

SOUTH AFRICAN TROUBLE

Kruger Proposes a New Plan For Franchise Reforms.

THERE WILL BE NO BLOODSHED,

Says Cecil Rhodes—He Declares That President Kruger, Like a Sensible Man, Will Climb Down—Ammunition Detained by Portuguese.

Pretoria, Aug. 23.—It is ascertained on the highest authority that no definite reply has been sent to the proposal of the British secretary of state for the colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, to submit to a joint commission of inquiry the effect upon the outlanders of the recent franchise reforms. The precise situation is that, as a result of the pour parlers, a communication was dispatched Monday to Sir Alfred Milner, British high commissioner in South Africa and governor of Cape Colony, which embodies certain alternative proposals.

For various reasons these are kept strictly confidential, but it is believed that they will admit of the conclusion of a modus vivendi. It is understood from unofficial sources of information, that the alternative proposals of the Transvaal government proposed for a five years franchise, and a one-fifth representation of the outlanders in the first rank, provided the imperial government does not further interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal. Official circles at present regard the situation as tending to improve. The war ammunition consigned to the South African republic is still detained by the Portuguese authorities in Delagoa bay.

A high colonial official says: "The kind of game which Kruger is playing must be clear to Americans. The protestations of the Boers that they wish to live a quiet, agricultural life may be the tune of some on the Veldt, but the gang in Pretoria is simply after money. Though President Kruger says many harsh things of the Outlanders, he never hesitates to make money out of them, either by fair or foul means. This Transvaal question cannot be judged by recent occurrences. You must go back 50 years. It has been hanging fire all that time, and the sooner it is settled now the better."

The field cornets are busy distributing Mausers and ammunition to the burghers. The exodus of miners continues.

WILL BE NO BLOODSHED.

Cecil Rhodes Says President Kruger Will Climb Down.

Capetown, Aug. 23.—In the Cape assembly yesterday Cecil Rhodes, referring to the Transvaal question, said: "No, there will be no bloodshed. President Kruger, like a sensible man, will climb down. The less the Cape Colony is concerned in the quarrel the better."

Continuing Mr. Rhodes said it was certain that the Transvaal would become an English speaking community, and the outlanders, being in a vast majority, would form a government in keeping with their views. He expressed the hope that the settlement would be fair and that the Cape Colony would let the imperial government deal with that matter also.

NINE MEN DROWNED.

Raft Capsized in Manila Containing United States Soldiers.

Manila, Aug. 22.—While a reconnoitering party of the Twenty-fourth infantry, under Captain Crane, was crossing the Marikina river on a raft yesterday, the hawser broke. The current, very swift at that point, caused the raft to capsize, drowning nine enlisted men. The United States transport Tartar, from San Francisco July 24 with General Joseph Wheeler and his daughter, troops of the Nineteenth infantry and more than \$1,300,000 in coin, has arrived.

Manila, Aug. 23.—The typhoon that has been raging for the last two days has kept United States transports Zealandia and Valencia, with the Montana troops on board, in the harbor. The United States cable ship Hooker (formerly the Panama), which grounded in the north channel off Corregidor island about a fortnight ago, will probably be knocked to pieces. One hundred miles of cable and \$10,000 worth of instruments are on board the steamer. Fifty miles of cable have already been thrown overboard. The Hooker is grinding to pieces on the rocks.

Irish Prisoners Liberated.

Dublin, Aug. 23.—The lord lieutenant of Ireland yesterday signed the order releasing from Maryborough jail James Fitzharris, alias "Skin the Goat," who was sentenced to penal servitude as an accomplice in the murder on May 6, 1882, in Phoenix Park, Dublin, of Lord Frederick Cavendish, chief secretary for Ireland, and T. H. Burke, permanent under secretary, who were assassinated by stabbing by four men known as the "Invincibles." An order of release was also signed in the case of Laurence O'Hanlon, sentenced to penal servitude for attempting to murder members of the jury engaged in the trial of persons charged with murder, in November, 1882.

An English Lad.

H. O. is a boy of 11 years of age, at the Baker street school, Stepney. Out of school he works for a shopkeeper. Here is his daily round: Work, every week-day morning, 8 to 9. School, 9 to 12. Work, every dinner time, 12:30 to 1:45. School, 2 to 4:30. Work, every week-day night, 4:35 to 10 p. m. Work, every Saturday, 8 a. m. to 12:30 a. m. midnight. Work, every Sunday, 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. Wages, 1s. 6d weekly. Breakfast, dinner and tea. One penny allowed for supper. Total time at work per week, 57 1/2 hours. Total time at school per week, 27 1/2 hours. Grand total, 85 1/2 hours. And in London there are hundreds upon hundreds of boys who work just like little H. O.—London Leader.

Colonel Ingersoll Left No Will. New York, Aug. 22.—Mrs. Eva A. Ingersoll, widow of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, has filed a bond as administratrix of her husband. He left no will. The value of his personal property is estimated by her to be about \$10,000. At the time of his death he held no real property.

CURIOUS TRAMP HEN.

She Had Ideas About Laying Eggs and Also a Tender Conscience.

"I was in the Genesee valley in York state recently," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman, "and went over to Arnold's place to see how the wonderful tramp hen was getting along, and was grieved to hear that she was dead. That hen beat all. Nobody ever knew where she came from. Arnold found her in the yard one morning five years ago keeping company with the only chicken he owned at that time, another hen. The strange hen was plainly a tramp. No one in all that vicinity had lost a hen, and no one had ever seen this one. She was a red hen, with a bluish cast to her comb, and of breed uncertain. She settled down in the Arnold place with such an air of contentment and ardent determination to stay there that Arnold raised no objection. Two or three days later the hen made a nest on an ash heap and laid an egg in it. She must have laid the egg early in the morning, for it was there at seven o'clock, when Arnold discovered it. This was on a Monday. The hen laid an egg every day after that until the following Sunday, and each egg seemed to be put in the nest an hour later each day. Sunday the hen didn't lay, but at noon next day she deposited an egg in the nest. As if to make up for skipping an egg Sunday, Monday's egg was an unusually large one and had two yolks.

"This remarkable hen kept on laying an egg daily during that week, the one that was laid on Friday being deposited in the nest at just four o'clock in the afternoon. Next day she started in at six o'clock in the morning with her egg for that day, and on Sunday rested again and laid no egg. The following Monday, though, she laid another very large egg. This, too, was found to have two yolks. It was laid at seven o'clock. And so she went on, depositing an egg in the nest an hour later each day until she reached four o'clock in the afternoon, when she would resume operations at six o'clock in the morning, always taking a rest on Sunday and making up for it by laying a double-yolked egg on Monday. She was so regular and prompt on the hour that the Arnold family got to depending more on the hen for the right time o' day than they did on the clock, but not until one day, according to the clock, she laid her egg at ten minutes before 12, and they thought she had made a mistake; but they found that she hadn't, the clock being just ten minutes slow.

"At the end of May a queer thing happened. The hen skipped a week day without laying an egg. Arnold was worried, because such a thing had not occurred before. All of a sudden an idea hit me. "Say! said I. 'You haven't seen yet what a real wonder this hen is! Yesterday was May 30, wasn't it?' "Yes," said Arnold. "Decorated day," said I. 'Holiday. This hen doesn't work on holidays, I take it, any more than she does on Sundays!'"

"And that proved to be the case, for Arnold kept me posted a good while by letter as to the doing of the hen. When Fourth of July came round no egg, but a double-yolked one next day. Then right along she went again, with an egg every day but Sunday, double yolk on Monday until Thanksgiving. No egg Thanksgiving, double yolk next day. No egg Christmas, no egg New Year's day, but double-yolk eggs after each of these holidays. And so she went on as regular as the days and Sundays and holidays came. I hadn't heard anything from the hen for a long time, her performances having become an old thing, so last week, when I was up in the country again, I went over to see how the wonderful tramp hen was getting along.

"Oh!" said Arnold, 'she's dead.' "How did it happen?" said I. "Well, you know Christmas fell on Sunday," said Arnold. 'Of course she didn't lay any egg on Sunday, and, as we kept Monday as the holiday, of course she didn't lay an egg on that day. Tuesday she laid an egg that was a sight to see. It was as big as a goose egg, and three yolks! But I don't think she liked doing three days' work in one and she couldn't conscientiously do anything else. New Year's came along the same way. Saturday the hen laid her egg at her regular hour for that day, and we didn't notice particularly until Tuesday morning that she wasn't around as usual. There was no egg, either big or little, in the nest that day, and we became alarmed. We started out to look up the hen. We found her lying under the manger, dead.' "That's what Arnold told me, and I had no reason to doubt it. That hen was quite as wonderful in her death, according to my ideas, as she was in her life. She was extraordinary, and no mistake, but she drew her conscience down a little too fine."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Spent Each Day in Smoke. Cigar dealers and manufacturers figure that the Chicago market is good for at least 300,000,000 cigars a year. In other words, Chicago men smoke on an average 800,000 cigars a day. Allowing only five cents as the average price of these cigars, the total amount spent every day in Chicago is \$40,000. In a year Chicago's cigar money flows up to the immense sum of \$14,600,000. This takes no account of the money which goes to pay for pipes, smoking tobacco and cigarettes. Altogether it is estimated that \$2,000,000 is not more than is spent in this city yearly for the seductive weed in its various forms. The funded debt of the city of Chicago is \$16,922,000, so that if the estimate of the amount spent yearly for tobacco is correct, the smokers of the city could by denying themselves for a single year entirely relieve the municipality from its obligations and in addition give it a handsome sum toward the cleaning of the streets, for instance.—Chicago Tribune.

HUMOROUS.

"Look! There's a colored messenger boy, running." Sure enough. They ought to advertise him as 'Warranted, fast black.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Correct.—First Politician—"What did we take you out of, I'd like to know, when we elected you?" Second Politician—"An honest living."—Boston Courier.

"When is a joke not a joke?" said the Irish comedian. "Judging from my experience, when the audience laughs at it," replied the Hebrew impersonator.—Philadelphia North American.

"What are you sighing for?" asked the registry department of the dead letter office. "No one has so many rejected addresses as I," was the sorrowful reply.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Jennie—"Papa, the book says Algeron wrung her hand at parting. Does that mean that he gave her a ring?" Papa—"Either that or crippled her so she couldn't wear one."—Jeweler's Weekly.

"Fools rush in where—" began Mr. Van Braam, who was fond of quoting proverbs. He was interrupted by Dinwiddle, who offered this amendment: "Where policemen fear to tread."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Evidently Conscientious.—"That typewriter girl told me frankly she was afraid of work and didn't like long hours." "Did you take her?" "Yes; I knew she would come early, hustle and get through."—Chicago Record.

Crawford—"You should hardly blame him for his lack of success. He does his best and thinks everything out beforehand." Crabshaw—"That's just the trouble. He's a man who shouldn't think; he was born without anything to think with."—Town Topics.

Johnny—"Pa, Mr. Brownlow said, for obvious reasons, he should be unable to be at the meeting at the schoolhouse tonight. What does he mean by 'obvious reasons'?" Father—"Why, my son, when a man has any reasons that he can't think of or has reasons that he does not care to name, he says his reasons are obvious."—Boston Transcript.

FUNGUS ON FISHES.

Some Must Be Handled with Very Great Care and Some May Be Scrubbed with a Brush.

Fishes with wounds or abraded spots upon them are likely to be attacked by fungus. Various means are adopted for the relief of those on captivity thus afflicted. It is a common thing, for instance, to give fresh water fishes salt water baths for the cure of fungus, and sometimes such growths are removed bodily. One way of doing this is by means of a bit of sponge attached to a stick. The fish may be sensitive and shy, but many fishes become more or less tame in captivity and grow accustomed to their situation and to the care bestowed upon them. Others must be treated with the greatest care, so as not to frighten them, while still others seem to welcome the treatment.

It is a common thing for some fishes to swim round and round their tank, and advantage is taken of this habit to treat them. The sponge is held down in the water waiting, and when the fish comes around the spot of fungus is gently brushed from it as it passes. Even a shy sort of fish, and one comparatively new in captivity, may be but little frightened by this, carefully done; a big, solid, four-pound trout at the aquarium in this city, from which some fungus growths were removed in this manner, seemed, if anything, to be pleased to have them removed.

The big sturgeon at the aquarium, which has now been there nearly two years, and which is bigger and fatter and apparently in better shape now than ever, developed some fungus growths soon after it was received at the aquarium, on spots that had been rubbed in the capture or transportation of the big fish, which is eight feet in length and weighs upward of 250 pounds. The pool in which the sturgeon is kept is 28 feet in length. To clean it a man gets into it and goes at it with a long-handled scrubbing brush. One day when the man was standing in the pool the big sturgeon came loafing along past him in the water. As he went by the man applied his scrubbing brush, and held it, easily, to a spot of fungus on the sturgeon's back and so brushed it off. The sturgeon sailed on calmly, and came around presently, close at hand, as before. The brush was again applied and the last of the fungus removed, while the great sturgeon, seemingly, was glad to be thus scrubbed.—N. Y. Sun.

Chance to Be a King. It is Only Necessary to Buy One of These Islands and Lord It Over the People. Here was a great chance for people wishing to become independent landed proprietors. The French government offers for sale some of the little islands situated at the entrance of the bay of St. Malo, on the coast of Brittany. Formerly, when the famous French pirates Jacques Cartier and Sourcouf brought down the wrath of the English on their heads by their acts of daring, the victims tried to get near enough to St. Malo to throw firebrands and to discharge cannon into the town, but they were never able to succeed in passing the islands. The French government has taken away the cannon from the fortified walls of Gouchee, La Plata, La Konferess and one or two other of these blocks. The state, which is always short of money, found it a needless expense to keep up this property and so offers it for sale.

The inhabitants of St. Malo are very uneasy and discontented at the proceeding. And not without cause, for, no restrictions having been put upon the sale, the highest bidder will become practically their king, be his nationality what it may.

IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS.

An Eastern Man Tells About the Difficulties of Poker Playing in the Gas Region.

"In the west the unexpected is apt to happen," remarked an eastern man who had just returned from a business trip through the northwestern states, "and no one expresses or apparently feels any surprise at the most unlooked-for events. Now, where could such an occurrence happen, for instance, as the following except in a country like ours: "At the hotel where I was stopping in a town in Indiana a party of men were seated at cards. Draw poker was the game, and the betting was lively. At the last drawing one of the party found to his satisfaction that he held a straight flush, but just at that moment there was a sharp report; a second one, much more violent than the first, tore open the floor of the smoking-room, and the party of men dropped into the cellar.

"It was an explosion of natural gas, a little episode which frequently happens, I am told, in the gas regions. Although considerably bruised, not one of the party fortunately was seriously hurt, and each man held with characteristic western imperturbability his cards.

"I can't," said the holder of the straight flush, as if the unpleasant little occurrence of being dropped suddenly into the cellar had never happened, whereupon the others showed their hands by the light of their fuses, and assisted the lucky winner to find the stakes, which were scattered all over the ground."

LAKE MICHIGAN'S DIRT WAVE.

Twice a Year a Long Line of Rubbish Appears Along the West Shore.

"Did you ever notice the dirt wave?" asked an old fisherman at the Sixty-ninth street dock the other day, as he pointed to a long black streak on the lake, which looked like the line of the horizon.

"A peculiar thing is that dirt wave," continued the old man, examining his hook, "and for many a year I've been puzzled about it."

Upon being asked to tell something about the dirt wave by the Chicago Democrat reporter, he said:

"Well, that wave comes about twice a year as regular as the season, and never fails to reach this side of the lake during the month of April. Where it comes from I can't exactly understand, and how the rubbish which it carries sticks together is a mystery to me.

"You will notice," he continued, "that as far as you can see in either direction the dirt wave reaches.

"The dirt doesn't travel as fast as common waves, another thing I don't understand, and it'll be 24 hours before it reaches the shore."

"What is the dirt composed of?" "Why, just common rubbish. Sticks, wooden boxes, old newspapers mixed up with a sort of mortar of dust and marine plants. I'll bet that wave is 100 miles long."

YOU WALK VERY FAST.

This Authority Has It That 85,930 Miles an Hour is About Your Usual Gait.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel while you are out for an hour's stroll?

Possibly you walk three miles in an hour, but that does not represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every 24 hours. In round figures call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and you must have traveled during your hour's stroll a thousand miles in the axial turn of the earth, says the New York World.

But this is not all. The earth makes a journey round the sun every year. Put the distance of our planet from the sun at 92,000,000 miles. The diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference described by the earth 578,000,000 miles. In other words, the earth travels around the sun each day 1,584,000 miles, and every hour—for instance, the hour during which you took your walk—the earth moved through 66,000 miles.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you will find you have traveled within the hour 85,930 miles.

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S. S. S. is the Only Remedy Equal to this Obstinate Disease.

There are dozens of remedies recommended for Scrofula, some of them no doubt being able to afford temporary relief, but S. S. S. is absolutely the only remedy which completely cures it. Scrofula is one of the most obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases, and is beyond the reach of the many so-called purifiers and tonics because something more than a mere tonic is required. S. S. S. is equal to any blood trouble, and never fails to cure Scrofula, because it goes down to the seat of the disease, thus permanently eliminating every trace of the taint.

The serious consequences to which Scrofula surely leads should impress upon those afflicted with it the vital importance of wasting no time upon treatment which can not possibly effect a cure. In many cases where the wrong treatment has been relied upon, complicated glandular swellings have resulted, for which the doctors insist that a dangerous surgical operation is necessary.

Mr. H. E. Thompson, of Milledgeville, Ga., writes: "A bad case of Scrofula broke out on the glands of my neck, which had to be lanced and caused me much suffering. I was treated for a long while, but the physicians were unable to cure me, and my condition was as bad as when I began their treatment. Many blood remedies were used, but without effect. Some one recommended S. S. S., and I began to improve as soon as I had taken a few bottles. Continuing the remedy, I was soon cured permanently, and have never had a sign of the disease to return." Swift's Specific—



S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—is the only remedy which can promptly reach and cure obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases. By relying upon it, and not experimenting with the various so-called tonics, etc., all sufferers from blood troubles can be promptly cured, instead of enduring years of suffering which gradually but surely undermines the constitution. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poisons, Boils, Tetter, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

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