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....S. A. PATTISON....

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HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

INTRODUCTION.

My name is Unwin—Gerald Unwin. "Rev. Gerald Unwin, B. A.," I am usually styled on the backs of envelopes; for, though I have laid aside clerical duties, for the present at least, I am still in orders. Now that I enjoy leisure and the absence of those petty worries which prey upon the subordinate cleric more than the lay mind can conceive, I set myself to write out the strange narrative of event and experience which, in the Providence of God, have worked such a change in my condition. I promised myself and my friends some months ago that I would do this, but until now I could not bind myself to my desk; I have had too much other occupation, desultory, perhaps, but agreeable: in short, like the man in the parable, I have married a wife. Yet that is the very reason why my friends in town have pestered me, and now grow clamorous to know all about it. They have been good enough to remind me that, though it is proverbial clergymen get handsome wives, yet it is quite out of the common for so ordinary looking a priest as myself to win a lady so beautiful and distinguished as (they are pleased to say) my wife is; and, further, that though it has been whispered fine looking clerical tutors have had the audacity to aspire to ladies of very high rank indeed, their aspirations have usually been overwhelmed with contumely; and, lastly, they are consumed with wonder that I should have lighted upon a refined and delicate Frenchwoman in the wilds of Lancashire of all conceivable places. Perhaps, they add, with a touch of sarcasm which I can complacently endure, I was the only creature like a gentleman she had ever seen.

But my story is all too terrible and serious to be introduced with persiage.

CHAPTER I.

About two years ago I accepted a curacy in the village of Timperley, within a few miles of a large Lancashire town. If I had had much choice I would not have chosen a cure of souls among mill hands and miners. I would have preferred to perform my duties under a clear sky, rather than under a canopy of smoke; within call of fields and woods, rather than in a forest of tall chimneys and black heads of coal pits. But since I was disappointed in my hope of a cure in a certain pleasant village of Sussex, I resolved to go to Timperley in Lancashire. So when one dark afternoon of February I alighted at the nearest station on a branch railway, and asked a fellow passenger, who looked like a native, and who was hurrying away, whether he could direct me to Timperley—when I was answered with a curt "Noa," I was not disconcerted. I received a somewhat unintelligible direction from a station porter, and leaving orders concerning my luggage, I went out into the dark and the drizzle to walk to Timperley.

I tramped for half a mile or so along a well paved road, and then (according to direction, I thought) I turned down a narrow lane between a hedge and a wooden fence. I trudged some distance through deep mud, now stumbling upon lumps on the firm edge of the cartway, and now plunging into holes, when the lane seemed to lose itself in a field. I hesitated a little and then resolved to return to the road. My eyes were now used to the dark, and I perceived a foot path across the field inclining back toward the road. I struck into this, thinking it would save me some distance. But I soon found to my vexation that "the shortest way arcoss is the longest way round." I persevered over the sodden grass, and sometimes somthing else besides grass, and presently began to scent somewhat of the pleasant odors of rusticity, and my spirits rose a degree or two. I passed a low black wooden building, and guessed it was a cow house; I heard the animals pulling at their chains and munching their food. By-and-by I found myself again on a tolerably good road, came upon some houses of the suburban semi-detached villa description (at one of which I knocked and inquired my way), and soon, stumbling and splashing through exasperating mud and cinders, came out upon the edge of the valley in which Timperley lay.

I stood and gazed around me. Such a spectacle I had never seen before. I listened to and felt the feverish rush of the life of Lancashire industry. The birr and buzz of thousands of spindles, the swift click and thud of shuttle and loom, and the regular sob and respiration of mighty engines mingled with the rush of water and the plaintive panting of some machine as of an enslaved geni of the Arabian Nights. I could not at first apportion the sounds to the various groups of buildings beneath me. On my right was a many storied mill, whose bright windows were reflected in the glassy surface of a pond, on the banks of which there grew, pensive and forlorn, a few scrubby trees. On my left an aggregation of long low buildings with glass roofs, that looked with their shining backs like monstrous, crouching dragons of antediluvian days. Farther up the valley was another group of buildings wrapped in a cloud of steam. Immediately before me was a ruined mill, unroofed and gaunt, with its bell tower and its tall, cold chimney outlined against the sky; behind it was another group of irregular buildings. A dozen tall chimneys poured their smoke into the sulphurous air, which was pervaded by a certain glow—insufficient to dissipate the darkness, but enough to make the stream which wound down the valley gleam like a black gigantic snake. Now and again furnace mouths opened and glowed with a ferocious glare, while weird tongues of lurid flame flickered on the slope and ridge behind.

As I looked a great repulsion seized me. I recalled the Prophet's description in the Old Testament of the Valley of Hinnom or Tophet, in which men sacrificed to strange gods, and caused their sons and daughters to "pass through the fires to Moloch." This, surely, was one of the Tophets of modern days, in which the sons and daughters of England are made to pass through the fires of the Moloch of Wealth and the Baal of all-devouring Industry.

And still as I looked and thought of this the bell tower of the ruined mill before me fell with a loud clang, and there uprose into the air to mingle with the other sounds the frantic screaming of pigs and neighing of horses. I was not surprised; I was somehow prepared by the scene not to be surprised at anything that might happen in this strange region. I passed, however, hurriedly down the slope by a rough path, and found the road into the valley and the village. I heard voices and saw a dim crowd of people about the ruined mill, but the stream, black and evil-smelling, was between me and it, and I had perforce to let my curiosity wait. I continued my way into the village, which, I found, lay behind the many-storeyed mill toward the mouth of the valley and close to the high road by which I should have entered it. I had, as it were, let myself in by the back door. Before I was well into the village I passed an arrangement of low buildings with blank walls to the road, from which came no sound of life or work, but, instead, the vilest and strangest smells that ever offended the sense, and from the midst of which rose a towering chimney that smoked consumedly. These, I guessed, were part of the chemical works of which I had heard. I found the rectory at the other end of the village. I did not go—the rector was in bed ill—but asked to be directed to my lodgings.

I had some tea and then I prepared to go to dinner at the house of Mr. Emmanuel Steinhardt, one of the creators and lords of the Tophet into which I had entered. He was rector's church warden, and I had corresponded with him concerning the curacy, and had made this dinner arrangement a week ago. I asked my landlady where I should find Timperley Hall.

"Oh," said she, looking at me with a comical eye of respect, "you'll be going to Muster Steenheart's?" (so she pronounced the magnate's name). "He's at th' other end o' th' village on Shale Brow" (she called it "Brew"). "Stop a bit, mon." She went to the door of the room and called, "Dick, lad, you mun tak' the parson up to Muster Steenheart's." Then turning to me, she said, "He'll tak tha, mon," and withdrew.

I was amused; and when a minute or two later she called from the bottom of the stairs,

"Art ready, parson? Th' lad's waiting"—

I positively laughed to myself. My amusement increased when I saw my guide, a young Hercules in clogs, who might easily have "taken" me to Timperley Hall and farther under his arm.

Timperley Hall I discovered overlooked the valley from the side opposite to that from which I had first viewed it. Soon I was in its drawing room, shaking hands with Mr. (or Herr) Emmanuel Steinhardt, for I saw at once that he was of pure Teutonic breed, and I heard, when he had spoken a few words, that he must have spent all his youth and part of his manhood in the Fatherland: he spoke perfect English, but with an indescribable, tell-tale accent. I had just time to notice his burly figure, his somewhat rounded shoulders, and his massive bald head, when I was introduced to his wife, a tall, handsome, Lancashire woman (her speech betrayed her), with grey hair, evidently a good deal older than he; then to Miss Louise Lacroix, of whom I will only say at present that she looked refined and foreign—a rare exotic in this region of surprises; and, lastly, to "my son, Frank," a young man of one or two-and-twenty, who looked in every way and spoke like an Englishman. These introductions over, we sat down to wait for the announcement of dinner. There was very little said: they seemed constrained, and I was, perhaps, shy. No one seemed to think of trying to set me at my ease. Mr. Steinhardt sat watching the clock, and at intervals throwing questions over his shoulder to his wife. (One question I noted was, "Is Jim coming at all?"—to which she answered, "Jim said he might look in after dinner and smoke a pipe"—and I wondered who Jim was. I was wishing I had not accepted this invitation for my first evening in Timperley, when the young lady edged her chair a little nearer to me, and said, with the sweetest of smiles and the most musical of tones:

"You come from the south—from London; yes?"

Her accent was that most delightful of all foreign accents—the accent of an educated Frenchwoman. I answered that I had come from London, though I was not native there.

"I, also," said she, "come from the south; from London last, but from Paris before."

Here was common ground for pleasant reminiscence, and we became friends at once.

While we were talking I happened to glance across in Mr. Steinhardt's direction: he was looking straight at me for the first time. He rose and angrily rang the bell. Presently we went in to dinner. I, of course, sat next to him on his right, and noticed with some curiosity, as he carved, that his hands seemed encased in very fine lemon-colored gloves: a second look assured me that they were merely stained. His son's hands were similar, but of a deeper hue. For the first time it occurred to me that my host was the lord of the Chemical Dye Works.

"They were your works, I suppose, M. Steinhardt," I said, "that I passed after entering the village?"

I was alone on my side of the table, and had to speak to him, or be silent.

"Yes," said he, rather abruptly. Then after a pause, "You came by that road then.?"

So I related how I had lost my way, and how I had been struck (I did not say, "disagreeably") with the impression of ferocious energy my first view of the valley gave me.

"'Ferocious energy,'" he repeated, with a smile, looking at me as if he liked the phrase, and thought the better of me for having uttered it. "It is a great place for industry, and it will be greater yet."

I asked him how it happened that a large mill was unused and falling in ruins.

"That is mine," he answered. "It is unlucky. It was a spinning mill; once one of the floors fell through, killing many people, and twice it was burned, all in 10 years—yes, all in 10 years."

"And today it seems to have added to its work of killing." He looked at me. "You have not heard, perhaps," I said—

"What?"

I related what I had seen and heard.

"Have you heard of this?" he asked, glancing from one to another.

No; None of them had heard.

"I must see to it," he said, and stirred as if he would set out at once; but he added, "after dinner."

And after dinner he set out; and I thought better of him than I had at first been disposed to do because of his kindly feeling, though it were only for pigs.

In the drawing room, however, I was struck with the altered manners of the family in the temporary absence of its head. Mrs. Steinhardt was gossipy and kind—even motherly; Frank threw off his awkwardness and shyness, and delighted me with his skill on the piano; while Mademoiselle Lacroix was very bright and winsome. Yet, now conversing with her and now observing her (when, for instance, she sat near Frank at the piano), I could not but remark that a look of sadness overspread her sweet face—of sadness, and as of anxiously waiting for something or some one—whenever she was left to her own thought. This expression I was able to account for satisfactorily very soon.

We had been some time in the drawing room when the door bell sounded a loud peal, and at once I saw that subdued expression of patient waiting on Miss Lacroix's face flash up into one of eager expectancy. For a moment she looked at the door with her pale face gone paler, and listened with quick ear, till she heard the voice of the visitor, when her eager hope collapsed and sank into deeper sadness than before. It was a rich, cheery voice I heard come from the hall.

"Is th' new parson come?" it asked of some one.

"That's Jim," said Mrs. Steinhardt with a laugh—"my brother."

This, then, was the gentleman who had come to smoke a pipe. He entered—a tall, stout, ruddy Englishman, gone somewhat grey. He at once took possession of the room and of the persons in it. His bright and ample presence extinguished the gaudy, gorgeous furniture, and his voice, instinct with humor and un-self-consciousness, filled the void which usually reigned in that room.

(To be continued)

Divorce in Europe.

Divorce was established in Germany in 1875. From 1881 to 1885 the yearly number of divorces was about 8,000, while of late years it exceeds 10,000. In England divorce was established in 1857. During the years 1858-1862 the annual number was about 200; in 1894 about 550; in 1898 about 650. In Austria, where only non-Catholics can apply for a divorce, the number of demands for divorce increased 25 per cent in four years, and in Belgium about 20 per cent in four years.

Hard on the Cook.

Lord John Townsend, a British gourmet of 50 years ago, would often call to the footman in the middle of dinner: "Tell the cook to come to me this moment," which occasioned rather an awkward pause. Then, on the entrance of the poor cook with very red face from the combined effects of the kitchen fire and mental confusion, he would address her in a voice of thunder: "Pray have the goodness to taste that dish and tell me if you do not agree with me that it is beastly."

A Big Hog.

Down in Vladosta, Ga., recently, a hog was killed, whose gross weight was 1,260 pounds; his net weight was 955. Each ham weighed 102 pounds. This fat monster produced 501 pounds of lard, or nearly a tierce and a half—enough to last a small family about four years. Besides the lard, there was nearly a wagonload of sausage from this one pig, to say nothing about dishpans full of hogshead cheese, liver pudding and other products.

Right in Their Line.

"Those cold Boston girls naturally enjoy the Abbey 'Holy Grail' decorations in the public library."

"Why?"

"Because a frieze is right in their line."

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in a Condensed Form, Which Is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

The house has passed the army appropriation bill.

Germany will not oppose Russia's policy in the far East.

The naval appropriation bill carries $925,000 for the Puget Sound navy yard.

Cecil Rhodes left most of his fortune to the promotion of his educational scheme.

Heavy rains in the South have caused the Mississippi to overflow its banks, flooding many miles of territory.

Resolutions to investigate an alleged bribery scandal in connection with the sale of the Danish islands were adopted by the house.

Senator Mitchell has asked the commerce committee to increase the appropriation for the Columbia river and its tributaries $1,000,000.

CECIL RHODES.

The indications are for an early adjournment of congress.

Cecil Rhodes, "the uncrowned king of South Africa," is dead.

Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, is on her way home.

There may be some difficulty in the United States getting a coaling station in Cuba.

A passenger train struck a buggy in the suburbs of Pueblo, killing its three occupants.

Another mounted force of 2,000 men is being raised in Canada for service in South Africa.

Two masked men held up an Emporia, Kan., hotel, but were unable to break into the safe.

The president is receiving dozens of applications for the governorship of the Danish West Indies, should those islands be sold to the United States.

A force of Laguna rebels has surrendered.

Cuba will be turned over to the Cubans May 20.

There have been 40 cholera cases and 30 deaths at Manila.

A St. Joseph, Mo., man is under arrest for having 13 wives.

Emperor William's new yacht, the Meteor, will be ready to cross the ocean in a few days.

Two men, charged with grand larceny, sawed their way out of a Montana jail and escaped.

President-elect Palma, of Cuba, is confident that the career of the new republic will be successful.

Judge W. Van Devanter, of Chicago, has been prominently mentioned as a successor to Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock.

The senate is working on the oleomargarine bill.

An Alabama negro was lynched for the assault of a little white girl.

An agent of the Southern China rebels has arrived in this country to buy arms.

Governor General Wood, of Cuba, is being talked of as a successor to General Miles.

An ex-premier of Japan says his country is not going to have any trouble with Russia.

A Kansas postoffice robber has been captured on the Pacific coast after a chase of over 5,000 miles.

The mineworkers association of Pennsylvania has issued an ultimatum, and if it is not accepted by the mine owners a repetition of the 1900 strike will occur in the anthracite region.

Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, is in London and expects to make ascensions during the coronation season.

Parisians are discussing a plan of erecting wireless telegraph systems in that city to take the place of telephones.

J. A. Alexander, a rich and respected merchant of Casa, Ark., turns out to be James Huddleston, an escaped convict from Texas.

FOR M'NEIL ISLAND PRISON.

Foster Will Ask for an Appropriation for a Wharf and Prison Wall.

Washington, March 29. — Senator Foster has prepared a statement which he proposes to offer in support of a request he will make for an appropriation of $15,000 for the erection of an additional building, wharf, prison wall, etc., at the United States penitentiary at McNeil's Island. He points out that the prison labor can be used in making these improvements, and that a large quantity of brick made by the prisoners is now available for use in the building and wall.

There are confined in the prison anywhere from 135 to 150 prisoners, and, as a rule, these prisoners are unoccupied, which is undesirable. This would be obviated by setting aside $15,000 asked for, and would result in the further operation of the brick plant in the construction of buildings, prison walls and wharves.

Major Frank Strong, general agent of the department of justice, who recently made an examination and inspection of the prison states in a report that: "If it shall be decided to continue the present prison at McNeil Island it must be enlarged at once. This can possibly be effected by prison labor, at comparatively small expense, by using the brick on hand, and those which may be made hereafter, in construction of the addition."

Major Strong suggests that it will be necessary to provide a well built wharf, at which the regular steamers on Puget Sound may land. A suitable government steam launch to be used for transportation of supplies, etc., is needed. A suitable wall of brick, or a strong high fence or stockade, will have to be built solid to inclose the buildings and the prison yards. The leasing of adjacent grounds on which clay for brick-making is found, and where the manufacture of brick can be carried on, is also recommended.

RHODES' BURIAL PLACE.

Will Be on Kopje Near Where Wilson Made His Last Stand.

London, March 29.—In a dispatch from Cape Town, the correspondent of the Daily Mail says that Cecil Rhodes, when he last visited Matoppo Hills, selected the spot where he desired to be interred, and gave instructions to an architect concerning the memorial to be erected. The place of interment is beneath a natural cairn of giant boulders, on a kopje adjoining that on which Major Wilson's little force made its last stand. The memorial to be erected will be a prominent feature of the striking landscape. The date of interment is doubtful, owing to the necessity of the construction of a special carriage road from Buluwayo. At present there is nothing more than a bridle path. Work on this road has already commenced, but its completion will require one month.

Continuing, the correspondent says that a death mask of the face has been successfully taken. The features, which were distorted as a result of his malady, resumed their reposeful dignity in death. After the autopsy, which revealed an extensive aneurism of the heart, the remains were placed in a coffin and conveyed to Grootoschuur. The body has since been placed in a shell. It was found impossible to embalm it, owing to the operations necessitated by the attacks of dropsy.

RUSSIA'S HOLD ON MANCHURIA.

With One Excuse or Another, She Will Not Give Up.

London, March 29.—In a dispatch from Moscow, the correspondent of the Daily Graphic gives an interview with a Russian staff officer who had returned from Amur, Siberia. The officer is quoted as saying that the Anglo-Japanese alliance has sealed the political destiny of Manchuria, which, says the officer, will never pass out of Russia's possession. The brigandage rampant there will be used as a justification for the retention of a powerful Russian army. After the brigands have been suppressed, the Russians will remain in Manchuria to protect their railway and secure peace in Northern China.

The correspondent says the officer declared that to his certain knowledge a fully detailed plan for the civil and military administration of Manchuria has already been elaborated, and will receive the czar's approval in due course.

The President's Veto.

Washington, March 31.—President Roosevelt has sent to the house a veto of the bill for the relief of Emanuel Klauser from the charge of desertion. The president says this bill, like the senate bill in the case of James W. Howell, not only authorizes the president to act, but also orders the secretary of war to revoke and set aside the order approving the proceedings, findings and sentence of a general court martial and to grant an honorable discharge.

For a Mint at Omaha

Washington, March 29.—The house committee on coinage has ordered a favorable report on the bill of Mercer, establishing a coinage mint at Omaha, Neb., and appropriating $250,000 for a building.

Voting Machines at New York.

New York, March 31.—Voting machines may be used at future elections in New York city. The question of adopting machines was discussed at length at a meeting of the board of election commissioners today, and it was announced afterward that the president of the board, who has hitherto stood alone in opposition, has given his consent. It will cost the city about 600,000 to install the machines.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

The creamery plant at Junction City will soon be in operation.

A party of about 20 immigrants arrived in Yamhill county a few days ago from Tennessee.

A commercial club has been organized at Freewater to further the interests of that city.

The Golconda mine, in the Cracker creek district, seven miles west of Sumpter, has been sold for $250,000.

The business men of Salem, now that a flax mill is assured, are working for the establishment of a linen mill.

Preparations are being made to receive a 10 stamp mill and complete equipment at the Maybelle mine, in the Granite district.

The Grant county delegates to the Republican congressional convention are for Williamson. They are not committed for governor.

The noted Roaring Gimlet mine, in the Gold Hill district, has caused another sensation in the nature of a rich strike. The mine was purchased last week by Indiana men for $10,000, and since its purchase the new owners have struck a big pocket ledge on the main vein, and removed a pan of nearly pure gold, or about $18,000.

The Prohibitionists of Washington county will hold their convention April 5. It is the intention to place a full county ticket in the field. Democratic primaries were held in Umatilla county March 25 and the county convention in Pendleton March 29. The vote at the primaries was very light, there being no contest over the election. A full county ticket was named.

The Columbia River Development Company, of Arlington, has filed articles of incorporation. Capital, $500,000.

The settlers rates given by the railroads are bringing many new arrivals from the East daily, who are buying homes in various parts of the state.

The Baker City & Snake River railroad, with headquarters at Baker City, has filed articles of incorporation. Its object is to build a railroad from Baker City northeasterly to the mouth of Squaw creek, on the Snake river. Capital stock, $2,500,000.

Republican county conventions and primaries were held in a number of counties Saturday. In the Second congressional district the fight between Moody and Williamson was the chief issue. Results seem to have left the contest in as great doubt as ever. Moody appears to have the best of it in Baker county, and Williamson in Union. Wheeler and Gilliam are for Williamson and Sherman for Moody. Columbia county is said to be mostly for the Wasco county man. Clatsop will go for the man from Crook. For governor, Geer has carried a number of counties, and Furnish is in favor in Eastern Oregon. In many of the more important counties, however, the delegations are noncommittal.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 63½@64c; bluestem, 66c; Valley, 64@65c.

Barley—Feed, $20@21.; brewing, $21@21.50 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $1.15@1.22½; gray, $1.10@1.20.

Flour—Best grades, $2.80@3.40 per barrel; graham, $2.50@2.80.

Millstuffs—Bran, $18 per ton; middlings, $20; shorts, $20; chop, $16.50.

Hay—Timothy, $12@13; clover, $7.50@8; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, $1.10@1.30 per cental; ordinary, 70@80c per cental, growers' prices; sweets, $2.25@2.50 per cental.

Butter—Creamery, 25@30c; dairy, 18@22½c; store, 13@15c.

Eggs—14c for Oregon.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13@13½c; Young America, 14@15c; factory prices, 1@1½c less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $4.00@5.00; hens, $5.00@6.50 per dozen, 11@12½c per pound; springs, 11@11½c per pound. $3@4½ per dozen; ducks, $5@6 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12@13c, dressed, 14@16c per pound; geese, $6½@7 per dozen.

Mutton—Gross, 4c per pound; dressed, 7@7½c per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 5¾c; dressed, 6½@7c per pound.

Veal—8@8½ for small; 7@7½ for large.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¾@4c; steers, 4@4½c; dressed, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—12@13c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 13@15c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 21@21½c per pound.

About 32,000,000 tons of water roll over the cliff at Niagara every hour.

It takes the constant labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world.

From a twenty-year-old mulberry tree 218 pounds of leaves can be plucked yearly for feeding silkworms.

Hop growing has so greatly increased in the United States that last year 240,000 pickers were employed to strip 72,000,000 hop vines.

CECIL RHODES DEAD

Passed Away Peacefully at His Home Near Cape Town.

Cape Town, March 27.—Cecil Rhodes died peacefully at 5:57 P. M. yesterday. He slept in the afternoon, but his breath became difficult and his strength perceptibly diminished until he passed away. Mr. Rhodes was conscious until 5:55 P. M., when he muttered a few words and sank quietly. The immediate cause of his death was two successive attacks of heart failure.

Mr. Rhodes' last words were the names of his brother and some of the others present, which were meant to be good-bye.

The body will be taken to Grootoschuur, the residence of the deceased, near Cape Town, on a special train today. There it will probably lie in state for a day or two, and the public will be admitted to view the remains. It has not yet been determined where he will be buried. It was the wish of Mr. Rhodes to be interred at Matoppo Hills, Rhodesia. Certain of his friends will proceed to Matoppo Hills to determine whether it is practicable to carry out this wish.

The government has decided to give Mr. Rhodes a public funeral. His remains will be brought here from Grootoschuur for the burial service, which will be held in the cathedral. The body will be then taken back to Grootoschuur, and eventually will be interred at Matoppo Hill.

Cecil Rhodes' Career.

Cecil John Rhodes, the English colonial statesman, whose ambitions and ability won for him the title of the Napoleon of Africa, was born at Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, England, July 5, 1853. His grandfather was a well-to-do dairyman in the Islington suburb of London. His father, Rev. Francis William Rhodes, was for many years vicar of St. Michael's church in the parish of Bishop's Stortford. Cecil, the third son, a weakly youth, received his early education at the local grammar school, one of King Edward VI's foundation, as did his numerous brothers, one of whom died in the heart of Africa and others did honor to the rolls of the English army. A term or two at Oriel college, Oxford, followed, and then physicians ordered him to the Cape.

He landed with moderate means and took to diamond mining, ultimately consolidating all the mining interests and controlling the diamond supply of Africa. The warm African climate had made a mountain of energy of a weakly English youth. Cape politics soon attracted him. He entered the colonial parliament as a member for Barkly West and later took office in the ministry of Sir Thomas Scanlon. On the fall of Sir Gordon Spriggs' ministry, July 17, 1890, he became premier of the colony.

In 1891 he visited England, and while there donated $50,000 to the Irish Home Rule fund. In September, 1893, he took the field against Lobenguela, the warlike king of Matabeleland, with a flying squadron of 600 troopers.

When the Anglo-Boer war broke out, Mr. Rhodes was at Kimberley, where he remained during the siege, placing himself at the head of a regiment of guards that he organized and maintained. On the relief of the city, he hurried to London and met Mr. Chamberlain, but the subject or result of the conference was never announced. His health being bad, he returned recently to the Cape in the hope that the South African air would benefit him, but his condition steadily grew worse.

FOR ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

Chief of Agricultural Department will Visit Portland.

St. Louis, March 28.—The work on the world's fair has progressed so far that it is possible for a casual visitor to make out roughly the main features of the picture which is to be painted on the site with buildings, lagoons, trees and avenues. Saturday plans and specifications will be ready for the machinery building. The estimated cost of the building is $660,000.

The department of works has prepared plans for changes which shall convert the St. Louis Athletic Club on the world's fair site into a temporary hospital. The large increase in the number of men employed on the site makes some provision for emergency aid to the injured necessary.

F. J. Hart, architect of the Arkansas world's fair building, has arrived in St. Louis to make final survey and preparations for the erection of the building.

C. F. Taylor, chief of the department of agriculture and acting chief of the department of horticulture of the world's fair, and Charles M. Reeves, secretary of the joint committee on legislation and state and territorial exhibits, have left on a Western tour of exploitation, to last about three weeks. They will meet the governors of New Mexico, Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, as well as the members of the business organizations of the capitals of those states; also the leading citizens of several other cities, including San Francisco, Portland and Tacoma.

New British Army Rifle.

London, March 28.—The war office has approved the new rifles and they will probably soon be issued to the whole British army. The new arm is 19 ounces lighter and its barrel is 5 inches shorter, but it has the same range as the rifle now in use. It has the Mauser breech mechanism, but an improved bolt action. It is provided with a windgauge and a foresight. It will hold 10 rounds of ammunition in the magazine.