun for our island service.

Between December 26 and February 9 a detachment of this battery under Captain Van Deusen campaigned with the troops in Southern Luzon (a district which has probably the worst roads in the world); a distance of fully 260 miles was traveled with constant fighting, one march of 33 miles being made in 27 hours. In all that time not a single mule was lost or even rendered unfit for service, and the guns kept up with the infantry and cavalry, and were always ready for use.

The gun and its ammunition are carried packed on mules; the packsaddle used is perhaps the best made. The recoil of the gun is taken up entirely by the recoil cylinders and the trail spade, and the former have this advantage—if the oil for filling them gives out, water can be used. The mechanism is simple and durable, and was fully tested, the guns being often hauled over rocks or through water which entirely covered them; they were upset in a stream and so dragged through, and always without interfering in the slightest degree with the perfect working of the gun. After being hauled through mud the elevating mechanism was in perfect order.

The ammunition worked perfectly. There were no premature explosions or failures, and the metal packing-cases were so excellently arranged that the shrapnel could always be carried fused (ready for immediate use) without danger. There were no misfires, and every round burst, either on impact or as set for time.

The gun is sighted to 4000 yards, and was fired with good results up to 3200 yards. The shrapnel and shell weigh 12½ pounds, which is quite heavy enough for such service; but even a heavier projectile can be used, and a sight scale for it is furnished with the piece. The comparatively low initial velocity gives enough of a curve to the trajectory to render it more effective against troops in trenches than a gun of higher power but with a flat trajectory.

The men and animals were all entirely new material, and Captain Van Deusen and the Maxim-Nordenfelt materials deserve great praise for the manner in which they have acquitted themselves.

ADVERTISED.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the Postoffice at Portland, Or.

Free delivery of letters by carriers at the residence of owners may be secured by observing the following rules:

Direct plainly to the street and number of the house.

Head letters with the writer's full address, including street and number, and request answer to be directed accordingly.

Letters to strangers or transient visitors in the city, whose special address may be unknown, should be marked in the left-hand corner, "Transient." This will prevent their being delivered to persons of the same or similar names.

Persons calling for these letters will please state date on which they were advertised, July 9. They will be charged for at the rate of 1 cent each.

WOMEN'S LIST.

Antrim, Mrs S	Hurley, Miss Bertha
Anderson, Miss Alice	Imbell, Miss T R
Arnold, Miss Rose	Jacobson, Miss Lottie
Baber, Mrs Orilla	Jackson, Miss Marie
Baldurech, Mrs Kate	Jones, Miss Emma
Bent, Miss Ella-2	Jones, Miss Goldie
Bock, Mrs Anna	Jones, Mrs E J
Bonebrake, Mrs W	Keith, Mrs Belle
Borgan, Mrs Fannie	Kindred, Mrs Cora
Brook, Mrs L H	Laprath, Mrs Bell-2
Brown, Mrs Jennie E	Layfield, Mrs Minnie H
Burroughs, Miss Julia P	Laylor, Miss Grace
	Larrson, Miss Annet
Burns, Miss Cathleen	La Rue, Miss Madeline
Cavanaugh, Mrs Gerald	Lewis, Jewell E
Chambers, Mrs Sarah	Lewis, Mrs F E
Chadbourn, Mrs Mary	Liveley, Miss M V
Chase, Miss Maud	Lindsley, Mrs A L
Clouse, Mrs Edith	Lucas, Mrs Idia
Clover, Mrs Carrie	McCaw, Mrs Ione
Cochran, Miss Mary	McEwan, Mrs M
Collins, Mrs	McLeod, Mrs G B-2
Cope, Mrs Bertha	McMillan, Tirzah B
Cooper, Mrs Annie	McMahon, Miss May
Crow, Mrs Nellie S	Martin, Miss Dolly
Daniel, Miss Margaret	Mayfield, Mrs M E
Davis, Miss Irene	Meinrich, Miss Emma
Donaldson, Mrs Etta	Mearchant, Mrs Dr
Drew, Miss Georgia	Merchant, Mrs T L
Duffy, Miss May	Miller, Miss Ella
Dudley, Mrs Eva R	Mott, Miss Helen E-2
Dudley, Mrs W E	Mottershead, Miss Grace
Ebbert, Miss M Belle	Monteith, Miss Margeret
Fontaina, Mrs J A	
Folsom, Miss Hattie	Morgan, Mrs
Foster, Miss Nellie	Morris, May
Fraley, Mrs E A	Myers, Mrs Mary A
Freeman, Miss May	Myers, Mrs Margeret
Gardner, Ella	O'Neal, Mrs Mary E
Gibson, Miss Lottie	Patterson, Mrs L L
Gilmore, Miss M	Price, Mrs W
Gottstein, Miss Gertrude	Radmaker, Miss Anna
Gray, Mrs S June	Ray, Mrs D L
Gray, Miss Mable	Rankin, Alice
Hamilton, Mrs L A	Revegar, Mrs M
Hansen, Miss Lina K	Reed, Mrs E
Haraden, Mrs C B	Robinson, Mrs Thos
Harpole, Mrs Annie	Robinson, Mrs Carrie
Harn, Miss Essie	Rogers, Mrs Frankie
Hartman, Mrs Flora	Russell, Mrs Nellie
Hawley, Mrs Edgar T	Smith, Mrs C T
Hawley, Mrs Alma E	Stark, Mrs Amelia
Hewitt, Mrs	Sweeza, Mrs J
Hollenbeak, Miss Belle	Tandy, Miss M E
Holenbeck, Mrs Cinda	Thompson, Mrs M E
Hood, Miss Carrie	Wade, Mrs C B
Hunting Mrs Chas F	Young, Mrs G A

MEN'S LIST.

Alley, M R	Jones, John
Alexander, John R	Jones, Abraham
Allen, Harry	Jones, M R
Archambault, Fred	Kiss, Henry
Aschenbrenner, G W	Klein, E Gust
Ashman, C E	Kline, st B-4
Atkins, Wm	Kennedy, Alex
Backman, John	Kenedey, W F
Boer, Sigmund	Kincaid, H R
Bachmann, I & Bros	Kirk & Hearst
Barney, Bert	Knight, Rev A
Baker, H	Knabb, R V
Baldridge, Leland	Knowlton, Dr C T
Barnes, G H & Co	La Gore, J J, Orange Grove Rabbitry
Beits, Francis-2	
Bell, C S	Lacey, J D
Bell, J H	Landry, B H
Bergstrom, Chas	Lentz, Hugo
Bleven, Lorenzo	Lewis, G B
Boman, J W	Logan, Chas
Boyce, Jas	Luckey, Lester L
Brandenberg, C K	McCansey, Dr G H
Brooks, E C	McCusker, Angus P
Brown, Harry	McFadden, W H
Brown, Wm & Co.	McKellipps, C M-2
Burr, Lee	McKenzie, Lee
Caldwell, J E	McMaster, H M
Calderman, Robt C P	Maracci, Joe
Cantrial, W	Marcum, C H
Castello, Edwin N	Matheny, I C-2
Chester, Joseph	Meri, R Y
Chapman, A I	Miller, Charlie
Christner, Jacob	Miller, Carl
Cocks, Percy	Miller, Gordon
Colume, Paul	Miller, Jacob
Collins, W J	Minkler, A
Collins, Henry	Mitchell, Dr L T, or Q T
Cowell, W Gardner	Mitchell, P I
Crispin, John	Moore, W E
Cutchlow, R	Moore, J M
Cramer, John J	Moreland, W L
Daunt, P G	Nursley, Sam'l
Dant, Prof P	Olin, F R
Davidson, C F	Oregon Com Co
Dolan, Bernard	Ochman, Andrew
Don, C B	Onint, Thos
Douthit, Henry	Page, Thos F
Dunn, Prof John L	Parks, Joe
Dunlap, W R	Pick, Dr H
Edwards, F H	Pillsbury, Master D C
Elicous, H	Preston, J H
Elliot Medicine Co	Price, J M
Eversole, Wm C	Rabenon, W
Farlow, John	Renthal, Mr and Mrs
Ferrel, I Carlos	Reed, H D, ship letter
Ferguson, E V	Royal, A H
Franklin, Mr, glove salerman	Rosewell, H E
	Roswell, Harry
Furst, Malvyn	Rypaynski, Franz
Gwin, A P	Sanford, W S
Garcia, Carlos	Sanguinett, Antonio
Gelinek, Giovani	Schussel, Martin
Going, T E	Schlachter, Michael
Graham, C M	Shaw, C
Gresterdorfer Bros	Sheridan, Ed
Hammer, Chas	Smith, Frank W
Harper, Frank S	Smith, J A
Harpole, E A-2	Smith, John T
Harrington, Jno	Smith, Sam
Hatton, Horace B	Southworth, W O-2
Healey, M J	Stembeilber, Theodore
Hitchcock, C A	Stoel, Geo A
Hilliard, Dr Houghton	Storm, Harry
Hinners, Joachim	Stowe, E D-2
Hobrecker, John, Jr	Treble, Gilbert N
Holiday, Joseph	Tull, W B
Howe, George	Turner, W T
Howard, Charley	Wellman, E
Hubel, Charlie	Webster, John S-2
Hulme, Joseph	Welch, Ira
Hunington, Dick	Welby, Wm
Hunt, Clyde	West, P L
James, Dr Charles	Wilhelmsen, Carl
Jane, Rev Carl	Williams, Mr and Mrs Ruben
Jaeckel, Harry	
Jaakapson, Frans	Williams Medical Co
Jennings, C E-2	Zumwalt, Joseph
Johnson, Alfred A	Zumwalt, O L
Johnson, H G	

PACKAGES.

Ball, Mrs Jennie	Knapp, Sadie
Baldurech, Mrs Katie	Mortimer, H
Fraser, Mary E	Streeter, Mrs S O
Gibson, Geo M	

A. B. CROASMAN, P. M.

Is Beauty Private Property?

Philadelphia North American.

A young woman in Rochester has brought suit for $15,000 damages against a commercial concern for unwarranted use of her photograph. She found the picture of her face going over the country on bags of flour, and decided that it would require that amount of money to repair the injury to her "right of privacy."

This unusual suit raises several interesting questions. In the first place, is a pretty girl entitled to any "right of privacy" in the beauty of her face? Pretty girls—that is, girls who are pretty enough for their beauty to survive its presentment upon a flour bag—are so scarce that the rights of the public to be allowed a chance to behold their facial charms must be considered as well as their own desire to conceal it from view. A really beautiful woman is always, in a way, subject to certain claims of the populace. Her beauty is a sort of semi-public property, and she has no right to resent being stared at or to feel annoyed by the admiring comments that may reach her ears in public places. And it is a part of her duty, in recognition of this claim, to go about a great deal, clad in becoming garments, in order that she may add to the pleasure of men and women and increase the general refinement, as the contemplation of great beauty of any sort must always do. For beauty, whether of person, or of nature, or of artificial product, is one of those things in which all mankind has a certain measure of native right, just as it has right of enjoyment in sunshine and soil and God's free winds.

If both the girl and her picture are really beautiful she ought to have enough compassion for the surpassing and superabundant ugliness of the world to allow her facial presentment to go forth as a missionary of beauty and charm, even though it be mounted on a vehicle as humble and democratic as a flour bag.

Increased Output.

During the past year the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U. S. A., reports a large gain, their bottled beers alone having exceeded thirty per cent increase over the year previous. W. J. VAN SCHUYVER & CO., Portland, Wholesale Dealers.

PORTLAND HAS CHARMS

EUROPEAN TRAVELER PAYS THEM GENEROUS TRIBUTE.

One Needs to Be Endowed With a Keen Imagination to Foresee Our Speedy Development.

PORTLAND, July 6.—(To the Editor.)—The traveler who comes from the East (I mean a European traveler), after having crossed the broad Mississippi Valley and the lofty range of mountains, and finally reached the lovely Portland, needs a good rest, for two reasons; first, because so long a journey is rather tiresome; secondly, because he is amazed at his not sinking in muddy and rough streets, but walks on asphalt pavements, just as smoothly as on New York's Fifth avenue. Many a great city in the Middle West has to learn a great deal from Portland in the matter of streets.

Portland is assuredly the most stirring city in the far West. The sight of so young a city, abandoned to her own resources, to the mere self-reliance of her inhabitants, separated from the long-ago-settled East by some thousands of miles of wilderness, limited on the other side by the mighty ocean, is the most conspicuous example of human potency, sturdiness, cleverness.

A very fine station, substantial business buildings, cable cars, electric cars, wonderful bridges, cleanliness, order, all put together upset the en routed preconceits you brought along with you, and let me say the truth, you preserved in part during the travel. The elegant and comfortable cottages, artistically girded with creeping plants in full bloom, mysteriously overshadowing the windows, and the features of the pretty maid inside, are peculiarly charming.

The gentleness of the inhabitants; the mildness of the climate, so appreciable after having been roasted by the Saharan sun of the Eastern region; the fresh fragrancy of the trees and shrubs, planted everywhere with wise and wholesome lavishness—everything is apt to make Portland one of the most agreeable resorts in the world.

Everything demonstrates that the first settlement was indeed a selected one, and that a too mixed or low European immigration has never reached Portland; so that the excellent American Constitution and the state laws have wrought here their best.

In point of fact, the American ratio vivendi, requiring a pretty high moral and intellectual standard, a selection among the immigrants—naturally operates, a small part being assimilated directly, another one assuming by and by the American habit, and a third part, especially constituted by emigrants of Southern and Eastern Europe, never succeeding in rising up to the American standard of life, and rather sinking down to the level of and mixing with the colored race—that is a taint for the largest Eastern cities of the United States; that is a drawback from which Portland is free; the Chinese immigration being out of the question and easily checked. Suffering no hindrance from undesirable influx of non-assimilable white immigrants, no wonder this city is speedily and thrivingly drifting her way forward.

But nothing speaks better of Portland's favorable and glorious conditions than the school buildings. They are splendid. I do not know what kind of education is imparted in these buildings; were it half as good as the constructions are fine, it would be a thoroughly refined education. Nothing prevents that it be so, the progress in every way is so striking, though almost mysterious to a European, who, at first, refuses to admit that a city which owes so little to the old Continent might have progressed so rapidly, so splendidly, so thoroughly.

One needs not to be endowed with a keen imagination to foresee the speedy developing of this trading city, the future great emporium in the West, the future friendly rival of New York. New York is the triumph of the iron; Portland the triumph of the wood. New York has her houses generally all alike, except in the size, and so are the streets; in Portland every house has its own style, and many a mansion is to be seen showing a somewhat dainty sobriety in the lines which I should be tempted to call aristocratic, were we not in so democratic a country.

Is that a hint that American art will develop its genuineness and peculiarity on the Pacific Coast? Are there any reasons that it be so? Yes, there are sundry reasons, and I will indicate a few of them. The grandeur and majesty of the landscape, to which the sunny and gently rolling slopes of the cultivated hills give a touch of comeliness and correct the excess of sublimity; the sweetness of the splendid climate, one of the subtlest inducements to the love of arts; the richness of the contrasts of shades and lights; and also the fact that Europe, being too distant, may have but little interference with her masterpieces; that is to say, just enough to be a guide, and certainly a good one, without entangling the normal development of the American genius and its sundry exertions in expressing the beauties of Nature.

M. REVEL.

GALLERY OF OREGON NEWSPAPER MEN—No. 5.

R. M. WATSON, OF THE TILLAMOOK HERALD.

TILLAMOOK, Or., July 8.—R. M. Watson, editor of the Tillamook Herald, was born at Lynchburg, Va., January 19, 1852; learned the printer's trade at Brownville, Neb., 1865 to 1872; was married at Macon, Ga., October 17, 1876. He was a partner of David Payne in the publication of the Oklahoma War Chief, and was the owner and publisher of the Strong City (Kan.) Independent at different times for a number of years. In 1893 he removed to Elma, Wash., and founded the Elma Chronicle the next year, and was for 10 years at different times its owner. He came to Tillamook County in 1898, and purchased the Herald in June of that year.

COST OF OCEAN CABLES.

It Has Been Underestimated—Aspects of Our Pacific Line.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—There seems to be a great divergence of opinion as to the cost of ocean cables, and considerable discussion of this question arose at the time the proposed Pacific cable was under consideration by the committees of the House and Senate. Rear-Admiral Bradford, of the United States Navy, informed the committee that a suitable Pacific cable could be laid for $1000 a knot, but experts on cable matters assert very freely that this estimate shows that Admiral Bradford has no practical knowledge of the cable market at the present time.

This naval officer suggested to the Senate committee that some of the transports that were purchased by the Government during the Spanish war, but which are not now in demand, could be advantageously used for cable-laying. As a matter of fact, there is grave doubt as to whether this could be done. In the first place, these transports were all passenger steamers, and would, of course, have to be completely rearranged before they could be used to advantage in laying the cable. Not only would they have to be rearranged, but because of the great bulk and weight of the cable, they would have to be strengthened throughout, equipped and put in perfect order, and, as many of them were built 20 or 30 years ago, this would require no small outlay on the part of the Government, and, furthermore, when the cable was laid, these vessels would be valueless, except as cable ships, a commodity which has no commercial value to speak of.

James A. Scrymser, president of the Pacific Cable Company, of New York, gives it as his opinion that no adequate cable of durable quality could be manufactured and laid across the Pacific in 18 months, as has been stated by some of the department authorities. He says that the manufacture of such a cable as is needed on this line, and one that will adequately meet all demands, would in itself require an immense amount of time, not to mention the time that would be required in laying the cable when once constructed. Mr. Scrymser also contends that under conditions expressed in the concessions held by foreign cable companies in Japan and China, the United States would not be able to lay and operate cables on the coasts of those two countries, as has been contemplated by many advocates of the Pacific cable.

He at the same time calls attention to a feature in connection with a Pacific cable which has escaped general notice. He says that no attention has been paid to interruptions to ocean cables and the cost of their repair. He shows that in the past 34 years three of the 15 Atlantic cables have been abandoned because of old age, and that most of them have been interrupted from time to time, because of repairs rendered necessary, in two instances the repairs costing over $500,000. In view of these facts, he urged upon the committees of both House and Senate the necessity for proper provision for repairs and renewals, and showed the need of a duplicate cable system. These are factors that have not generally been provided for or taken into consideration, and may be reserved in order to secure the first appropriation necessary to lay the original cable, but when the first cable is authorized, there will undoubtedly be a second effort made to secure a duplicate cable, to meet just such emergencies as are here called to public attention. It is possible, if not probable, that if the first Pacific cable is laid over the Hawaiian route, the duplicate line may be run over the northern or Alaska route, and in that way both factions contending for the cable will be satisfied, and good service rendered.

Tammany on Ice.

New York Sun.

It was like a Quaker meeting, only moister, for an hour after we started. Then, just before we reached Trenton, there came the first stop. There was no station in sight, only the open fields, except close to the track loomed two enormous icehouses. Judge Lynn was the first to break the painful silence.

"Well, they're fine icehouses, anyway," he said, "and there is a fine frog pond right back of them to fill them up from."

"That's a h—l of a place to stop a Tammany train, lined right up against a couple of icehouses," said a deep voice from the rear of the car.

"What kind of ice is it?" said Senator Martin, "hot or cold?"

"Red hot," said the deep voice in the rear. "Red hot American ice. How much do you want of it?"

"All we can get," came a general chorus all through the car.

Worth offering to your friend—a Herbert Spencer cigar.

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

EVERY MOVEMENT OF BRITISH WAS WATCHED BY SPIES.

A Lie Was on Nearly Every Tongue That Spoke Fair to the Englishmen.

The lights of the crowded and busy hotel bathed the broad stoop where 40 men and women in evening dress chatted over iced beverages and burning tobacco, writes Julian Ralph, in the London Daily Mail. The great windows of the drawing-room flung out the strongest radiance, and behind them a small company listened to a spirited ballad by the most musical of the guests.

Beyond the stoop the hotel lights and the paler gleaming of the moon melted together among the shrubs and small trees of a semi-tropical garden where deep shadows checkered the yellow driveway and the paths.

This was in Cape Town—a fair and enticing corner in a shabby, dusty city; a corner all loveliness, where the sinister shadow of rebellion and but half-suppressed treason murks every moral aspect.

A Domestic Interior.

"Mother," said a golden-haired German maiden, "I will get my wrap and walk out a little with Captain Simple, of the Wessex Fusiliers."

"Yes, darling; cover up warmly, dear—but as I was saying, Major Candour—" and the jewel-decked matron turned again to her tete-a-tete with an officer in a corner of the stoop.

"Where's father?" the daughter inquired, as she again passes her mother on her way to walk in the moonlit garden.

"He's taking a little something with Colonel Stonehead in the smoking-room, darling; don't disturb him. As I was just remarking, Major, I know the Boers, and if you go and bombard Colesberg and do such things all over the Free State—destroying towns and houses—they will become very cruel and bitter. They will kill all their prisoners, and they will rouse Cape Colony to help them."

"But we shall do nothing of the sort."

"Ah, I don't know, Major. Perhaps you have not heard that some General is asking permission to shell Colesberg? Ah, dear me! I am so afraid he will do it—and we shall have the whole colony to fight."

"My dear madam," Major Candour replied, "I was at the castle all the afternoon. I know everything that is going on. The General of whom you speak has orders not to bombard any towns or damage any property."

"Oh, I am so glad," the matron answered. "I was sure we would not make such a mistake. What a beautiful night it is, Major. But yet it is chilly. If you will excuse me, I will take something to put over my darling's head, so that she shan't catch cold. Won't you join my husband and the Colonel in the smoking-room?"

Smokeroom Confidences.

In the smoking-room the husband, Mr. Dinkel, has assured Colonel Stonehead that the Boers are in reality one-third negro in blood, two-thirds devils in morals, and three-thirds savages in their mode of living. "I hade them like boison," he says; "I haf sbent dwenty years mit 'em, und I know dem like a pook. Shoot dem down, is vot I say; kill them like rats."

The Colonel, delighted with these sentiments, next proceeds to explain that Lord Roberts will quickly end the war. He says that the Field Marshal will presently be joined by French, and an immense army will move into the Free State by way of Enslin and Ramdam. The date of the movements he knows, but may not tell, though it is not far off.

Out in the quiet garden, where the broad banana leaves and the fans of the palms are silhouetted against the softly luminous sky, the Captain and the maiden are strolling.

What a pretty picture two youths of opposite sexes make when Cupid's conditions are all fulfilled—and they are alone together—and the lights are low; and especially when he typifies valor in uniform, and she suggests beauty linked with innocence!

"No," she said, "you must not; let me walk by myself. We do not know each other well enough for that. Besides, you will go away tomorrow, and we may never see each other again."

"I'm not going tomorrow," he said.

Under the Rose.

"Why, yes," she replied. "You must start tomorrow if Lord Roberts moves forward on Sunday."

"I got word today that he starts in just a week. I can have three more lovely days with you. Truly—on honor—he does not start until a week from today."

"I am glad—if you are glad," the maiden said. "But, now, we must go indoors. It is really too chilly for me out here."

An hour flew, and 10 o'clock came. The Dinkels met in the room of the father and mother. "Vot did you found owd?" he asked, first of his wife and, next, of his daughter. "So," he said, "vot blamed fools! Dey vill gif avay their stomachs if you ask them. You found owd dot Colesberg don't get bomparded. I found owd dot French choins Lord Ropperts, und, my leetle darling, you make luf to dot silly Cabtain and he told you choost when Lord Ropperts is advancing. Vell, ve can gif our friends in Bretoria all der news domorrow."

This is a kodak snapshot of one foreign family in one hotel in Cape Town.

But there were many foreign families in several hotels in that city.

Come up to the front if you wish to see how other spies work.

At the Front.

There! we are passing De Aar, once the advance base of the Western forces. That is where the spies and rebels held high day and holiday, for we were then as green as grass. That is where bearded Boers used to stroll about the great camp, noting the arrival of the horses and mules, watching the stocking of the sheds with harnesses, bridles, and saddles, counting the boxes of ammunition, and the hillock heaps of biscuit boxes. They said they had come to see if we wanted any potatoes or butter, or would not like to pay them £25 each for a few five-pound horses. All day long they used to hello what we were doing, or ride to the nearest rebel headquarters and report more in detail.

Only heaven, good luck, and Boer cowardice ever saved to us De Aar and its million pounds' worth of stores.

In time we organized armies, and to go with them we formed our transport service. We hired carts and men from the country around us; negroes to drive, and any sort of white men that happened along to serve as conductors. In Natal it is fair to suppose that we salaried few traitors and spies in this way, because it is said that on that side Englishmen are all English, Scotchmen are all Scotch, and all white men are white. It is different in the three-quarters Dutch towns of the Colony, and if many of our transport men were not in sympathy with the Boers it was due to our good luck rather than good management.

Even in the employment of scouts we established the doubtful rule, "that they must know the country and speak the Taal." (The lingo of the Boer).

We fought battles and now and then we halted.

News Was Bound to Leak.

At once the farmers and the shop and hotel keepers came forward and said: "We are so glad you have come," adding always that they were English or Pro-English. They always said that the Boers had been very kind and just, and had taken nothing, but that the "Tommies," oh, my! Fruit and fowls and forage had been stolen right and left—and who was to pay the bills? We promised to pay, and we bought their produce, rented their houses, took rooms in their taverns, and always had them hanging about, listening, questioning, watching. The longer we rested, the more our suspicions were aroused. Lights in the houses of our new friends were flashed toward the Boers at night, mounted men dashed away when we approached some houses, Boers swam the river to and from others of the cottages, hellos flashed on distant hills; negroes came in and gave themselves up to loaf for a day—and disappear!

We enriched everybody, treated every man as if he was as guileless as ourselves, and hampered no one with distrust—except the correspondents of the London newspapers. In return we got worthless information and maps and lies about the Boers.

We were ringed around by a circle of sleepless eyes. We never made a move but what we saw that the Boers were aware of and prepared for it.

To fight an invisible enemy was terribly wearying, but to feel as if the very air we breathed was a conductor of intelligence to that enemy was too uncanny for words. Once a Colonel begged of his General to allow him to do a pretty stroke "on his own." He wanted to make a night attack on a certain kopje.

"You may," said the General, "if you tell all your officers precisely what you are doing, and also make it known to the Colonels whose regiments are on either side of yours."

The Colonel in question made the move without ever taking a soul, except his General, into his confidence. He was trapped, encircled, killed; and his command suffered awful slaughter. Said one of the Boers who helped to remove the dead: "We have never stayed on that kopje at night before, but we got word at 7 o'clock that this regiment was coming at 11, so we kept in our places."

That is offered as a sample of our experiences—not as an extraordinary case.

We were fighting in an enemy's country, but we could never grasp the fact in all its enormity. We could not believe that there was a lie on nearly every tongue which spoke us fair, a trick in almost every offer of help, a double-face above many a collar in our auxiliary service, a dagger up half the sleeves that went with the open hands we grasped.

THE ELECTRICAL KITCHEN.

No More Overdone Roast or Underdone Puddings.

Ainslee's Magazine.

Cooking would be more of an art and less of a gamble if the heat could be put where it was wanted and nowhere else, and its intensity were under the perfect control of the cook. The oven that will not come up to the right temperature, or that will not bake on the bottom, the chimney that draws the wrong way when the wind is from the northwest, the dampers that refuse to do as they are bid, the kindling that burns out without lighting the coal, all tend to make cooks the most ill-tempered of mortals. The gas range is admirable in that it supplies a heat that can be tempered at will, but it fouls the air. It burns up the oxygen, and leaves carbonic-acid gas, and if there is a gas stove connection that does not leak a little I have yet to see it. Perhaps the escaping gas made not flavor the food, but some profess themselves able to detect it in the viands. But be that as it may, dwellers in city houses need more pure air rather than less of it. If we do not live as long as we might it is because we shut out the sunlight and the air too carefully.

The electrical kitchen is not only admirable, it is ideal in its application of heat. It does not steal oxygen; it does not foul the air. It is steady; it can be directed to the top, bottom or the sides of the thing to be cooked, for it does not depend upon the combustion of fuel or the convection of hot air, but upon the resistance of iron to the electrical current. Instead of having to plan so that the cooking be done when the fire is in the range, the electrical kitchen is ready at any hour of the day or night to bake or broil, set the stewpan to sizzing or the hot water urn to bubbling, to brew the 5 o'clock tea, or to disconnect the midnight Welsh rabbit from the fear that the alcohol bottle is empty and all the drug stores shut up; to temper the chill of the spare bed or to warm the toes under the desk; to heat the curling iron or the smoothing iron, all these appliances being connected by a flexible wire cord to a socket in the wall whence comes the energy. It is an exemplification of the wholesale principle; instead of a thousand chimneys smoking at a tremendous sacrifice of coal, there need be but one big fire, whose heat is turned into motion, that into electricity, and that, in turn, back to heat again.

War as an Educator.

Chicago Tribune.

Whatever may be the opinion on expansion as a political issue, there can be no doubt that the series of wars and international disputes which has followed in unbroken succession the blowing up of the Maine, has made an intellectual expansionist of every American. Five years ago the Philippines, Bloemfontein, Pretoria, Tien Tsin, Guam, Samoa were little more than names to a majority of even intelligent Americans. Today almost everybody is familiar with the exact location of the capitals of the South African republics, and has a fund of information in regard to all the far-away islands, cities and countries which have been made prominent as the scene of battles or other international operations. The dust has been brushed off old geographies and grown up students have learned anew lessons once forgotten, because at the time they possessed no especial interest. Incidentally, the newspapers have been obliged to start informal classes in geography and ethnology, and in this way much information has been absorbed in the course of causual reading. Possibly there may be a hint for the educators of the country in the eagerness with which people have taken up the study of geography and kindred branches under the new conditions. At any rate, it would appear that the secret of successful education had been laid bare—namely, that when a student is once thoroughly interested in a given subject, study becomes a pleasure rather than a bore.

NEW YORK CHINESE.

Issue Proclamation That They Do Not Sympathize With Boxers.

NEW YORK, July 8.—Manifestations of growing intolerance in China have annoyed the merchants and head men of Chinatown, and today a proclamation was read on the streets, signed by several prominent Chinese. The matter has been under discussion for several days, and mistreatment of Chinatown residents at points along the Bowery on Sunday night precipitated the matter. The head men state there are 15,000 Chinese in New York and vicinity, and say not one of them is from the north of China, or even of the same tribal races involved in the disturbances. The proclamation, translated, says:

"Honorable Brothers of Canton and Other Cities: There is now trouble and disturbance in the north of China, our home land. Many of us know in part of these things. The Boxer brotherhood is of the north, and not, as we are, from the south. Word has come to us of the great misdoings in the north. This is in no sense the fault of us, the Chinese of the south. We have heard of indignities offered to our honorable brothers and fear. The American papers can explain for us. We speak for your care and lawfulness, good behavior and caution.

"We speak for us all, our broad regret and sorrow, but beyond the trouble hope there will be peace and much good for our people of the South.

"WING WAH CHUNG."
"QUAN FOY.
"SUN KWONG ON.
"FUNG Y MOW."

At the Morning Star Mission Hall, a service at which a large audience of English-speaking Chinese was gathered, Rev. Y. Mow read the proclamation, and it was heartily indorsed. He spoke at length of the injustice of the punishments on the heads of the American Chinese for the death of a set of men 6000 miles away, and, though of the same empire, not even speaking the same language. At night the proclamation was read in the Chinese Theater. It was posted in Doyer street on the public bulletin wall.

Baptist Young People to Meet.

CINCINNATI, July 8.—The tenth annual convention of the Baptist Young People's Union will convene here next Thursday for a session of four days. The sessions will be held in Music Hall, with a seating capacity of 5000. There will be general sessions during the afternoon. A large chorus has been rehearsing to furnish music.

Dr. E. G. Gage, of London, England, will deliver the annual sermon, and Dr. Lorimer, the annual address. Distinguished ministers and lecturers from all countries are on the programmes for addresses during the sessions. All of the state associations will meet here during the week, and a very large attendance is expected.

Maurice Casey, a Californian, is said to have made $150,000 in recent wheat deals on the Chicago Board of Trade.

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