

SA IODA.

A JUNGLE TRAGEDY.

"Che Mat!" "Are the boats in readiness for tomorrow? I would start with the first light." "All has been done according to the tuan's order. There are three great boxes sealed with damar and bound with rattans; the small boxes, of much weight, filled with the tuan's books are beneath the kajang, and tomorrow, ere the flies awake, I, the tuan's servant, will place such things as remain in the prau Bintang. Ah! Allah-hu. My liver is as water within me, I and the other elders of Pasir Loang. Surely our hearts are heavy and wasted with to watch the dancers and the rice-pot sorrow. The women have no heart burns untended, whilst they recount the tuan's virtues. Allah ho Akbar, God is great. Surely it is written that good deeds are as an ever-blossoming plant, and doubtless, the tuan will attain much honor among his own people. Has the tuan any further orders?" "The speaker, an old Malay, stood motionless, his hands, by his sides, the white man turned, and rummaged in his pockets, bringing out a couple of bottles. "Che Mat, here are two medicines. This is the strong herb for the stomach cramps and the Chilly Death. See, I have written thereon, in the Malay character—For a child five drops, for a youth ten, and for a man or woman, full-grown, fifteen. This to be drunk fasting; a little rice-water to be given also when strength fails greatly. Here too is bromine; use it sparingly, as a medicine it is lawful even to a true believer in Islam. Further, the house on the hill-side, with all therein, the padi field, and the coconuts. We give to the woman Majidah. Let her stay with you be troubled; but should she desire to return to her own people in distant Kampoeng, let her go for the land, and let her go in peace. I have written of these things to the government. He is a servant of the tuan, and he knows that she is a stranger and fair as the growing moon, is evilly spoken of by many in the village. "Tuan, will the woman Majidah stay this night in the tuan's house?" "Certainly, have we two not lived together since first I came among you? Why then does she make such a fuss?" "Permit them, tuan, that I and a few of the young men watch within the fence. Stay, let me speak, it is for the tuan's sake that I make request. For long the woman Majidah has bewitched the tuan by her beauty, and seeing that she loved you above all men, we of the village have conspired to close, and the Chinese returned to their own country, we have thrice seen it of the hairy Pengu. After the village, and but two nights ago a pig, belonging to Ah Kwan, the trader, was found half eaten in the lanang grass by the tuan's well. He came, tuan, have a care, for when by chance the love of the woman turns to hate, no djinn from the lowest hall of Eblis can match her desire for revenge. Tuan, may I give the order?" Sandford, tin accountant to the newly defunct tin mines of Tiga Batu, had lived long among the Malays, both the Dutch and the Chinese. The story of the tiger was not new to him, and he saw that "Che Mat, his trusted henchman, and Pengulu, chief of the tin mining on the peninsula of Pasir Loang, firmly believed in the truth of his story. Majidah was indeed a Korinchi woman, and when the great failure of the tobacco crop winter, he had taken it calmly. She had not raved or threatened, or gone into hysterics as her western sister would have done, and even forced a smile at his realistic description of the tobacco crop. Sandford had been very fond of the girl, and the future without her looked bleak. It was impossible to take her with him—yet he felt into a brown study. "Tuan, shall I give the order?" "Che Mat's voice broke the train of thought. "No. Am I a child to be scared by the chatter of old women, and the fancies of growing youths? Let no harm come to Majidah when I am gone, or it will be a bad day for the Kampoeng. For assuredly Tuan Easton will not rest until the offenders be punished. Now go, and see that I be not disturbed by such idle tales any more this night." "Che Mat drew himself up. "I go,

AIRSHIP BEAT AN AUTOMOBILE.

A 20th Century Race Out in California.

The Famous Arrow Won—There Was Much Excitement Over the Contest.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 16.—Capt Thomas S. Baldwin's famous airship, The Arrow, engaged Sunday in the first race between an automobile and an airship ever run in America, and the race was a success in every way. The airship won by one minute and 40 seconds over a ten mile course, stretching from Los Angeles to Pasadena. The Arrow was piloted against the 24-horse-power, Ford-Toleo touring car of N. T. Hancock, the millionaire plant manufacturer, who piloted the car in the race. The Arrow was governed by Operator Roy Knabenshue, while Capt. Tom Baldwin, owner of the Arrow, was a guest in the car of Mr. Hancock. More than 25,000 persons flocked to the race.

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KILL EVERY IMBECILE INFANT.

Says Mrs. Forberg, of Chicago Social Economics Club.

Similar Action Daily Taken in Hospitals to Hide Bungling Operations.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—Exterminate epileptics, imbeciles and deformed children relieve the public from prospective to the infirm daily. Similar action is taken daily in our hospitals to hide the results of bungling operations. If all lawyers, clergymen and physicians were suppressed the world would be better. If women voted they would construct, not destroy. The greatest opposition to such humane treatment as is accorded unlicensed dogs when they fall into the hands of the poundmaster—application by sulphur or formalin—will be their portion.

THE ROYAL TRUST CO., OF MONTREAL.

BRANCHES AT ST. JOHN, WINNIPEG AND QUEBEC. CAPITAL. \$1,000,000. SUBSCRIBED, \$500,000. PAID UP, \$500,000. RESERVE FUND, \$400,000. President—Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G. C. M. G. Vice-President—Hon. Sir George A. Drummond, K. C. M. G. Directors—R. B. Angus, A. Macdonald, E. S. Clouston, H. V. Meredith, E. B. Greenhalgh, A. T. Peterson, C. M. Mackay, R. G. Reid, C. R. Hooper, Sir W. Macdonald, James Ross, Hon. R. Hays, Sir T. G. Shaughnessy, Sir William C. Van Horne, K. C. M. G.

NEGRO STUDENT Acquitted of Murdering a College Professor.

SAVANNAH, Feb. 15.—Sam Bowman, a seventeen-year-old negro student of the Georgia State College for colored youths, at College, Ga., was found not guilty last night of the charge of the murder of Prof. E. Cotton, a member of the faculty, whom he killed with a brick on Feb. 2. The professor had ejected Bowman from a class room after an altercation. He followed the boy out, threatening him with a stick when Bowman hurled a brick, striking Cotton in the head. Several hours later Cotton died in a hospital in this city.

GEOLOGY OF PERRY BASIN, ME.

(Bangor Commercial.) An important work on one of the most interesting geological sections of Maine, the Perry basin, has been published by the U. S. Geological Survey. The author is George Otis Smith, with the collaboration of David White of the government scientific staff. The Perry basin is a native of Hodgdon in Aroostook county and is a son of Hon. J. O. Smith, formerly insurance commissioner of Maine and proprietor of the States geographical survey. The chief author is George Otis Smith, with the collaboration of David White of the government scientific staff. The Perry basin is a native of Hodgdon in Aroostook county and is a son of Hon. J. O. Smith, formerly insurance commissioner of Maine and proprietor of the States geographical survey.

MINOT'S LIGHT SHAKEN Recent Storm Gained It To Vibrate as Never Before.

SCITUATE, Mass., Feb. 13.—Joseph E. Frates and Joseph G. Lopas, the two keepers of Minot's light, landed several days ago from the granite shaft that gives a warning signal from the ledges on this coast and told a story of the nerve racking experiences they had undergone. The greatest danger was the vibration of the granite shaft which was being carried by the waves of the sea. The light is 124 feet in height and is built on a granite column bent and swayed before the terrific seas, the blocks of stone of which it is constructed were covered with black ice, water came down through the ventilators stood the onslaughts of the ocean for nearly half a century, but all the time the men kept the light trimmed and flashing out the number "13." Just as if the weather was as mild as on a mid-summer night. In the 29 years that Keeper-Frates has been on the light, he never saw anything like the battering the column was subjected to. Although each remembered the fate of the light's predecessor, knocked into bits in a week's storm away back in 1851, and of the loss of the two keepers.

A story that you cannot get away from until you have finished it, is "A Courier of the Ozar," by Jules Verne. It starts this month in the STAR.

ers that waylaid her every step, she struggled on, having, however, small difficulty in following the actual trail, for the burdened tiger had marked his body for her, and she knew that he could not go far ere the dawn. At last, in an open space left by a fallen tree, she saw the tiger, and she knew that he was the great beast was heavy in her nostrils as with outstretched kris she stood awaiting his attack. It was not long delayed. With an angry grunt the tiger thrust his head through the clearing; then with a spring, utterly disdaining the puny weapon, he leaped to the earth, and Majidah lay motionless, her arms outstretched even to death towards the man without whose presence life itself was of no avail. As the morning broke, "Che Mat," finding the house empty, the fence broken down, gathered a party, and after much praying to Allah the All-Powerful and also to the less orthodox spirits that hold sway in the jungle they followed the plainly marked trail to the tiny clearing. They lay there side by side and hidden in the grass until the tiger came. He was not long in coming, and he was not long in showing his teeth. "This thing is beyond my understanding," said "Che Mat. "For if the woman were a witch comes it that she has by our tuan's side? At least we can swear that it is none our doing. No Malay cares to touch the body of an unbeliever, but of an impressing the services of four Chinese from the village "Che Mat caused a grave to be dug within the compound, and here they laid Charles Sandford, lying on his side and facing Mecca. Majidah being but a woman and, therefore, soulless, they buried where she lay and when, a month later, Eastern, the district officer, came up river, the delicate green of the fresh laian grass alone marked the scene of the jungle tragedy. HUMPHREY H. HIPWELL.

HISTORY OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The Victoria Cross, the most coveted of all military decorations, was instituted in 1856, and its award made retrospective to the commencement of the Crimean War. It is an insignificant looking little token. In shape it takes the form of a Maltese Cross, measures one and two-eighth inches square, and weighs four hundred and thirty-four grains, though it should be added that the weight varies slightly. Cast in bronze from the cannon taken by us at Sebastopol, the intrinsic value of the decoration is threepence! It is attached by a "V" to a bar, upon which is embossed a sprig of laurel. On the obverse the Royal Crown, surmounted by a lion, occupies the centre with a scroll underneath, on which is borne the brief and simple legend—"For Valour." The reverse is quite plain, with an indented circle in the centre, in which the date or dates of the act for which it is conferred is engraved. The name of the recipient is engraved on the back of the bar, and the whole is suspended by a ribbon—blue for the Rifle, red for the Cavalry, and white for the Infantry. The Victoria Cross is awarded to one's country not necessarily performed in the presence of the enemy, but in the presence of our doing more than referring briefly to two such cases. Timothy O'Hea, a private in the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, received the Victoria Cross for an act of extraordinary daring. A railway van containing two thousand pounds weight of ammunition, caught fire near the station of Montreal. While the guard was hesitating what course to pursue, O'Hea kept his hand steady, the keys opened the van doors, and called for a ladder and a supply of water. He entered the van, tore the covering from the cases of ammunition, and discovered the source of the fire and promptly extinguished it, thus averting a terrible explosion. In the other case, Assistant Surgeon Campbell Murray Douglas, 2nd East Lothian South Wales Borderers, and Private David Bell, James Cooper, William Griffiths, and Thomas Murphy, of the same corps, earned the Victoria Cross "for the water." A small party of the 24th was landed on the Island of Little Anson, in the Bay of Bengal, to assist in the rescue of the natives. The men were at once attacked, and found their retirement to the transport cut off, owing to a storm which had sprung up. Dr. Douglas, with four men manned the gig, and, after one failure, notwithstanding the boiling surf, reached the shore, and took off five men. These they placed on the transport, and immediately headed once more for the shore. The bravery and devotion of Dr. Douglas and his fellows were rewarded by a fate too horrible to contemplate, and it was felt that no better claim to the cross could be advanced than that which was put forward upon behalf of the medical officer and his four associates. This much, and a great deal more, is to be gleaned from Mr. Wilkins' interesting pages. He has done his work admirably, and the appendices, indexes, and cross-references, enable one to put one's hand upon any particular record without trouble. We notice that it is Mr. Wilkins' intention to continue the history. In this he will have the good wishes of all to whom an act of gallantry appeals. If we could but increase the number of his illustrations, he would make "The History of the Victoria Cross" at once one of the most important, and the most interesting of contemporary military records. THE HISTORY OF THE VICTORIA CROSS. BY PHILIP A. WILKINS. (LONDON: ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., LTD.)

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