

"BULLY BOY, LEIGH," THE SIGNAL

(Richard V. Oulahan.)

Midshipman the Hon. Gerald Leigh, of her majesty's service, walked the deck of the Amphibian with a big telescope under his arm, and discontent in his heart. It was stupid enough to be shut up on board a man-of-war with nothing to do except pace backward and forward; it was infinitely more so when there was plenty of excitement ashore with a prospect of a lively row before the day was over.

Over there at Honolulu the king lay dead, and the nobles and representatives of the kingdom were sitting in solemn conclave to elect his successor; for the king had left no heir, and had even failed to take advantage of that provision of the Hawaiian constitution, which permitted him to name the person who should come after him on the throne.

There had been talk of an uprising. Many of the natives had declared openly that they were not to submit to be governed by any other than the widowed Queen Emma. And it was said that the nobles and representatives were opposed to Emma's succession.

Just as Midshipman Leigh's watch was relieved, a boat came off from the shore with Midshipman Arthur Bailey. "Oh, Jerry," he cried, as he stepped aboard, "the old man said I was to tell you that you could have liberty. He sent me back; said he didn't need me. But I don't care, for nothing's going to happen. They're as harmless as guinea pigs."

Midshipman Leigh was over the side in a jiffy and into the boat that had brought Bailey off. When the boat reached the landing he stepped ashore quickly and started toward the scene of interest in the town.

Few people were in the streets, but around the court house, where the legislature was sitting, was a great crowd, mostly natives.

A man came out of the court house and attempted to push through the crowd. The people held him until he told the news. A low, angry murmur arose from the assembled natives as the man walked away, and soon there were shouts that Leigh did not understand. He asked a white man, what it meant. "Kalanika's 39 to Emma's 6," was the answer, and Leigh knew then that the nobles and representatives had decided against the claims of the widowed queen by an overwhelming majority.

In a few minutes several well dressed men emerged from the court house. They composed the committee appointed to inform the king of his selection. As they entered the crowd there was much jostling and many loud cries of anger. Somebody struck one of the committee. In a moment the space in front of the court house became a scene of confusion. The committee members were hustled here and there, and blows fell thick and fast. Those who had been present at the meeting of the legislature poured out of the building and tried to get through the crowd. Leigh noticed one elderly gentleman, unmistakably English, and with the characteristic love of fair play rising within him the midshipman sprang forward to the gentleman's assistance. A few well delivered blows made Leigh master of the situation. "Thank you; thank you, my dear young friend; you have done me a great service," said the rescued gentleman, and with his hand warmly shaking Leigh's hand, he turned away. "You are from the Amphibian, of course. And your name? Leigh. Thank you. You'll hear from me again."

Midshipman Leigh thanked his lucky stars that he had seen something worth seeing.

Walking back to the landing place that night, he decided that being a naval officer wasn't such a bad thing after all, and he confessed to being rather glad that he was a younger son, and wouldn't succeed

to the title and be obliged to settle down at Leigh House, where there wasn't any excitement or chance to distinguish oneself.

Just then Midshipman Leigh's pleasant reverie was interrupted by boisterous noise.

"Show us the bloody time-juicers!" was the cry that Leigh heard as he came up with blue-jackets—a hundred or more of them. He saw with dismay that they were from the American ships-of-war.

"Here's a pretty mess," said he. Midshipman Leigh knew that there had been an agreement between his captain and the senior American naval officer that British and American seamen should not be allowed shore liberty at the same time. Evidently there had been a misunderstanding somewhere, for that very night several scores of British blue-jackets—"time-juicers"—to the Americans—were enjoying themselves in Honolulu. If the two factions met there was bound to be a fight, as Leigh well knew. There was enough of traditional ill-feeling between the men of her majesty's service and those who were employed by Uncle Sam; and this had been intensified at Honolulu over the belief among the Americans that the British ship had come to put Queen Emma on the throne, and the supposition of the Britishers that Kalkakua owed his success to Yankee intimidation.

The roistering tans were near the water front now. "Hooray for Dave Calico! Down with the time-juicers!" they shouted. From the distance came an answering shout of defiance: "Cod-fish! Cod-fish!" They were at it in a minute or two, each side eager for the fray. Leigh was at a loss what to do. He did not care to be mixed up in a brawl between seamen, but he was a British officer, and perhaps duty demanded that he should interfere. He ran forward undetermined, but satisfied that the affair was serious. A glance showed him that the Amphibian's men were getting the worst of it. Midshipman Leigh forgot that he was an officer and a gentleman—forgot everything except that his men were being worsted—and rolling up the sleeves of his short uniform jacket, plunged into the melee. The British sailors recognized immediately that they had a leader, and an officer at that. They rallied quickly, and so terrific was their onslaught that the Americans were beaten back. "Hooray for the little one!" yelled her majesty's blue-jackets. "Stand by the little one!" And for the next two minutes the British had the honors.

All that night the marines worked hard at dressing the riotous blue-jackets, and the brig and hospital on the two American ships and on the Amphibian were filled to overflowing. Midshipman Leigh had managed to get on board the Amphibian without being obliged to exhibit his wounds, but he knew that they could not be concealed in the morning.

"What's that?" cried Captain Knapp, of the American ship, the Winnisnook, when he heard of the melee. "Led by a British officer? This is outrageous, and I won't stand it! Call away the cutter, sir."

Capt. Knapp proceeded straight to the American legation and, accompanied by the minister, called on the British commissioner. The three then went to the Amphibian, where formal complaint was made to Captain Gleam that one of his officers had led the British tars in a disgraceful attack on American seamen.

Midshipman Leigh's black eye and swollen cheek were all that were necessary to point him out as the culprit; but he frankly acknowledged that he had been a participant in the melee, and made a poor fist of explaining the extenuating circumstances. Midshipman Leigh was ordered in arrest, and the next steamer carried to San Francisco a brief telegram to the admiralty and a long official report to go forward by mail.

Three miserable weeks were spent by Midshipman Leigh on board the Am-

phibian. Then came another mail steamer with telegraphic instructions from the admiralty to send Midshipman Leigh home. The admiralty was willing to hear any statement he had to make, said the instructions, in order to determine whether he should be dismissed or given the opportunity to resign. It was pretty evident that the naval career of Midshipman Leigh was over, and that the disgrace of dismissal stared him in the face.

J. Thompson, seaman, U. S. N., went aloft the very day that the instructions from the admiralty were received to fix some spars of the Winnisnook, and missed his footing. Midshipman Gerald Leigh, sitting disconsolate on the deck of the Amphibian, 100 yards away saw the man fall.

In an instant Leigh was overboard and when the cutter from the Winnisnook reached the spot where Thompson had disappeared Leigh rose to the surface with the dead body of the seaman in his arms. When he handed it over to the boat's crew, Leigh swam back to his own ship.

The cry of "Man overboard!" brought Capt. Knapp to the deck in time to see Leigh appear with the seaman's body. "Who was that man?" he asked when the boat returned to the Winnisnook.

"A little chap—beg pardon, sir—midshipman who fought our men, sir," answered the coxswain.

Capt. Knapp was nothing if not a man of action. "Stay in your places, was his orders to the boat's crew, and when Thompson's body had been hoisted aboard the commanding officer nimbly went down the side ladder and took his place in the stern. "The Amphibian," said he.

Capt. Knapp appeared to be excited when he reached the deck of the Amphibian.

"Capt. Gleam," he burst forth, "you have got an officer on your ship who has just performed a gallant act, sir, which your government will not pass unnoticed. I understand, sir, that he is about to be sent to England to suffer for some slight infraction of the regulations. To punish that young man would be an outrage, sir."

"I may remark, Captain Knapp," the Britisher commander said, "that it was your complaint that caused the admiralty to take the action it did with reference to Midshipman Leigh."

"Then I withdraw my complaint, sir, and desire that the admiralty be notified to that effect, sir."

When the mail steamer Alcatraz left her wharf two hours later she carried some official communications in which the name of Midshipman Leigh appeared more than once.

Nearly a month later the Alcatraz was again at her wharf in Honolulu. She had just arrived from San Francisco. Her commander personally delivered the official mail addressed to Capt. Gleam.

When Captain Gleam had finished reading his mail he sent for Midshipman Leigh. "Mr. Leigh," he said, "you are restored to duty. The admiralty will send an admiral's letter; but in view of your act of heroism and the request of Capt. Knapp, you are to suffer no other punishment."

As the Winnisnook steamed out past the Amphibian next day the American blue-jackets manned the rigging and cheered. The officers and the crew of the Englishman were too surprised to respond. A lot of hooting broke out from the signal mast of the Winnisnook. It took a minute for those on board the Amphibian to read the flag symbols. Then there was a scramble for the sides and rigging. Capt. Gleam led the responsive cheer—some of them and a tiger.

And a midshipman on her majesty's ship found his eyes so dim that he couldn't read the signal again. This is what it said: "Bully boy, Leigh."

HE WOULDN'T TAKE A DARE

Consequently Comedian Frank Daniels Surprised a Fair Singer

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—At Wallack's Theatre, where "His Honor the Mayor" is being presented, Frank Daniels, who occupied a stage box, added to the gaiety of the second act by jumping across the footlights and roundly kissing Nella Webb, one of the principals, who was singing a song entitled "A Little Girl Like Me."

In this song Miss Webb makes it a point to pick out someone either in a box or on the orchestra floor, and after a spot light has been turned on her victim she sings the refrain of the song, which ends with "Kiss me, kiss me, and I will not say nay."

She spied Mr. Daniels last night and the audience roared when she began pleading with the comedian to bestow on her a kiss. Mr. Daniels turned just a little red, and then, without waiting for the singer to repeat the lines, made one jump from the box and landed on the stage.

Another bound brought him within reach of Miss Webb, whom he caught in his arms and on whose lips he administered a well aimed kiss.

Mr. Daniels, after looking at the audience with a comedy smile as much as to say, "I have eaten the canary," strode back to his box, while the audience applauded so vigorously it made impossible any attempt of Miss Webb to go on with an encore.

Then the unexpected happened. Two traveling men, seated on the orchestra floor, who evidently did not know that Mr. Daniels had taken the liberty of accepting a dare held out by Miss Webb, who he had kissed, started to get up and start down the aisle to the footlights, where they attempted to get on the stage and kiss Miss Webb. The energetic drummers were finally repulsed and Miss Webb managed to respond to an encore without any further osulatory interruptions.

BRYAN ON CHINESE OFFICIAL

In common with the majority of those who read the Letters from a Chinese Official when it first appeared, William Jennings Bryan, who has now written a reply to that book accepted it for what it purported to be, i. e., the actual work of a Chinese writer. In his introduction he writes: "The nameless Chinese official has not only rendered a real service but he has also given our people a chance to prove their good intentions." The publishers, feeling that it was but fair to notify Mr. Bryan of the fact that the work, so that he might, if he chose, make any change necessitated by his assumption of authenticity in the wording of his reply, wrote informing him that the book was not written by a Chinaman at all, but by a young English essayist, G. Lowes Dickinson, who had thus followed in the footsteps of Oliver Goldsmith, who, in his *Citizens of the World*, similarly castigated his countrymen behind a Celestial mask. As a result of this communication, Mr. Bryan has added to his preface the following postscript:

P. S.—The letters were written on ship-board and the place in quarantine at San Francisco. They were sent to my home at Lincoln, Nebraska, with instructions to have them published. Just as they are about to appear I learn that instead of being written by a Chinaman, the original Chinese letters are written by an Englishman, from material furnished him by a Chinaman. Had I known this earlier, I might have changed the language of some of the paragraphs, but as it is not an individual but an argument that I am combating, I leave the letters as they were written. W. J. B.

THE GRANGER TOOK A FIT

(Bangor News.)

The Frenchman, the deacon and a man from New Brunswick, writes the Higgins Hill correspondent of the Fort Fairfield Review, called on the Granger the other evening and began talking about cows. The Frenchman began the yarn by saying: "By God, cow been one good cow. My wife he milk been some, one, two, tree times a day. Dat cow give one beeg pail milk one leetle pail lard. Wot you teenk dat, hey?" "It's a darn good cow," said the deacon, "most as good as the one I lost last spring. That waken out, and her milk, by zounds, couldn't get it through a strainer at all, 'twas so rich. The only way we could clean that milk, was to put it in a coarse sieve and run it through the fanning mill, just as you'd clean grain." But here the man from New Brunswick broke in: "By gum, deacon, that was a great breed of cows. My mother had one of 'em, and she milked her in a washbowl every night, allers got it plum full, too—and, rich? Well, deacon, many's the time I've seen your father go out before breakfast and dance a jig on the cream in that tub!" The deacon collapsed and turned to his host for help, but the Granger was in a fit.

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Everyone who uses Ferrozone has good color and great vitality. Reason for this is Ferrozone's power to create nourishing blood. "I was broken down, had no strength and couldn't eat," writes Mrs. Chas. Benny of Gloster, Ont. "My nerves were terrible, I was thin-blooded and continually unhappy. I tried Ferrozone. It gave me new energy, force, vim. It brought me strength—made me well." Greatest tonic and re-builder ever known is Ferrozone. Sold everywhere in 50c. boxes.

DISCOVERS GULF STREAM IS NEARING NEW ENGLAND

(Boston Post.)

That the Gulf Stream has its shifts and strays, that it is wandering northward in its wonderfully beneficent path, is again put in evidence by Captain Jensen, of the United Fruit Company's steamer Admiral Schley, just arrived from Jamaican ports.

It was only a few months ago, on May 29, in fact, that Captain Frost of the company's fleet, reported that he had failed to find a current where, according to geographies one was to be expected.

But that was south of Captain Jensen's findings, and it seems that within three months there has been a decided northward shift.

Captain Jensen states that ordinarily the stream runs from lat. 34 degrees to lat. 38 degrees north, when it goes to the eastward and is lost to vessels bound for Boston. Now it is running strongly from lat. 34 to lat. 40.13, or within 25 miles of Nantucket South Shoal light-ship.

A change in three months in a current which has held its steadiness for years may mean something extremely important, although there is a chance that this is just a temporary freak of this mysterious swirl of water.

If the northward movement continues it won't be beyond the present generation before a warm current is attacking the northern ice and then neither a Peary nor a Walter Wellman will be needed to find that vague northern point for which so many have vainly sought.



Appetite comes with eating and each square of crisp deliciousness seems but to make room for more.

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RIFLE MATCHES

AT SUSSEX

Sussex, N. B., Aug. 15.—Major Massie, of the Army Service Corps, won in this morning's Association match with a score of 93. In this afternoon's Provincial Match there was a tie between Captain R. H. Arnold, 8th Hussars, and T. T. Price, of Moncton. The score was 45.

The following is the Association Match score:

Major A. E. Massie, A. S. C.	93
H. H. Bartlett, St. Andrews	92
Major O. W. Wetmore, 74th Regt.	92
F. A. Dutton, St. Stephen	91
Lt. E. K. McKay, 62nd Fusiliers	91
Capt. E. A. Smith, R. L.	89
R. T. Mack, F. C. R. A.	89
Major G. S. Kinnear, 8th Hussars	88
S. W. Smith, M. P. R. A.	88
G. A. Keith, Sackville	88
Major McRobbie, 8th Hussars	88
Sergt. Chandler, 74th Regt.	86
Sergt. J. G. Sullivan, O. S. C.	86
B. Stewart, M. R. A.	86
Sergt. S. Day, 62nd Fusiliers	85
Lt. L. A. Langstroth, 62nd Fusiliers	85
J. W. McFarlane, F. C. R. A.	85
Pte. McIntosh, 3rd R. C. A.	85
Major J. T. Hart, R. O.	84
E. F. Gladwin, St. John, R. A.	84
D. Conley, St. John, R. A.	84
G. A. Mowatt, St. Andrews R. A.	84
S. J. Burlock, M. P. R. A.	84
Capt. W. E. Forbes, 73rd	83
R. S. Freeze, Sussex	83
Col. Loggie, R. O.	83
J. Thompson, St. John R. A.	83
C. E. McLean, M. R. A.	83
Capt. H. Perley, 62nd Fusiliers	82
J. C. Sampson, St. Andrews R. A.	82
A. C. Carter, M. R. A.	82
D. D. Freeze, Sussex	82
A. R. Rigby, H. R. C.	81
Capt. H. R. Arnold, 8th Hussars	81
Bomb Archibald, 3rd R. C. A.	81
T. T. Price, M. R. A.	80
Pte. H. Daigle, 73rd Regt.	80
G. F. Thompson, St. John R. C.	80
A. R. Jardine, M. R. C.	80
J. Anderson, Sackville	80
Capt. S. B. Anderson, 74th Regt.	80
Col. Sergt. E. S. Wetmore, 62nd Fus.	79
G. O. Maggs, Sussex	79

MAJ. J. M. KINNEAR, SUSSEX

Corps. P. Pettigell, 62nd Fusiliers 78
Roy Brooks, Sackville 77
Sergt. Major Lamb, 62nd Fusiliers 77
T. Carter, Restigouche R. A. 75
A. R. Boss, M. R. A. 74
Corp. J. J. Ross, S. Africa 73

Following is the provincial match:

Capt. R. H. Arnold, 8th Hussars	45
T. T. Price, M. R. C.	45
Lt. Langstroth, 62nd Fusiliers	44
H. H. Bartlett, St. A. R. C.	44
E. F. Gladwin, St. John R. C.	44
N. J. Morrison, St. John R. C.	43
Capt. E. A. Smith, R. L.	43
G. A. Keith, S. R. C.	43
P. M. Merritt, W. R. C.	42
Maj. Massie, A. S. C.	42
B. Stewart, M. R. C.	42
Seth Jones, S. R. A.	42
Sergt. Chandler, 74th Regt.	41
Capt. H. Perley, 62nd Regt.	41
D. D. Freeze, Sussex R. A.	40
A. Carter, M. R. A.	40
Capt. J. L. McAvity, 62nd Fusiliers	40
D. Conley, St. John R. C.	40
Capt. W. E. Forbes, 73rd	40
Lieut. McKay, 62nd Fusiliers	40
Capt. J. S. Frost, 62nd Fusiliers	40
Capt. S. B. Anderson, 74th	39
A. R. Jardine, M. R. C.	39
S. L. C. Coleman, F. C. R. A.	39
A. R. Rigby, H. R. C.	39
J. C. Sampson, St. A. R. C.	39
J. W. McFarlane, F. C. R. A.	39

Roy Brooks, W. I. Cates and A. S. McFarlane were counted out.

A split in the Jewish congregation is reported and some of the old members have broken away from the congregation and will build a new synagogue in the North End.

At the present time the new organization are holding prayer meetings in the hall over Young's paint shop, Main street. The officers for the new organization have been elected as follows: J. Myers, president; A. Cohen, vice-president; J. Rubenstein, secretary; H. Bay, treasurer; F. S. Rubins and A. Zeigerman.

The reported cause is that the rabbi has been acting too independently.

E. A. Williams, chief inspector of the L. C. R., and A. J. Tingley, deputy inspector, are at the Dufferin.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional means. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, it is like a rubber band closed, and the sound cannot enter the ear. Unless the inflammation is removed, and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Deafness, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

POISONED BY ICE CREAM

Salisbury Beach, Mass., Aug. 15.—Forty persons were poisoned by impure ice cream here this evening and six of the victims are in a serious condition. The names of the six are:

Edward O'Connell, Haverhill.
Michael Ring, Haverhill.
Miss Susie Thayer, Haverhill.
John Murphy, Haverhill.
Miss Yvonne Adams, Winchester (N. H.).

Miss Flossie Zeigel, Lawrence.

Nearly all the others affected are residents of Haverhill and vicinity.

All those who became ill ate ice cream purchased from four vendors of Newburyport who sell ice cream, fruit and confectionery from wagons.

Just before 6 o'clock this evening a young girl fell ill from a local hotel and when by-standers went to her assistance they were startled to find that her face had turned a dark color and that her features were drawn and contorted. While several doctors were examining her another young woman nearby nearly collapsed. For two or three hours reports of persons being overcome by violent illness came to the local police. Emergency calls were sent to Newburyport, South-Sea, and nearby places, and several physicians responded.

The physicians decided that the trouble was due to ptomaine poisoning from unclean cans which contained ice cream.

COMMODORE C. P. R. FLEET RETIRED

Montreal, Aug. 15.—(Special)—Captain Stewart, commodore of the C. P. R. Atlantic fleet of steamships, who was appointed in command of the Empress of Britain when the steamer was launched, has been superannuated and retired with a pension. Captain Murray, formerly of the Lake Montreal, has been appointed to command the Empress of Britain. Captain Carr, of the Empress of Ireland, steps up to the position of commodore, owing to the retirement of Captain Stewart.

Captain Stewart has a unique record on the L. Lawrence, owing to the fact that he never lost a ship or a passenger during the thirty-seven years he was plying to and from Montreal.

Basil Johnson, organizer of the C. M. B. A., is at the Park hotel. Who have been visiting Mrs. J. R. C. Wilson, West End, left yesterday for St. George.

Mrs. H. Holden and her son Dean, of Duluth (Minn.), who have been visiting Mrs. J. R. C. Wilson, West End, left yesterday for St. George.

Half-Sick

When your nerves are weak, when you are easily tired, when you feel all run down, then is the time you need a good strong tonic—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your doctor will tell you why it has such power over weak nerves, why it makes the blood rich, and why it gives courage and strength. Ask him if it is not just the medicine you need.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines. Lowell, Mass.



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Of course HEWSON TWEEDS are good. They are made in the big new mill at Amherst. They are woven on the finest machines—of absolutely pure wool.

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