

THE CRISIS NEAR AT HAND

Within the Next Few Days Startling Developments Are Expected in China.

Reports of the Arrival of the Relief Force at Peking Are Circulated, but Are Taken With Reserve—Negotiations With the Generals.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—The allies are reported to have reached Peking Monday, says the Shanghai correspondent of the Daily Express. He adds:

"The Chinese official news is without detail." The Paris message reveals this, but the statement, especially as it emanated from Shanghai, must be accompanied with considerable reserve.

The London papers are divided in opinion, some believing that the allies have already reached Peking, others believe that relief will not be accomplished until the end of the week.

From Yang Tsun, August 6th, the Daily News correspondent says: "Sir Alfred Gaselee hopes to keep the enemy running, and follow him right into Peking."

LONDON, Aug. 16.—Ngua Ping was occupied without firing a shot, by the allies, according to a dispatch to the Daily Express from that place, dated August 11th. "It is believed," the message adds, "that Generals Tung Fu Siang, Ma, and Chung are entrenched, 40,000 strong, at Tung Chau."

Tung Chau appears to be about twelve miles from Peking. A dispatch to the same paper, from Shanghai yesterday, says the officials profess to be willing to hand over the foreign Ministers, families and servants, but will not permit the departure of native Christians.

"The Russian Government," declares this telegram, "has notified Li Hung Chang of his willingness to receive Minister De Giers outside the walls of Peking, thus avoiding the entrance of a Russian force. This action is calculated to embarrass the allies seriously. Japan demands that General Yung Lu shall meet the allies outside the city walls and deliver the Ministers, and all native Christians."

THE TENSION INTENSE.

Washington, Aug. 15.—The tension of the Chinese situation has been intense throughout the day, for it is appreciated by the officials that the crisis has reached an acute stage, which cannot be continued many hours without bringing word of momentous import, determining either for good or evil, the entire course of events. One of the latest developments, today, was the statement that messages are being received from Minister Conger, which are not transmitted through any of our officials in China, or through the Chinese Minister here, but directly to the State Department. These messages come by way of Tsi Nan. As far as messages have been received, there is no indication that Conger received any information or dispatches from the State Department. Nothing could be learned of the contents of the dispatches received.

While it is not known what resistance has been made, or will be made, to the advance at Tung Chau, Secretary of War Root and other officials would not be surprised to learn of a serious battle at that place.

Word came early in the day, to the Navy Department, that the Chaffee had reached Ma Ton, about twenty miles from Peking. This occurred Friday or Saturday. The feeling among the officials was shown in the extreme circumspection thrown about all messages relating to China, and it was announced, both at the State and War Departments, that communications from Conger or the United States consuls concerning affairs in China would not be made public. It was explained that this was based solely on the fact that the crisis involved so many possibilities of hazard to the 800 Legations in Peking, that the greatest caution must be observed against disclosures which would further imperil those in danger.

With the army at Ma Ton it is felt that any one of several conditions might be presented in the near future. The Chinese officials concerned in the belief expressed by the Chinese Minister at London, that there would be a speedy and sudden change, and peace within the next few weeks. Some of the Japanese officials believe that, when the allies reach Tung Chau, they will find Peking a deserted city ahead of them.

The arrival of President McKinley tomorrow is looked upon with great interest, in view of the gravity of the crisis.

A COLLISION.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 15.—A freight train collision occurred Tuesday night, on the Northern Pacific, at Matwood. No damage was done except to the rolling stock.

AFRICAN METHODISTS.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 15.—The annual session of the Puget sound conference of the African M. E. church opened today, with a full attendance from Washington and Oregon.

TELEGRAPHY IN CHINA.

System Ramifies Pretty Much All Over Empire.—Under Government Control.

In view of the great interest now taken in news from China and in the new methods of its dissemination from various points there, inquiry has been made in regard to the system of telegraphic communication in the celestial empire. In answer to questions on behalf of the New York Commercial Advertiser, William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer of the Rapid Transit commission, who was in China in 1898 and 1899, gave the following account

a mandarin of the extra first-class, or highest rank, which entitles him to the exalted distinction of wearing the carved red button."

SCATTERS GOLD IN A SALOON.

Scott A. McKeown Spends \$65,000 in Four Months Having a Good Time.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 9.—Scott A. McKeown, son of a millionaire manufacturer of Pennsylvania, who recently wedded Miss Dorothy D. Studabaker, of the wealthy family of carriage-makers, has been scattering \$20 Palace hotel here. McKeown, it is said, went East about four months ago to replenish his rapidly depleting purse and returned with about \$65,000, all of which he has succeeded in spending in the above-mentioned space of time. His friends and hangers-on helped him in getting rid of his money, and his coterie of chums have had a magnificent time at his expense.

McKeown, though only 22 years old, has succeeded in spending nearly \$400,000 in two years.

DIES AT AGE 105 YEARS.

Hoffman Was Never Sick, Nor Ever Used Medicine, Tobacco, or Liquor.

Hazelton, Pa., Aug. 9.—A remarkable old man died in East Butler township seven miles from the city last night in the person of Henry Hoffman, aged 105 years, two months and two days. He was never sick a day in his life, never took any medicine and never used tobacco nor liquors. He was born on a farm near New Brunswick, N. J., on June 6, 1795, and came of sturdy and long-lived stock. He was a small farmer and wood-chopper all his life, and when he was 92 years still went out into the woods daily and chopped several cords of wood. He was always a keen hunter and last fall when 104 years old bagged a number of rabbits, pheasants and woodcock.

THE ANTIS MEET.

Attendance Was Disappointing—Evidence That Democrats Are in Control.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 15.—The first day's session of the Liberty Congress of the National Anti-Imperialistic League was somewhat disappointing so far as the attendance of delegates was concerned. About 300 were present, and more are promised for tomorrow. A public meeting in the evening was better attended, and the reading of Bourke Cockran's letter was the signal for tremendous applause. The greatest demonstration of the session came this evening when George Boutwell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, concluded his address as chairman with the declaration that he had turned his back on the Republican party, and should support Bryan for President.

George Meyer, of Philadelphia, called the convention to order, presenting Edwin Burritt Smith, of Chicago, as temporary chairman. After a short recess the convention met again and listened to a number of brief addresses. The permanent chairman, Governor Boutwell, was accorded a great demonstration when he took the gavel and proceeded with his address.

BRYAN'S AMBITION.

Would Make This Country Great and Good, He Says.

Chicago, Aug. 15.—Bryan, Stevenson and others made speeches today, at Sunnyside Park, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the United Irish Societies of Cook county. The attendance was large. Bryan in the course of his speech said: "I do not want you to think my happiness depends upon any public office within the gift of the people of this country. I have a higher ambition than to be President. An ambition to do what I can to make this Nation so great and good, that to be a simple citizen will be greater than to be king in any other land."

FUNERAL OF HUNTINGTON.

New York, Aug. 15.—The remains of the late Collis P. Huntington were brought to this city today. The funeral service will be private, and will be held on Friday morning.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

LATE NEWS FROM NOME.

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 15.—The steamship Centennial arrived this afternoon from Nome, with over 500 passengers, bringing news of the wreck of several vessels on the Nome beach August 2d and 3d, during a severe storm.

The tug Effort and the schooner Toaster drifted on the beach. Many small craft went ashore. Several drownings occurred.

General Randall has received authority to send back the indigent sick and destitute at the expense of the Government. He received over 3,000 applications for passage.

CRIME AT NOME.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 15.—The criminal element is again in the saddle at Nome, according to passengers who arrived by the Centennial today. For a week or more prior to the vessel's departure, thieves and fire bugs had kept the city in a state of suppressed excitement, and talk of lynching was heard.

The greatest indignation was aroused by the discovery and frustration of three separate attempts to burn the city. The newspapers were full of accounts of the doings of highway robbers, burglars, pickpockets and incendiaries.

A BIG APPLE CROP

PRESENT PROSPECTS BETTER THAN FOR SOME YEARS.

Success in the Business—Interview With One of the Largest Growers and Shippers in the World.

"Taken as a whole, the apple crop of the United States and Canada promises better this year than for any recent year," said George C. Richardson of Leavenworth, Kan., one of the largest apple-growers and shippers in the world, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter.

Mr. Richardson is a firm believer in the future of the Missouri valley as the greatest apple-raising country on earth, and has backed his judgment to the extent of some extensive investments in orchard lands. He is president of the Missouri Valley Orchard company, which owns an 800-acre apple orchard in Leavenworth county, Kan., said to be the largest in the world. His firm ships between 75,000 and 100,000 barrels of apples each year, principally for export, and also operates a large cold storage plant at Leavenworth.

"The outlook in the apple-raising portions of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas is for a good half crop," continued Mr. Richardson. "In Arkansas, Nebraska and Iowa the prospects are for 40 per cent. of a full crop; in the Pacific coast states, Oregon, Washington and California, a full crop; Michigan, full crop, dropping badly; western New York and New England, average crop; central New York, damage of a local nature from canker worms."

Mr. Richardson chatted interestingly of the apple business and the necessary qualifications for success in it. Although one of the most extensive growers and exporters in this country, he makes no personal pretensions, but lays down rules which almost any farmer in the western fruit belt can achieve success. He believes the apple business is yet in its infancy, and that there is no danger of over-production, as the increasing population and growing foreign demand will more than keep pace with the supply.

"A man in the apple business must use the same care and industry and apply the same methods that he would in successfully raising a crop of corn," said he. "If he lets his orchard grow up in weeds and the ground become hard and baked, so the undergrowth will consume the moisture which the tree should have, he will be disappointed in his crop. If he neglects the cardinal principles of scientific insecting, so as to relieve the tree of insect pests and fungus growths, and fails to cultivate the ground properly, he will get culls instead of apples. The commercial orchards, of which there are many in this section, have proved that both the quality and quantity of the apple crop can be improved by attention to these details.

"Many orchards are being planted in the west, but comparatively few in the east. This is regarded by those who claim that the permanent fruit belt of the country is in the west as a significant fact. It shows that the orchardists of the west are making money, at any rate. I claim that the farmer can raise a bushel of apples cheaper than a bushel of corn and get more prices for the acre. At present prices he can get more of the bushel of apples than for the bushel of corn. This suggests the question of price and its influence upon consumption. I believe that were apples sold at a price that would permit the wage earners to purchase them as a regular article of food, there could not be enough grown to supply the demand. Let the apple cease to be classed as a luxury, as it is, even in the 'apple belt,' and it becomes a question not of a market for the apples, but of apples to supply the market.

"Cold storage as an adjunct to the apple business is no longer an experiment. When properly packed and prepared, the fruit can be kept for nine months in this manner, and reach the market in perfect shape. The trouble with many people who try to keep apples in cold storage is that they do not properly pack the fruit beforehand, using only the sound apples. Good fruit, properly packed, should keep from October until the following July, with very little shrinkage except that which naturally results from the change from a temperature of 75 or 80 degrees to 33 degrees, which the consensus of opinion regards as the best for cold storage purposes. Our experience has been that cold storage prolongs the life and keeping qualities of an apple, and that when the proper conditions are observed it is an unqualified success.

"To the exporter especially it is an inestimable boon. We ship about 2,000,000 barrels of apples from this country to Europe every year. Most of these go to England, although Germany is buying American apples in greater quantities each year. The shipping season lasts from the beginning of the movement of winter apples in the fall until the following May. The late spring shipments are always made on board steamers which have refrigerating plants, on which they are loaded from refrigerator cars. There is not much prejudice against American apples abroad, although Hamburg did shut out fruit for a few years ago because of the 'San Jose' scale. The scare over this resulted principally from the box apples shipped from California. In England apples are catalogued as 'lights,' etc., according to the condition of the barrels on arrival, and it is necessary before shipping to have the barrels made perfectly secure, else the contents will be graded lower.

"The most popular varieties of apples are still the Ben Davis, Jonathan and Missouri Pippin. These are all showy winter apples and find a ready market abroad. The Ben Davis is planted more extensively by commercial orchardists than any other, for the reason that it will stand more abuse and ill treatment and come out better after shipping than any other variety."

The National Apple Shippers' association, of which Mr. Richardson is president, has a membership of about 300, including some of the apple dealers in England, Canada and every state in the American Union.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

While the Fred C. Cruger association of the 19th New York assembly dis-

trict was picketing with Mr. Cruger at Staten Island the other day Mrs. Cruger up on West Twenty-seventh street had not been idle. She had given birth to their first child. Then she sent for a sign man and had stretched across the street a big banner. When Mr. Cruger marched proudly back at the head of the association he was greeted by a sight of the banner, on which was the single word, "Papa."

A Shadow Barrier.

Alva had always known that David had been engaged before, but his love made her so happy that she did not think very much about the matter.

When he asked Alva to marry him David told her of his previous engagement, and there the subject rested. Alva had felt no resentment against the other woman, for David's love was too complete to leave any room for jealousy.

But one evening, as they sat in the cozy window seat in the library, watching the sunset colors change and glow, there came to Alva the woman's instinct to probe the heart of the man she loves, and lay bare all its secrets.

"Do you love me, dear?" she began, moving closer to run her fingers through David's hair.

"Indeed, I do, my darling."

"Better than you ever loved any one before?"

"Yes, dear."

"That other woman—the one you were engaged to first—did you love her?"

"Of course, or I shouldn't have asked her to marry me."

Alva's hand dropped to her side, and the man took it and held it in a strong clasp.

"It seems odd," mused Alva. "I suppose you sat by her side and held her hand just as you are holding mine now. Did you make the same pretty speeches you do to me, I wonder?"

"Certainly not," replied David, gently. "No man ever makes love to two women in quite the same way."

"No; men are too adaptable for that," said Alva, but there was no malice in her voice; and David, glancing at her quickly, saw that she did not realize how deep the truth of her remark lay.

"Isn't that red sky gorgeous?" he asked, after a moment. "In a little while it will be the faintest pink."

"It's wonderful," said Alva. "Do you know, dear, that you never told me which one of you broke that engagement?"

"Didn't I, dear?"

"No," Alva answered, "but don't tell me if you would rather not," she added softly. "Somehow I feel sure that you did."

"Yes," David said, "you are right. I broke it."

"I am glad it was you," said Alva, quickly. "because it makes me feel sure you have no regrets. I never had any patience with the false notion of honor that prevents a man from breaking an engagement. I don't see how it can be honorable to marry a woman when you do not love her."

As she spoke Alva looked at her lover to see whether he shared her opinion. His face, with the glory of the sunset full upon it, was very sober.

He did not speak for some time, and Alva waited, knowing he would soon tell her what was in his mind.

"I did not break my engagement because I had ceased to care," he said finally. "But the woman I was to marry did me a great wrong, and I lost faith in her. I could not marry a woman I did not trust, so I released her. I think it right to tell you this, dear."

"And then," said Alva softly, "you ceased to care."

"Yes, dear, I ceased to care. Not all at once, but gradually. There, now the sky is pink, a pink that would just become you. Don't you wish I were equipped with wings, so I could fly up and get you a piece of that cloud for a ball gown?"

"Was it before you met me or afterward that you ceased to care?" Alva asked.

"I hardly know. It was before, I think, that I stopped caring, but it took you to restore my lost faith in womankind."

"And I made you forget?" Alva's voice was hushed with tenderness.

"Yes, dear, you made me forget," said David in the same tone. "See how fast the pink is fading?" he continued. "It is just as well I could not get you that ball gown, I guess. I am afraid the color wouldn't wash."

Once Alva would have retorted tartly that people didn't wash ball gowns, but now she gave his hand a tiny pressure and said:

"It must have hurt you dreadfully to be treated so. Are you sure the hurt is all gone?"

David returned the pressure, but he did not speak at once. Alva looked up at him, but the light was growing dim, and she could scarcely see his face.

"It still hurts a little, dear," he said slowly; "not because I have any regrets, but I feel a resentment because of the way I was treated. I shall get over even that in time, but now it makes me angry to think of it. I love you dearly—better than I ever thought I could love any one, but a blighted trust must always leave a scar, I suppose."

"Poor darling!" Alva's free hand went to David's head, and ran fingeringly through his curls and across his forehead. With a caressing emotion her fingers touched first his cheeks and then his eyes.

Suddenly she felt something wet against her hand. Her body grew tense, and her arm dropped to her side as though she had been stung.

David had said that the other woman was nothing to him now, but that tear in his eye! Slowly Alva drew her hand from his clasp, but he did not seem to notice. Presently she shivered, and he felt the motion.

"What is the matter, dear?" he said. "Are you cold? Shall I close the window? See, the pink is only a dull gray now."

"No, I am not cold," said Alva, warily. All the brightness seemed to have gone out of her life; it had changed from gorgeous crimson to a dull gray while the sunset faded. Her heart ached, and her head throbbled. She wanted to be alone—to think it over.

"I have a headache, dear," she said aloud. "I think, if you will excuse me,

I will go to bed. Perhaps it will be better by morning."

"I hope so, darling," answered her lover, adding in a whisper: "I am sorry. I'll go now," he continued, "and tomorrow afternoon I'll come and take you for a drive."

"Thank you, dear," said Alva, but the face she lifted to his was unresponsive to his kiss.

"Why, your hands are cold!" cried David. "How thoughtless I was to let you sit so long beside that open window! These evenings are cool. But I was watching the sunset and did not think."

Alva sighed. It was not the sunset that made him forget, she thought. All night Alva lay awake, staring into darkness. When daylight came she got up, and wrote the following letter to her lover:

"Dear David: I am sorry—I did not mean to hurt you last night, I did not suppose it could hurt you to talk of her. But it did, dear, and so although you do not know it, you must care for her still. If you did not love her, the thought of her could not bring tears to your eyes.

"I am going to break our engagement, dear, for I love you too well to have even a memory thereof in my Ah, you don't know how it hurt me when I saw that you did not want to talk of her. Had I shown tact, I would have changed the subject, but I could not do that."

"And I should always be wanting to talk of her to see if it still hurt you. It will be easier to endure the agony of separation than to go through life with this awful ache in my heart, and feeling that I have not power to heal a hurt that any one else could cause you.

"Do not try to see me, dear. You can not alter my decision, and you will only make things harder for me. To think of you is almost more than I can bear, and yet I must go on thinking of you, always. Goodbye, dear, and God bless you. ALVA."

After this letter was sent Alva took up her life as if nothing had happened. A week passed without bringing any sign from David, but on the eighth day a letter came. Alva clutched it to her heart with a fierce eagerness. She had not known how hard it would be to let him go out of her life. Trembling she broke the seal and read the letter.

My Dear Child: I shall not try to tell you how your letter hurt me, but it was a hurt far worse than the hurt of the other night, the one that caused you to write it.

I am not going to plead with you, dear. I am a proud man, and I could not do that, but I am going to ask you to alter your decision.

I hardly know how to tell you what I wish to do, how to tell you what I want you to know. There can be nothing between us, not even a memory.

Once I loved that other woman. I believed her everything that was good and womanly, and when my confidence in her was shaken I thought that I never could trust any one again. I believed at the time that it was the depth of my love that made me suffer so, but now I know it was because my trust had been betrayed. I mourned, not the woman herself, but the ideal she had shattered. That is why it still hurts me to talk of her, although she is nothing to me now.

It was you, dear, who brought back my faith in human nature, my trust in woman, and your power to do this is the best proof that I love you as I have never loved before.

Some people say that a man's first love is his best, but they do not know. Of course, if his first love lasts and becomes the fuller, rounded love of his later life, it is the best, but each time a man loves he loves against greater odds. His trust has more bitter experiences, more cynicism to battle with. There can be no love that is worthy the name without confidence, and the love that can bring to life a dead faith must be the greatest love.

I do not think you can realize this, dear; you are too young. But try to believe me, and do not send me away from you. I have said that I would not plead with you, but I do plead, dear. You can do what not one man ever has been able to do—you can make me forget my pride.

I know you love me. Your letter told me that, as well as your pain. I am sorry for the hurt, dear. I understand. But, if you send me away now some day when you are older and have learned the difference between the troubles that are shadows and the cares that must be faced and fought, you will be very, very lonely.

Better the joy of love, dear, than the pain of loneliness.

The messenger is to wait for an answer. Will you say "Come?" DAVID.

"Cry away, dear, it will do you good," said David, an hour later. Alva had said "Come," but when seeing him she had burst into a passion of tears. The sudden release from the tension of the past week was too much for her self-control.

"I don't know why I am crying, I am sure," she said. "For I am glad—oh, so glad! I found out that I could not live without you."—Ina Brewster in the Ledger Monthly.

CHURCH BUILT OF BULLRUSHES

The first place of worship in western Australia was quite unique both from its frail form of construction and also the several purposes to which it was devoted. This remarkable building was made at Perth, then merely a town site, by soldiers of the Second company, Sixty-third regiment, shortly after the detachment arrived at the colony in 1829, and was composed almost entirely of bullrushes. In addition to this rude little edifice being used on Sundays for divine worship it sometimes served as an amateur theater during the week, and was used during the whole time as a barracks.

TURKISH TIME CAUSES CONFUSION.

A recent visitor to Constantinople reports one custom of the Turks which causes a vast deal of trouble and confusion. This is the Turkish system of reckoning time. A Turk holds that the day begins exactly at sunset, at that time he sets his clocks and watches at the hour of 12. As the sun has the same habit of presiding over Turkey that he exercises with regard to other localities it may easily be seen that this system of reckoning time necessitates setting the clocks every day. It appears that a watch which could run for weeks without losing or gaining a minute would be of no special value to a Turk.