The Home Reading Circle

THE MURDER AT OLDBY.

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was baffled, and, being baffled, was out of humor with the world in general and with the village of Oldby in par-

The crime he was investigating was too ordinary to allow of one of those miraculous flashes of 'nsight for which he was so famous; in fact, had he not been longing for country air after his close application to the noted Vangirard-Vannes case, he would have and yet it baffled him.

A man - a Frenchman, Alphonse

d'Himbu by name-had come to Oldby. on a visit to Dr. Settle. These two had met at Vichy the previous year, and had chummed over billiards and eigars. No great friendship had ripened, and yet while M. d'Hambu had written from London to say, "It would give me great pleasure to see you before I return to Paris," Charles Settle had cordially replied: "Come down for a day or two and see something of rural England, and give me my revenge for that lost game."

The stranger arrived on Wednesday by the 12.15 Liverpool street; at 6 that same evening Dr. Settle received an urgent symmons to Lea farm, about two miles away. M. d'Hambu, left sauntered forth into the garden and from thence into the lane that skirts the doctor's garden and the rectory grounds-the Back Lane it is locally called.

A British earthwork, picturesquely crowned by clm and wild cherry trees, must have attracted M. d'Hambu, for he had evidently climbed the style half-way down the lane, and crossed the "British Field" to the knoll. There he was found 10 minutes later by Arthur Whiteroft, a lad of 17 or thereabouts, stabbed to the heart.

An inquest had, of course, been held, when the inevitable tramp theory was mcoted. A beetle-browed fellow had been seen loafing about that day. But the corner had dismissed the theory

"A tramp," he remarked parenthet-"may mutter imprecations when sent away empty-handed, but he does not run amuck like a Malay fan-

The station master was called. "Had the 6:20 train set down any passengers?"

"Yes; ore."
"Who?" "The rector."

There was a slight sensation here, for if the rector had taken his usual short cut across the British Field he must have reached the knell at 6:25the very time of the murder. The rector-Mr.Guyhirn-was thenext witness; he had seen nothing-absolutely nothing. He had walked home pondering an address to the farm lads, and had looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. Upon reaching the gone straight to his study, and had there and then made notes of his thoughts. He spoke straightforwardly, and his

parishioners believed him-they had never known him either say or do anything, underhand, and they respected him for his happy blending of sympathy, common sense and humor.

A parlor-maid confirmed his statement about writing in the study; she had taken him in a cup of tea, and had not noticed that he was at all 'flustered.'

There was nothing for it but to bring in a verdict of "murder against some persons or persons unknown"-a verdict at which Oldby chafed. Was a murderer to run free and unpunished

In the course of days trivialties leaked out, and these taken together could no longer be regarded as mere

For two months a Mariorie March den had been a guest at the rectoryit was, in fact, to be her home until the return of Mr. Marchden from Ceylon, where he had a coffee plantation. On the evening of the murder Jane, the cook, had seen Miss Marchden "just upstairs as scared like as a crow

with a rattle behind it." Then Susan, the housemaid, testified with many tears that a dagger-a queer, foreign-sticking thing-had disappeared from Miss Marjorie's room where it had always hung on a nail.

And to the whole village it was apparent that the hitherto energetic. bright and bonny girl had suddenly become pale and dejected. They say as they know the murder-

er," exclaimed Dr. Settle's housekeeper as she bustled an omelette down before "Eat it while it's hot, sir-it's prime this minute; although, as I said to Green. I'll never believe it of a fine handsome young lady like Miss March-

"What!" asked the young doctor jumping up so suddenly that the breakfast table danced a jig and the omelette slipped from the dish.

'It's took him more aback than Mr. Dimby's death itself, and he feels that bad enough," said Mrs. Green, who was a shrewd woman.

That Marjorle should be suspected caused him more exquisite pain than did the murder of M. d'Himbu.

"I'd give my practice to clear her. he moaned; and sulting the action to

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John Bridger, called the Boss 'Tec, | the word he took out a telegraph form and dashed off a request for Boss 'Tec's

> John Bridger had heard the story, and seen the spot, and was baffled. That murder had been done was yond question; the position of the

wound did away with the possibility of

suicide; but what was the motive? The rector had crossed the field at the hour of the murder, but he was beyond suspicion; although, as Boss turned the Oldby murder over to a thought, "sometimes irreproachable confrere. This murder had no lurid middle age has the background of a "sometimes irreproachable background, no picturesque touches, shady past"; but one piece of evidence alone diverted suspicion from Mr. The bald outline given to him was Guyhirn-he had never been abroad and M. d'Himbu had never before been in England.

As for Miss Marchden-well, her past distory must be traced, and already a trusty clerk was on his way to Brusels, where Marjorie had been to school, out from the little he learned about her disposition, character and tastes, she ild not seem likely to be the doer of the

Boss 'Tec held a map of Oldby in his and, and as he studied it an idea dawned in his mind. He slapped one knee anl exclaimed "He!" he slapped he other and exclaimed "Ha!" this to his colleagues would have been a signal that his great brain was beginning to work at a theory.

Did Dr. Settle go by the road to Lea arm, or did he ride, taking the shorter ridle path? If the latter, then he too, night be in the British Field at the time of the murder. He and M. d'Himbu had played to gether; nay, more; there had been a

suggestion of "revenge for a lost game! Doubtless it was a question of money The fact that the doctor had himself ent for an investigator went for noth ng; the doctor doing so might simply

be a repetition of the blind use by Capt Meldy in the Cat's Eye robbery. Money, then, was the motive for the Oldby murder, and from the well-head f this motive John Bridger deemed would be easy to track the murderer. Whistling contentedly, he looked from the window, and seeing Arthur Whitroft driving some bullocks from the street into Back Lane, strolled forth

to join him. "Prime beasts," he remarked, by way of greeting.

"Ay, sir," replied the lad, with the ustomary brevity of the English vil-

"Makes me feel young again; takes ne back twenty years; and it's good for a man to step back sometimes,' he said to the boy, who began to take a liking Dr. Settle's fresh visitor.

My father had a farm in the North right up in the dales, and I and my prother Jim used to drive our cows to pasture down by the beck, and there we would lie about four hours, watching the water buzels and the kingfishers, and fishing for crayfish and newts. I sharpened my power of observation down by that stream," he continued, with a sigh of sentimental renembrance, at the same time switching won his companion's admiration, "Lea farm you're going to aren't you? Ah, no! of course not; I know you live at the Hollow. But let me see; how long will it take me to walk over to Lea?" "By the bridal path, twelve minutes,

"The bridle path! I suppose most folks go that way?" "Yes, sir, 'cept in mucky weather:

then they takes the road." well, it's not mucky weather low. The Lea people must find a nice step saved when they can come to

church that 'gainer cut." "Yes; and it's handy-like for the docor now that the missus is bad." "Ah!" said Boss 'Tee, softly. "It is

swampy here," he continued, as they passed the stile that leads into British "Kingcups and milkmaids grow here in May, don't they?" 'Ah, yes, and frogs, too."

"Not the place for a patent-shod Frenchman to climb over," mused the detective, "unless he happened to meet a friend who knew the way. I'll have another look at the knoll;" and nodding farewell to the lad he crossed into the now noted field. A few paces brought him to the spot

where poor M. d'Himbu had been A crushed cluster of poppie found. showed the exact place whe > the body had fallen. The setting st glistened en something bright that my beside the poppies.

Mr. Bridger stooped and picked this omething up It was a string of five minute jet

"Part of a fringe," muttered Boss Tec, whose keen eye noted even the frivols displayed by Jay and Peter

Five yards further on, nearer to the iny thatched British cottage lay anther string-one of three beads only. "Hum!" said the detective, "hum!" ess then this has hanged a man. They may have come off the dress of ome Sunday sightseer; but I'll keep

hem, all the same." "Good morning. You're making the most of your time." This to a whitecapped old dame who sat knitting within the rose-bowered porch of a British cottage.

"Ay, sir; days is never too long for villing fingers." "And I dare say you are a bit lonely

lving here all alone.' "Why, sir, as for that I've got my thoughts, and thoughts is grand companions. And the ladies from the rectory most ways gives me a look-one or the other. Miss Marchden, she's been tere hours lately, for she's a-doing of

my picter." And with a sign of invitation she entered the cottage and took down a

It was a wonderful bit of water color drawing, and reminded Mr. Bridger of Cooper's "Nancy Macintosh." He orided himself on knowing something of art.

"Ah! Comes often, does she?" "Yes, sir; and glad I am to see her. The last time was on the evening the oor French gentleman was killed. Eh, It's sad I am to think he was so near-just behind the mound-and I pause. never heard his cry for help. Going in my eighty-six though I be, I'd have

ione summut for him." "Was Miss Marchden here at the "No, sir. Let me think. She left ten minutes-yes, it must have been about

"And if she isn't here now!" exlaimed the old woman, with a look of genuine gladness. John Bridger turned and came face

o face with Miss Marchden. She wore a black cloth cape trimmed with jet fringe.

There was a break in the fringe close to the right shoulder. "Ah!" once again ejaculated Boss

"Well?" queried the doctor that evening. It was his usual after-dinner question, and hitherto Mr. Bridger had replied by a shake of the head. Tonight, however, he paused, and Dr. Settle, noticing the pause looked up quicklyanxiously. 'Any clew?"

"Yes. "Not-not- You can't suspect her!"

said the young man, vehemently, thus betraying his fears. "My dear fellow. I'm here to suspect anybody and everybody-even you." The expression of his host's face assured the detective that he was guilt-

less of the slaying of M. d'Himbu. He

could no longer hold the theory he started from-the motive of money. "But don't be over-troubled. Of course the whole thing is a trouble, but still, much has to be proved yet; much may have to be unproved. Light may come with tomorrow's post. Mrs. Bridger is working like a sleuth-hound in Paris. I believe you know my wife is a French woman; she was governess at Limby Abbey, and I met her when I went down there about the poisoning of his lordship's mare, Warpaint. She taken to the 'tec business like a duck to water, and always being me in my foreign work; in fact, it was really my wife who ferreted out the first clue in the Vangirard-Vannes affair. I believe in a woman helping

hirn like? I've met the rector again, but she always seems invisible." "Mrs. Guyhirn? Well, I hardly know. She wears her hair parted down the middle, and buys her next summer clothes at the autumn sales; at least, so-so Miss Marchden says. But I believe she's a good mother and

a good parish worker." The morning's post brought the hoped for light. From Brussels there was a brief note:

The school is near the Pare Leopeld; very quiet and well-conducted. Miss M. was liked by all; there is no escapade of hers to record-her hobby was painting."

From Paris the missive was bulkler: "M. d'Himbu seems to have been simply a flaneur, whose sole aim was to be true chic. His brother cannot account for the murder; says Alphonse was not a man to quarrel and thinks the motive must have been highway robbery. M. Henri allowed me to appropriate his brother's a!bum; 'this send to you. Notice the girl in the Gainsbro' bat; you w'll see her reeated in many styles. I fancy she is an Englishwoman. Is she Miss M.

No, certainly not: she was too fair, oo slight, too arch. John Bridger looked at her again and again, for his profesional acumen detected that this girl had entered largely into M. d'Himbu's life.

"The policeman," said Mrs. Green, in terrupting his study of the album. Boss 'Tec turned, to see in the man's hand a foreign dagger, half covered by congealed blood.

'Found blood on the top of the pollard willow that flanks the rectory front gate-evidently flung there by some person entering the grounds that way. Sworn to by Susan Jones as being the darger formerly in the possession of Marjorie Crawford Marchden. So spoke the constable in his most

professional manner and voice. Shall I arrest Miss Marchden, sir he continued, as Boss 'Tec stood silently regarding the weapon. "It's clear circumstantial evidence, sir."

"I've confronted her with the dagger, but all she says is: "I didn't put it on the pollard'-otherwise, she's as dumb as a bell:" the Oldby policeman was noted for the vagueness of his "The motive?" inquired Mr. Bridger,

ooking up suddenly. "The motive will coze out at the trial sir. Motives are like rats in a hole; they flashes out when you least expect em. Shall I get a warrant for her ar-

"Walt. I will see her myself. Come

"The flight upstairs-the dagger-the jet beads-the evident bearing of a painful secret," murmured John Bridger; "clear circumstantial evidence, truly! The bench would bring in a verdict of guilty at once; and yet I don't believe Miss Marchden did it! That girl in the Gainsbro' is at the bottom of it, or I'm not Boss 'Tee, Question is-is she in or near Oldby? Ha-yes, I'll se the rector's wife; she may throw some light on the Gainsbro's where-

"Yes, Mrs. Guyhirn's at home," swered the rectory maid, ushering Mr. Bridger into the morning room. Mrs. Guyhirn was seated on a low chair, her youngest child cradled on her lap, another was at her feet, fold-

ing kindergarten papers. An admiral butterfly sailed into the room, the second child darted after it with a whoop. Mrs. Guyhirn laughed at its vain efforts and as the light of laughter rose to her eyes Boss 'Tec

started. "I wish to speak with you about this unfortunate affair. Perhaps, madam, as the intimate friend of Miss Marchden, you may help me a little. But I find I have left a paper I require in my room. Will you excuse me one moment? I will fetch it and return." "Certainly," replied Mrs. Guyhirn,

still watching the butterfly hunt. "He!" said John Bridger, slapping one knee. "Ha!" slapping the other. "No doubt as to the motive now. clever woman is my Bertrande. At least this case interests me-it reaches beyoud Oldby."

Arrived at the doctor's, he took M. d'Himbu's album and turned to "the girl in the Gainsbro' hat." "Tamed-wrecked!" he ejaculated. Venus turned Madonna, but I know I'm not mistaken."

Slipping the photograph out of album, he retraced his steps, "Is Mrs. Guybirn still in the morning

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Guyhirn had dismissed her chiliren, and was apparently waiting Mr. Bridger's return. "Madam," he inquired, closing the

door, and drawing the portrait from his pocket, "do you know this?" Half an hour later he hastily entered Dr. Settle's surgery. "Doctor, you are wanted at the rec-

tory. Rush of blood to the head caused by shock." Then he added, after a "And pray to God that for once your "I may tell the whole story to you.

remedies may fail." too," Bos 'Tec said that eening, as he sat in the clematis-hung arbor with the doctor and the policeman. a pathetic bit of life-history-besides. It's interesting to us"-looking with a frown on the policeman-'because a word.

it shows how one ought to shy at mere circumstantial evidence. Motive's the thing without motive a 'tec hasn't a leg

his pipe and began as though he were reading from a book: "Twelve years ago a retired colonel haunted Monte Carlo. He was a widower, and he and his daughter lived a

happy-go-lucky Bohemian life. She was pretty in a certain way petite and fair, and with a sparkle gained from a Corsican grandmother She had always a small court, composed of men of mixed nationalities, and when her father had a run of luck she bought new frocks and gave pic nics. One of her most persistent ad-mirers was M. d'Himbu, but she cared little for him. One evening the colone forsook the tables for baccarat; he lost two thousand to M. d'Himbu, and still the mad frenzy of play was upon him "I have nothing left to stake,' he la

mented. "'Yes,' whispered M. d'Himbu; 'the highest stake of all-your daughter!'
"When the lust of play cooled, the colonel knew what he had done. "Next morning his daughter found him on the shore, his right hand grasp-

ing a pistol, the wound in his templ laved by the calm waves of the Mediterranean. "Revenge was the emotion swayed her as she stood over her father's dead body. You will remember I told you that Corsican blood ran in her veins, and that the vendetta had to her forbears been a blinding obligation.

"Neither me nor my money shall M. d'Himbu see again,' was her cry. "As soon as possible the colonel's daughter left for England, to find a home with her mother's brother, old Admiral Jones. Life with him was as her husband even in the roughest prounlike the bright, gay Monte Carlo life fession. By the by, what is Mrs. Guyas it was possible to be. She stepped at once into an atmosphere of Puritanism. She sang at open-air meetings, she played the harmonium in the Sailor's Bethel, she signed the pledge, and joined the Anti-Gambling League. And in this calmer air she forgot vengeance, she remembered M. d'Himbu only as one remembers a bad nightmare,

"Mr. Guyhirn, being in town for the May gatherings, was fascinated by her zeal and intense energy, and as she re-marked parenthetically this afternoon: 'He stood on the opposite pole to M. d'Himbu; he had never even seen a croupler; and so I accepted him.'

"She undertook the duties of a vic ar's wife, and fulfilled them. As was natural, there came days when she craved for the brightness and freedom of other years; days when her Bohemianism asserted itself-a Bohemianism her studious, matter-ot-ract husband could not comprehend. And thus it came about that she learned self-repression; she simulated that which she would have her be; she acted her part." "Over-acted it," remarked Dr. Set-

"And so her spirit was damned in to burst forth with greater force when her self-repression was for once forgotten. By one of the strangest decrees of fate M. d'Himbu came to Oldby, and learned that the rector's wife was none other than his old love."

Some diablerie moved him to send this note to Mrs. Guyhirn," continued Boss 'Tec, taking it from his pocketbook and reading: "Your father died owing me you and £2,000; meet me by your garden at 6:15,

and pay me one or the other. "'ALPHONSE." "Who took that there note?" demanded the policeman. "Raft Tom, who probably thought

more of the sixpence than of the erhanging in the hall, and rushed forth you briefly. to meet the man who exbodied all the evil of the past. As she reached the public many immigrants were attractknoll she saw her husband on the fieldpath; she knew she loved him and she struck-once-twice. 'For my children's, for my husband's sake I kept

she said, 'but I would not have let Marjorie suffer." "And Miss Marchden knew? "She suspected. She saw Mrs. Guyhirn fling the dagger on the pollard,

but would not betray her friend." "It's an uncommon story," continued Mr. Bridger, "and if it hadn't been for my Bertrade might never have been known. I knew she didn't send that album without due cause. She's the 'tec, not I."-Cassell's.

#### BLACKSMITHS AND TIRES.

From the Washington Star. It is demonstrated that whereas narroy tires are road destroyers, cutting ruts into the best surfaces and breaking into the foundations, broad tires are road makers, rolling the materials compactly and serving to preserve the highway. Thus the change from the small to the large size affects a double gain. It is a curious fact that country blacksmiths as a rule advise their patrons to stick to the narrow tires, urging that the draft is lighter with them than with the broad This is untrue, as has been shown by actual experiments, except in certain infrequent conditions of the road. With good roads even these exceptions would be impossible. In the long run the broad tire will save the stock of the farmer hundreds of thousands of pounds of hauling It would reem to be to the interest of the smith to fall in with the march of progress and advise the setting of broad tires for that would bring a great rush of busi-

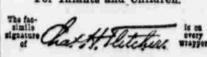
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# CASTORIA

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### The Fabulous Land Boss 'Tec knocked the ashes out of Of South Africa.

Its Great Men, Its Diamond Mines, the Tyranny of the Boers and Other Facts of Interest.

diamond king who recently committed suicide by jumping overboard from the ship which was carrying him from Capetown to England, prompted a Tribune representative to inquire the other day of Rev. James Hughes, the Kimberly, South Africa, clergyman, who is now visiting relatives in this city, what he knew about Barnato.

"Take him all in all," said Rev. Mr Hughes, "he was a most wonderful man. I have excellent reasons for regretting his death, which I am cor vinced was due entirely to the strain ncident to overwork. In my missionary labors at Kimberly among the Kaffirs Mr. Barnato aided me frequently, generously and often without solicitation. He was a peculiar character, good natured to a degree, witty, never ill at ease. In any company, whether at a mining camp among the rough and ready characters often congregated there, or at a council board of dignified business men, he was ever equal to the surroundings. At the time I left Kimberly his wealth was computed at \$100,000,000; but while he had an eye always to the main chance, it was only necessary to convince him that a project offered beneficial results to win both his good words and his check. He had a marvelous mind for business enterprises on a large scale; in fact, he was what might fairly be termed Napoleonic. In America you would call him a hustler,

"Speaking of that, let me tell you of one little incident. Near Kimberly, but over the line, two Englishmen were arrested for theft. There was an old law among the Boers which made theft a capital offence. It was never enforced against the Boers themselves, but on this particular occasion the death sentence was pronounced on these two Uitlanders. As a minister of the gospel, I protested against the excessive and inhuman character of the sentence. In reply I received from the Boers a written notice that the next time I entered their territory I would be shot. Somehow Barney Barnato heard of this. The next day he took a special train from Capetown, traveled 700 miles to Kimberly, called a public meeting at which he invited me to be present, and made one of the most impressive and forceful speeches I have ever heard. At his own expense he wired to President Paul Kruger a complete report of the speeches made and of the resolutions adopted at this meeting, and two days afterward the sentence of those two prisoners was commuted to penal servitude for five years."

"One would infer that you were not entirely out of sympathy with the Jamieson rald."

"The Jamieson raid, notwithstandthat Dr. Jamieson was a most admirable man whom we all liked im mensely, was wrong. It is not possible to overlook that fact. But it was a wrong which had back of it a tre mendous provocation, and therefore while I condemn it, I also ask for a consideration of the mitigating cir-

"And they were?" "Taxation without representation; "The Corsican blood leaped up, old tyranny without apparent redress exmemories maddened her; she selzed cept through force. I find in America Miss Marchden's dagger and-as luck much misconception of the situation in cape, which was the Transvaal. Let me explain it t With the discovery of mineral wealth in the South African reed to the region of which Johannesburg is the trading center. These were hated M. d'Himbu, and in her wrath mostly Englishmen but some were Americans-Uitlanders, the called them. The Boers let these people come in, let them invest their money there, let them establish homes and engage in business, and then began to "soak" them. The Uitlander element grew until it represented an investment of \$300,000,000 in capital and outnumbered the Boers two to one; it was taxed until it paid 19 out of every 20 shillings of taxes; it was forced in war time to take up arms but the Boers would neither grant the Uitlander citizenship rights when he applied for naturalization nor give these vast business interests any representation in the parliament at Pretoria. A monster petition was sent to the Ecer parliament by the Uitland. ers setting forth in deferential language the injustice of this unexampled policy of exclusion from all voice in the gov-

ernment, and it was not metaphorically but literally trodden under foot." "But since the Boers were so greatly outnumbered by the Uitlanders, perhaps they feared to grant the franchis to the latter, lest they should seize

control of the government." "That is the argument you hear in this country, but I never heard it in South Africa. The Uitlanders, bear in mind, did not seek complete affranchisement. They made no concerted demand for citizenship. They readily acquiesced in the proposition that the Roers, having come there first and set up a government, should continue in control of that government; but they contended that since they (the Uitlanders) had since so greatly diversified evaporation of the water tends to disand developed the country as to incur the great bulk of the taxation, they were in equity entitled to have a representation in the parliament which imposed that taxation and which enacted laws regulating their industry. Jamieson's raid was the expression of ticket and payment of 50 cents at Mil- the resentment which naturally followed the insulting rejection of these reasonable overtures. It was wrong, as have acted otherwise under similar circumstances?" "What, in your opinion, is likely to be

the outcome of these troubles?" "In the fulness of time, a united South Africa. Cecil Rhodes' dream of empire is plainly destined to become a turning them out too rapidly." reality sooner or later. The same reasons which hold the American States together and point to a continental American republic as the new world's manifest destiny are at work in favor of a confederation of the various colonles of modern Africa. Such a consummation would be an incalculblessing to all humanity since it would open up an in viting new territory for the more congested populations of the world, afford opportunities for profitable employment to the thousands in Europe and also, I fear in America, who now starve in idleness, and convert what until late years was a waste place into a great center of agriculture and industry.'

"You are, then, an admirer of Cecil

"I have been brought into contact with many of the adminintrative genluses of the British empire, and show no hesitancy in saying that Cecil Rhodes impresses me as possessing intellectual and executive qualities

Interest in the singular career of | the very highest order. That which I Barney Barnato, the South African have noticed particularly during my frequent conferences with him is keen and unaffected interest in the social life of the people. There does no seem to be any limit to his anxiety aid in building up the new territor.

over which he was, until recently,

presiding factor, of conserving indutrial and educational influences. 1. has been called the empire builder, and in an unusual sense the designation is apt. He builds with a care and patience and foresight remarkable even in these days of successful colonization. My gratitude to Mr. Rhodes for assistance rendered in my own work is so great that at the time when, in consequence of the Jamieson affair, he has to some extent fallen under a passing cloud it gives me added pleasure to testify to the noble qualities of the man. My work at Kimberly, as you know, had to do largely with the industrial training of the natives. We went to them with the Bible in one hand and the hammer in the other, and though we did not neglect to teach them to pray, we placed emphasis on the necessity of learning to work. Several times Cecil Rhodes voluntarily went into his pocket to help us; at one time he gave us 9,000 acres of land from his own private possessions to endow three centers of industrial mission work among the natives. No broader-gauged men walks the earth than Cecil Rhodes." "How does the Kaffir in Africa re-

spond to your efforts to civilize him?" "Character-building is a slow process The Kaffir is a slow man. We have made progress, but there is much yet to be done. The Kaffir has three predominating characteristics. He is dull and stolid in his mental processes; h is by nature disinclined to physical exertion and he has a hereditary and sometimes apparently irresistible inclination toward theft. Bear in mind I speak now of the Kaffir in his crude state. After a time, he becomes a fairly good workman at the rougher labor on the farms and in the mines, his enormous bodily strength generally counterbalancing the weakness in his intellectual department; but I cannot say that he evinces much capability for executive positions. He was evidently destined by nature to be 'the hewer of wood and drawer of water." "Speaking of the Kaffir's propensity

to steal, do the natives employed in the diamond mines make away with many valuable gems?" "They sometimes try to, but the sys-

tem of espionage in vogue in the mines leaves little chance for a theft to pass undetected. There is at Kimberly a regular quarantine department where natives caught in the act of swallowing diamonds are kept under arrest until the gems are recovered. One day as I was passing through the mine hospital at Kimberly, the physician in charge a personal friend, called my attention to a strapping big Kaffir who lay on a cot suffering from a wound in the fleshy part of the leg. The physician said he had dressed that wound twice a day for a fortnight and it wouldn't get well. He was going to probe it. I awaited the result of the probing. From the wound, buried deep in the gashed flesh, diamonds to the value of \$150

were taken." "Are the Kafflirs who work in the can judge for yourself. At Kimberly where the DeBeers mine is located-the largest in the world-8,500 hands are employed, 7,000 of them Kaffirs. The latter never receive less than \$1.12 per day for the crudest unskilled work, and often their pay goes as high as

"But the whites?" "Well, I will have to admit that the whites fare better. The average daily pay of the white laborer in the mines is \$5 for eight hours, with double pay for overtime. Whites who work by contract often make more than twice as much. The De Beers mine pays out \$400,000 a month in wages. Its annual output of diamonds often reaches \$16,000,000,"

"Just one more question, please What is the process employed in diamond mining?" "Kimberly is situated on a table

land about 4,500 feet above sea level.

This table land has a circumference of about 9 miles. Almost in the center there is a big rock. A shaft has been sunk perpendicularly through this rock to a depth of 1200 feet. On top of the soil around the rock there is a twelve-foot layer of vellowish deposit resembling stone but somewhat porous. This substance, so far as known is valueless. Beneath it is a bluish soil which extends entirely across the table land and to a depth not yet estimated. Test holes show that it is 1200 feet thick at least, but how much more is not known. This blue soil contains the diamonds. From the shaft chambers are extended horizontally into this diamond-bearing earth. earth is excavated, loaded on small cars and hauled to the surface. Next it is spread out on immense floors in the sun and covered with water. The integrate the chunks of earth. Then it is put through a crushing machine, treated to a bath which washes most of the free soil away, raked over by a machine with teeth which break the remaining lumps, and lastly is examined for diamonds. The average yield per car-load of blue soil is from one to one and a quarter carats, worth from \$100 to \$125. The mine at Kimberly said before, but would Americans has hardly begun to touch the dia mond-bearing blue soil at its command. There are dlamonds enough there to make them as cheap as rhinestones they were all dug out and thrown on the market at once. The great prob lem at Kimberly is to

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