

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



BIRDS AND ANIMALS ON THE NEW JEWELRY.

Chanticles, the popular French rooster, started the fad, and now we have frogs, beetles, snakes and all varieties of birds reproduced in jewelry. The photograph shows a brooch in the form of a bird; pearls being set closely in the body and wings made of platinum. A pendant is also shown a tiny frog set with emeralds being included in a dull gilt circle.

ALLAN LINER LAURENTIAN WRECKED ON NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 6.—Thrilling scenes attended the loss of the Allan liner Laurentian, bound from Boston to Glasgow, which piled up on the rocks near Cape Race during a dense fog at 6 o'clock this morning. The vessel is a total wreck but the entire list of passengers and the crew escaped to land after a trying experience.

The Laurentian left Boston Friday and when off the coast of Nova Scotia, ran into a thick fog bank, which compelled her to run at reduced speed. Early this morning the steamer was making about eighteen knots an hour when she struck the rocks near Cape Race, probably the most dangerous section of the Newfoundland coast. Captain Imrie took a course more northerly than usual and the thick fog caused him to lose his reckoning.

The steamer carried twenty cabin passengers and thirty persons in the steerage, the crew numbering forty. When the ship struck she rebounded heavily, the shock throwing most of the passengers, who were all asleep at the time, from their berths. They stampeded for the deck without stopping to dress and for half an hour much excitement prevailed. Captain Imrie and his officers, however, succeeded in quieting all hands and persuaded everyone to return to quarters and dress.

A stiff northwest wind lashed the ship about and the situation became so serious at 7 o'clock that orders were given to put the ship's boats overboard. Twenty-five of the passengers, mostly women and children, were placed in the first boat, but unluckily the boat tackle collapsed and several persons were thrown into the sea. Others who managed to cling to the half upturned boat were injured by the thumping of the small craft against the sides of the collapsing Atlantic liner.

HARRIMAN WORSE

Arde, N. Y., Sept. 6.—E. H. Harriman is not as well as he was a week ago on the day his personal reassurance led the newspapers of the country to abandon their watchword, "Harriman is getting better." The doctor, Dr. Lyle, Mr. Harriman's personal physician, gave out a brief bulletin tonight from Arden House on his patient's condition.

THE HOT WEATHER TEST makes people better acquainted with their resources of strength and endurance. Many find they need Hood's Sarsaparilla which invigorates the blood, promotes refreshing sleep and overcomes that tired feeling.

Keep tacks in bottles. It saves opening many boxes to find a particular kind.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every case of PILES. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors. You can see and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c, at all dealers of EMMANUEL, BATES & CO., Toronto.

WOMAN DROWNED

Toronto, Sept. 6.—(Special)—Mrs. W. Seabrook, a seventy-year-old woman, was drowned in the Ottawa River this afternoon. She had set out for Hull to visit her daughter. Her eyesight being bad, she mistook the street and walked down one which had no bridge and fell into the river.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE



109 plus 50 plus 1 plus 1000 plus 8 equals a word meaning atmospheric conditions. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE Lower left corner down in body.

PEARY AT THE POLE, TOO, NEARLY A YEAR LATER THAN DR. COOK

Brief Cable from Commander—Saw no Sign of Cook's Visit to the Top of the Earth—Due at Chateau Bay Today—Cook Glad and Says His Story Will Be Confirmed—Peary's Former Attempts.

New York, Sept. 6.—From out the Arctic darkness there was flashed today Peary's message which stunned the scientific world and thrilled the heart of every layman. From the bleak coast of Labrador, Peary gave to the world the news that he had attained his goal in the far north, while at the same moment in far Denmark Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, was being dined and lionized by royalty for the same achievement.

Undeniable Yankee grit had conquered the frozen north and there has been created a coincidence such as the world will never see again. Two Americans have planted the flag of their country in the land of ice, which man has sought to penetrate for four centuries; and each ignorant of the other's conquest, has flashed, within a period of five days, a laconic message of success to the waiting world.

Cook in his first message to his countrymen was brief but non-committal; Peary was even briefer, but specific. "Stars and Stripes nailed to the pole," he said. That was all. But never before have so few words conveyed to a people a greater meaning or a greater patriotic satisfaction.

Five days ago, on Sept. 1, Dr. Cook sent out from the Sialland Islands the first message of success. Today Robert E. Peary, lost from view in the land of ice and unheard from since August, 1908, startled the world by a similar message sent from Indian Harbor. There was no qualification, it left no doubt. It an



Peary's Ship the Roosevelt.

nounced unequivocally that he had reached the top of the world. Thus two flags with the Stars and Stripes of the United States are floating in the ice packs, proving the courage of intrepid Americans.

With but a word from Peary the world waits breathlessly for details, but until tomorrow, when he should arrive at Chateau Bay, Labrador, waiting must suffice.

The first word of Peary's success reached New York at 12:39 p. m. in a despatch to the Associated Press. It contained the bare announcement of his gaining the pole.

At the same time he similarly advised the governor of Newfoundland and sent cables to London.

Both the old and the new world were thus apprised of his great achievement practically at the same moment.

Newspaper extras were rushed from the press and there were those who marvelled at the twist of the universe which had wrenched the ice mask from the north in so strange a manner.

April 6, 1909, the date that Perry planted the flag at the pole and April 21, 1908, the day that Dr. Cook unfurled the Stars and Stripes a year before, consequently became the cardinal dates upon which exploration of the far north will rest hereafter. Though separated by about a year the same feat was accomplished by two Americans, neither of whom was aware of the movements of the other.

Just as Dr. Cook notified his wife, waiting in Brooklyn, so Commander Peary took advantage of the brief stop at Indian Harbor to assure Mrs. Peary of his safety. This message, almost overlooked during a day of excitement over his achievement, reached New York tonight from South

Harpswell (Me.), where Mrs. Peary has been spending the summer.

It contained both a touch of pathos and a quaint reference to his success. "Have made good at last," says the explorer to his wife. "I have the old pole. Am well. Love. Will wire again from Chateau."

The message is signed simply "Bert," an abbreviation of Robert, Commander Peary's first name.

Mrs. Peary sent a wife's characteristic reply, with love, of blessing and a request for him to "hurry home."

By another strange coincidence in this chapter of coincidences, Mrs. Cook, too, was in South Harpswell (Me.), when she first heard news of her husband's success.

Both she and Mrs. Peary had gone for months without word of their husbands, but had hoped and prayed, first for their safe return and secondly, it may be guessed, for the planting of the flag at the pole.

In New York tonight, little preparation had been made to welcome home Commander Peary for so suddenly came the news of his achievement that the scientific societies were overwhelmed. While Peary's name was on the lips of everyone, no formal meetings were held and no committees of welcome appointed. But tomorrow, it is expected that the Peary Arctic Club, the Explorers' Club and the Arctic Club will begin preparations for the celebration of the unprecedented event.

Peary's exploit could not be discussed from a scientific viewpoint tonight as details of his dash to the pole are lacking. How fast he traveled, what great obstacles

he met and overcame, what observations he took and what data he brings back with him is as unavailable tonight as if he were still in the frozen north. It is noted generally, however, that the homecoming of the two explorers, practically at the same time, will afford an opportunity for the comparison of records never heretofore presented. For 400 years man has struggled to reach the pole and now two Americans bring back with them chronicles of their discovery and observations of the land of mystery.

St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 6.—Commander Robert E. Peary, who announced tonight that he had discovered the North Pole on April 6th, of the present year, found no trace of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, who reported to the world five days ago that he made the same discovery in April of the preceding year. This news reached here tonight through Captain Robert Bartlett, of the Roosevelt, Peary's ship, en route to Chateau Bay, Labrador.

South Harpswell, Me., Sept. 6.—Commander Robert E. Peary announced his success in discovering the North Pole to his wife, who is summing at Eagle Island, here, as follows:

"Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, Sept. 6, 1909. "Mrs. R. E. Peary, South Harpswell (Me.): "Have made good at last. I have the old pole. Am well. Love. Will wire again from Chateau. "ROBERT."

In reply Mrs. Peary sent the following despatch: "South Harpswell, Sept. 6. "Commander R. E. Peary, steamer Roosevelt, Chateau Bay:



COMMANDER ROBERT PEARY.

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A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girder top, with those of the medium long hip corset.

Produces lines of exquisite shape, grace and imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure. Made of Imported Coutil; rust-proof boning throughout, one of the best sellers ever made.

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THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued.)

"Yes," she said, and her voice was tense with the effort to keep it from breaking. "He is in league with the men of Oku. I knew it, and Captain Warden warned the authorities at home about him, but no one here would listen. Oh, Mr. Hume, it is a dreadful thing to say, but rather than fall into that man's power I would kill myself."

"You surely don't imagine that we would agree to those terms, do you?" Hume was almost indignant, but Evelyn flung herself on her knees and lifted her clasped hands in agony to the star-studded sky.

"What else can I do?" she wailed. "My life is broken. I have nothing left to live for. If I refuse this offer of peace, it means that all your lives are forfeited, yours and your wife's, and Lord Fairholme's, and those of the officers and men who came here in the launch from Ibi. Tell him I agree. I will go to this man. But make the chief promise to spare you and the others. I must know first that you are safe. Then—O God, pardon me, then—I—"

"My dear girl—which of us would purchase a few more hours of life at such a price?"

"But you do not understand," she blazed forth. "If the death of one man save many why shouldn't the one die? We can't hope to resist these men; there are thousands of them. And unless I fall by my own hand, they may capture me unharmed after they have given your lives useless in my defense. Oh, pity me and pray for me, but do not let me be responsible for the slaughter of the few friends I possess in the world!"

She could no longer restrain her tears. The dark blue dome that typified the heaven to which she looked for mercy was blotted out of sight. She covered as though from a blow, and wept pitifully. Then a voice rang out from the compound directly in front of where she knelt.

As the opening syllables reached her ears, through she understood no word that was uttered, her surcharged brain harbored a new dread, for the man who was speaking spoke in Warden's voice—Warden, whom she had learned to regard as dead these months! She swept away the tears that she had shed, her vision, and peered through the rails of the veranda, but she saw only a cloaked Arab who had stepped forth into the moonlight, and was now addressing stern warnings to the amazed Loanda. And fantasy played her distracted senses another strange trick.

The face of the native chief was plainly visible. She watched its expression change from sheer wonderment to baffled rage, and it seemed to her that it was not Loanda who glowered at the Arab who harangued him, but the scowling mask carved on the gourd by Demonic Garcia.

Oh, yes, she was truly mad. She realized it herself, but the others would never suspect it. Then the persistence of the notion brought relief to her aching heart. A kindly delirium might carry her through the ordeal that lay before her. She no longer feared insanity, rather did she welcome it, and now was her chance to act while she was brave and would not flinch from that which she conceived was her duty.

But why was that tall Arab still talking in Warden's voice, why did that stilted savage seem to threaten him with furious gesture? Even while she was gazing between the wooden bars of the railing, she saw Loanda grasp his spear menacingly, whereupon the Arab laughed—how like it was to Warden's laugh of good-natured raillery—and a couple of Hausa soldiers appeared, with rifles held suggestively, as men hold shotguns when they expect a rabbit to scuttle out of a spinney.

Hume, being still under the spell of that sudden lunacy she heard the Arab say in English, and more amazingly than ever in Warden's voice:

"Now, Jimmie! Four paces to the front in open order—every man—quick!"

An English officer and several soldiers came into the open. After one glance of sheer astonishment, the Oku chief turned and stalked away towards the bush. He did not deign to hurry, but his little springy gait soon carried him into the somber shadows. The dramatic silence that followed was broken by the man in an officer's uniform.

"By gad, Warden, you did that splendidly," he said. "I should never have thought of it. Do you think it will work?"

"For to-night, perhaps. One never knows just how the native mind will look."

at a thing. It gave Loanda a positive shock when he was really convinced that a British officer was not only present at most of M'Wanga's war palavers, but had thrown out of gear every field gun in his precious battery. He would not tell me where M'Wanga is now, but I hardly think they will attack us in earnest before consulting him."

"I am inclined to believe you have knocked the bottom out of the whole bally business," said Colville jubilantly. "They are scared to death of you, Warden. You are the first man who had the opportunity to bust up the Oku ju-ju, and, by Jove, didn't you take it?"

But Colville was wrong. The weird hoot of an owl came from the bush, a drum tapped out a signal, and instantly the forest became alive with vivid yells of light, of light. The negroes had begun their fusillade again, and this time they meant to kill, not to frighten. Bullets whistled past the house, imbedded themselves in the stout timbers, tore huge splinters from beams, and hurled shingles from the roof. It seemed to be a miracle that every person in or near the building was not struck instantly, but the opening volley sent the Hausas to cover beneath the veranda, where they were told to lie flat on the ground behind the projecting supports. To reply to the enemy's fire would be merely a waste of precious ammunition, and the men carried only a small quantity in their bandoliers. The time to fire was when every shot would be effective. Rarely will untrained savages press home an attack when their foremost warriors fall. The Hausas, negroes themselves, had been taught this in many a bush skirmish, and they had absolute confidence in their white leaders, for, by this time, the rumor had gone round that the man in Arab clothing was the well-known deputy commissioner of the Brass River, under whom some of them had fought in the sister protectorate.

Hume, who was cool as any soldier, seized Evelyn's arm the instant that the first bullet crashed into the wood-work. Fairholme, too, who had recovered from the stupefying suddenness of what was, to him, a wholly unexpected sequel to a wearisome trip up a fever-laden river, ran to help, and the two men half carried the girl to the protection of the house.

But she had no thought of danger. Though it was dark inside the main living-room, she held them fast when they would have released her, and tried to read their very souls by a look.

"Did you hear?" she gasped. "The man—the Arab—who is he? . . . The other called him Warden . . . Why should he do that? . . . Was it not cruel of him? . . . And why, why, did it seem to me that I heard Arthur's voice?"

"Calm yourself, Miss Dane," said the missionary quietly. "Providence at times adopts means not within mortal ken. I could not follow what was said to Loanda, but Bambuk tells me that, by some auspicious chance, Captain Arthur Warden has not only crossed a large part of Africa, but has lived many weeks in Oku-land, and is now taking measures which will, I trust, by God's mercy, secure our safety."

A queer choking cry came from the girl's throat.

"Then I am not mad?" she murmured. "He is really there! And he heard what I said—when I offered to go to Figuero?"

Yes, of course he heard. It seemed to her that she was on your account that he made himself known to the chief. But she did not yet understand exactly what happened. I only know that when first he spoke to Colville he used Arabic.

"Yes, by gad," put in Fairholme, finding an opening at last. "I thought he was a beastly native, an 'I' off in like a bloom in 'ass. Just my usual luck, Evelyn. The favorite got up in the last stride and pipped the outsider by a short head, eh, what?"

The earl's happy-go-lucky method of expressing himself was singularly out of tune with his surroundings. Hume had closed the door, and the windows were already shuttered, so the darkness was now that of Pharaoh's Egypt when Moses stretched forth his hand towards heaven. From without came the incessant crackling of musketry, and the inhuman howlings of negroes inspiring each other for the ultimate hand-to-hand fight; within, one heard the hysterical sobbing of Mrs. Hume, the mutterings of the Foulah servant, and the pattering of small debris from walls and roof as the building shook under the sledgehammer blows of bullets traveling at a high velocity. Luckily, as Warden had pointed out, the front of the mission-house faced the river, and there was no firing from that quarter as yet. The veranda was approached by a double staircase which descended from each side and met at a small landing, whence half a dozen steps led to the level of the upper floor. As both sections of the stairs projected beyond the line of the building their comparatively thin boards were being constantly ripped and split by the leaden missiles that hurled in from both flanks.

(To be Continued)

"I've got the dyspepsia. I overate today." "Don't you know better than to do that?" Yes; I know better, but the department store restaurant had a bargain sale of pie."—(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

