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No. 3 Portland Flyer	3:05 A M
No. 11 Mail & Express	3:54 A M

D. TIERNEY, Agent,
Arlington, Or.

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

It was wintry weather down in Worcestershire, though the May of the year in which our story opens was already two weeks old. It was a late spring, the country people said, meaning that the hail, and sleet, and rain, and bitter east winds were still in the ascendant, and that there was not a glimpse of sunshine from week's end to week's end. Times were hard and business was bad, and people already croaked about the danger to the harvest. It was a world that shivered by the fire still, and waited for a change. Weather-wise folks looked up at the leaden sky every day, shook their heads and said "more wet"; and the wet came down as though they had asked for it, and washed out the energy from three-fourths of the human-kind in Worcester.

It had been raining all day in the loyal city, just as it had rained the day before, and the day preceding that. It was raining at ten o'clock in the evening in as vigorous and lively a fashion as though it had just commenced, and the wind had turned out with extra strength to add to the dark night's discomfort. Worcester had lost heart and given up and gone to bed, and at the railway station, where, by the tables, one could ascertain that a train was behind time by three minutes, there was a faint semblance of life, more depressing than the elements. There was one fly, with its driver asleep in the interior of his vehicle, and its drabby horse coughing like a man. There was a wet old gentleman, glittering like a beetle in his waterproof as he walked up and down, under the dim gas lamps of the station. There was a railway porter's head peering occasionally from a half-open door, and declining to allow its body to come forward until the glaring eyes of the engine were seen advancing through the miseries of the night; and there was a short, thin, haggard scrap of a youth, in tattered corduroys and a red comforter, curled up on a porter's truck, and sleeping placidly.

The train that was overdue was not calculated to rouse the officials into energy. It came from a dull, dead branch line, and was going on to Gloucester; it was not likely to land many travelers or take up many at that hour of the night. When it arrived at last, it came into the station noiselessly and in a spiritless condition, as though the steam were low and the engine-driver had just buried his wife, and only one bespotted window was slowly lowered in a third-class carriage, as the train glided to the platform.

From this window an ungloved hand and arm protruded and unlatched the door, and then a stalwart man of four or five and twenty years of age, a bright-faced, brown-bearded man, stepped out, dragged forth a portmanteau and a hat box, stood aside to allow of the brisk entrance of the man in the shiny waterproof, and looked around him in that half-sharp, half-vague manner common to individuals who find themselves in places that are new to them, or have changed much since their last farewell. The guard banged the door to, the engine gave a melancholy wail, and tolled on with it burden; the youth in corduroys sat up on the barrow and stared at the portmanteau and hat box rather than at their owner; the fly-driver, who had roused himself, called out "Carriage, sir?" and not receiving a response, cut the coughing horse viciously under the chin with his whip and drove off at full speed.

The traveler, after a hasty glance at the sky, called out in a sharp, clear voice to the porter:

"I expected a carriage for me to-night."

"What sort of a carriage?"

"A private carriage from Mr. Culwick's, of Sedge Hill. Do you know Mr. Culwick by sight, or his coachman?"

"There has been nothing here but cabs all day—and there's nothing likely to come now, I reckon."

"Do you want anybody to carry your luggage, sir?" asked a weak voice, and the lad who had been dozing away time on the barrow obtruded in an edgewise manner into the conversation. The traveler glanced at him and said:

"It is too heavy for you, my man."

"No, it isn't," said the youth with alacrity. "I'm very strong; I have been waiting for a job all night, sir—if you don't mind, sir—for I'm very strong, I am, indeed!"

The eagerness of the request, the reiteration of his powers, the contrast which his words presented to his white cheeks, and eager, dark eyes, attracted anew the attention of the gentleman for whom no carriage had arrived, before the ralway porter turned upon the applicant.

"You get out of this, young shaver; you've been here a sight too long already," cried the porter, "and I've had my hi on you these two hours. It's no use your hanging about as if——"

The boy cowered for an instant, and then turned quickly on the man.

"And I'm very strong, sir," he urged again; "may I try? I'll carry it easily; see now!"

The portmanteau was raised and flung upon his shoulder, the other hand caught up the leather hat box, and the white face looked round the burden inquiringly.

"Where to, sir?"

"To Muddleton's Hotel."

The youth strode into the wind and rain, and then the traveler, after giving a tug to his cap, put his hands in the pockets of his coat and followed his guide across and out of the station yard. The youth turned a corner with the luggage, and the proprietor found him leaning against the brick wall of a house when he had turned after him.

"Which way, sir?" he inquired.

"Which way!" echoed the stranger; "why, straight along there. Don't you know the way?"

"Con't say that I know much about hotels—I haven't been at this kind of work a great while, sir."

"How long?" inquired the traveler, somewhat curiously.

"Three hours and a half."

"Come, that's perseverance, if we take the weather into consideration. You are the lad to make your way in the world, in good time. Three hours and a half. What have you been doing before this?"

"Nothing particular."

The lad trudged on. He wavered more in his gait, and splashed the legs of his companion with superfluous mud and water; and the man walked by his side, studying the roadway and unobservant of the failing efforts of the weak boy whom he had intrusted with a heavy task.

"Who are you, boy?" he said, without looking up. "What have you come to this sleepy city for?"

"I—don't know," was the reply, and a more sullen reply it was than usual, despite its jerkiness.

"Have you run away from home? Is that it?"

The man looked at the lad at this query—looked with a grave earnestness that betokened a keener interest in him than he had hitherto shown.

"If that's it, we are in the same boat, boy," said he. "I ran away from home ever so long ago."

"Because——" sad the lad, curious in his turn, and even stopping short for an instant for the answer.

"Because there was no place like home!—no place so confoundedly uncomfortable, and unsympathetic and hard-cornered—and so I put on my hat and walked out. And yet, after all—" he paused and made a clutch at his portmanteau, that he suddenly thought was in peril of slipping from the lad's shoulder—"Here, hold hard, youngster; what's the matter?"

"It's all right, let me be; I can carry it. I said I could," cried the boy, with excitement, and marching himself and luggage away from the touch of the elder man. This sudden effort seemed too much for the overtaxed strength of the porter; he reeled away toward the footpath, and went on with weak and tottering legs for a few moments, when he suddenly collapsed.

"You are ill—you are hurt," said the man.

"No; let me be, I shall get up in a minute. I'm a little bit giddy—the street turned round all of a sudden—but I will go on with the luggage presently."

"Oh, no, you won't," said the man, dryly; "you should have never attempted it. I was a brute not to see—the boy's going to faint."

He put his arms round him and lifted him into the doorway as he might have lifted an infant, and looked again at the white, wan face under the old Scotch cap.

"Poor little beggar!" he muttered; "why did I load him like this, and loaf along by his side. Here, what's your name? Can't you open your eyes, just for a moment, till I——"

Here his anxiety took the form of action, for, still holding the boy's head on his shoulder, he kicked with energy at the door against which he was leaning, and awoke the whole house.

A snuffy old woman, in an old black cap weighed down by grimy artificial flowers, was the first to wrench open the door; she had been sleeping by the fire, sitting up for a late husband, and she appeared with a bound on the doorstep, and nearly fell over the strange couple in her haste.

"Water—a glass of water, please," cried the traveler. "This child has fainted."

"What—who—water—whose child is it?" she called forth. Then she realized the urgency of the case and ran back into the room, returning very quickly with a light in one hand and a glass of water in the other, at the same time as heads peered down the narrow staircase, and some one opened a window above and asked twenty questions in stentorian tones, without getting an answer to one of them.

"You can come into the house, if he ain't going to die, mind you," said the woman. "Has he been run over?"

"No—crushed, that's all. Give me the water. Take off his cap and then let him be. He will get the air that way."

The Scotch cap was twitched off, and the woman and the man who was supporting the lad leaned forward and stared with amazement at two small side-combs which were in the head, and which had been used for fixing and drawing up beneath the Scotch cap a profusion of raven hair.

"Mussy on us, it's a gal!" cried the old woman. "Why, what's her game?"

"Ay, what's her game?" said the man very thoughtfully, as he echoed back the slang question of his interlocutor.

The girl heaved a deep sigh, and put thin hands to her head, as if she missed her cap already.

"She's been shamming," said the old woman, who had grown strangely uncharitable within the last few moments.

"She will do if we can get her home," said the traveler. "Are you better?—how do you feel now?" he asked kindly.

"I'm all right," was the slow answer; "I—I—think so. What has been—the——"

Then she stood up slowly, with her hands pressed to her temples, glared from the traveler to the woman with the light, gave a faint little scream of surprise, snatched suddenly at the cap dangling from the fingers of the woman, and with one wild spring forward, passed from them into the rain and wind, and vanished away in the darkness.

The traveler made one or two strides after her, and then stopped.

"Why should I follow her, and annoy her further?" he said, as he paused.

He remembered that he had given his strange porter no remuneration for services thus abruptly terminated, and started off again; but it was too late, and another memory coming to him that he was leaving his luggage in the street, he went back for it, and discovered that it was being taken into the house by the Samaritans, with a certain amount of undue haste.

"Thank you," he said, politely. He shouldered his portmanteau, picked up his damaged hat case and marched off to Muddleton's Hotel, where the waiter received him urbanely, but was puzzled at the quantity of mud which he brought in along with his luggage.

CHAPTER II.

Sitting in the coffee room of Muddleton's Hotel, his slippered feet planted on the old-fashioned brass fender, the man who had come to Worcester thought out the incidents of the day, and sketched forth a map of progress for the morrow. Warm and dry, and at his ease, the wan face of the masquerader of an hour ago came before him more often than he had bargained for, the girl being apart from his life, and only a stray incident by the wayside of a career that had been eventful and varied.

He was a man of the world, and had seen strange sights and met with strange chances and mischances, and yet he had not been at any time more perplexed than on this night of coming back home. There was a stern story, he was sure, of much privation marking the life of that weak woman who had struggled into a man's dress, and hung about Worcester railway station for man's work and man's wages; and he had experienced privation himself, and lived it down in some degree, not losing sympathy with it, or growing callous to it. Perhaps it was on his conscience that the girl had toiled hard for a sixpence, and he had not rewarded her for her labor. He rang the bell and the waiter entered.

"If anybody should ask for me——"

"Yes, sir—what name, sir?"

"Reuben Culwick," he replied; "but he—she will not know my name. The party who helped me with my portmanteau from the station, I mean, and who left me in a hurry. She—he is aware that I am staying here for the night; therefore, be good enough to ask him—her—the lad, I mean, or whoever comes," he added with a dash, "into the room to-night or to-morrow morning. Do you understand?" he inquired, as the waiter listened open-mouthed to these rambling instructions.

"Yes, sir—perfectly. Anybody who comes, man or woman. Yes, sir," he said with great briskness.

"Stop one moment," said Mr. Culwick, as the man flitted toward the door; "I shall want a trap to take me to Sedge Hill, and bring me back to Worcester, at ten in the morning," and the waiter having withdrawn, he set himself to his coal-fire studies once more. The instructions which he had given had sufficed to turn the current of his ideas, and the adventure of the night passed away from his mind with the deeper thoughts that followed it.

"And return," he said, and laughed to himself more than once—and odd laughs they were, of various degrees of hilarity, from the hearty and unaffected to the laugh with the inner ring in it, the undercurrent, as it were, of something which was scarcely irony, and which might have been interpreted into a lurking sorrow or regret by any one who had known his history.

"Yes, Reuben," he said when, at a later hour, he was going upstairs to his room, "to return; positively the last appearance of Reuben Culwick at Sedge Hill. Will there be much of a crowd to see the gentleman under those interesting circumstances?"

He had made up his mind to solve the riddle quickly for himself, and at ten in the morning he was standing in front of Mr. Muddleton's Hotel drawing on a pair of gloves and critically inspecting the animal which the proprietor had harnessed to the dog cart. Reuben Culwick looked up and down the street, and thought of his little adventure in Worcester last night. The waiter, not too busy, was standing at the door, interested in the temporary departure of the customer, and Reuben turned to him.

"Has any one called this morning for me?"

"No, sir."

"If any one should call about helping me with the portmanteau last night, give—him—half a crown. And ask her to call again," added Reuben Culwick, as he sprang into the trap and drove off.

"Give him a half a crown and ask her to call again," said the waiter, looking after him. "He doesn't know what he's saying. The old man at Sedge Hill will never make him out. A regular Culwick he is, and no mistake about it."

(To be continued.)

A DAY, MORE OR LESS.

Crossing the International Date Line in the Pacific Ocean.

Few incidents of a trip to the Philippine Islands, which so many Americans now have occasion to make, are more interesting than the crossing of the international date line, that imaginary boundary where, in going westward, a day is dropped from the calandar, and in going eastward one is aded. A California Congressman and his wife happened to reach it, on the outward trip, at midnight of July 3, so that they woke up to find the next morning the 5th, and that they had lost the national holiday for the first time in their lives. To have a September 23 for two days in succession on their return would, on grounds of sentiment, be an insufficient compensation.

The teachers who go out on the transports to the Philippines usually arrange elaborate entertainments to signalize the date line. One of their number is often dressed up as Neptune, and other characters follow in a procession around the deck. The festivities are made as fanciful as the resources and ingenuity of the party permit. Sailors on merchantmen as well as passengers on the fast mail steamers are accustomed to observe the day with some celebration.

One of the old governors of Massachusetts, on being asked to speak at a State normal school which he was visiting, submitted this conundrum: "Would a person who had traveled around the world 365 times in an eastearly direction be a year older than the records in the family Bible showed? If not, why not?" The governor explained that such a traveler would actually have lived one day more for each trip than the calendar showed as having passed.

In practice, the length of the trip around the world is such as to discourage most people from adding to their days by this roundabout process. Travelers between New York and Chicago are constantly having days of twenty-three or of twenty-five hours, according to the direction in which they are going.

Like the boundaries of our standard time-belts on this continent, the international date line has been so drawn as to occasion the least possible inconvenience. It deviates from the one hundred and eightieth meridian enough to leave all the islands as well as each continent wholly on one side or the other.

Patience is the king of content.—Mahomet.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting to Our Many Readers.

War between Japan and Russia is more probable than ever.

People from many cities are flocking to Chicago in search of loved ones.

The revenues for Great Britain show a decrease of $13,497,040 for the past nine months.

Washington officials believe the probability of war with Columbia is growing less.

Fargo Squiers, eldest son of United States Minister Squiers, was accidentally shot and killed at Havana.

Twelve employes of the Iroquois theater, Chicago, have been arrested on a charge of accessory to manslaughter.

Fearing he intended to flee, secret service officers have rearrested John A. Benson, the California timber operator.

Chicago will station firemen at the several theaters, at their expense, and any objection will cause the closing of the place.

Sir Thomas Lipton has signified his willingness to donate from $500 to $1,000 to those in need as the result of the Chicago fire.

To learn the land policy desired by Oregon was the object of Roosevelt in sending a commission to Portland to attend the meeting of the national livestock association.

On account of the theater holocaust the striking Chicago hack drivers and their employers have declared a truce for 10 days. Wages and other questions are not to be considered during that time.

Jerome Sykes, the well known actor, is dead.

W. J. Bryan's European trip failed to change his free silver views.

Roosevelt and the cabinet have considered the protest of Colombia and will answer it soon.

Secretary Root is conducting negotiations with General Reyes during the illness of Secretary Hay.

President Roosevelt has ordered an inquiry into the conditions at Kishinef, where Hebrews fear a second massacre.

Senator Fulton has shown the land commission that the present national policy is working to the injury of Oregon.

One report says Russia is slowly moving troops toward Pekin; another that she is more willing to make concessions to China.

The senate committee has outlined a probable action if Senator Smoot challenges the authenticity of the charges against him.

Japan has outbid Russia for two warships nearing completion in Italy.

Postmaster Bancroft will not be removed from the Portland postoffice.

Whatcom and Fairhaven have united and will be known as Bellingham in the future.

Santo Domingo has now two revolutionary governments and foreigners fear they will suffer.

The Japanese commissioner to the St. Louis fair says Japan will make no concessions to Russia.

Ghouls robbed many of the dead in the Michigan train wreck. The death list has been swelled to 21.

Russia is not prepared for war and may await a more favorable time, although she is buying large quantities of stores.

The Colombian charge at Washington has little hope of receiving a favorable answer and is preparing to close the legation.

During the present session of congress the navy will be materially strengthened. When the additions already authorized are completed the United States will have a more powerful navy than any other nation except Great Britain.

Italy has recognized the new republic of Panama.

Japan will send a large force to Corea to end rioting.

Russia will probably modify her demands rather than go to war.

Japan is buying large quantities of lead for the manufacture of bullets.

The United States has ordered a gunboat to Corea to protect the American minister.

Efforts are being redoubled to have China ratify the trade treaties with the United States.

The Colombian charge will quit Washington if Secretary Hay ignores Colombian demands.

A severe cold wave has swept the East and Middle West.

Large patent medicine manufacturers will, the first of the year, take measures to establish uniform prices.

Chief Newell, of the reclamation service, will visit Oregon and confer with the people about irrigation projects.

Chicago liverymen have decided to fight the union hearse drivers to a finish.

CITY IS STUNNED.

Chicago Is Completely Overcome by Grief for the Stricken.

Chicago, Jan. 1.—For the first time since Chicago has possessed bells to peal, whistles to shriek and horns to blow, the old year was allowed silently to take its place in history, and the new year permitted to come in with no evidence of joy at its birth. All Chicago mourned for the 600 persons who died in the fire, panic and suffocation at the Iroquis theater.

In an official proclamation issued yesterday afternoon Mayor Carter H. Harrison suggested that the usual New Year's eve celebration be omitted. The idea found a ready response in the hearts of the people and the mayor's words seemed only to give utterance to the universal desire.

The list of the dead continues as it was given last night, in the neighborhood of 600. A widely accepted estimate is that 564 is the number of the dead. This number will likely be increased, as there are persons in the hospitals who will probably die. It is believed, however, that the total will not exceed 600. Including the dead, missing and injured the total number of casualties is approximately 1,000. There were about 2,500 spectators and actors in the theater at the time of the fire.

In the excitement following the calamity, many persons were reported missing who have since returned home. No report of these returns has been made to the police, and their names still swell the list of the missing. When the names of the dead who are still to be identified have been subtracted from the list of the missing, it is probable that the extent of the catastrophe will be fully revealed.

RUSSIA WILL SAVE HEBREWS.

Government Fully Realizes the Probability of Massacre at Kishinef.

Washington, Jan. 2.—Simon Wolfe, of this city, who has been active in his endeavors to induce the United States government to make representations to Russia looking to the protection of the Jews of Kishinef, had an interview with President Roosevelt today. At its conclusion Mr. Wolfe said that at the request of the president himself, he could not discuss the interview for publication.

It is known, however, that Mr. Wolfe was informed that, prior to his presentation of the matter to the state department, the president had directed the United States consuls in Rusisa to inform this government if there was any likelihood of a repetition of the Kishinef massacre of last spring. The replies to that inquiry thus far received have been reassuring. Moreover, they indicate that the Russian government is fully alive to the reports of possible trouble at Kishinef on January 7. In view of that fact, it is assumed that the Russian authorities will take, if indeed they have not already taken, setps to prevent a recurrence of the massacres.

"THERE MAY BE WAR."

Russian Journals Assume a Decidedly Pessimistic Attitude.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 2.—The foreign dispatches received here yesterday afternoon are reflected today in more pessimistic editorials. The Novoe Vremya begins its leader with: "There is no war today; tomorrow there may be war."

The paper rather fatalistically directs attention to the fact that wars marked the opening of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries.

The Novoe Vremya nevertheless still professes faith in a peaceful settlement, saying: "We believe Japan will not place Russia in a position where to yield would appear to be a renunciation of the defense of her vital interests in the far east. Russia does not desire war, but nobody believes Rusisa will permit the Japanese or other nations to execute a diplomatic dance upon Russia's peaceful disposition. In firm consciousness of her power Russia will await events."

China Acting Hostile.

Paris, Jan. 2.—The Chee Foo correspondent of the Paris edition of the New York Herald says that Colonel Artimeff, who is in close touch with Admiral Alexieff, Russian viceroy in the Far East, declares the situation is most critical. The Japanese, he says, apparently want war, and the Chinese, especially Yuan Shi Kai, commander in chief of the Chinese army and navy, are assuming a hostile attitude. Disturbances in Manchuria are due, he says, to the support the Chinese government is giving the bandits.

Insurgent Ships Taken.

Santo Domingo, Jan. 2.—The provisional government has captured two vessels from Curacao, which were carrying arms and ammunition for the insurgents. The vessels were brought to this port and 15 prisoners landed. The insurgents who attacked General Guerrera have been defeated and several prisoners taken. There was fighting yesterday morning between government troops and insurgents outside the city.

December Shows a Surplus.

Washington, Jan. 2.—The forthcoming monthly statement of the government receipts and expenditures will show the total receipts for December, 1903, to be about $42,747,532, and the expenditures $32,248,000, leaving a surplus for the month of $10,499,532. The surplus for the six months of the present fiscal year will be about $8,433,667.

FIRE IN THEATER

GREAT THRONG BECOMES PANIC STRICKEN AND 500 KILLED.

Scores Trampled Under Foot, Others Burned to Death in Their Seats—Bodies by the Score Lying in Undertaking Parlors With Little or Nothing Left to Aid in Identification.

Chicago, Dec. 31.—About 550 people were killed in 10 mnutes this afternoon during a fire in the Iroquois theater, the newest, the largest, and, as far as human power could make it, the safest theater in Chicago. Estimates of the dead and injured vary. The police count is 536. The estimate of the newspapers is 560. There are 55 people missing at midnight, the majority of whom are probably among the dead in the morgue and various undertaking establishments. Eighty-six of the dead have been positively identified, and 92 others are known to be injured.

Some of the people were burned to death, many were suffocated by gas, and scores were trampled to death in the panic that followed the mad plunge of the frightened audience for the exits.

There are bodies lying by dozens tonight in the undertaking rooms, in the police station and in the hospitals, from which nearly everything that could reveal their identity to those who knew them best is gone. Their clothing is torn to rags or burned to cinders and their faces have been mashed into an unrecognizable pulp by the heels of the crowd that trampled them down as they fled for safety.

The count of the dead was practically completed at midnight, but it is not yet accurate, and the exact number will not be konwn before some time tomorrow. Despite the utmost care, great confusion marked the removal of the bodies.

In their haste the police transported bodies to undertaking rooms, and in many instances forgot to report the fact to their station. This is evidenced by the fact that in five different establishments bodies were reecived of which the police had no record whatever. Allowing for these discerpancies, the lists made by the police and the newspapers practically agree.

The fire broke out during the second act of the play, "Mr. Blue Beard," which was the first dramatic production produced in the theater since its erection. The company, which was very large, escaped to the street in safety, nearly all of them, however, being compelled to flee into the snowy streets with no clothing but their slight stage costumes. A few members of the company sustained minor injuries, but none was seriously hurt.

With a roar and a bound the flames shot through the opening over the heads of the people on the first floor and, reaching clear up to those in the first balcony, caught them and burned them to death where they sat.

Immediately following this rush of flames there came an explosion which lifted the entire roof of the theater from its walls, shattering the great skylight into fragments. As soon as the flames appeared beyond the curtain a man in the rear of the hall shouted, "Fire, fire," and the entire audience rose as one person and made for the doors. It is believed the explosion was caused by the flames coming in contact with the gas reservoirs of the theater, causing them to burst.

The theater was completed less than a month ago, at a cost of half a million dollars, and was the finest playhouse in Chicago. It was opened to the public on the night of November 23. The style of the structure, architecturally, is French Renaissance, which has a strong suggestion of the classic. It has a total seating capacity fo 1,724 chairs, with plenty of good standing room on each floor. The balcony had seatings for 475 persons. The records of the city building department show that the theater was complete in every detail and that it was absolutely fireproof, all requirements of the law having been complied with.

China Is Blamed By Russia.

Pekin, Jan. 1.—Huy Ufen, director of the imperial railroad, has returned from Port Arthur, where he has been interviewing Admiral Alexieff as to why Russia has not evacuated Manchuria. The Russian commander, it is reported, told him that Russia is disappointed at the failure of China to listen to proposals that would mean an amicable settlement of every point at issue. Alexieff, it is understood, warned the director that China is being deceived by Japan into an unfriendly attitude that is unwise.

Work Has Not Stopped.

New York, Jan. 1.—Seventeen hundred men are at work on James J. Hill's big steamships at New London Conn., and work is being rushed to complete both ships by next summer. Operations were practically stopped last summer by strikes, and it was determined to try and finish only one ship, but the present plan is to complete them both. Unless there are further strikes the work will be carried on steadily.

Japan Will Not Wait Much Longer.

Berlin, Jan. 1.—The Lokal Anzeiger without reserve says: "The Japanese government has informed the representatives of the powers at Tokio that the situation at this moment is unbearable, and that Japan must strike if Russia does not accept the propositions Japan has submitted, as Japan cannot longer wait for a final decision."