

# NEWS OF THE WEEK

Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

## APPENINGS OF TWO CONTINENTS

Assume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

The powers may allow Austria to invade Macedonia.

A severe gale in Chicago did much damage to property.

A fresh mutiny has broken out on the Russian Black sea fleet.

More graft is being exposed in the insurance inquiry at New York.

Belgium is anxious to invade Macedonia, but is restrained by the powers.

Strikes have united to elect the strikers, who have nearly defeated them.

Alien shippers have organized to fight rate discrimination and may form a national association.

The cashier of the Hayti, Missouri, bank has disappeared with \$18,000 of the institution's money.

A large colony of Boers is to locate in Venezuela. A grant of over a million acres of land has been made by President Castro.

The president has appointed H. J. Clegg, of Rowell, N. M., as governor of New Mexico, to take effect January 1, the expiration of Governor Clegg's term.

Four prisoners in the Jefferson, Missouri, penitentiary, made a desperate attempt to escape. Two guards were killed, a third seriously wounded, and the prison gates blown up with nitro glycerine. The convicts were captured after a fight in which one was killed and one wounded.

Ballou will resign as premier of Great Britain.

Missouri is continuing its fight against the Standard Oil.

Five in a coal barge at London destroyed 2,000 tons of coal.

The government's case in the second trial of Burton is completed.

Japan is working to raise Togo's rank to admiral, the Mikasa.

The allied fleets of the powers is preparing to seize Turkish ports.

Spain will spend \$4,200,000 for the purchase of rapid fire field guns.

A Nebraska man has been fined \$50 and costs for making a cigarette.

Four Berlin banks have organized a bank to do business in Turkey and Egypt.

Ambassador Reid has contributed \$100 to the fund for England's unemployed.

Ohio Democrats plan to control both houses of the legislature by unseating Republicans.

Another national strike of coal miners is imminent. Should it occur, 300,000 men will be affected.

Lieutenant General Chaffee has resigned from active service. He is succeeded as chief of staff by Major General John C. Bates.

Acting Public Printer Ricketts has forbidden the making of handbooks on the names among employees of his office, under pain of dismissal.

Witte is seriously ill.

Italy is fighting a trust of fire insurance companies.

The British army is to have a general staff at its head.

Twenty-four Russian provinces are in a state of anarchy.

The cruiser Minneapolis is said to be en route to the French coast.

New York courts are unearthing the perpetrators of election frauds.

Two men held up a South Denver bank in broad daylight and secured \$2,000.

The board of construction of the navy department wants larger battleships built.

## HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

Steamer Runs on Rocks Off North Coast of France.

St. Malo, France, Nov. 21.—One of the most soul harrowing tales of marine disaster in the history of the English channel was brought here late last night, when the tug Chateau Bryand arrived here in company with the steamer Ada, having on board six survivors of the 105 passengers and crew of the Southwestern railroad's steamship Hilda, which, while bound from Southampton to St. Malo, was driven on the Pontes rocks, three miles from here, during a blinding storm in the early hours of Sunday.

The steamer left Southampton Saturday for St. Malo with 86 passengers and a crew of 19 on board. The weather was bitterly cold, while a heavy snow accompanied by a high wind, made navigation well nigh impossible. Before the Hilda was clear of the Southampton harbor it was plain that the voyage would be very dangerous, and all passengers were driven below decks and the hatches battened down.

Owing to the wind and snow the vessel made but very slow progress, time and again having to steer from her course to avoid the strength of the waves, which rushed mountain-high down upon her. When off the Pontes rocks the Hilda was caught in a strong current, and before she could be turned head-on to the waves, she drove stem against the outermost promontory. She broke into three pieces almost immediately, and sank before it was possible to launch the lifeboats.

## FIND OF DIAMONDS.

Causes Excitement to Run High on Necanicum River.

Seaside, Ore., Nov. 21.—During the past week there has been intense excitement on the Necanicum. The secret of it all lies in the fact that an ochre mine, which is being developed just above the bridge across the Necanicum on the Elk creek road, has been yielding precious stones. Diamonds and rubies are said to be in evidence and a number of people have located claims. The ochre is of finest quality and plenty of the best freckle ever discovered is there, but when precious stone were discovered the excitement reached fever heat and people were coming from Portland to be guided to the diamond field. Everything looked good to the seeker after precious stones and every pebble they saw looked to them like a diamond in the rough. They are hoping that the digging will not "soon be over," but will continue until they have secured bushels of the precious stones.

The ochre is being sacked and shipped to Portland to be subjected to the necessary refining process, and from present indications a great industry will be built up near Seaside, which will give employment to a large number of men. This, aside from any precious stones which may be found in the mine, is the most desirable feature connected with the enterprise.

## NO COMPLAINT ON CUBA.

Isle of Pines Americans Merely Wish Change of Government.

Havana, Nov. 21.—The municipal council of the Isle of Pines has issued a lengthy statement denying the charges made by J. H. Keenan, of Pittsburg, and others, that the island is in a condition bordering anarchy and is without proper courts, schools, facilities for the protection of life and property. The statement alleges that these have all been provided and that, although various public improvements are necessary, the government has done more than the small revenues of the island warranted.

It agrees that the records show the actual ownership of Americans of lands in the island to be far smaller than has been asserted, since most of such lands are held on options or on the payments of small installments, and that they also show the amount of taxes paid by Americans to be very small.

The officers of the principal Isle of Pines land company, whose offices are in Havana, say that while they believe the island should be considered United States territory, they have no complaint to make of the Cuban government.

## Canada Takes Lessons.

Washington, Nov. 21.—The Canadian government has not been unaware of the almost miraculous transformation which irrigation has been making in the waste places of the United States, but has followed closely the work of reclamation inaugurated by the Federal government. The interest of our neighbors in that work has been heightened greatly by the influx of settlers to the Northwest Territories within the past few years. Heretofore Canadian agriculture has been confined to humid areas.

## Muting Among Prisoners.

Tokio, Nov. 21.—A telegram from Nagasaki says that 500 of the Russian prisoners of war bound for Vladivostok on board the vessels Vladimir and Boroneji have shown signs of mutiny. The officers of the two vessels applied to the Japanese authorities to dispatch troops and police officers to their assistance. One hundred constables have boarded the Boroneji and four Japanese torpedo boats have surrounded the two Russian ships.

## China to Pay Indemnity.

London, Nov. 21.—The Tokio correspondent of the Daily Telegraph understands that an Anglo-Thibetan treaty has been signed and that it provides that Great Britain shall acknowledge Chinese sovereignty in Thibet in return for which China will pay an indemnity.

# DECISION NOT FINAL

President Advocates Building of Lock Canal.

STEVENS IS OF SAME OPINION

Board of Consulting Engineers Will Make Two Reports — Canal Commission Says Locks.

Washington, Nov. 21.—Although the board of consulting engineers has decided in favor of a sea level canal, it is yet an open question whether the Panama canal shall be a sea level or a lock waterway. The decision of the board is not final. It was reached by a vote of 8 to 5 in favor of the sea level project, General Davis and Messrs. Barr and Parsons joining with the five foreign engineers against a lock canal.

The report of the board probably will not be submitted to President Roosevelt for five or six weeks. As to the character of the great project, the report will not be unanimous. In fact, two reports, one by the majority and one by the minority, will be submitted. These reports the president will lay before the canal commission and Chief Engineer Stevens for consideration. Mr. Stevens will come to the United States from the isthmus to take up the subject with the commission and the president.

It is conceded by the adherents of a sea level canal that to construct such a waterway will cost much more money and time than to build a lock canal. It is known that in the mind of the president these are vital elements. It is his desire, expressed to some of those who have discussed the subject with him, that the canal should be built as expeditiously as possible and at no greater expense than may be necessary to provide a practicable waterway. He has indicated to some of those to whom he has talked that he personally favors a lock canal, but he is determined fully that the subject shall be considered thoroughly from all points of view before a final decision is reached.

Mr. Stevens will leave Colon for Washington next Thursday. He is coming to give the commission information upon different phases of the work on the isthmus, but more particularly his view as to the type of canal. These views are already known to the officials who are in charge of the canal work, but an official statement from the engineer is desired.

Mr. Stevens told officials who recently visited the canal zone that, if a sea level canal was to be constructed, the government ought to put boys under 20 years of age in charge of it, so that they would last until the work was completed. The visit of Mr. Stevens for the special purpose of giving his views as to the type of canal indicates that the judgment of the consulting board of engineers is not definitely to determine the type, but that the commission will earnestly take up the subject and make recommendations. From

## SHAW WILL STAY.

Agrees Not to Leave Cabinet While Congress Sits.

Washington, Nov. 21.—Leslie M. Shaw will remain as secretary of the treasury in President Roosevelt's cabinet until the conclusion of the approaching session of congress, and perhaps for several months longer.

It has been understood that Mr. Shaw expected to retire from the cabinet about the first of February next, or sooner, with a view to greater freedom in promoting his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination in 1908, although the secretary himself never has announced himself to be a candidate.

President Roosevelt's attention was attracted to some recent publications that Mr. Shaw has presented his resignation to take place next February, or, perhaps, earlier, and today he had a conference with the secretary about the matter.

## New Service Inaugurated.

New York, Nov. 21.—With the departure from Naples yesterday of the new twin screw steamer Florida, the Lloyd Italian Societa de Navigazione inaugurated its service to New York. The company is an entirely new Italian organization, capitalized at \$4,000,000. The Florida is the first of five new steamers. The Florida on her maiden voyage, and first trip of the new service, carries 568 passengers. This service will make the number of lines engaged in the Mediterranean emigrant business total almost a dozen.

## Canal Needs \$16,000,000.

Washington, Nov. 21.—An estimate of \$16,000,000 for continuing work of the Panama canal has been sent by the Treasury department to the War department to be sent to congress. The estimate is for expenditure up to and including the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907. A part of this money will be necessary at once, and an emergency appropriation will be asked as soon as congress convenes, in order that the work may proceed.

## Loss of Distillery \$1,600,000.

Connellsville, Pa., Nov. 21.—Last night's fire at the Overholt distillery at Bradford resulted in a loss estimated today at \$1,600,000. It is estimated that 18,000 barrels of whiskey were destroyed. The whiskey was valued at \$645,000, and the government will lose the tax of \$1.10 a gallon, amounting to \$891,000.



## IN GRATITUDE STREET.

By W. M. Herschell.

I sought for the place where Gratefulness dwelt; They said 'twas in Gratitude street, Not far from the corner of Peace and Good-will, Where Faith and Hope avenues meet.

## A Thanksgiving Dream

By Gertrude Rodermond.

"I'm powerful glad to see that ar light in the window—it's like the light o' Heaven in this November drizzle," muttered the old New Englander to himself, stretching forth a hand seamed with plow wrestling, to extricate an umbrella twisted in some bushes. Farmer Sloan had seen that light in the window for the past two years, but not until now had its real significance dawned upon him, and he sighed.

"I wish," he mused aloud, "that I had half the faith in that ar boy that Marthy has. Two years this Thanksgiving since he went away, an' Marthy—baw! all mothers are like that—still sometimes it makes me a little shaky—what if I should be mistaken after all? Now, that that candle," gazing intently at the speck of shining light becoming lighter as the distance diminished, "is thar for Joseph. I dreamed last night that he wuz home agin, an' I swan I'd almost forgive his getting off with the fowl money if he'd come back to-morrow—just to reward the love back o' that ar light."

For a moment he took a mental survey of the pies and puddings seen in the pantry in the morning, and wondered why it was that Marthy had spent so much time in getting up the little cupcakes no one ate but Joseph. He hastened his lagging feet until he gained the heights and entered the old colonial kitchen, lighted by blazing walnut logs, piled high in the huge fireplace.

"Wall, this is comfort," and stepping to the fireplace, he dropped into a high-backed rocker. "Mother, mother!" he called. "Is that you, father?" called a cheery voice from an upper chamber. Before he could reply she ran lightly down the stairs and was standing beside him. A sigh of relief echoed through the warm kitchen, and he rose with an enthusiasm and agility that would have done credit to twenty-one, and folded the pretty, thrifty little housewife in his arms.

"Who's a-comin' to-morrow, mother?" he asked. "Eliza; and many times my heart would have broken but for her faith and cheering words, and this, in the face of the fact that her intended husband was driven away as a thief upon her wedding day, proves Joseph made no mistake when he decided to add a daughter to our household. She will be here to-morrow, and I have fixed up Joe's room for her."

A shadow crossed the old man's face as he gazed intently at the fire. After an interval of painful silence he rose, gave a weary yawn, then kissing Marthy on either cheek, slowly climbed the high, narrow stairs and went to bed. Sitting alone in the firelight, strange thoughts thronged that mother's mind. Two years before there was a scene in that very room she would fain forget. Farmer Sloan had entered the house, calling to her from the porch that he had laid the market money upon the kitchen table, and bade her take care of it. She was busily carding wool in an outer room, and did not heed the command. Finally she ascended the stairs and going straight to the kitchen table looked for the money, but not a trace of it was visible. The kitchen door had been left open—certainly by her husband—and she called impatiently to Joseph, who was dressing in an upper chamber, to take Eliza upon the last drive she was to enjoy as "Miss Eliza," and thinking he was playing one of his childish pranks upon her, she called in a voice unusually harsh. The young man hastened to her, his eyes flashing fire.

"Mother, do you think I am a boy again to tease you in this way?" Before she could speak her husband threw wide the door and looking into her pallid face surmised the cause and roared: "Joe, hand out that money!" "Father, I swear before heaven and mother, I have not touched your money—have not seen it—"

The old man strode forward and grasped his son by the collar. "None o' that, or you leave this house for ever, an' that gal for whom you have stolen it will never darken these doors!" "Oh, father, don't!" shrieked the terrified wife. "Joseph never touched that money—I'll never believe it!" "You lie!" cried the father, enraged to the verge of insanity.

Instantly the strong young man grappled with his aged parent, and clutching him by the throat forced him into the chair upon which he had been sitting, shouting: "Take that back, father! Take that back or I'll choke the breath out of your body." Like lightning the mother wrenched his strong hands from her husband's throat, and flinging her arms about his neck, held him as in a vise. "See—my fairing baby, for mother's sake don't lay your hands on father. He's wrong, but remember you are young—and his son, and something is due to old age!"

I went on my way, but the paths grew obscure Where Greed streets meets Ill-gotten Gain. And, somehow, the lights of the avenue, Gloom, Only darkened the alleys of Pain.

I crossed to Misfortune and turned in at Hate, Passing on to Deceit and Despair. And my heart sank to depths indescribably sad When I entered Despondency Square.

I stood as one lost when a child took my hand And, in voice that was blessedly sweet, Said: "I am Thanksgiving; I'll show you the way That leads into Gratitude Street."

And then, as by magic, a curtain was lifted. We stood amid scenes entrancingly fair. Before us lay avenues gilded with sunbeams, Back of us pitiless Woe and Despair.

Gratitude street lay straightway before us, Clad in a leafy gown, gorgeously bright. There in the center of Plaza Contentment Sparkled the fountain of Harvest Delight.

And as we drank of the joys of the picture Sunny-faced children thronged Gratitude street, Singing the songs of the Feast of the Autumn, Blazing a trail thro' the leaves at their feet.

Swiftly the baby procession came toward us, Thanksgiving shouted a greeting of joy: "Blessings upon you, O Children of Autumn! Yours is a happiness none can destroy!"

Each little chorister ran up and kissed her. Each had some tender heart-tribute to pay; Crowned her the Queen of the Grateful and shouted: "Long live thy festival, Thanksgiving Day!"

—Indianapolis News.

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described by the ranchman. Opening it, the first object that met his gaze was the old blue stocking, familiar to him from childhood. It was now completely stuffed with crisp, green bills. Replacing it, he took the box in his arms and returned to the cabin.

Placing the precious burden upon the table, he sat beside the bed, calmly awaiting the time when his patient should awake. An hour thus passed in gloomy meditation. Two years of his life had been blasted by the thieving, helpless wretch now lost in slumber. At last the sleeper awoke. Looking at Joseph, he feebly pointed to the box upon the table. The young man placed it on the bed beside him. Painfully raising himself upon his elbow he opened it and handed him the blue yarn stocking his mother had knitted with one foot on his cradle.

The sick man deliberately counted out two hundred dollars, and restored them to the stocking; then, with nervous haste, added another fifty, feebly murmuring: "The market money," and he again handed the stocking to Joseph, who took it with a gloomy air.

"Now get well, Jack, for I want to take you back to the old Bay State and make an honest man of you." A week later Joseph and his strange companion arrived in Boston. That night he telegraphed Eliza: "Am on the way home with thief and money. Tell mother."

This, then, was the secret of that silent preparation which had so mystified Farmer Sloan. Thanksgiving morning brought Eliza, radiant in new furs and brown stuff dresses. Drawing the old man aside, she quietly read to him a letter just received from Joseph.

"I swan, if I didn't think he was a-comin' by my dream," said the old father, rubbing his hands in glee. "An' to think that he run down that ar thief in Texas. Come to think on't, that ar fellow was on the road behind me on market day, but how he got into the house is the mystery." His eyes suddenly fell upon the table which mother was spreading. "Six plates and six chairs mean six persons—who can the other two be?" And he looked inquiringly at Eliza, who blushed to the roots of her black hair.

"One is for this latter day Judas, who has caused all the trouble, father, and—the other's for—the minister." Before the astonished father could reply, a scream of joy from the mother in the kitchen was heard, and looking out they saw her clasped in the arms of her stalwart son. In his wake was a man, too feeble to make many steps alone. The farmer recognized him as Ranchman Jack. The repentant man reached his hand to the man he had wronged. It was warmly clasped, while the mother, too happy for speech, pushed her son into the little sitting room, where sat Eliza, and quietly shut them in.

That afternoon there was a joyous home wedding on the hill and the minister said it was hard to tell which one of the quartette was the really happy one, but his verdict was in favor of the mother.—Waverley Magazine.

## The Thankful Heart.

If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it I might look for them with my clumsy fingers and be unable to detect them, but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies, but let the thankful heart sweep through the day as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's sand is gold.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## Our Turkey Crop.

The turkey crop of the United States finds its first important market at Thanksgiving, when, according to a reliable estimate, about 6,000,000 of the birds are sold. It is raised in small lots all over the country, each farmer contributing a few. This crop of 6,000,000 Thanksgiving turkeys, if all of them were marching in single file, would stretch from Boston to San Francisco and as far as Denver on the return journey.

## Anticipating.

Mr. Jinks (3 a. m.)—What's all this noise? Johnnie—Gee! Just had an awful nightmare! Thought it was the morning after Thanksgiving!