

Y WASG SEISNIG A PHETHAU CYMREIC

The Bitter Hatred of the Welsh Press Toward the Government.

THE NEW ESTEDDODIC "GENINEN," A Royal Collier Pianist Enters the Welsh Academy of Music at London and Charms the Tutor and Wins a Scholarship--Other Notes of Interest.

The bitter hatred of the Welsh press towards the present government increases in virulence by exercise. For some weeks past the violent diatribes against the government of Lord Salisbury have been amazing.

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sanctum sanctorum of the Western Mall, the official organ of the blue-blooded English aristocracy of gallant little Wales. The criminal courts of "Hen Wlad y Mynydd Gwynion" do not corroborate your prejudiced statements.

How many of the English judges in Welsh circuits have been presented with the historical "white gloves" in recent years? What of the criminal courts of Carmarthenshire, Cardiganshire, Breconshire, Pembrokeshire and Radnor? And what of the criminal courts of the North Wales counties? Compare the criminal records of the twelve counties of Wales with the criminal records of so many English counties! And then publish us the tale of woe!

THE ESTEDDODIC "GENINEN." The Eisteddod editor of the "Geninen" brings out a special number every August, consisting exclusively of eisteddodic prize competitions. How he gets them together is a marvel. The Western Mall announces that there are one hundred specimens in this number. Of their merit no opinion is offered. Here are a few specimens:

Y COEGLYN. Y Coegllyn, 1892. Try allan fel bôneddwr! Ei alw'n goegyn mwy! Boneddwr yw y bachgen, Heb allw'n yw y plwy! Try allan fel bôneddwr! Boneddwr o'r lawr ryw-- Boneddwr wnaeth ei deillir, With wneyd ei ddilid, yw! --Wacyn Wyn.

Y CARDOTYN DALL. (Aberafon, Lluw y Sulgwyn, 1892.) Mae clychwrn y dref yn canu-- "Ar doriad bore wawr; A gwylaw'n haul o'nion glân. Yn ddiwedd awy'n i lawr Yn ddiwedd awy'n i lawr. A llyw'r gloew'n y! Ond idd wlad ydyr bach i mew'n I'm llygaid llywydion l! --Tryfanwy.

BEDDARORRAFF CARNHUANAWG. (Aberafon, Lluw y Sulgwyn, 1892.) Saf, gymro fraeth a bhrathwa'tw ar in Eiddoedd Carnhuana, Mi wyf fan mwyaf onwag, O dir hoff yd wlad hawg.

GLW BALADR DYSG, GLOYW BELYDR DAWN-ADURR. Llywyddall olleuau'n, Enaid gwladgarwch unawn, Gedd' e, a ryw mawredd flawn.

El salon a llyw i Goll-tray Grist. At yw argo, o ddirid; At yw argo, o ddirid; Ddiraf garlad rhod y Rhil. --Lleuwog.

BUDE'S DONATION OF £10,000. Mr. Louis Tye, treasurer of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, has received the following important communication on behalf of Lord Bute:

"Bute Estate Office, 'Castle Street, Cardiff, 18th August, 1896. 'My Dear Sir--With reference to various discussions as to the Marquess of Bute assisting the university college in the scheme for technical education, I have the pleasure of informing you that, although his lordship has indicated his donation towards the college funds should be applied principally for establishing general scholarships, he is willing to consent to the great importance to this district of the technical education should be provided in connection with the university college, that his proposed donation of £10,000 should be applied for that purpose, and I have his lordship's authority for paying over to the college funds the sum of £10,000 as soon as required. Yours very truly, 'Thomas Lewis."

It may be mentioned that the above sum of fifty thousand dollars is the original donation promised by Lord Bute.

WELSH COLLIER PIANIST. Little Handel climbing up the garret stairs to practice on an old spinnet, occasionally varied by being caught and flopped by his father for doing so, may be said to have achieved the fame he did in spite of many obstacles. They were not minor, but these in the way of a Welsh pianist, who has lately passed the examination of the Royal College of Music with honors. Mr. Cummings, who examined him, was struck both by his appearance and the size of his hands, and made inquiries as how he should be managed. He found that the man was engaged in a coal pit from seven o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, and that after that hour he proceeded to practice for five hours nightly, with the result that he achieved an ever increasing distinction, which was only obtained by 69 candidates all over the British Isles. The fact is not so well known as it should be that so many pitmen have pianos, but few pursue their studies to any advanced stage, perhaps from the feeling of hopefulness at ever making way, especially considering the bad effect of manual labor on the suppleness of the hands. Another point to be remembered in this collier-pianist is that he did not begin to learn until he was seventeen. De Quincy, writing of that habit which blighted his life, pathetically says: "Oh, that it should be possible for a boy of seventeen by one erasing step to lay the foundation of a life-long remorse." It is well to be remembered that boys of seventeen can lay the foundation of something else than the bad habit of optimism.

ISLWYN'S STIRRING LINES. "Islwyn's stirring lines commencing 'Ne gall y llam o ddiha hwy' formed the subject for translation at the Newcastle Eisteddod, one of the joint winners being Miss E. E. Evans, of Cardiff. The following are a few of the stanzas:

The flame can't devour those whom Christ purchased on the Tree-- Them for whom bowed the Lord of Life His head in agony.

Fair Nature knows the voice of God, His footsteps ever bears; His face she recognizes behind A veil of blood and tears.

Earth's deep foundations bent beneath The sufferings groans of God, And with the mountains on her breast On high the tempest rode.

And Midron, in the vale below, Signed for a passage to the sky, And Zion's Muse, responsive heaved A sympathetic sigh.

Occupiers of the reporters' gallery in the house of commons in the morning session in Mr. Williams Jones, of Oxford. They take delight in his candid expression of delighted surprise at everything that goes on in the house, to which he is invited by rose and spoke on Wednesday night the attention of all the pressmen was riveted on the honorable gentleman. The Morning Leader has written: "His speech worthy of a patriotic Welshman. He desired that Celtic scholars should have access to the documents necessary for the formation of a true history of Wales. At present that history is composed of great hunks of fancy and homoeopathic doses of fact. The writers get wrong on topographical names. (No wonder!) A good text book of Welsh history, he declared, was the one want of the age. They wanted it written by Celtic experts and Welsh students. He wound up a fervent appeal of five minutes' duration by pointing out that this was by no means a party question. He quite melted the hearts of the impressive Mr. Hanbury, who almost wept as he replied, and made it evident to the house that a good text book of Welsh history was the one thing that he was living for. Let that appeal and Mr. Hanbury would die happy. So Mr. Jones of Oxford scored immensely. A certain amount celebrates the occasion in these deathless lines:

"Welsh experts are in great demand From this debate we see, I know not how to find Expert enough for me."

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looks ahead. She is never without a supply of Cottolene. The result is health--without medicine. The family is much better off in every way since she uses Cottolene.

TO MAKE TRAINS GO 100 MILES AN HOUR

Results of the Recent Test of the Holman Speeding Truck.

VERY IMPORTANT TO RAILWAY MEN

The Engine Quickly Distanced an Ordinary Locomotive--It Remains to Be Seen Whether Increased Speed May Be Had Without Increased Power--The Inventor.

The trial of the Holman locomotive speeding truck on the South Jersey railroad, near Cape May, on Wednesday afternoon, July 29, was apparently successful so far as the question of the attainment of high speed was concerned; but the general conditions of the test as regards track distance, etc., and as to the economy of the new design were such, according to the New York Sun, that the test can hardly be said to have been satisfactory on the whole.

The engine left the Cape May station at 2.30 p. m., pulling two ordinary passenger coaches filled with people. An express train on the West Jersey railroad left the Cape May station at the same time. The two roads running parallel and close together for several miles, advantage was taken for an opportunity for a race. The train rapidly increased its speed as the two coaches separated, and approximately side by side. But the race did not last very long, as the Holman engine quickly distanced the ordinary locomotive.

The Holman engine made the run to Cape May court house station in twenty minutes, including the time consumed in starting and stopping. The distance is 11 1/2 miles, so that the average speed was sixty and two-thirds miles an hour, a small fraction better than a mile a minute. The speed indicator attached to the engine showed that in one minute the 90-mile mark, and for a good part of the distance it hovered around the 70-mile mark. Orders had been given by the chief engineer of the railroad, who was on the engine, to stop at all curves.

Miss Lillian and Miss L. B. Rowlands, daughters of the late Howard G. C. C. C., had been received into the Roman Catholic church by the Rev. W. L. Gilder, D. D., of St. James' Spanish church, London. Miss Lillian is a frequent contributor to social literature, and with her sister wrote a volume of stories entitled, "As the Cock Crews."

When the Rev. Towns Jones says a thing, he generally means it. Having been appointed secretary for South Wales to the Congregational Forward Movement, he declared on Monday evening, August 3, 1896, towards the fund. And he will do it, too! He is determined to show that Welsh Congregationalism, like Welsh Methodism, has its H. R. Morgan!

Mabon is a man of resource. He was conducting the Newcastle Eisteddod, and shouted to Mr. David Jenkins, Miss Bice to leave the platform in the middle of the marquee and ascend the platform to give his adjudication. "Come up here, King David," said he in Welsh. "I do not think there is any need of leaving this spot," said Mr. Jenkins. "Oh, yes," retorted Mabon, "You must come up to your father, Abraham," and David then obeyed.

"Except when following the erratic lead of Mr. Lloyd-George," says the Western Mail, "Lewis M. P. is a modest personage. His friends were thunderstruck the other day to see him strutting about the lobbies of the House of Commons in the way of posing of Mabon. M. P. Inquiry elicited the fact that a rich vein of coal had just been discovered at Flint, and the member had been set in place of honor in a castle on which he figured as a representative of the North Wales Rhondda.

In Mr. R. O. Hughes (Kilfy), of Prestyn, Lancashire, has been drawn up a striking illustration of that self-culture which so frequently characterizes the Welsh peasant and artisan. He has never attended the school of his native village, but within the past few weeks he has obtained some brilliant successes, including the chairs of Cardinal at Newcastle Emlyn, and of Merioneth, Caernarvon. At the recent national eisteddod at Llandudno he took several prizes, including one of £5 for an ode in memoriam of the late Archdeud Clydfardd.

A local flavor is given to an incident of Li Hung Chang's visit to Mr. Gladstone. His Excellency on his way into the fine suite of rooms which looked out on the great street of Howard Park, glanced at Millin's picture of Mr. Gladstone with his little grandson beside his knee. If he looked closer he would have noticed, treasured and set in place of honor, a piece of Welsh coal, with an engraved silver plate, which the miners of South Wales presented to Mr. Gladstone in 1887. There were no other pictures on the wall to observe in one of the public rooms through which he was carried a second large painting of Mr. Gladstone, the one by Holli. It was the portrait of Mr. Gladstone with resolution on his brow and eloquence on his lips, but, perhaps, a less lovable portrait of him than that other.

It is difficult to say who is the greater hero in Wales, a fast three-quarter or a successful choir leader. Mr. Talben Hopkins, who led the Fourth Male choir to victory at Llandudno, has been given a very doctory deuce in Carmarthenshire. Crug-bar choir, of eighty voices, drawn from six parishes, engaged Mr. Hopkins to teach them for a week, and within that time he has obtained some brilliant successes, including the chairs of Cardinal at Newcastle Emlyn, and of Merioneth, Caernarvon. At the recent national eisteddod at Llandudno he took several prizes, including one of £5 for an ode in memoriam of the late Archdeud Clydfardd.

There is, however, to be considered a loss of power in the increased friction caused by the introduction of the extra twenty wheels. Mr. Holman declares that if the wheels could be made perfectly smooth, so slight as to be practically unappreciable. He calls attention to the fact that the weight of the drivers rests directly upon the friction wheels and so transmits the weight of the locomotive directly to the rails, and not to the axle and friction wheels. This objection is not a serious one, as the friction wheels are nearly perfect that Mr. Holman declares that there is but little friction due to irregularities in their services.

It is probable that a thorough competitive test of the Holman engine as to steam economy will be made before very long. When such a test is made trials of equal weight will be drawn over the same track for the same distance. In the test on Wednesday it was noted that the steam pressure, which was 162 pounds at starting, had dropped to 120 pounds at the moment when the greatest speed was attained.

The Holman engine weighs about thirty tons, and that fact, of course, enters into any computation as to the economy of work. It, of course, requires more power to move a sixty-ton locomotive at high speed than it does to move a fifty-four-ton locomotive, and there must be some compensating economy to balance this. Mr. Holman declares that this economy can be found in the lessened cost of track maintenance. The weight of the ord-

WOMEN HESITATE TO TALK FOR PUBLICATION.

BUT IT IS NOT A DISGRACE TO BE SICK.

Yet Some Suffer in Silence and will not Open the Matter to their Physician even.

YOU CAN BE BRIGHT EYED AND HAPPY.

From the Nugget, Chehalis, Wash. The neighbors called her a walking corpse. For fifteen years she had suffered from loss of blood and drowsy. She had not the strength to stand alone. She had spent thousands of dollars with the doctors and had been unable to find relief. Her case was considered hopeless.

That is the experience of Mrs. C. Reed, a well-known lady of this city. A Nugget reporter called upon her at her home last Tuesday. She was willing to be interviewed, she said, if she could be the means of pointing out to other unfortunate women the way to recovery and good health.

"It has been over fifteen years since the malady asserted itself," said Mrs. Reed. "Since then, until within the last few months, I never knew what it was to be well for a single day. I could not sleep. My appetite went away and I began to lose flesh. This continued for many years. Now I am able to do almost anything I wish, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued."

"I don't know of any person who could stand it as great a weight to be troubled as I was and stand the amount of pain. I know that Pink Pills are a good medicine and fully what the doctor wanted to be. I have recommended them to some of my friends with beneficial results. Oh, my, yes! They have done wonders for me. I do all my housework for many years. Now I am able to care for myself, to do my own work, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued."

"It was two years ago that I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was sixty years of age then, and had not been able to do my housework for many years. Now I am able to care for myself, to do my own work, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued."

"I think my cure is a marvelous one, and is due entirely to the Pink Pills for Pale People. Without them I fear I should have been dead long ago."

"Since my cure has become known the druggists here have always kept the pills, and I do not have to send for them any more. I have been to see them in several places, and I know that they have done much good in more than one case similar to my own."

In order to confirm this statement beyond all doubt Mrs. Reed offered to make affidavit to its truth, and the affidavit is here presented:

STATE OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF LEWIS. I, Mrs. Martha L. Reed, being first duly sworn on her oath, says that she has read the foregoing report of an interview with her, and that the same is as she gave it and is correct in every particular.

(Signed,) MRS. MARTHA L. REED. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of May, 1896.

J. M. KEPNER, Notary Public. A case of similar import and of much interest is here given also, the same having been originally published by the Nugget of Ogleburg, N. Y. While it is from the far east, the facts can nevertheless be easily substantiated by writing the patient direct.

Every female who is aware that they have a woman's life will be pleased to read the story told by Mrs. Frank Murray, an allusion to which has been made in the foregoing.

Mrs. Frank Murray, who resides near Ogleburg, N. Y., says: "I am 46 years of age, and for a number of years resided in Prescott, Ont. We moved over here some time ago and have worked this farm since. It is what is known as the Ferguson Farm and is about six miles out from the city. My husband is now working in Ogleburg as his trade, that of a stone mason, while my children and myself carry on the farm."

"I have been a great sufferer from sick headache, which would generally come on about evening, and I would be completely prostrated, not even able to lift my hand or do any work in any way. These spells would last for about 24 hours, and would leave me in so weakened a condition that for a few days I could scarcely drag about the house. Periodically the spells would come on me. I have also had considerable spinal trouble, the sharp, darting tongues of pain being most severe, following along my spine and to the back of my head."

"I have doctored much, but without the desired result. I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and also later heard that the pills would come in a number of persons personally known to me, and it was their published stories that decided me to try them."

"I got some of the pills, and after I had taken the first box I had no more headaches for several months. Last fall the headache returned, but I was able to get a number of the pills and an hour or two after I had taken the first box I had no more headaches for several months. Last fall the headache returned, but I was able to get a number of the pills and an hour or two after I had taken the first box I had no more headaches for several months."

This summer my head began to have a heavy feeling, and at times I was quite drowsy, but no pains accompanied it. I now have more pills and though I've taken only a few I feel well again."

"I don't know of any person who could stand it as great a weight to be troubled as I was and stand the amount of pain. I know that Pink Pills are a good medicine and fully what the doctor wanted to be. I have recommended them to some of my friends with beneficial results. Oh, my, yes! They have done wonders for me. I do all my housework for many years. Now I am able to care for myself, to do my own work, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued."

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PERSONALITY OF THE POPES.

Two or Three Had Men Responsible for the Evil Spoken of Them.

F. Marion Crawford, in the Century.

Two or three had men are responsible for almost all the evil that has been said and written against the character of the popes of the middle age. Farnese of Naples, Caraffa of Maddaloni, another Napoleon, who reigned as Paul IV, and Rodrigo Borgia, a Spaniard, who was Alexander VI, are the chief instances. There were, indeed, many more who were not perfect, who were more or less ambitious, avaricious, warlike, timid, headstrong, weak, according to their several characters; but it can hardly be said that any of them were, like those I have mentioned, really bad men through and through, vicious, unscrupulous and daringly criminal. Paul IV outlived most of his vices, and devoted his last years to ecclesiastical affairs, but Alexander died poisoned by accident.

According to Guicciardini, the pope knew nothing of Caesar Borgia's intention of poisoning his rich friend, the cardinal of Corneto, with whom they were both to stay in a villa on August 17, 1503. The pope arrived at the place first, was thirsty, asked for a drink, and by a mistake was given wine from a flask prepared and sent by Caesar for the cardinal. Caesar himself came in next and drank likewise. The pope died the next day, but Caesar recovered, though badly poisoned, to find himself a ruined man and a fugitive. The cardinal did not touch the wine. This event ended an epoch and a reign of terror, and it pilloried the name of Borgia forever. Alexander expired in the third room of theorgia apartments in the raving of a terrible delirium, during which the superstitious bystanders believed that he was conversing with Satan, to whom he had sold his soul for the papacy, and some were ready to swear that they actually saw seven devils in the room when he was dying. "The fact is," says Guicciardini, "that the pope was able to count the fiends asleep well for their coolness, at all events."

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No more freckles, tan, sunburn, Blackheads, Liver spots, pimples and Sallow Complexion. It is the best and most reliable Face Bleach ever made. It is a perfect skin restorer, and its use results in a perfectly clear and spotless complexion, and is the only one that does not injure the skin. It is sold in 25 cent and 50 cent bottles. For sale at E. S. Hessel's, Hair Dressing and Barber's Parlor, 340 Lackawanna ave. Mail orders filled promptly.

THE DEMONSTRATION OF THIS FACT APPEARS TO BE THE QUESTION OF INCREASED SPEED. THE QUESTION AS TO WHETHER THIS INCREASED SPEED CAN BE ATTAINED WITHOUT AN INCREASE OF POWER. IF IT CAN, THERE IS A MANIFEST ECONOMY IN FUEL, AND THE FRICTION TRUCK MAY BE SAID TO BE A SUCCESS. THE TEST ON WEDNESDAY WAS NOT OFFICIALLY A RACE, BUT THE QUESTION AS TO WHETHER THIS INCREASED SPEED CAN BE ATTAINED WITHOUT AN INCREASE OF POWER. IF IT CAN, THERE IS A MANIFEST ECONOMY IN FUEL, AND THE FRICTION TRUCK MAY BE SAID TO BE A SUCCESS.

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Yet Some Suffer in Silence and will not Open the Matter to their Physician even.

YOU CAN BE BRIGHT EYED AND HAPPY.

From the Nugget, Chehalis, Wash. The neighbors called her a walking corpse. For fifteen years she had suffered from loss of blood and drowsy. She had not the strength to stand alone. She had spent thousands of dollars with the doctors and had been unable to find relief. Her case was considered hopeless.

That is the experience of Mrs. C. Reed, a well-known lady of this city. A Nugget reporter called upon her at her home last Tuesday. She was willing to be interviewed, she said, if she could be the means of pointing out to other unfortunate women the way to recovery and good health.

"It has been over fifteen years since the malady asserted itself," said Mrs. Reed. "Since then, until within the last few months, I never knew what it was to be well for a single day. I could not sleep. My appetite went away and I began to lose flesh. This continued for many years. Now I am able to do almost anything I wish, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued."

"I don't know of any person who could stand it as great a weight to be troubled as I was and stand the amount of pain. I know that Pink Pills are a good medicine and fully what the doctor wanted to be. I have recommended them to some of my friends with beneficial results. Oh, my, yes! They have done wonders for me. I do all my housework for many years. Now I am able to care for myself, to do my own work, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued."

"It was two years ago that I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was sixty years of age then, and had not been able to do my housework for many years. Now I am able to care for myself, to do my own work, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued."

"I think my cure is a marvelous one, and is due entirely to the Pink Pills for Pale People. Without them I fear I should have been dead long ago."

"Since my cure has become known the druggists here have always kept the pills, and I do not have to send for them any more. I have been to see them in several places, and I know that they have done much good in more than one case similar to my own."

In order to confirm this statement beyond all doubt Mrs. Reed offered to make affidavit to its truth, and the affidavit is here presented:

STATE OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF LEWIS. I, Mrs. Martha L. Reed, being first duly sworn on her oath, says that she has read the foregoing report of an interview with her, and that the same is as she gave it and is correct in every particular.

(Signed,) MRS. MARTHA L. REED. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of May, 1896.