

THE TRADER'S TRAGEDY

Fatal Exploit of an American Adventurer in Zululand.

THE DEED OF A DESPERATE MAN.

He Fired a Train of Gunpowder, and His Death Carried Its Own Revenge, but the Mystery of the Missionary's Wife Remains Unsolved.

The coast of southeast Africa is one of the most dangerous in the world. Currents, constantly varying both in direction and intensity, carry the navigator far out of his course and often land him upon some reef or sand bar.

This man was Charles Lee, an American whose subsequent adventures are thus related by John Critenden Marriott in the San Francisco Chronicle.

Looking at her in a puzzled manner. At last he exclaimed: "By George, I know you now! How under heaven did you get here, Mollie?"

"Sir," said the woman, deadly pale, but drawing herself up proudly, "what do you mean by this insult?"

"Oh, stuff, Mollie. You can't fool me. As soon as I saw her I knew I had seen you before. But it seemed so queer that Mollie Flanders—Mollie of San Francisco—should have turned up here of all places in the world. Pretty as ever, Mollie. I see. Give me a kiss for old times' sake."

Gripping her suddenly in his arms, he kissed her again and again. Finally she tore herself loose and fled, with such emotion, we are told, that she was alone at night. Lee was sure of it, but mistakes of identification do sometimes happen. At any rate she acted as if innocent.

Sitting down, the woman wrote a letter to her husband telling him how she had been insulted and demanding reparation. This letter she sent by a native to the neighboring village, where her husband was visiting.

That night the trader took advantage of the moonlight to pursue his journey, and, as fate would have it, he and the letter reached the village and the missionary at the same time.

The missionary was a man of sudden and violent temper. He loved his wife dearly and the news of an insult to her broke down all the barriers he had built up by constant teaching. Urged by him, the chief of the village sent men to seize the trader. Surprised without his arms, Lee was made a captive and carried before the chief and the missionary, where he was sentenced to receive 100 lashes on his bare back unobserved by the guards.

The trader heard his sentence calmly. He made no defense to the charges and begged no mercy. He merely asked that he be given an hour to put his affairs in order in view of the possibility of a fatal result from so tremendous a beating. This privilege was granted, and he was placed upon the seat of the wagon, with his feet securely tied.

Once upon the box, Lee took out his writing materials and wrote two letters, which he sealed and threw upon the ground. Then he reached down below the seat and quietly drew the plugs from the powder kegs. The powder flowed out into a black heap.

Lee then lit his pipe and quietly leaned back to await the expiration of the hour. When it was nearly up, he bent down and began to unfasten the bonds upon his legs. The missionary, seeing his prey trying to escape, rushed toward him, followed by the whole assemblage of natives. Lee waited until they were nearly upon him and then emptied the glowing contents of his pipe upon the powder.

A sharp cry of horror from the missionary was lost in a burst of flame and a roar like thunder. Then a volume of heavy white smoke rushed across about the scene like a thick fog. When it had cleared away, trader and missionary had both gone to carry their disputes to a higher tribunal. Only two blackened masses, hardly human in form, remained to show that they had ever lived. Of the natives 15 lay dead or dying upon the field.

Cause and Effect. May—Don't you think that Miss Go-lightly is perfectly charming? Maamma—It struck me that she was a little bit giddy. May—Why, mamma, she moves in the best circles. Maamma—That accounts for it. Moving in circles will make any one giddy. —New York Herald.

Fogg—Munnivorth was always a farsighted man, and his ventures were almost invariably successful. Fogg—But what good is he to society? He will give money for the heathen, thousands of miles away, but he never sees the suffering right at home. Fogg—I said he was a farsighted man. —Boston Transcript.

AT THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE.

The dead leaves rustle at my feet. The moon is shining brightly. Something has softly dimmed my eye. Across the path one shadow lies. The path too trod so lightly.

It was upon a night like this Love left its little hand; I hold her little hand in mine; That parting is to me divine. Then there was no tomorrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well Hearts are not easy broken; Tonight all joys I have forgot; There's something sacred in this spot. Where sweet goodbyes were spoken.

I'd feel less lonely with myself If I were broken hearted; Would I could live that night again, With all its sadness-sweetened pain. When love from love was parted! —Lippincott's.

CHANGING PIANISTS.

An Incidental Performance That Proved Interesting.

"As interesting as anything I've seen in this town," said a visitor to the city, "was a change of pianists that I saw in a variety theater. There was a man on the stage singing a song, and the pianist was playing the accompaniment. I happened to see the pianist glancing to the left once, and I looked in that direction myself and saw coming down the aisle a man that I judged must be the relief pianist, and so he was. I imagined that he would sit down for a moment and wait, but, dear me, I was very slow.

"He was approaching the piano at the base of the keyboard. When he had almost reached the corner of the piano, the man who was playing began gently sliding off the seat to the right, still playing. By this time the relief was abreast of the bass keys, and these the first player, who was still sliding steadily to the right, now relinquished to him, and then the newcomer, still standing, but also moving steadily to the right, struck in in perfect time and tune.

"There was a brief time, a second or two, when both men were playing—the retiring pianist the treble and the on-coming player the bass—and for a fraction of a second they were both standing. But now the new player is fairly opposite the center of the keyboard. He settles into the seat, and now it is his hand that strikes the treble, and now the whole piano resounds in his resolute touch.

"In fact, there never was a minute when the piano had anything to say about it. There never was a minute when the men were not completely masters of the situation. There never was an instant from the time the relief approached until he was firmly settled in his seat when both men were not continuously in motion, but the change was made without a jar or a slur in the music and without the omission of a note." —New York Sun.

A Royal Book Buyer.

Empress Catherine II. of Russia was a great reader and a lover of books. One of her services to letters in Russia was the purchase of the libraries of Voltaire and Diderot. She was a warm friend and admirer of these French philosophers, and their work interested her because she was eager to learn new theories of politics and government. Voltaire's library of about 7,000 volumes is now a part of the Russian imperial library in the Hermitage palace, and in the hall devoted to it is Houdon's statue of Voltaire.

The story of Catherine's purchase of Diderot's library is interesting. It is creditable to her tact and her generosity. Diderot named £15,000 as the price of his library. Catherine II offered him £16,000 and named as a condition of the bargain that her purchase should remain with Diderot until his death. Thus Diderot, without leaving Paris, became Catherine's librarian in his own library. As her librarian he was given a yearly salary of £1,000.

One year this salary was not paid. Then Catherine wrote to her librarian that she could not have him or her library suffer through the negligence of a treasurer's clerk, and that she should send him the sum that she had set aside for the care and increase of her library for 50 years. At the end of that period she would make new arrangements. A check for £25,000 accompanied this letter. —Youth's Companion.

Children's Letters.

A little boy who in the absence of his parents had been sentenced to go to bed early by a relative was seen to be busy with a pencil and paper, after which he carefully buried the communication in a hole in the garden and retired to bed. The misaive when disinterred ran as follows: DEAR MR. DEVIL—Please come and take Aunt Jane. Please be quick. Yours, ROSEBER.

It is to be regretted that not a single letter by a Roman or a Greek child survives, the nearest approach being, perhaps, some verses written by a child of 10 in the later empire, which his parents had engraved upon his tomb two years later. The ancients doted on their children. Catullus wrote an ode to his daughter's sparrow, Ovid to his children's parrot, and the Greeks wrote epigrams to their children's toys. They even made offerings of toys to their dead children for playthings in the world of spirits. But no voice of a Greek child comes to us across the gulf of time. —London Spectator.

A Novel Beverage.

Cook—Yes, my mistress is a prima donna and a horrible creature. She treats me like the dirt beneath her feet, but I revenge myself by opening the drawing room window when she is not at home and by howling with all my might, so that the neighbors may think her voice is cracked. —Flegende Blätter.

Why They Would Not Kiss the Stone. A correspondent is guilty of being the originator of the following joke: "Many people would not kiss the Blarney stone at the World's fair if they knew it was merely a sham-rock." —Philadelphia Ledger.



THE DAIRY

A PRIZE WINNER'S METHODS.

His Cows Are Dehorned and Turned Loose in the Stable.

The Rural New Yorker addressed the following questions to the persons who won prizes for dairy butter at the Illinois Dairyman's association:

1. What breed of cows do you keep? 2. How were they fed and cared for? 3. Was the cream separated or raised by the gravity process? 4. Give an account of the process of making this exhibition butter. 5. Do you produce all your own fodder and grain? In your opinion, would ensilage and clover alone have made a perfect dairy ration without extra grain? 6. What, in your opinion, is the outlook for good dairymaking? George H. Baldwin, of Mendon, Ill., answers as below:

1. My cows are grade Jerseys. 2. All are dehorned and loose in a stable 80 by 80 feet with a driveway through the whole length, by which the feed is delivered to them directly from the wagon. They are of course well bedded, and the manure is hauled directly to the fields. They are fed a liberal ration of wheat bran, Indian corn and occasionally a little oil meal. For roughness they get early cut corn fodder drilled in one grain to the foot, fed long with the ears on, and all the clover and timothy hay they will eat. I formerly fed corn and cob meal, but find by experience that it pays better to feed ear corn cut fine and let the hogs follow so there will be no waste. They receive a liberal ration, for with the right kind of dairy cows it pays to put in feed and take out butter. I use the Cooley creamer or submerged process for raising cream. I prefer it to the separator from the fact that it saves labor and expense, and practically gets all of the cream. A separator requires a skilled mechanic to keep it in order. 4. The butter was churned in a 90-gallon Batcheller's churn run by horsepower and washed in the churn when in the granular state—about the size of small shot—until the water ran clear, spread out in a thin layer on a large sized lever butter worker, allowed to drain for a few minutes, salted one ounce to the pound, worked only enough to thoroughly mix the salt, packed in a tub and shipped directly to the exhibition at Sycamore.

5. I grow the fodder corn and hay and buy the ear corn, bran and oilmeal. Ensilage and clover hay would be a well balanced ration, but it would hardly be rich enough for dairy cows unless the ensilage had a good deal of well matured corn on it when it was put in the silo. 6. I think that the outlook for first class dairymen is as promising as for those following the line of any other agricultural pursuit. "There is always room at the top."

Cows and Calves.

Do not be in a hurry to get the cows out to grass, but be sure that they have good hay at the barn and a few roots if there are any. If there are not, a little lined meal will have the effect of keeping the digestive organs in an active condition, which is about all that the roots could do. It is better that the calves should come along now for those cows that are to be milked in the summer than a little later, after the cows get into pasture. If any do come now, keep them warm and see that they have enough to eat. Do not try to raise any that are not worth raising and do not allow an extra price of a dollar or two to decide the matter of selling or not selling to the butcher. The dollar's difference now will be more than counterbalanced by \$10 or \$15 difference in value three years from now.

A good formed and good looking calf, from a good cow and sired by a good bull that is thoroughbred, or even very nearly so, ought to be worth raising. If a heifer, see that it has well formed teeth, not too close together, and that it has the markings in form and shape, if not in color, of the cow that has proven good and the characteristic marks of the breed to which the bull belongs. Such a one ought in three years to make a good cow unless the cross has been a too violent one—which should be avoided—and would undoubtedly be much more profitable to raise than something that would not sell for half as much at 8 weeks old. Four or five dollars difference in the cost of a calf may seem considerable, but it is not much upon the cost of a cow.

For bulls do not raise any but thoroughbred stock of the breed best adapted to the purpose for which the cows are kept, whether it be the selling of milk or the making of butter or cheese. It is better to pay \$50 for a 3-days-old calf and raise it to get something that will improve the whole herd than to pay \$15 for one that is going to reduce the standard. It is true that there are some who sell milk and do not care to raise a calf who think they can use any kind of a bull, but there remains the fact that such parties might find it more profitable to raise calves from their best cows by a good bull than to trust to the chances of being able to buy a good cow when they want one.—American Cultivator.

Dairy and Creamery.

"Second crop sorghum will kill cows" is the verdict of experienced dairy farmers. Cows cannot safely be turned into wet, growing sorghum when they are hungry any more than into a field of wet clover when they are hungry. The effect is similar. They must be seasoned to the sorghum as to the clover.

Ensilage will be fed plentifully to cows at the great dairy test of the Columbian exposition, and the silos for the purpose are all ready. The corn for this purpose was grown in Illinois.

One successful dairyman feeds corn silage night and morning to his cows with hay in the middle of the day. Besides wheat bran he gives as a grain feed equal parts by weight of corn and oats ground together.

Phosphate of lime certainly does help prevent abortion in cows; at least that is the verdict of many cow doctors and cow raisers.

CANADA'S REMARKABLE RUNNER.

It was the conqueror of Connecticut and other famous Athlete.

Canada possesses a phenomenal distance runner in the person of George W. Orton of Toronto, who has proved in many a hard fought race that he had the speed and endurance of the wild deer. Orton first attracted attention on this side of the Canadian line in 1894 by winning the one mile championship of Canada against Ernest Hjertberg of New York in the fast time of 4 minutes 21.4 seconds, a new record for the Dominion.

In October of the same year Orton defeated Hjertberg. Walsh and the great Connert at New York in the annual championship mile race of the A. A. U. His time was 4 minutes 27.4 seconds. One week later, at the games of the New York Athletic club, Orton defeated E. C. Carter, the veteran runner, and W. O'Keefe in the four mile scratch race, which was run in 20 minutes 51 seconds. Orton thus closed the season with the proud consciousness that he had defeated every important distance runner in the United States and Canada except W. D. Day of New York. Orton's campaign this season has also been a very successful one. His first winings of importance were the one and two mile races at the June Canadian championships in 4 minutes 44 seconds and 9 minutes 42.5 seconds, respectively. At Boston, a short time thereafter Orton was beaten in a two mile race by Connert, who was in rare form. Connert was looked upon as a certain winner of the one mile championship at the recent World's fair, but Orton easily defeated him in 4 minutes 29.4 seconds. Orton is only 29 years of age and but 5'4" feet tall. He is a member of the Toronto Athletic club and an expert player of Canada's favorite game.



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SPORTING NOTES.

Mentjes regards Bliss as the racing wonder of the year—a greater wonder than Zimmerman in view of his small size.

Tyer does nearly all his racing without toe straps, the cleats on his shoes holding his feet in position.

Lord Aberdeen, Canada's new governor general, is an enthusiastic cricketer.

Robert J. the 5-year-old pacer, recently secured a record of 2:06 3/4 for a mile, the best performance for a 5-year-old on record.

The Color Line in Cycling.

The question of the color line in the League of American Wheelmen is likely to make a great deal of trouble in the meeting of the national assembly of that organization next February. The Kentucky division will bring up the question. A scheme is already under way to organize a southern league in case of unfavorable action on the color line amendment.

The L. A. W. Presidency.

Presidential bids are buzzing, and in a surprisingly short time candidates will be working tooth and nail for the highest gift L. A. W. members can confer upon a man. To date the men mentioned for the office are Messrs. Luscomb, Perkins, Gerould, Mott and Willison. President Burdett, it is said, is not a candidate for re-election.

Worth Knowing.

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Cable From Queen Lila. Dear Grestian—One more boon I crave, I trust in your affection. 'Tis not to raise the Knave, Or put down insurrection; 'Tis not my crown, but me to save, I wish my dear Grestian, And so a package I must have Of Park's Tea for my complexion.

When I received your Cablegram I thought I sure would faint For the sake of the Park's Tea. 'Tis not for your complexion. I feared that Mrs. G. would think I wrong our connection. 'Till on her dresser there I saw Park's Tea for her complexion, Sold by Capital Drug Store.

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