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MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CHAPTER VII.

[Continued.]

"It was he who sent me. I have exhausted nearly four months in all. There remain eight more for you to show up in Philadelphia and prove your identity. That done within a year from the date of the old man's death you fall heir to his vast estates."

"Well," with a steady "puff-puff," "suppose I fail to show up—what then?"

"Why, man, there's a cool million at stake in this matter—think of it, enough to fit out expeditions to the North Pole—to the centre of the earth—money to squander in the most elaborate efforts to discover what even a Livingstone or a Doctor Kane has failed in."

How artfully Mr. Grimes puts this, appealing to what he knows is the weak spot in the make-up of his strange companion. Was ever such a scene as this known before, when a man pleads with a fellow human to appear and claim a fortune that awaits his coming?

Mynheer Joe seems to be weighing the whole affair in the invisible scales of his mind. When he speaks again it is reflectively.

"Eight months, you say. When did he die?"

"On the 10th of October last."

"Eight months—let me see—from Cairo I go direct to India—it is impossible to give that journey up, for even now I may be too late to accomplish what I seek to do. Then, if all goes well there, I have made up my mind to see something of China in a region foreigners have never yet been able to penetrate, making my way through to Persia and the Mediterranean. Eight months are a short time, but then if everything goes well there is a chance that I may turn up in Philadelphia before or on next October 10th. It all depends on how fortune handles me, you know."

It would be impossible to portray the feelings that possess Mr. Grimes while he listens to these remarkable words. He has seen many types of men in his life, and looks upon the whole human race as gold-worshipers, yet here is a man who seems to have an honest scorn for the dross. It is the most astonishing event Mr. Grimes has ever come across in all his life. He bends his cigar between finger and thumb and surveys Mynheer Joe with amazement.

"You are the first man I ever met in my range, sir, who would snap his fingers at a fortune which he could have by putting out his hand and grasping it," he mutters.

"Perhaps so, Mr. Grimes. I know my own mind best, and as you perhaps are aware possess enough means for all the purposes of my business. A little money goes a long way when in the bush, and I don't travel like Stanley with from one to five hundred porters and fighting men. By the way, supposing I fail to turn up by the time specified, does the property go to charity?"

Mr. Grimes has been expecting this, and yet he twists uneasily in his chair, as though hardly willing to answer.

"No. It goes to the other side of the house."

"Ah! The Bunners?"

"A descendant of theirs, daughter of the last Miss Bunner. She married and was lost sight of for a long time, but her family turned up out West somewhere."

"Do you know the name of this heiress, Mr. Grimes?"

"Well, yes, sir, I have heard it," he replies.

"Let me have it, please," remarks Mynheer Joe, taking out his note-book. "A man is bound to feel some interest in the party who will come into a million or not, according to his whim. If you have seen this party—By the way, is she a spinster or married woman?"

"The former, by all means," with a grin that Mynheer Joe takes note of and presumes is caused by the fact that the party referred to is an antiquated old maid, with queer little curls, blue glasses and a pet cat—oh, he can see her in imagination, just as he pictured the Hon. Demosthenes Tanner—and as truly.

"I trust she'll make good use of the money if through my failure to appear it falls to her," pursues Joe, thoughtfully.

"No doubt of that, sir, no doubt of that," says the other, with something of a chuckle. "According to my idea of thinking that money is bound to go the same way, whether you get it or the other."

"That's an enigma, Mr. Grimes, explain."

"Well, you see, she's uncommonly fond of travel—has been up Mount Blanc, partly scaled the Matterhorn, cruised along the whole coast of Algiers, and has any number of trips in contemplation which will consume money and add to the knowledge of geographers. Bless you, sir, she's got a medal already from the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain in connection with certain features concerning some daring work she did in the Alps."

"Phew! A regular female discoverer! An adventurer in petticoats. I've met a number of such. They're all alike. And while admiring their grit in daring perils in unknown lands I am free to confess, Mr. Grimes, that I was never struck with their personal charms. It is a business that only the most determined characters take to—women who partake more of the man in their nature. You've seen them often."

Mr. Grimes is shaking all over with some emotion. He coughs as though it is a little tobacco smoke that has gotten into his windpipe and choked him.

"Of course, my dear fellow. But you do wrong to condemn the whole class. I've always found there were exceptions to every rule."

"Come, don't think I'm throwing out innuendoes against female travelers. I've met several wonderful women who accompanied their husbands into danger and threatening death. I'm only stating a fact that all with whom I am acquainted are strong characters, with plain, resolute features. I presume the life they lead makes them look so mannish."

"Yet, they, too, may have been lovely once," murmurs the pseudo silver king.

"The name, Mr. Grimes—the name? Perhaps I have met the lady somewhere."

"And I am sure of it. It is now less than half an hour since you knocked her dear old governor out in one round."

Mynheer Joe drops back and pencil and springs to his feet as if made the recipient of a galvanic shock from one of the electric eels he is so fond of telling about.

"Why, man, you don't mean to tell me that it is Molly Tanner?" he hissses out with, whereupon his companion begs him to remember that eels as are so far away and one relic of cannibalism is quite enough.

By this time Mynheer Joe, the erstwhile road-mess mate from Khartoum, has picked up his book and seats himself close beside Mr. Grimes, upon whose arm he fastens a clutch, while with a voice full of eagerness he asks:

"Tell me the exact truth, my friend. There is no reason for concealment between us. You say Molly Tanner will come in for that million if I fail to turn up?"

"This is the whole of it, my dear Joe."

"Of course she knows the nature of the will?"

"Word for word."

"I am puzzled."

"How so?"

"She was me, heard my name and yet did not recognize me as the party who could step between her and this fortune."

"Bah! You forget something. You assumed your uncle's name, which, it seems, for reasons best known to yourself, you have thrown off again."

"True, sir."

"The dream, as speaks of Joseph M. Carringford as the coming man. How was she to know Mynheer Joe as that party?"

"Ah! You are right, Mr. Grimes, you are right!"

"This young woman, as I told you, is an enthusiast in the work of seeing unknown countries, climbing mountains that have never yet been scaled, and, in fact, accomplishing deeds that you men love so dearly."

"I remember she spoke of being fond of travel," he mutters thoughtfully. This surprise has taken his breath away, and for the time being Mynheer Joe is not himself.

"Just at present she has an object in her travel beyond mere adventure or sight-seeing. She is searching for a man."

"Ah!"

"By name Joseph M. Carringford."

"On deck. What will she do when she finds this same personage?"

"Endeavor to send him home to Philadelphia in time to secure his inheritance. She believes the old man's will is unjust, and desires to set matters right. No one looks for the missing Carringford more earnestly than this girl who would most profit by his absence."

"Then Molly Tanner is one in a thousand. I knew I could not be mistaken in her face. Here is another peculiar tie that draws us together. Make up your mind, Mr. Grimes," as he moves his cigar away and jumps to his feet, "I go to India from here, and the chance is now one in a thousand that I turn up in Philadelphia in time to secure the conditions of the will."

Mr. Grimes does not see fit pursue away at his Havana, because across the water, while he looks after Mynheer Joe's retreating form.

"Well," he says, with a chuckle, "two and two make four. The game draws—he goes to India. Let him go. I may be beaten in one way, but there are more ways of accomplishing a thing than enter into your philosophy, Horatio. Kismet! It is indeed, fate!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SANDY.

Mynheer Joe enters the nearest room and finds a few of the guests scattered about. His eye seeks one form alone—and finds it not. It is uncertain how Molly will receive him, as he cannot tell whether her father will relate the circumstances of the affair to her or not.

Conscious that a pair of eyes have fastened upon him, he looks across the room to see the small man whom Grimes designated as the wily baron, the secret emissary of the Russian Government, smiling and nodding in a condescending way that is irritating, to say the least.

Just then Mynheer Joe has a peculiar sensation sweep over him; he is conscious of a deep dislike toward this man. He does not attempt to explain the feeling. Perhaps it is rivalry that brings these two together—a striving after the smiles of a beautiful girl.

Molly Tanner brushes past the baron at this moment, having been able to leave her parents, who is not badly injured in any way. The Russian puts out a hand to stay her passage, but she heeds him not, advancing straight as the home flight of a bee for the spot where the explorer stands. In another moment she is at his side.

"How is your father?" he manages to ask, feeling like a hypocrite; and, but for the fact of his face being already tanned, the blood mounting upward would betray him.

"He feels no effect from his fall, but is full of deep anger," Molly replies.

"Against—the man who struck him?"

"No, singularly enough he doesn't seem to feel that way toward the wretch. His anger is wholly directed against the man who threw the banana skin upon the flags on which he slipped at the time he was struck."

"Oh!" says Joe, with a gurgling smile, as he grasps the defeated gladiator's ruse to excuse his downfall. "Singular how incidents will happen. I've had as strange things occur to me at times. But, Miss Molly, how is it with you? If your father does not bear malice toward the unlucky offender who was so rashly to measure strength with him, do you also forgive him?"

"Not I, the wretch. It was my dear old governor he struck. If I had been present I'm afraid I might have done something desperate."

And her flashing eyes give Joe an idea that this is no mere idle threat on her part.

He shrugs his shoulders and continues:

"I believe it was a fair, standing business. But we will not discuss it further, Miss Molly."

"Pardon me, but," she stammers.

"What can I do for you?" seeing she is about to ask some favor at which she hesitates.

"I don't know why I speak to you in this way, since I have known you for so short a time. I have numerous friends here—acquaintances, I should call them—but you saved my life, and, somehow I feel that I can say to you what I should hesitate to speak to others."

"Yes," he utters encouragingly, feeling deeply flattered by her words, and yet conscious of an uneasy sensation, for the baron is glaring at him from across the room, and there is something baleful in that diplomat's frown.

"Will you help me?" she asks plaintively.

"I promise you, to the best of my ability," he replies without a second thought.

"A thousand thanks. I knew I could depend upon you," she murmurs.

Mynheer Joe does not dream the nature of the request she is about to make.

"What can I do for you?" he readily asks. "Do not hesitate. Speak out."

"You may think me vindictive, perhaps."

"Never!"

"But when I think of the dear old governor being so badly used, my blood fairly boils."

"Ah!"

"Do you think you could find the wretch who beat my governor, Mynheer Joe?"

"I am sure of it," sturdily.

"Will you do this for me?"

"Assuredly."

"And bring him before me?"

"I will drag him there by the neck and the heels, though he has the strength of a Samson."

This wonderful speech receives its reward, of course, in the shape of a sweet smile; but it is still too early to tell what the designs of the explorer may be.

"You are very kind, Mynheer Joe. When this fellow is before me, I am in doubt what to do—whether to give him a piece of my mind or use a whip on him, as I have read of English women doing. In some way I must show him that he cannot beat my dear governor with impunity."

Joe almost smiles as he thinks of having need of such a defender as this. But the situation is so extremely delicate and desperate that he has no heart to be amused at its ridiculous side.

"Will you leave the decision with me?" he asks, having a bold idea.

"With pleasure," she replies.

"And abide by the result?"

"Yes, indeed. It will take a load off my mind to have you decide my course."

"Then, if I were you, I would not think of doing anything with a whip. In the first place it will get your name in the papers—news gatherers are so ready to seize upon a sensation and make the most of it. Then you would find people turning to look at you in the street, not because you had done anything noble, but because you had horse-whipped a man who for some reason was powerless to resist."

"Say no more; I really did not dream of it."

"Besides," he goes on, quietly, "I have an idea the poor devil will suffer worse at words of reproach from your lips than he would under the tortures of El Mahdi."

(To be Continued.)

The custom of throwing rice at weddings originated in China.

Why Some Americans Persist in Living Abroad

By Eliot Gregory.

WHAT charm, one asks one's self in wonder, makes people remain for long years wandering fireside-less from Cairo to Cornhill? It cannot be the climate, for our own is quite as good. Historical associations, we are assured, compensate many of those people for the absence of kith and kin. Experience, however, has taught me that the majority of them are as splendidly indifferent to history—and art, too, for the matter of that, unless as it is applied to the decoration of the human form—as they are to the Rosetta Stone.

The families that one finds residing in Italy, for instance, long since abandoned such foolishness as sight-seeing. That useless fatigue is left to the newcomers; the habitues I have met no more dream of visiting the Vatican galleries or of reading in the library of Lorenzo the Magnificent than they do of settling down seriously to study Italian.

One hears, especially in the less extensive little cities, some twaddle about culture; but you may take my word for it, in nine cases out of ten, the real attraction of the place lies in the fact that a Victoria can be had for $80 a month and a good cook for one-tenth that sum. The Century.

Ambition in the United States

By Max Nordau.

AMBITION is nowhere else so general and so boundless as in America. This is natural, for in no other country is individualism so highly differentiated as in America, or man so full of inborn energy, so rich in initiative, resource, optimism and self-confidence, so little fettered by pedantry so willing to recognize the value of a brilliant personality, however this may find expression.

To this it must be added that in America the instances in which men have risen from the most humble beginnings to the most fabulous distinctions are more numerous and striking than anywhere else. A Lincoln who develops from a woodcutter into a President; a Sylvester who, at twenty years, earned a dollar a day, and, at thirty-five, has a salary of a quarter of a million; a Carnegie who, as a youth, did not know where to find a shilling to buy primers, and, as a man in mature life, does not know how to get rid reasonably and morally of his three hundred million dollars, must suggest to every wood-sawer, every "bootboy," every factory apprentice with the scantiest elementary schooling, the idea that it depends wholly on himself whether or not he shall tread in the footsteps of a Lincoln, a Sylvester, or a Carnegie, and reach the goal that these celebrities have attained.

The Horatian "Aurea mediocritas" has nowhere else so few partisans as in America. "Everybody ahead!" is the National motto, I suppose. Intentionally, the second half of the smart sentence. The universal bent of the American people seems to be success. The dream of success feeds the fancy of the child, hypnotizes the youth, gives the man temerity, tenacity, and perseverance, and only begins to become a matter of indifference under the sobering influence of advanced age.

"Success," however, is but one of those vague words which mean nothing definite, but which, like "freedom" or "progress," are mere recipients filled by everybody with contents subjectively his own. Success,

A Collegiate Education Essential to Success

By Chauncey M. Depew.

IT has been my fortune, as business took me in many directions, to become intimately acquainted with hundreds of men, who, without any equipment whatever of education, have accumulated millions of dollars. I never met with one of them whose record was not profound and deep and poignant that he had not an education.

I never met one of them who did not feel in the presence of cultured people a certain sense of mortification which no money paid for. I never met one of them who was not prepared to sacrifice his whole fortune that his sons might never feel the same mortification.

Our language comes, in part, from the Latin and Greek. Our literature is in itself a son of Latin and Greek. The man or the woman who knows Latin and Greek takes up the paper and reads the editorial or the magazine and scans the page of the book or poetry or prose. He looks at the illustrations, and there is a meaning in the word with its Greek or Latin derivation which comes to him unconsciously; there is a connection of a classic flavor in the illustration which gives them a grip so that you find university people readers to the day of their death and business people readers until they go into business.

In the older countries of the world the higher education had always been a privilege. In these United States of America a liberal education is a duty.

There the institutions of government rest upon classes, rest upon caste. There the higher education endeavors the caste and undermines the throne. Here liberty rests upon the intelligence of the people, and it is pure or it is less secondary to the character of their intelligence.

Every college is an insurance company against anarchy and socialism. Every fully equipped and thoroughly educated boy and girl is a missionary for the right in the State, in society, in religion and in morals.

No More "Asleep at the Switch"

By George H. Daniels.

"ASLEEP at the Switch" could not have been written if the great railroad systems of the poet's time had been what they are now. If the author of those thrilling verses had not taken time by the forelock, modern sensationalists of to-day would have to depend entirely on "Woodman, Spare That Tree," or "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." For the melodramatic situation used to such advantage the switchman snoring at his post, the train coming madly on through the night and saved in the very nick of time by a maiden with her hair—auburn, of course—would not be true to life in these days. Like the times railroads have reduced for the better and the fate of a thousand of passengers is no longer left to a single man who may or may not decide up to his switch and take a nap.

With the "block" system now in operation on the main lines, a man "asleep at the switch" would practically stop the running of trains for miles back. The sleeper, in other words, would virtually tie up the operation of the road until some one woke him up. For the object of the block system is to block trains, to keep them a certain distance apart. A block is the distance between towers—the distance varying all the way from less than 1500 feet to over three miles. Only one train is allowed in a block at a time.

The system is so simple that it can be described in a few words. The signals at each tower are controlled by the man in the tower ahead. That is, no towerman can give the signal "All right" until that signal is unlocked by his colleague in the next tower. Thus a train leaving Grand Central Station is controlled as follows: Ca approaching tower one the towerman asks tower two to unlock by ringing three bells. If block is clear between towers one and two towerman at tower two unlocks tower one by pushing a button in a cabinet. Both ends then clear signals, and after the train has passed he announces the train approaching tower two by ringing four bells. And the needed is carried out all the way to the end of the line.

Still the block system does not alone the old rule for trainmen. When a train stops at an unusual place, the trainman, as in former days, must hurry back over the track for at least three-quarters of a mile, and place a torpedo on the track. Then he must continue further back one mile and place two torpedoes. If his train pulls away before another train comes along, he picks up the torpedo nearest the train, leaving the others on the track.

Torpedoes are called audible signals. When the engineer strikes the first torpedo he slows up, and if he does not strike a third he knows then that the track has been cleared and again goes ahead full speed. If he strikes two torpedoes, however, he slows up and proceeds with extreme caution, knowing there is danger within one mile ahead. At night, in addition to the torpedoes, the trainman must light a fusee, a red light, which burns exactly ten minutes. An engineer coming upon one of these fusees knows that a train is ahead within ten minutes, and does not proceed until the fusee has burned out.

SOUTHERN ✧ FARM ✧ NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

The Poultry Industry in the South.

The poultry industry of the South when compared with other sections of the United States seems to be almost in its infancy, yet at the same time, in Eastern Tennessee, eggs and poultry are among the leading exports. Shipments from some of the leading towns are very heavy. How much more valuable the poultry industry would be if thoroughbred stock was the rule, and a better quality of poultry put on the market.

Thoroughbred stock is not easily found the more in the South, because the farmers have not been educated up to fancy prices, and many cannot see that eggs from a Scotch cock are any more valuable than any other setting. A lady in Tennessee had some valuable chickens for which she had paid a large price. A neighbor came and wanted "a setting of eggs." She asked him what he expected to pay. "Well, he reckoned about fifteen cents." The old hen they were from sold for fifteen. He went away very well satisfied, but she would not let him have them for fifteen cents. Another neighbor wanted to "swap" eggs.

In some of the Northern states chickens range from fifteen cents apiece to twenty or thirty. A good hen often bringing twenty-five cents regardless of condition. The average price of chickens is fifteen cents. If in a Boston chicken can will bring from twenty-five cents up to seventy cents each dressed, plucked and fat.

Now, why should this not be? All other conditions are much more favorable in many parts of the South, especially East Tennessee, than here. Although eggs were among the "not to be thought of luxuries" all winter, and most of those cold storage and hardly worth carrying home. By the way, Congress should impose a tax upon cold storage eggs after they reach a certain age.

There is a great future for the poultry business in the South. Food costs less, as chickens can provide for themselves the greater part of the year, unless kept up in two-by-four quarters. The gravelly soil in many places supplies the necessary grit. Fall chickens can be gotten ready for the holiday market. Early broilers are more easily raised. In fact, the Southern is an ideal poultry country. There is one drawback, and that it, it is more difficult to keep the fowls free from vermin, but if the proper precautions are taken they may be kept free from even that annoying enemy. Some poultry raisers will tell you that chickens are bad in the South that they lose so many chickens each year from that disease. It is doubtful whether a case of cholera was ever in their flocks. Neglect will make a fowl get lice in wattles, droop comb and wattles become pale and finally die with every symptom of chicken cholera.

Some of the large breeds will do equally as well in the South as in the North. The Plymouth Rock is a hardy fowl in any locality. The Leghorns show an excellent winter layer, and adapts itself admirably to the Southern climate.

The success with a flock of hens depends upon good management, as in any other line of business. The same per cent of attention must be given to all the details required in the poultry business. Proper food for egg production, pure water, good ventilation, grit and cleanliness. Poultry gives the best returns for the least care of any other industry on the farm. The farmer cares for his stables and neglects his henhouse at the same time the hens are paying their way as they go, which may be the horses are not.

The Southern man will do as much for the South as the Kansas hen has done for that State if given half a chance. Too many poultry owners do not handle their flocks to produce the best results.

Unlike Greely we would advise the active young man to go South, especially if he intended going into the poultry business. Poultry raising for egg production alone near some of the largest cities would be a very paying business. Take the Langshan and Plymouth Rocks for winter layers, and some of the Mediterranean breeds, as Leghorns and Anconas. Study their habits and the conditions required for egg production. Market only good fresh eggs. Get the reputation and the business will come. Sadie A. Berry.

Water for Sheep.

An important point in successful sheep management is the water supply. While good water is a good thing in growing all kinds of live stock, it is especially so with the sheep, which use only a dainty bucket for a drinking vessel and will only take just enough water—about as strong a sheep drinks to quench its thirst.

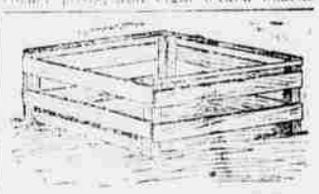
Neither will it answer for the water to drink water the supply is bad, as it is subject to many diseases, as all parasites are bred therein and in hot weather, too, the water is apt to become nearly as a slop. Where the flock is not supplied from surface water sources liable to pollution of all kinds, sick sheep may be expected, with the aggravation that it is often impossible to determine what to do for them.

With such a source of supply, also, a rainy season which washes the soil from long distances and brings down accumulations of filth, is likely to increase the amount of obscure disease in the flock. It is also no unusual cause of scours in lambs. We generally look for the cause of scours in the feed, but quite as often it is due to impure water.

Everybody is familiar with the discomforts in the human family, particularly in hot weather, which follows the use of bad water. The stomach of the lower and even the sheep is quite as susceptible to diarrhea from this source as is that of the shepherd. We often see flocks on fairly good pastures, that ought to do well so far as feed is concerned, showing a lack of thrift and a general unthriftiness for which there seems to be a good cause no apparent reason. Very often an examination of the water supply will reveal the cause. Atlanta Journal.

Cheap Portable Hog Pen.

A cheap portable hog pen is shown in our illustration. Get four pieces 3x4 inch stuff, each three feet long for the corner posts, and eight 8 inch boards



OUTLINE OF PEN.

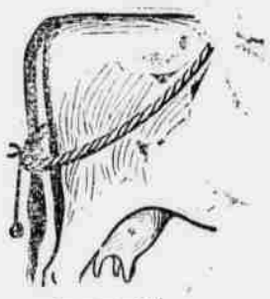
any length desired for the sides. Nail bottom boards six inches from the ground and the top ones eight inches above the others. Place a trough at one end and nail on clears and strips nailed to posts. To prevent shoats jumping out additional strips can be nailed almost or entirely around the fence wire strips round the top. Raise the pen up at one end, split three or four shoats and drop the inclosure over them. The hogs will immediately root up and manure the inclosure. Two men can move the pen. A. G. Allshouse.

The Value of Humus.

Farmers now have an opportunity to study the value of humus in the soil. Several consecutive years of hoed crops will exhaust the vegetable matter even in new grounds. Then the red clay soils and black jack soils bake very hard after a rain. Sandy soils get very close and root development is arrested. Stable and lot manure supply humus and plant food at the same time. But no farmer can make enough such manure to keep up his land. Stubble and weeds after small grain help land somewhat. But the quickest and best supply of humus is to be secured from the cowpea. Nature's way of restoring lands in North Carolina is to grain with cowpea vines, followed by trees and pine needles, after which the old field pine comes in and finishes the job. That is a slow process and requires twenty-five to forty years. But in five years an intelligent farmer may restore the richest land in the State, provided it has a good subsoil, by sowing peas and small grain and deep plowing.—Cotton Plant.

A Milking Device.

The use of a heavy rope in a circle about a cow's flanks is a well-known device for keeping a cow's tail still during milking time, but the best part of such a help is usually left off the rope. It is a bit of cord with a weight



IN FLY TIME.

at the end that is tied to the rope. When the latter is in use the cord is tied around the tail, as shown in the cut, and holds the tail within bounds. Without this cord the cow will switch her tail about inside the circle of rope and will often get it out entirely.—W. P., in the American Agriculturist.

Bad For Swine.

Cottonseed meal should never be given to swine. They have on it for a few weeks and then begin to die; it appears to have a poisonous effect.

Odds and Ends.

Samuel Wagner, aged 73 years, was seated at the dinner table at his home in Easton, Pa., last Friday, when a fly dropped into his coffee. He arose and his wife for another cup and she went to the kitchen to get it. On her return she found her husband leaning forward on the table dead. The sight of a fly in his coffee or any foreign substance in his food had always made him sick, and his death was due to heart failure.

Honors for services in South Africa were conferred on generals Methuen, Kitchener, Hamilton and others.

The new $70,000 church erected by John Wanamaker as a memorial to the Rev. John Chambers, who for fifty-three years was pastor of the church which Mr. Wanamaker attended as a young man, is being dedicated this week in a series of special services and will be concluded Friday.

The Penitentiary Commission let the contract for the building of the new cell building at that institution. The cell building was given to Alsop & Pierce, of Newport News, Va., at $78,850. The work is to begin at once.