

# HAY SENDS ULTIMATUM

We Must Be Allowed to Communicate With Congr.

# CHINA MUST MAKE HER DECISION

Now That She Has Shown Ability to Protect the Envoys Further Interference With Their Freedom Will Be an Act of War.

Washington, Aug. 3.—By denying to the powers communication with their ministers in Peking the Chinese government, which admits that it possesses the power, puts itself in an unfriendly attitude.

This was the formal and, in certain respects, ominous declaration of Secretary Hay in his reply to Li Hung Chang's propositions for a stay of the allies' advance on Peking.

The Canton viceroy, who seems to speak for the imperial government more nearly than any one else who can be communicated with, has now been clearly informed as to how this government will regard either the sending of the ministers to Tien-tsin under escort or the holding of them as hostages by the Chinese government.

Li Hung Chang must have well understood that the only possible meaning to be put upon his inquiry whether "if free communication were established between the ministers and their governments it could be arranged that the powers should not advance on Peking pending further negotiations" was that the diplomats were virtually held as prisoners. He left Secretary Hay a splendid opening for an emphatic rejoinder, which he made in the words, "free communication with our representatives in Peking is demanded as a matter of absolute right, and not as a favor." Then came his pointed statement as to China's "unfriendly attitude."

Still willing to give the Peking government an opportunity to avoid forcing the powers to extreme measures, the secretary urged Li to advise the authorities to place themselves in friendly communication and co-operation with the relief expedition and concluded with the warning that seems almost a threat, "that the Peking government is assuming a heavy responsibility in acting otherwise."

Altogether, Secretary Hay's note puts the Chinese government in a position where it cannot long delay a decision. In taking this position this government has acted without consultation with the other powers. At the cabinet meeting yesterday Secretary Hay's course was heartily approved by the president and other members of the official family. Confidence is felt here that the other powers will concur in the position taken as being the only one possible under the circumstances.

# Evans Will Contest Settled.

Paris, Aug. 3.—The final signatures have been placed before M. Valois, one of the executors, to the settlement of the contest over the will of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the famous American dentist who facilitated the escape of the Congress Emigrants from Paris during the Franco-Prussian war. The heirs agree to withdraw all their rights in the contest in consideration of \$800,000 being divided among them in addition to the bequests already made. There are 16 heirs. Four-sixteenths of the \$800,000 goes to the Evans branch, four-sixteenths to the Muller branch and eight-sixteenths to the other heirs. After settlement of counsel fees, court charges and similar expenses the remainder of the estate is to be turned over to the executors, who agree not to contest the formation of the "Thomas W. Evans Museum and Dental Institute" in Philadelphia.

# Well Known Educator Dead.

Binghamton, N. Y., Aug. 3.—Professor George L. Farnham of Riverside, Cal., has died here of heart disease, aged 76. He was visiting in this city, where he was superintendent of schools from 1869 to 1875. Later he was superintendent at Council Bluffs and afterward was principal of the State Normal school at Peru, Neb. From there he removed to Riverside, where he owned a large orange grove. He originated the sentence method of learning to read which bears his name and is generally used. It was his first visit here since he left 25 years ago.

# Torpedo Boat Craven Quittles.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 3.—The torpedo boat Craven has been given its final speed test. She developed 18 1/2 knots, her required speed, in a six hours' run under natural draft and one hour of forced draft. The course was over the measured mile course in Narragansett bay, and the naval board of inspection and survey was in charge. The torpedo boat Strigham has arrived from Wilmington for its speed trial.

# In Battle With the Boers.

Pretoria, Aug. 3.—Generals Hamilton and Mahon are engaging the Boers north of the Crocodile river. It is probable that Commandant Erasmus' commando will be surrounded today. General Schoeman, who surrendered and took the oath of neutrality here and who was allowed to return to his farm, is in arms again. He is leading a commando north of Pyramid hills.

# Praise For Commander Tilley.

Washington, Aug. 3.—The secretary of the navy is in receipt of a letter from Rev. Ebenezer Cooper of the London Missionary society and resident missionary of Tutuila and the neighboring islands, speaking in high terms of the progress that has been made by Commander Tilley in establishing the authority of the United States over our new Samoan possessions.

# Storm Does \$1,000,000 Damage.

Arcola, Ill., Aug. 3.—Reports received in this city from the broom corn district indicate that Wednesday's storm did over \$1,000,000 damage to the growing crop. From one end of the district to the other the corn is lying on the ground as flat as though a heavy roller had passed over it.

# Quarantine Against Tampa.

Montgomery, Ala., Aug. 3.—The governor of Alabama, having received authentic information of the existence of yellow fever in Tampa, Fla., has issued a quarantine proclamation against that place covering persons, personal baggage and household furniture.

# Cherokees Elect Governor.

South McAlester, I. T., Aug. 3.—Partial returns of the election for governor held in the Choctaw Nation Wednesday show that Judge J. W. Dukes was elected. Dukes ran on the blue ticket.

# "THEY SAY."

Have you heard of the terrible family, "They"? And this dreadful venomous thing they say? Why, half the gossip under the sun. If you trace it back, you will find begun in that wretched house of "They."

A numerous family, so I am told, And its genealogical tree is old; For ever since Adam and Eve began To build up the curious race of man Has existed the house of "They."

Gossip mongers and spreaders of lies, Horrid people whom all despise! And yet the best of us now and then Repeat queer tales about women and men And quote the house of "They."

They live like lords and never labor, A "They's" one task is to watch his neighbor And tell his business and private affairs, To the world at large they are sowers of tares— Those folks in the house of "They."

It is wholly useless to follow a "They" With a whip or a gun, for he slips away And into his house, where you cannot go, Is he locked and bolted and guarded so— This horrible house of "They."

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out And spread their villainous tales about, Of all the rascals under the sun Who have come to punishment never one Belongs to the house of "They."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

# My Wedding Day.

A Romance of Concord and Lexington.

By L. G. Woodberry.

Well, as I was saying, this is the way it came about: I was a young thing then, just turned 18. Your grandfather had been my playmate, hero and protector from the time that I was old enough to go to school. I had never thought of marrying any one but him, and so when he asked me to be his wife, why, of course, I said "Yes."

Well, it was in the spring of 1775 that we were to be married. Mother and I spent the winter getting my things made up, and I had as fine an outfit as a girl could possibly have in those days. The day set for the wedding was the 19th of April—yes, the very day on which the battle of Lexington occurred, as I have good reason to remember.

Those were anxious days for us. I remember how serious my father and brothers used to look as they discussed the events which were then taking place. Their only conversation was about rights, stamps and taxes.

When the towns began to raise "minutemen," why, of course, we raised a company in our town, and your grandfather and my brothers were members of it. We girls could not stand guard, of course, so in order to show our patriotism we all signed a paper in which we agreed not to have anything to do with the men of the town who refused to join the company.

The 19th of April was a beautiful day, though a warm one for the season. We were all up early that morning, for there was a great deal to be done. It was about 9 o'clock in the forenoon when my mother, who had been looking over some linen, suddenly raised her head, exclaiming as she did so, "Why, Mary, was that the meeting house bell?"

"What can it mean?" I cried, and, running to the window, I caught sight of our neighbor's sons, Joe and John Eaton, running down the road with their guns. Across the way Harry Wright was plowing the field. The boys called out to him as they passed, and, without stopping to unhitch the horse, he seized his gun and was off across the fields.

"It is an alarm, mother!" I cried. "The boys are down by the brook," she said. "The sound will not reach them. Run and tell them!"

Without delay I hurried to the kitchen, and, seizing the horn, I ran out of the house and started for the brook, which was some distance from the house. I blew a blast on the horn as I ran, and as the boys caught sight of me I pointed toward the road, where several men could be seen running with their guns. The boys understood, and, waving their hands to me, they were off across the field to the road.

"What do you suppose the matter is?" asked mother when I returned to the house.

"I do not know," was my reply, "but I am going to find out." And I ran out of the house and took a short cut across the fields to the meeting house, which was to be the gathering place if the alarm should ever be sounded. I, for one, had never expected to hear any alarm, for at home we hoped for a peaceful settlement of the difficulties.

Suddenly I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming up the road at a furious pace. I sat up and listened. "Somebody is riding on an important errand," I said to myself. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the rider, whoever he was, drew rein at our door. Then there were a murmur of voices and an opening and shutting of doors and then my mother's voice calling to me: "Mary, Mary, child, come down! Henry is here. He's come."

Scarcely believing that I heard aright, I got up and ran down stairs and into the kitchen, and there before me, his face pale as death, with a blood staining bandage bound about his forehead, stood your grandfather.

"Mary," he cried, holding out his hands to me, "I am in time! The clock has not struck yet!"

Then Parson Elder, who had come over to hear the news from Arthur, came forward and said, "Shall I perform the ceremony now?"

So right then and there your grandfather, in his working clothes, all staining with dust and blood, and I in my morning calico, were married.—Forward.

What Hurts.

"The other side," observed the candidate in much apprehension, "are putting some damaging reports in circulation."

"But no money to speak of," rejoined the chairman of the campaign committee complacently.—Detroit Journal.

troops to destroy the supplies which have been stored at Concord. If the reports are true, there will be resistance, and if it comes to that it will be very serious business for us."

My mother kept her fears to herself and did her best to make me feel that it would come out all right, but those hours were the most anxious I ever spent. So through the day we watched and waited for news.

The first news that came to us from the fight at Lexington and the other doings of that day arrived about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when some minutemen from another town stopped at the tavern on their way home. They told the story of the day to the little crowd of anxious women who eagerly questioned them for news of some dear one.

My father would not let me go down to the tavern, but went down himself and brought us the news. I can see him now hurrying along the road.

"Something unusual has happened, Mary!" exclaimed my mother. "I never saw your father look so excited." I hastened down the path to meet him.

"Bad news, my child; bad news!" he exclaimed. "There has been an encounter with the king's troops." And then, reading the question in my eyes, he continued, "But they brought no news of our men."

"The hour set for the wedding was 8 o'clock, but it began to look as if there would be no wedding, for it was now after 7 o'clock, and none of our men had returned home."

Mother and I sat in silence in the kitchen while father walked back and forth in the room above.

At last we heard steps outside, and then my brother Arthur, who was among the first to reach home, staggered into the room. I sprang up and ran to him. He sank into the nearest chair, and his gun fell to the floor with a thud. Arthur was only a boy of 15, you must remember, and the day had been a terrible one.

When he had recovered a little, my father spoke. "What news do you bring, my son?" he asked.

Now, I had felt from the first that he had brought bad news, and by the way he hesitated and glanced from father to me and still did not speak I felt sure of it. So I put my worst fears into words.

"Arthur," I said, "is it Henry?" "Listen," he said, speaking rapidly. "The king's troops were in full retreat when we reached the road. We did not keep with our companies, but each one found shelter as he was able behind trees, walls or fences. I met Henry as I was crossing a field, and we took shelter together and awaited the coming of the troops. We had just got settled when Henry caught sight of a flanking party coming right down on us. He called to the men near us to run for their lives, and at the same time we both jumped the wall and ran for a house which stood in the field just opposite. I reached the opposite wall in safety and turned round to look for Henry, but he was not with me. At that moment the troops came round a sudden turn in the road and sent some shots in our direction. At the risk of being shot at I stood up and looked across the road. He must have been hit by the flanking party, for he lay just by the wall."

"Are you sure it was he?" asked father.

"Yes; I knew him by the green on his powderhorn," replied my brother. "You staid by and looked after him?" asked father.

"I tried to, sir, but the troops came down on us, and we were obliged to move on. I went back to the place as soon as I could, but I must have mistaken the spot, for I could not find him."

Meanwhile I sat in my chair, feeling as if I had just awakened from a bad dream. I did not fully realize what had happened, for it seemed impossible.

"Here are some people, Mary," said mother. "You would better go up to your room and lie down."

I did as I was told. There on the bed lay my wedding gown. I could not bear to look at it, and, picking it up, I placed it in the large chest in which my linen was packed and pulled down the lid; then I threw myself on the bed, and tears came to my relief. So I lay there thinking over the events of the day, my wedding day that was to have been. How different from what I had anticipated!

Suddenly I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming up the road at a furious pace. I sat up and listened. "Somebody is riding on an important errand," I said to myself. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the rider, whoever he was, drew rein at our door. Then there were a murmur of voices and an opening and shutting of doors and then my mother's voice calling to me: "Mary, Mary, child, come down! Henry is here. He's come."

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# SHORT NEWS STORIES.

## Senator Depew's Little Joke—The Princess and the Soldier—Arrested Italy's Queen.

In his "Innocents Abroad" Mark Twain tells how he and his party disgusted their guide by pretending ignorance of persons and events familiar to every schoolboy. When visiting the tomb of Adam, the American humorist paralyzed the guide by asking, "Is he dead?" Chauncey M. Depew has been trying much the same plan upon the Philadelphia cabmen. He stepped into the cabby's vehicle the other day and said:

"Now, I want to see the sights of the city. Take me anywhere and show me the show places of the town."

The cabby touched his hat and drove to Independence hall.

"This," said he to the senator, "is Independence hall."

"What's that?" demanded Dr. Depew. The cabman nearly fell off his seat as he explained:

"That's where the Continental congress met."

He drove on, evidently much disgusted, until by and by he came to a house, and, turning round, he said:

"There's the house in which Jefferson signed the Declaration of Independence."

"Who was Jefferson?" demanded Senator Depew blandly.

"Well, I'll be dashed!" ejaculated the cabman, and that was the only answer. He whipped up his horse and headed for the nearest monument.

"There," said he with emphasis, "is where Benjamin Franklin is buried."

"Ben Franklin?" said Depew. "I thought he was a Boston man."

"Get up, go along there!" shouted the driver, and he lashed his horses. On and on into the country they went, the driver swinging his whip. At last he turned once more and fairly snorted:

"Say, mister, here's something you may know something about. That's John Wanamaker's house."

"Oh!" said Senator Depew, and that was all the sights that he could get the driver to show him.—Chicago Tribune.

## The Princess and the Soldier.

Her royal highness the Princess of Wales has a wonderfully kind heart and is constantly showing in the most practical manner her sympathy for our gallant soldiers who have been wounded in battle, says an English exchange.

A few weeks ago the princess, accompanied by the prince, paid a visit to

the military hospital at Netley, near Southampton, where there were lying many men who have been wounded during the present war. As she walked slowly through the wards the tender hearted princess sadly exclaimed: "Oh, this awful war! What terrible suffering it brings!"

In one bed the princess saw a soldier whose cheek and mouth had been woefully lacerated by a Boer bullet. His suffering appealed to her kindly heart, and she said to him: "My poor fellow! Can you anyhow contrive to smoke?"

"Yes, your royal highness," was the reply.

Whereupon the princess walked over to the prince and asked:

"Have you your cigar case with you today?"

The prince at once handed his case of choice cigars to her royal highness, who possessed herself of the fragrant contents and gave them all to the delighted soldier, saying:

"Take these, my brave fellow, and enjoy them. I am sure you will like them. The prince believes they are the best that can be had."

Then, with a cheery smile, the gracious lady passed on her way.

Arrested Italy's Queen.

Queen Margherita of Italy loves to go about incognito and in this way indulge her great fondness for mountain climbing and bicycle riding. When she travels in the Alps, she goes as a commoner, and few learn her identity. She stops at chalets for the night, sharing the simple food of the Alpine folk, and as her costume is in the simplest style she passes for anything but a queen. When she began to ride a bicycle, it was her habit to go into a royal park unattended. On one of these solitary wheeling trips she was unceremoniously arrested by a royal guard and conducted, in spite of her protests, before the captain of the force. The guard laughed at her statement of her identity, considering it an evidence of a particularly bold impostor. At headquarters, however, he was told of his blunder by his horror stricken captain, who promptly recognized his royal mistress. Queen Margherita asked that the offender should not be discharged nor punished, and as he prostrated himself at her feet she gave him a gold coin with her face upon it, laughingly advising him to study it well, that he might recognize his queen when he saw her.—Harper's Bazar.

Peking is known in the east as the "Forbidden City."

# GEMS IN VERSE.

Age and Youth.  
Youth looks forward, age looks back,  
Up and down the selfsame track,  
One with hope goes hand in hand  
Through a pleasant, sunlit land;  
One with memory, side by side,  
Walks where silent shadows glide.  
Which is best, ah, who can tell,  
Matin song or evening bell?

Youth must tread a weary way;  
Age is near the close of day.  
Many comrades false and true  
Through their way the journey through.  
Little matter, age or youth,  
So they fare with Love and Truth;  
Evening song or matin bell—  
With the faithful all is well.  
—Youth's Companion.

When June Comes.  
Tell you what I like the best—  
Long about knee deep in June,  
'Bout the time the strawberry melts  
On the vine—some afternoon,  
Like to 'jes' git out and rest  
And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard's where I'd rather be—  
Needn't fence it in for me!  
Jes' the whole sky overhead,  
And the whole air underneath,  
Sort o' so's a man kin breathe  
Like he ort and kind o' has  
Elbow room to keerlessly  
Sprawl out 'em' thwags on the grass  
Where the shadders thick and soft  
As the kivers on the bed  
Mother fixes in the loft  
Allus when they's company.

Plague ef they ain't sompin in  
Work 'at kind o' goes ag'in  
My convictions! Long about  
Here in June especially!  
Under some old apple tree  
Jes' a-restin' through and through,  
I could git along without  
Nothin' else at all to do,  
Only jes' a-wishin' you  
Was agittin' there like me,  
And June was eternally!

Lay out there and try to see  
Jes' how lazy you kin be!  
Tumble round and souse yer head  
In the clover bloom or pull  
Yer straw hat across yer eyes  
Til you peck through it at the sides,  
Thinkin' of old clums 'at's dead—  
May be smilin' back at you.

In betwixt the beautiful  
Clouds o' gold and white and blue!  
Month a man kin rally love—  
June, you know, I'm takin' off  
March ain't never nothin' new  
April's altogether too  
Brash for me, and May—I jes'  
'Bominate its promises—  
Little hints o' sunshine and  
Green around the timber land—  
A few blossoms and a few  
Chip birds and a sprout or two—  
Drop asleep, and it turns in  
'Fore daylight and snows ag'in  
But when June comes, clear my throat  
With wild honey! Rench my hair  
In the dew and hold my coat!  
Whoop out loud and throw my hat!  
June wants me, and I'm to spare!  
Spread them shadders anywhere,  
I'll git down and waller there,  
And obligeed to you at that!  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Past and Present.  
Sing ho, for the days of old,  
When robbers bold and free  
In the forest deep did vigil keep  
Under the greenwood tree!

They cared not for law nor rule;  
Might was the law they knew,  
And robbed at will o' r'ale and bill  
And spared when they pleased, or slew.

Nor made they a specious plea  
For the lassy trade they pilad,  
But free and bold in quest of gold  
They robbed, lived and died.

And think not, though times have changed,  
That no highwayman have we;  
They're with us still and work their will,  
But they move in "society."

Not a paltry purse they snatch;  
They are bolder now by far,  
From the people's feet they steal a street  
And ride in a palace car.

If you walk or ride or fly,  
You tribute in full must pay,  
For what you need they'll make you bleed;  
They rob in a modern way.

If robbers you dared them name,  
They'd give you a scornful glance  
And let you know, with a haughty bow,  
They were "masters of finance."

Then, ho, for the thieves of old,  
Who peddled not "financiers" far,  
But, rough and rude in the shady wood,  
Mocked at the traveler's fears!  
—Alexander Walker.

Ourselves.  
These two things shall no man forget or lose  
Or sacrifice—his will and his ideal.  
These two things are the man; in leaving them  
Behind him in the dust of broken dreams  
He leaves himself. His nature is usurped  
By alien thoughts and moods and commonplace.  
From such vast sacrifices no great works spring;  
That soul is barren that has cast out self.  
The lesson of all greatness is to be  
That which we are—out to our furthest bounds—  
To lift the high within us higher still,  
To delve our depths with a profounder depth,  
To push the near horizon of our minds  
Out past immediate things to ultimate.  
—R. V. Riskey in Literary Review.

Environment.  
A lily grew in a garden far  
From the dust of the city street;  
It had no dream that the universe  
Held a light less pure and sweet  
Than its virgin self, so chaste was it,  
So perfect its retreat.

When night came down, the lily looked  
In the face of the stars and smiled,  
Then went to sleep—to the sleep of death—  
As the soul of a little child  
Goes back to the clasp of the Father soul,  
Untouched and undelled.

A lily bloomed on the highway close  
To the tread of the sweeping throng;  
It bore the gaze of a hundred eyes  
Where burned the flame of wrong.  
And one came by who tore its heart  
With a ruthless hand and a strong.

It caught no glimpse of a garden fair,  
It knew no other name,  
For a world that used and bruised it so  
Than a world of sin and shame,  
And hopeless, crushed, its spirit passed  
As the evening shadows came.

And who can say but the sheltered one  
A sullied flower had been  
Had it some been out on the highway, close  
To the path of shame and sin,  
And the other forever angel white  
Had it blossomed safe within?  
—Elizabeth G. Perkins in Boston Transcript.

Up In the Grand Old Mountains.  
Freely from the daily struggle, freed from the  
cares of earth,  
Far from the noise row city, teeming with pain  
and mirth;  
Freely from the bonds of labor, hidden from sham  
and lead,  
Hearing the songs of wild birds, living close up  
to God!  
Oh, what a sense of freedom; oh, what release  
from pain!  
Oh, what a heavenly calmness, soothing the care-  
worn brain,  
Out where the trout are leaping, out where the  
wild deer play,  
Up in the grand old mountains dreaming the  
hours away.  
—Denver Post.

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