

TOLD OF OTHER LANDS.

INCIDENTS PICKED UP HERE AND THERE BY A TRAVELLER.

A Dainty Algerian Mosque Described—The Irish Old Man of the Branches—A Wandering Irish Minstrel—Early Morning Scene in Venice.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—No one who has visited Algiers will ever forget the lovely though diminutive mosque of Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman which stands above the Garden of Marengo and overlooks the sea. Its surroundings are charming, and within its little cemetery are eucalyptus, mulberry and fig trees shading the quaint old tombs. The inner chapel is a sort of shrine from being the burial-place of numbers of Moslem saints, Pachas and Deys; and a wondrous number of sacred relics, emblems and carvings, with lamps, ostrich eggs, embroideries, grotesquely decorate the columns, walls and hang from the ceilings. More than a million trances have been expended on such gifts and tokens.

It is in this little Mosque that one will see so many Arab women. The glittering silk hanks hide their faces, but there is a constant atmosphere of perfume, an endless tinkle of concealed and half-concealed jewelry, a continuous murmur of musical voices in prayer, and a ceaseless rustle of woman's attire as they come, go, or prostrate themselves in their devotions. The latter are certainly solemn and impressive, whether down among the old fisher-folk, at the Grand Mosque with the Maleki rite, or here where the wealthier Arab men and women come clad in the richest textures of the orient and laden often with jewels which would purchase a king's ransom.

The Moslem must pray five times each day. Every act of prayer begins with these words from the Koran: "Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the Lord of the day of judgment! Thee do we worship. We implore Thy aid. Direct us in the right way." This, and other passages are repeated, led by the thabit, a sacred scholar and an old man, in the nature of responses. The faces of all are toward the east, their Mecca. At each mention of the name of God, every worshipper prostrates himself so that seven parts of the body—the head, hands, knees and feet—touch the sacred carpet together.

There is an old quatrain among the Irish peasantry, the origin of which, for the spirit of insinuating prophecy it contains, might fairly be attributed to the provident genius of one of the characters to which it refers:

While Ireland is cold Ireland
You'll have forewarners
The bog and the corrag
Beside the cabin door.

The bog was the wandering minstrel and story-teller of Ireland. He had been sent for every spot where geniality and generosity flourished; but poverty, oppression and sorrow have long ago withdrawn the scant cheer that once gave him place.

The bog was gone. But the other one, the corrag, who requires no raiment, food or housing, remains within the shadows of the Irish cabin door. Throughout Connemara, and particularly in a former tramp-down from the Ballinacree district to Clogmoy and the sea, I saw one of these silent dried-up old fellows trembling in the wind by the door of every hut or cabin I passed. To my fancy each one took on a separate individuality and seeming. This one stood there defiant, as if repellent of your approach. That one had a saucy air as if to intimate that a fine, "right" blackthorn was concealed about his person. Another seemed decrepit and weary from silent vigil out there in the bitter mountain wind. Another was bent and leaning as though it could stand there no longer. Another seemed to beckon the passer to enter, or to hint with weary gesture that you keep upon your way. And many, very many, stood bowed and sadly attentive as if listening in reverent solemnity to endless tales of want and woe that came in hopeless tones from the half starved souls within.

The corrag is but a tall bundle of limbs or osiers, set before the door to break the hurt of the savage mountain blasts, "the old man of the branches," the peasants call it; but one sometimes feels that this insensate typified protector of the Irish cabin was the only object in guise of human that ever got thus near the man-neglected, God-forsaken peasantry of this pitifully conditioned land.

To my mind a scene in early morning on Grand Canal in Venice, is far more interesting than one in the early evening, when the faded aristocracy of the city are moving about with apparent listlessness in their private black gondolas, decorated with their owners' coat-of-arms, propelled by private gondoliers in ridiculous liveries, or at night when the canal in general is wholly and offensively a show object to open-wholed strangers. In the very early morning, while the gray is yet upon the water, and the gurgling of the tides in the dark retreats of the lowest arches and angles, then it is that the oddest and most fascinating processions pass and re-pass away down there in the shadows beneath your window.

Scores of little, long barges loaded with vegetables, from the flat, outlying islands are on their way to the market at the Rialto. The sails are red, with blue tips and yellow centre pieces, and most grotesque figures of Madonnas are painted somewhere on their gaudily-colored sterns. These barges are propelled by poles in the hands of men in purple, pink, blue and orange garments, and very often a bare-headed peasant woman is piled in with the vegetables. Here and there a sandalo, a lighter and more graceful bark than the gondola, darts by. It is rowed by two men, with tassled caps, like the Biscayan fishermen. A half dozen goats are tied head and tail to the gunwale, and women and children are milking these on their way to the next customer.

Barcas with soldiers speeding to or from guard-changing, fill the shadowy way with a din of chattering profanity. Here are four nuns with bowed heads being rowed on some errand of mercy. Again whole

families of the lowlier classes, especially pious through some common bereavement, are setting out to be present at some very cheap and early mass. Here come a crowd of boats and villagers, vegetables, fowls, flagons of milk bestowed in dewy wisps of grass, rolls of butter in last year's sweet, white corn-busks, and numberless and nameless stuffs for the mercato. They are from the mainland hamlets, and must have been astray at midnight. Following these is a curious procession of gondolas piled higher than the gondoliers' heads with household goods; and the people owning them who are thus "moving," follow in their own gondolas, suggesting a funeral of household gods cut short in its cortege.

There are friars with huge baskets in their gondolas setting out to the markets to buy and beg for their brethren and the poor; tired fishermen with boat-loads of gleaming fruit of the sea; sailors roasting and sullen after an all-night's roasting on their way back to their dog's life and the ships; messengers with the night's collection of telegrams; bakers in white linen caps and shirts, with boat-loads of black, brown and white bread; water-carriers with huge casks and flagons of drinking water; butchers, icemen, grocery-men, all in boats making their first morning rounds; and all of them down there upon the water in the shadows seeming like some weird and silent maskers in a dream.

The minstrels of Ireland are not all gone from the highways and byways of Erin. The mournful harp and plaintive pipe may have given way to the breezy banjo and crooning violin, but the songs which these accompany are the songs of Ireland still. Down by the rotten Claddagh wharves of old Galway town, I recently came upon a rapt audience enthralled by the dulcet notes of Tim Brennan, the "wandering minstrel of Tipperary"—one of the sweetest singers I ever heard, and one who would have been great were it not for his love of "the cinder in it," as they aptly term the West of Ireland mountain dew.

I had seen Tim many, many times before in Ireland. Our trappings had brought us into the same relations of artist and responsive auditor so many times that, as he tipped me a comforting wink of recognition and I noticed that his violin had been replaced by the temporary though ample musical makeshift of a banjo wrought from the head of an ancient Irish churn, in the pause following his ballad, I felt emboldened to toss him back his wink with the query:

"And Tim, why didn't you bring the churn with its head?"

"Faith, yer honor," he replied in a flash and with a winsome smile, holding the churn-head banjo aloft so all could see, "faith, I never argue wid a lady—an, yer honor, a bould Irish woman staid at it other ind!"

I had got a taste of his sprightly and never vicious wit, and he as quickly got my shilling for that same; more power to the quick hinges of the nimble tongue of the wandering minstrel of Tipperary!

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

TERPSICHOIRE IN THE NORTHWEST.

Maginnis's Flying Feet Did Not Rest Until Danielson's Gun Was Empty.

Romeo Maginnis never took a dancing lesson in his life, but he performed some terpsichorean feats yesterday morning in an Alder street saloon that neither Carmenita nor Lottie Collins could surpass in point of agile abandon. The accompanying music was the merry crackle of a six-shooter, manipulated by Jesse Danielson. Romeo did not desire to dance until Jesse began to play. Then the impulse to cut pigeon-wings, twist curly-uees, shuffle and rag was more than Romeo could resist. Two or three dozen spectators were present when the entertainment opened, but for reasons that this narrative shall explain they did not remain to witness the grand finale.

The story goes that Romeo, who is a gambler, had a dispute with a brother knight of chance, named Nolan, and Danielson, who also professionally woos the flirtatious goddess, took up Nolan's end of the controversy. Romeo and Nolan were satisfied to settle their quarrel through the arbitration of fisticuffs, but Danielson was not content with any such tame and vulgar method. He received his sporting education in the mining camps of the Rockies, where the revolver is an indispensable portion of every gentleman's wearing apparel, and where the custom is to emphasize the defeat of a foe by compelling him to dance. That's how Danielson celebrated his victory over Romeo.

"Let's see you dance." It was the tone in which the mandate was uttered and the bead drawn upon his favorite banion by Danielson's six-shooter that impelled Romeo to obey. His first movement was a Boston dip toward the door, but a bullet that came within an ace of amputating one of his toes caused him to suddenly change his direction.

"Faster!" An old-fashioned hoedown was the response, but it was not rapid enough for Danielson, who is famed for demanding quick action for his money. Bang went the pistol and whirr went the legs of Romeo in a skirt dance, minus the skirts.

"Get a move on yourself!" When the smoke from the shot accompanying the request cleared away Romeo was seen to be performing a cross between a Virginia breakdown and a T-a-r-a Boom-de-ay quickstep. Danielson was a little better pleased with the entertainment, but not satisfied.

"Crack a-hoppin'!" Crack went the pistol again, and Romeo threw Tam O'Shanter's witches into the shade. He hopped, skipped, and jumped until he was ready to collapse from sheer exhaustion, and then Danielson mixed mercy with his might. His gun was empty.

Police investigation led to nothing that would warrant an arrest. The attaches of the saloon confessed that there had been some shooting, but ascertained that it was the result of a pistol accidentally dropping from the bar to the floor. Some of the spectators, who retired after the first shot was fired, and viewed the remainder of the entertainment from cover, substantially describe it as it is here given.—Morning Oregonian.

"He may be a foreigner," said Maud, "but he can't be very distinguished." "Why not?" "I could pronounce his name the first time I tried it."

SOME WOMEN MURDERERS.

In Most of the Famous Cases Poison Has Been the Weapon.

One woman accused of murder and one convicted of it are now prominently before the public eye—Lizzie Borden and Mrs. Maybrick. The latter's crime was done with poison. Most instances in which women are the criminals and where the crime is premeditated are such, and that makes the change in the Borden case, where a brutal man's weapon—an axe or a hatchet—was used, strangely inconsistent.

Baltimore's cause celebre was the trial of Mrs. Wharton, the widow of an army officer, who, in 1871, was accused of the murder of General W. S. Ketchum of the United States Army. Mrs. Wharton was heavily in his debt. The General came from Washington to collect the money due him. He was taken ill after leaving the house and died June 28. His waist-coat containing the widow's note for the money due was missing.

Mr. Van Ness, a man fully cognizant of the widow's financial affairs was also taken ill at the same time and narrowly escaped death. It was proven that the General had died by poisoning. Mrs. Wharton was acquitted of the charge of poisoning General Ketchum and the charge of attempting to kill Mr. Van Ness was never pushed. The defence claimed in the face of the experts' examination that death was due to cerebro-spinal meningitis.

Laura D. Fair's great crime was the fruit of her awful temper. Her victim was A. P. Crittenden. Mrs. Fair was infatuated with Crittenden. She insisted that he should secure a divorce from his wife and marry her. He refused and sent for his wife, who was East. He met her on the ferryboat El Captain in the bay of San Francisco November 3 1870. Hiding near at hand was Mrs. Fair. As Crittenden pressed his arms around his wife's form, touching her lips in welcome, the shot that ended his life rang out its death knell, and he fell a corpse between the two women who had chained him. Mrs. Fair's defense was insanity, but at the first trial she was found guilty of murder in the first degree. A second trial ended with acquittal.

The most sensational judicial murder of this century was the execution of Eliza Fanning, in her time one of the most beautiful women in London. She was scarcely 18 when charged with poisoning the family in which she was governess. It was proven conclusively that she herself had become ill from eating the poisoned food. Her innocence was established at the trial, but the Recorder passed only upon the evidence against her. She was executed, and as she stood on the scaffold she cried out: "Before the just and Almighty God, and by the faith of the Holy Sacrament I have received I am innocent of the offense of which I am charged."

Before the funeral it was discovered that the poison was in all likelihood administered by a maniac who had been sheltered in the house at the time of the poisoning. Ten thousand persons attacked the house of the prosecuting lawyer, and only a large military force prevented death and destruction by that infuriated mob.

There is perhaps no parallel in this century to the awful case of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers. Having through a lover discovered the art of compounding the most subtle and mortal poisons, the two began their fearful career. Father, mother, sister, brothers, children, all met fearful deaths.

Then began a series of poison conspiracies which have no parallel in the world's history. Deaths of heirs of noble families throughout France grew of alarming frequency. St. Croix, the lover, finally died from an accidental inhalation of a noxious vapor. Then came the fearful discovery. The woman was arrested, put to the torture by swallowing water, then beheaded and her body publicly burned. The trial of the case was stopped suddenly as a matter of policy, for each day new developments pointed to the most noble of the French aristocracy as co-conspirators.

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Payments are to be made as follows:—Five per cent. on application; fifteen per cent. on allotment; twenty per cent. each in one, two, three and four months from the date of allotment. Applicants have the right to pay in full on allotment. Applications for shares will be received until February 15th, 1893, at any of the offices of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at the offices of the Union Bank of Halifax, and at the head office of the company, N. Y. Life Building, Montreal.

Forms of application for shares may be obtained at any of the above places, or they will be sent by mail on request.

Should no allotment of stock be made to any applicant for shares, the amount paid will be returned in full, and in the event of the Directors finding it impossible to allot the full number of shares applied for, the surplus of the deposit will be credited toward the amount payable on allotment. The right is reserved of withdrawing the offer in whole or part at any time before allotment, and of allotting to any applicant any less number of shares than the number applied for.

As the dividends of the Company are payable quarterly, beginning with the first day of March next, allottees of stock will be entitled to receive a proportion of the quarterly dividend accrued, corresponding to the amount paid upon their subscription.

It is proposed to apply to the Stock Exchanges of Montreal and Toronto for official quotations of the shares of the Company.

The Consumers Cordage Company was organized in June, 1890, with a Capital of one million dollars, to acquire several of the largest Cordage and Binder Twine Factories in Canada. It, at first, operated these industries, but its operations have been unsuccessful, the Capital Stock was subsequently increased to Three Million Dollars, and the leased properties were purchased.

The Company has no mortgage indebtedness; and, according to the law under which it was incorporated, none can be created without the consent of two-thirds of the shareholders, represented at a meeting called for the purpose.

The Company has placed in the hands of its Bankers:— (a) Full statements of its affairs, certified to by Messrs. Caldwell, Tait & Wilks, Chartered Accountants. (b) The following letter from Messrs. Abbotts, Campbell & Meredith, advocates, Montreal, upon the legality of its incorporation, and the issue of its stock:—

MONTREAL, January 5, 1893. Consumers Cordage Co., Ltd., Montreal:— GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the books and documents connected with the organization of the Consumers Cordage Company, Limited, and are of opinion that it has been properly incorporated, and that its capital stock of \$3,000,000, as issued, is fully paid up and non-assessable, according to the provisions of the "Companies Act."

We are, yours truly, (signed), ABBOTTS, CAMPBELL & MEREDITH.

(c) A report from Messrs. Macmaster and McGibbon, Solicitors of the company, that the titles to the lands and buildings, that the titles to the Mills have been duly examined, and that no encumbrances exist. Applicants for shares may examine these documents, copies of which may be seen at the Company's offices, and at the various offices of the Banks mentioned above.

The Consumers Cordage Company is probably the second largest Manufacturer of Cordage and Binder Twine in the world, and claims the following very material advantages over its competitors:— 1st. Ample capital to conduct its business which enables it:— (a) To buy its raw material in large quantities, and at lower prices. (b) To use only the latest and most improved machinery, thus keeping its mills in the highest state of efficiency. 2nd. Economy in selling and distributing its manufactured product. 3rd. The business covers so wide a territory (its manufactured goods go to almost every civilized country in the world) that it cannot be seriously injured by local troubles; and its Manufacturing establishments are so scattered that the danger of severe loss by fire is very slight. 4th. Lower cost of production.

(a) By maintaining the sharpest competition between its several mills, it is enabled to introduce in all the best methods found in each. (b) By spreading its commercial expenses over a larger output. (c) By placing in one hand the purchasing of the Raw Materials and Manufacturing supplies for the several Mills, thus securing lowest prices. (d) By manufacturing for themselves many of their supplies.

The Company has always found it in its interest to divide the economies effected in production and distribution with the Consumer, and since its existence the Consumer has, upon the average, had a better article at a lower price than previously.

The Company does not claim to have any monopoly, or to earn monopoly profits; in fact, it has not done so. Since its organization it has been able, owing to the advantages over referred to, to earn a net return on its present capital of not less than 10 per cent. per annum (as statements in their Bankers' hands will show), and the Directors believe that these profits will be maintained in the future, as the cost of production and distribution shows each year a marked decrease.

The Dividend for the year ending 31st October, 1892, was at the rate of 8 1/2 per cent. per annum. The past record of the Company and its present position justify the Directors in believing that quarterly dividends of one and three-quarters per cent. can be paid—and should the profits for the present year be as large as the outlook promises, the final quarter's dividend might be increased.

Any further information may be had at the head office of the Company at Montreal.