

RUSE WAS SUCCESSFUL

SOUTH AFRICAN FARMER PLANTED DIAMONDS.

When Engineers Found Pocket the Price of His Farm Soared Until He Got \$150,000 For It—Then He Slipped Away and Left the Company Looking For More of the Brilliant Stones.

A few years ago a man purchased a small farm in an adjacent colony of Johannesburg, and built himself a nice house and stables on the property. He did very little in the farming line, but as he was supposed to be rich, people assumed he had only gone in for farming for his own amusement. But if he was rich enough to play at farming, it did not concern his neighbors.

This farmer had a small parcel of rough and uncut diamonds which he had brought with him, and whether from anxiety for their safety or his own, he buried them on his farm, carefully locating the spot. After they had been hidden a year or more, a bright thought struck him. What was the use of going in for farming unless he had a good water supply? Of course he must have water, and that at once.

Accordingly he started next day for Johannesburg, and consulted a firm of eminent engineers, and they agreed to send out a man with the necessary apparatus and machinery and start boring at once. The man duly arrived, fixed his gear up, and set to work on the spot indicated by the farmer as the one on which he was most likely to be successful.

On the second day he was astonished at withdrawing his tube to find several diamonds. The next day the same thing occurred—a few more diamonds. These he carefully pocketed, never mentioning the matter to the farmer. On the Saturday he had to return to Johannesburg, and showed his find to his employers. They were equally astonished, and told the man not to open his mouth about the discovery he had made until such time as they could have them thoroughly tested, meanwhile rewarding him with an extra \$25 for his smartness.

Now during the engineers' visit to Johannesburg the farmer must also have been busy, for the man found a few more stones, and these he also took to town the next Saturday and handed them over to his employers, who informed him that the stones had been declared by experts to be undoubted diamonds and of the best quality. He was again cautioned to remain dumb until such time as his employers were prepared to move in the matter.

Under the pretence of seeing how the water-boring operations were progressing, one of the partners proceeded to the farm, and, in company with the farmer, went to inspect the work. Everything appearing satisfactory, they left, the farmer invited the gentleman to his house, and over a drink and a smoke they began speaking of farms, and what a drawback a short water supply was to farming operations.

"Now, look here," said the gentleman, "I have a fancy to go in for farming myself, and I have taken quite a liking to your place. Do you wish to sell?" "To tell you the truth," said the farmer, "I don't understand much about the business myself, but I have taken a great liking to this place, and so has my wife; then it is convenient to the town for the children going to school, and I was thinking of going in for fruit-raising, and I know it would break my wife's heart to leave this lovely place. No, I don't think I will part with the place."

So the matter ended for the moment, and the gentleman returned to town to think over a plan for purchasing the farm, the farmer no doubt chuckling to himself at the success of his scheme. Meantime the diamonds had been shown round Johannesburg, and attracted great attention, the gentleman keeping it a profound secret whereabout the farm lay. During the week he got a number of his friends and some financiers to guarantee \$250,000 for the purchase of the farm, but the farmer to be paid the smallest possible sum he would accept.

Together with one of his friends he again visited the farm, and again critically examined the work in progress, and after carefully inspecting all over the estate, expressed his opinion to the farmer that he did not think they would be successful in finding water, at any rate on that particular spot where they had been at work, and suggested trying another place.

"No," said the farmer, "if you do not find water there I will give it up as a bad job; this experiment will cost me quite enough as it is."

Here the offer to purchase was renewed, but the farmer would not hear of \$100,000. "Well," said the financier, "would \$125,000 be an inducement? You know there are no minerals or anything else on your farm, and \$125,000 is a big price." "I never said there was anything on my farm," said the farmer, "but I will consult my wife about selling, and let you know." "Very well," said they, "just think the matter over; but you must give us a decided answer this day week, as we have another farm in view, and the price is much less."

The farmer promised to do so, and his visitors departed. A few days after he called upon the engineers and paid the expenses of his unsuccessful boring experiment. He then said he had talked the matter over fully with his wife, and he was prepared to sell if he got \$150,000, but not for a cent less. The gentleman asked to be allowed an hour to consult his friends, and see if he could raise that amount.

On his return to the office he found the farmer waiting for him, and explained to him if he would bring in his title-deeds next day he would take him to his solicitors and complete the sale.

"Oh," said the 'cute' farmer, "they are," pulling the documents from

his inner pocket. "We can settle the whole affair now; it will save me coming to Johannesburg again over the matter."

The two proceeded to one of the best-known legal firms in South Africa, the contract was drawn up, duly signed by both contracting parties, witnessed, stamped, and sealed—the title-deeds of the farm handed over to the solicitors, who had to add a clause to the agreement "that in the event of minerals, diamonds, etc., being found on his farm, the seller was to receive an additional bonus of 10 per cent. per annum" on the turn-over.

A check for \$150,000 was drawn and handed to the farmer, who departed, assuming a very sad expression of countenance at the loss of his beloved farm. The little syndicate quickly floated a limited liability company with a capital of \$1,250,000, which was taken up several times over by the public. The "mine" has been working now for over two years. They are still boring.

A CREEPY STORY.

Weird Tales Told by Occupants of Haunted House.

A creepy story of a haunted country house has come to light, the circumstances of which are to be investigated by the Psychological Research Society. The house was taken over for a fortnight by a party of wealthy London people. After they had been in the house a week concerts in the form of violent bell ringing commenced and continued until the occupants left. On one occasion a visible hand was seen to pull the bell, but it was not the hand of any human person in the house. At dinner time the concerts began with a violent peal, involving at least four bells, and this was continued at short intervals for quite an hour and a half. The whole household was so upset by the disturbances that it was found necessary to move the children from one room to another where they were at a great distance from the disturbances. The bells rang out at midnight, and pealed for two hours on one or two occasions.

The occupants of the house saw the bell-pulls in the room swaying, heard the tug of the wire in the wall, and from the movements of the handles could tell beforehand which bell was rung. The bells hung in a long row in the kitchen. They would sometimes sway without actually ringing. It was found that it took a violent tug to make the drawing-room bell ring in the ordinary way, yet the sound of it was clear enough when it rang without being touched. The morning that the house was vacated the bells began ringing quite early. The lady who took the house adds the amazing fact that since their departure the bell-ringing has ceased. "It almost looks as if whoever or whatever it was that rung the bells," she says, "was very anxious to get rid of us from the house. More especially did the peal of the bells on the morning we left seem to indicate this. I may mention that for the last three or four years I have been in the habit of taking country houses for short periods, and that, though exactly the same party has been gathered together, we have never before been troubled by anything of the kind."

Debate on Vivisection.

The debate, as a means of public education, which has been employed with so much effect in the campaign for and against Socialism, was turned to a new use when vivisectionists and anti-vivisectionists met at Hanover square recently, and discussed the right of man to use living animals for experimental scientific purposes. Dr. Starling, who spoke in favor of vivisection, maintained that "the rights of animals exist only in subordination to the necessities of man." In practice, he stated, we claim an unlimited right to use animals. He mentioned that 42,000 mice were inoculated with cancer last year, and that 31,000 human beings died annually of the disease in England. Miss Lind, of Hageby, in reply maintained that ethical considerations forbade the infliction of suffering against animals, which are only humbler links in the chain of evolution to which human beings belong. She asserted that gross cruelty was practiced in the laboratory.

The King Laughed.

A curious court story went the rounds some little time ago about a lovely foreigner, one of whose verbal slips gave King Edward occasion for a hearty laugh. A very lively personage with a delightful accent, she made such a favorable impression upon the King that he asked her to be his partner at bridge. "But, sir," she said, "I really don't know how to play." The King would take no denial, however, and she became rather embarrassed. "I assure you, sir," she said, "I could not think of playing. I don't know the difference between a king and a knave." There was an awkward silence, and then she remembered what she had said and was covered with confusion. The King, of course, laughed it off, and now tells the story with gusto.

The National Flag.

An official statement has been issued by the Home Office to the effect that the national flag is the Union Jack, and that all British subjects are entitled to display it freely. The statement is intended to set at rest the doubts and queries which have arisen from time to time as to what the national flag really is, the red ensign and other forms of the flag having been suggested as proper for general use by citizens of the Empire. All such suggestions are henceforth null and void.

This Cat Kills Snakes.

A snake-killing cat is owned by a settler in Sierra Leone. Master Puss is a perfect adept at catching small snakes. He watches them till they uncoil and begin to glide off, then springs on to them, and clutching them close behind the head, bites at the vertebrae until the reptile is dead. He always manages by means of his claws to keep a snake from getting a coil round him.

WHEN FOOD WAS SCARCE.

Prices That Ruled in Paris During the Siege of 1870.

The following interesting statement of the prices that were paid for food during the siege of 1870 is taken verbatim out of the journal of a French officer stationed in Paris at the time:

"Toward the middle of October we had to make up our mind to sacrifice the animals of the zoological garden. The elephants and many other beasts were bought by M. Debos, the owner of the English meat shop in Av. Friedland. The meat of the elephants was sold from \$10 to \$12 a kilogram (two pounds), the trunk commanding the highest price, \$16 a kilogram. The trunk and feet were both declared delicious by all gourmands. In the same shop a pair of young wolves were sold for \$2.50 per pound. The meat was soft and without taste. The biggest price was paid for a young live lamb that had been swiped by a 'franc-tireur' from the enemy. One hundred dollars was paid for it."

"Here is an exact price list of some victuals toward the end of the siege:

Two pounds of horseflesh.....	\$5.00
One ham.....	15.00
A whole cat.....	3.00
A rabbit.....	10.00
One turkey.....	30.00
One egg.....	1.00
A rat.....	.50
A pigeon.....	3.00
One pound of butter.....	6.00
A pound of beans.....	1.50
A peck of carrots.....	2.00
One cabbage head.....	.50
One stick of celery.....	3.00
Wood to burn (100 pounds).....	2.00

"Even the rich had to live on the meagerest diet and to take into their menu things that till then only the trapper in the virgin forests was supposed to eat. I leave it to you to imagine what kind of meals were served in the small restaurants and boarding houses."

"Moreover, everybody had to submit to the strictest orders. People stood in file before the butcher and baker shops to wait for their turns. Each household was furnished with a card from the municipality authorizing the bearer to buy a certain amount of meat and bread. The cook, the housewife, the young girl, the little child (men never go shopping in France), were posted for hours before the shops in rain and snow, with wet feet, shivering with cold. The unfortunate ones endured without a murmur these hardships. Women throughout the time of the siege were setting an example of courage and self-abnegation not always followed by men."

"It was a sad and touching spectacle, these long files of women, nearly all dressed in black, grouped before the doors of the dealers, watched by the national guard, with whom they at first were laughing and chatting, till the sufferings from the cold had silenced the laugh and sometimes brought forth the tears."

"But in spite of all precautions the stores one by one were exhausted, the provisions, put in too late before the siege, were used up, and while the babies, deprived of milk, died in great numbers or, fed on sweet wine and bread, pined slowly away, the big people tried to find new resources to prolong their lives."

Generous Mrs. Crewe.

A gambling story is told of Charles James Fox that rather reflects on his honor. He was one of the ardent admirers of Mrs. Crewe, a noted beauty of her day, and it is related that a gentleman lost a considerable sum to this lady at play and, being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave Mr. Fox the money to pay her, begging him to apologize to her for his not having paid the debt of honor in person. Fox lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met the supposed debtor afterward and, surprised that he never noticed the circumstances, at length delicately hinted the matter to him.

"Bless me!" said he. "I paid the money to Mr. Fox three months ago." "Oh, did you, sir?" said Mrs. Crewe good naturedly. "Then probably he paid me, and I forgot it."

Novel Incident in Lords.

Lord Morley did not enter the House of Lords in the orthodox way. On the very threshold of his new career he came in conflict with the traditions of that august assembly. The creditors present during the ceremony of swearing in noticed a sudden break in the order of proceedings. The new peer addressed the reading clerk, who was observed to shake his head vigorously in the negative. A hurried consultation took place between the reading clerk and Lord Peel, who, with Lord Escher, stood sponsor for the new peer. The incident arose upon Lord Morley's refusal to take the oath, he insisting on making an affirmation. There being no precedent for such objection, there was no form of affirmation handy. The form of oath, however, was slightly varied, and the incident closed without its significance being guessed by the onlookers. The rest of the ceremony was unimpeachably decorous.

A Mark of Respect.

Andrew Carnegie was entertaining a Montenegrin prince at Skibo castle. The morning after the prince's arrival a party of guests set out in a huge motor car for a long run, and as they whizzed past an inn a great crowd of highlanders rose from the benches before the inn and saluted.

The prince seemed amazed at the highland dress.

"Why," he asked, "do these men go bare legged?"

"It is a local custom," said Mr. Carnegie, "a mark of respect for you, sir. In some places people take off their hats to show honor to distinguished visitors; here they take off their trousers."

SOAP BUBBLES.

How Some Pretty and Marvelous Effects May Be Produced.

There are degrees of skill in all pastimes, but one would hardly think that there were specialists in the art of blowing soap bubbles. An article in the Windsor Magazine by Meredith Nugent, however, shows that some very pretty and marvelous effects may be obtained by the exercise of care and patience with soap and water.

The first step is to make a solution by rubbing pure white castile soap into a bowl partly filled with water until a lather has been formed. Then remove every particle of lather, dip a clay pipe into the cleared solution and start to blow a bubble.

If you can blow one six inches in diameter so that it will hang suspended from the pipe and will allow your forefinger covered with the solution to be pushed through into the bubble without breaking, then the mixture is ready for use.

Six bubbles may be blown, one inside the other. This is performed by dipping the end of a straw in the soapy water and after resting the wet end upon an inverted plate or sheet of glass, which should have been previously wet with the solution, blow a bubble six inches in diameter.

Then dip the straw into the solution again, carefully thrust it through into the center of this first bubble and blow another. Continue in this manner until all the bubbles are in position. Great care must be taken that the straw is thoroughly wet with solution for fully half its length before each bubble is blown. With practice ten or twelve bubbles may be placed inside of one another.

SEALAD TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Lorneville Wharf, N. B.," will be received at this office until 4.30 p. m., on Tuesday, November 10, 1908, for the construction of a combined Breakwater and Wharf at Lorneville, Reed's Point, St. John County, N. B., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B.; Geoffrey Stead, Esq., Resident Engineer, Chatham, N. B., on application to the Postmaster at Lorneville, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for three thousand dollars (\$3,000,000), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
NAP TESSIER,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 9, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Oct. 13, d3i.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

The Fat Man Who Was a Model of Patience and Perseverance.

Persistence in undertaking is a laudable virtue, but it can be a bit overdone sometimes, as in a case described by Y. L. Molloy in "Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers." Mr. Molloy and his friends, longing for a good dive, went to a swimming school on an island in the Seine. They donned their rented costumes and were preparing for the plunge when a man with ropes came along and insisted on tying them about their waists. It was according to police regulations, and, although they made an indignant protest, they were obliged to submit.

While we were dressing, says Mr. Molloy, we asked the two swimming masters for an extra towel.

"Pardon," they replied, "we must attend to our monsieur."

Then we saw that there had come upon the platform a short and absurdly fat man dressed in bathing costume, swimming sandals and oiled cap.

"Let's see him go in," said we. "What a splash he'll make!"

The swimming masters received the new arrival at the middle of the platform. There he balanced himself on his stomach on a wooden stump two feet high. The masters seized him by his hands and feet and with slow and deliberate movements made him strike out with the action of swimming. They kept this up for a quarter of an hour, and the perspiration rolled off him in great drops.

"He'll be awfully hot to go into the water after that," said I.

But he did not go into the water. The swimming lesson over, he moved toward the dressing room, saying:

"I have done better today."

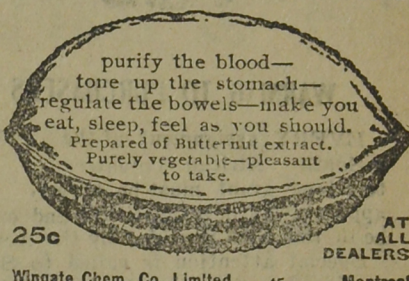
"Ah, yes," answered one of the masters. "Your progress is admirable."

The fat man beamed with complaisance and went in to dress.

I called the swimming masters aside. "Does 'our monsieur' practice often like that? He must have great perseverance."

"Perseverance! He has worked like this for five years, and he has never been in the water!"

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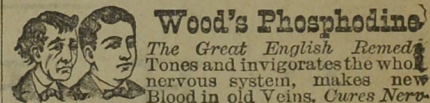
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Let's All Settle Down To Business

Now that all the elections every where are over prosperity and peace assured its time for one and all to begin to get busy.

We are again stocked up with all the good things that's made to keep the blood in circulation during the cold coming winter. Our buyer while away has bought quite heavily in all classes of goods that we are accustomed of selling an while manufacturers and Jobbers were uneasy of the elections prices were freer than the present market values, thus enabled us to lay in a good winter stock at big savings. Your opportunity is now to pick from a monster assortment of stock, Clothing, Dry Goods, Footwear and Headwear for old and young at good savings. Don't lay off till near the holidays when things are in hustle style, wise people buy their winter wearables now when satisfaction and economy knocks at your door.

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There are 138 pairs of odd Boots, Shoes and Slippers left, we'll clear them out at same price this week if you come early.

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