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## OUS BRITISH CREW TEN INTO SUBMISSION

YORK, Oct. 2.—A mutiny he British bark Port Stanley, the rebellious crew were nto submission, was reported Capt. Howe of the tug Wm. llin, which towed the vessel The tug was towing the trans- ner with United States troops out of the harbor, when she he Port Stanley at Sandy ng signals for a tow. Captain sponded and was apprised of le.

w of 25 rebelled Sunday after- aiting favorable weather to Melbourne by Sydney. They eption to the manner of the giving orders and to the the food. Capt. Easson, arm- revolver, and his officers with pins, after a fight, drove the w decks and nailed down the An offer to tow the ship to refused, Capt. Easson reply- he had the crew under con- intended to make the sailors

Was Wild With Pain
Willow Creek, Ont., Miss E. ites: "A few years ago I ed with rain and got lumba- like a steel rod piercing my so had earache and was just pain. I applied batting soak- eryline to my ear and rubbed ine for the lumbago. That lieved and in a few hours I No other liniment could do the penetrating power of that makes it superior to all nents. Nothing beats it, 25c. lers.

## ES NOMINATED IN ONTARIO BY-ELECTIONS

O, Ont., Oct. 2—The Conser- North Bruce nominated McLelland for the commons John Tolmie. roke the regular nomina- held for North Renfrew. urray, Liberal, Matthew raight Laurier Liberal) and White, Conservative, are the

H, Ont., Oct. 2.—As a sequel dict returned by the coro- last evening on the death er Thomas Farley in the ourock on Sept. 21, Engineer Conductor Thompson of the l were this morning placed st on the charge of man-

ct. 2.—The foreign office a cable despatch from the mercial representatives in the text of resolutions them, commending the es- of the provisional govern- pronouncing themselves in y government which will der in the island so long as tration does not affect the the open door.






## BOWSER'S SYMPATHIES.

THEY GO OUT TO THE OLD MAN WHO CHOKED UP.

Mr. Bowser was within a hundred feet of his gate as he came from his office the other evening when he noticed an old man coming out of the gate. He was evidently a vagrant by his looks and dress, but as he was asked what he did there he choked up and could not answer for a moment. Then he replied:

"Sir, I want to get to my daughter's in Troy. I asked for five cents at the door, but the lady sent me away. If a few people would only help a poor old man along he'd — he'd——"

Here he was overcome again, and to cut it short Mr. Bowser gave him half a dollar and did not wait to hear the thanks poured out. The incident was not adverted to until dinner was ended, though Mrs. Bowser saw that something had occurred and that there would be an explosion later on. It came when they returned to the sitting room. When Mr. Bowser had paced up and down for five minutes he halted and turned to say:

"Mrs. Bowser, when I reached home this evening there was a poor old man at the gate."

"Yes?"

"He had been here asking for alms."

"Yes?"

"He wanted to get enough money together to pay his fare up to Troy, where he has a daughter. He explained the matter to you, did he not?"

"He did."

"And how much did you give him?"

"Not a blessed cent, Mr. Bowser. I told him to take himself off or I'd have him arrested."

"What, woman—what! You used such brutal language to him! No wonder he was so choked up that he could not speak to me for a minute! By thunder, but if anybody had told me there was such a stony-hearted woman in all this world I wouldn't have believed it."

"You know the old fellow, do you?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"No, I don't know him, and I can't remember of ever having seen him before, but it is enough for me to know that he is old and homeless and friendless. My sympathies were touched at once and I gave him half a dollar."

"Then he went off taking you for a soft mark. The old fraud has called here at least ten times. I gave him money the first twice, but I have turned him down since. He is known all along the street as the weeping Fraud."

"Then the people around here ought to be kicked. That man is no more of a fraud than I am. He is a



"THAT MAN IS NO MORE OF A FRAUD THAN I AM."

simple, gentle, old man, and if he is poor through misfortune that is no fault of his. He wasn't asking money for his. He wasn't asking money for lodgings, but to get up to Troy with."

"Did he tell you that he wanted to open a Troy laundry?"

"No, ma'em, he didn't, and you keep your sarcasm to yourself. I wish some of you folks along here knew what it was to have to ask for charity. Poor old man! You not only refuse to give, but you utter words that hurt his feelings. How do you suppose he must feel toward mankind?"

"He ought to feel pretty mellow toward you. It's a wonder he didn't drop dead when he saw that fifty cents. However, if you want me handing out to every fraud that comes along leave the change and I'll give it to them. The old man was the eighth one that called to-day."

"And by what right do you characterize him as a fraud?"

"Because the policeman on this beat has arrested him two or three times and warned people against him. He has no daughter in Troy. He can't tell you where Troy is. Every time that I have been to the door his breath has smelled of whisky. You needn't waste any sympathy on him."

"But I tell you you are wrong," persisted Mr. Bowser, as he became more and more irritated. "Do you mean to tell me that I don't know a fraud when I see one? Could this old man have choked up with emotion and deceived me? Could the tears that coursed down his wrinkled cheeks have been false? I am neither a child nor a fool, woman."

"No; you simply gave up fifty cents to a man who has been begging around here for a year and has no claim on any one."

"Look here, woman!" said Mr. Bowser, as he set his jaw, "this matter of charity has come up between us before, and you have always tried to make out that I was a softmark. You have gone too far with it. I believe the old man can be found. If so, I will bring him home with me. We will hear his story, and when it has been told you will go down on your knees and beg his pardon."

"I will cheerfully do so if I have wronged him."

Mr. Bowser put on his hat and left the house. He knew that there was a community ten blocks away where many mendicants made their headquarters, and he headed for it, meanwhile keeping a look out for the old man as he went. Nothing was seen of him, but Mr. Bowser had the luck to run across the young man who supplied his house with kindling wood and had occasionally been given the job of beating the rugs. When he had been hailed he halted, and asked:



"SIR, I WANT TO GET TO MY DAUGHTER'S IN TROY."

"I suppose you know many of the people to be found around here?"

"For sure."

"A good many of the street beggars lodge here, don't they?"

"Yes, most of them."

"Well, I am looking for an old man. His hair is white and his face wrinkled, and he speaks in a husky voice."

"He ought to speak that way," grinned the young man.

"What do you mean?"

"Why his name is Husky Jim. You mean the old fellow who wants to get up to Troy to live with his daughter?"

"Yes."

"He lodges right over there at No. 97, and is drinking a highball at this minute. I heard him telling Sleepy Sam that he had struck an old bloke who came down handsomely."

"What—what did he mean by that?" asked Mr. Bowser as he began to feel weak in the knees.

"Oh, he cried to some one and told his Troy story, and got a quarter or fifty cents. Husky is a slick one for a young man."

"Young? Why, he must be seventy years old."

"He isn't a day over twenty-five, Mr. Bowser. He goes about in disguise, you know. He can make up like an actor. I put Mrs. Bowser up to his little game long ago. Don't you ever give him a cent. If you want to see him, come across the street and look into the window. Want to hire him to beat the rugs?"

"N-o-o. Some one was telling me about him, and I just wanted to know."

"Well, don't you put any rugs into his hands. If you do he'll make a skate. Say, he has stolen more doormats than any ten other men. If he's left in the hall half a minute the spare hats and umbrellas are his. You leave it with Mrs. Bowser to turn him and the other frauds down. Shall I call Husky out?"

"Oh, no. I happened to be passing through this quarter, you know."

"I see. Well, if Husky ever stops you and begins choking up and shedding tears and telling that Troy story you take him by his venerable whiskers and they will come off his chin at a yank. Good night, Mr. Bowser."

During that walk of ten blocks back home Mr. Bowser had seventeen thoughts. The thought that gave him the most pain was that he must meet Mrs. Bowser on his return. He walked at a slow pace and finally decided on his course. He entered the house with a swagger and stamped along to the sitting room, and, of course, she looked up and asked:

"Well, is the weeping old man on the doorsteps?"

"What weeping old man?"

"Why, the one I am to get down on my knees to."

"I noticed you had a queer look around your eyes at dinner time. I hope you are not getting wheels in your head."

With that he sat down and began to read the evening paper, and nothing further was said. It was the kindling wood boy who told her all about it two days later, but in the goodness of her heart she didn't make use of the knowledge.

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## THE MAN WHO MEDDLED.

It is a matter of twenty years ago since Harmon Fowler, a resident of a town on the Hudson and a graduate at a New York medical college, set out to make a tour of Spain on foot. He was then only twenty-three years of age, and the plan was for a chum of his to accompany him. Owing to circumstances he had to make the trip alone.

From a fellow student Fowler had picked up a pretty fair knowledge of Spanish, and when his pilgrimage had begun he had no trouble in making himself understood by the people he encountered. For three weeks he had no adventures worth recording. Then they followed thick and fast. One night at a village inn he was awakened from sleep by three men who entered the room next to his and began talking and drinking. The partition was of boards and full of cracks, and the student had no difficulty in hearing every word that passed. When he came to get sight of the men he saw that they were hard cases. They had, as was soon related, committed a robbery and perhaps a murder on the highway a few miles distant. They had shot a horseman out of his saddle, plundered his person and left him where he fell. The money taken from him had been concealed in a deserted hut, and over and over again the trio pledged themselves at their dagger points to be faithful to each other in the division of the spoils. No single one of them was to visit the hut without the consent of the other two. If one proved a traitor the others were to hunt him to his death. After the hue and cry was over it was to be an even divide.

The manner in which those fellows talked of the crime made the American's hair stand up, and he was only too glad when they finally left the inn without knowing that the next room was occupied. When they had gone Fowler lay awake for hours wondering what he had best do in the matter. He had heard the men call each other by their first names. He could give the police a minute description of them. He knew that they were to separate, and where each one was to pass the next month. They had even named the man they had robbed and perhaps murdered. The student had only to go to the police and state his case and all the clews would be in their hands. He had about decided to do this when he went down to breakfast, but a little circumstance changed his mind. The landlord himself brought his breakfast; and after a word or two about the weather, carelessly observed:

"I trust that the senor slept well last night?"

"Very well indeed," was the reply.

"There were some late travelers. I hope they did not disturb you?"

"Not at all."

"You did not even hear them come in?"

"They did not disturb me."

The landlord looked at him sharply, and then seemed satisfied. After that there was no doubt in Fowler's mind that his host knew of the crime and was accessory before or after. It was already known in the village that a prominent citizen of the province had been fatally shot and plundered on the highway the night before, but the landlord said nothing about it. An hour later Fowler got the information from others. He now decided to say nothing to the authorities about the affair, and in setting off on his daily tramp he bade the landlord such a cheerful adieu and spoke so many words in praise of his house that the man could have no suspicions of him. Nevertheless, he had reasons to believe that he was dogged and kept track of for the next three days.

The crime had excited wide-spread interest. The victims was prominent in church and State, and the money he was carrying belonged to the former. This made the crime a heinous one ine the eyes of the masses. A large reward was offered, the police incited to do their best, and it was believed that the criminals would soon be captured. Fowler heard everybody talking about the affair, but had little to say about it himself.

The crime of the highway was a week old when a strange freak seized the American. He decided to go back over his road and visit the hut in which the plunder was concealed. The men had located it so closely that he knew he could find it. He wanted to see if the plunder was really there. It was the mots extraordinarily foolish thing he could have thought of, but he yielded to the impulse. In returning he took the train instead of making the journey on foot, and leaving it about six miles from the hut he cut across the country. He found the hut, but when within ten feet of it was arrested by a gendarme. Three hours later he was in prison charged with the crime. Then several other things happened him. When he attempted to prove an alibi by the landlord at whose inn he lay that night the man kicked it all over out of revenge. When he said the money was concealed in the hut he was charged with an intention to secure it for his own use. Having overheard the talk of



"WHEN WITHIN TEN FEET OF THE HUT HE WAS ARRESTED BY A GENSDARM."

the murders, it was his duty to have informed the police at once. In not doing so he was made accessory after the fact. From his description the three men were soon arrested. They combined to swear the crime on to Fowler.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish and it was soon a case for the American Minister. Fowler was incarcerated in a dungeon and treated as a murderer. Could the populace have got hold of him he would have been torn limb from limb. He was the son of a poor man and the American Minister did not really wake up to the case until there was danger of conviction. The three guilty men were convicted and hung while Fowler lay in prison, but with their dying breath they stuck to it that he was guilty. They even declared that he put up the job. While this was not credited, the people demanded that the American be garroted as accessory. Fowler's career was traced back for years. Every hour he had spent in Spain had to be accounted for. He was brought up for examination thirteen different times. Over one hundred people—mostly of the peasant class—were admitted to see if they could identify him. As a matter of fact he had not passed within five miles of the scene of the murder at any time, but at least fifty people swore to having met him on that road. The landlord of the inn and six of his acquaintances swore to having seen him leave the inn directly after supper, and that it was near midnight when he returned.

The case dragged along for two years and was then set for trail. A witness died and it was postponed. Again, a judge was taken ill. Once more something was found wrong in the indictment. Then the matter was forgotten. At the end of seven years something was done, but it was fully eleven years before the case was fully tried and Fowler was discharged from custody and warned to keep out of Spain in the future. His curiosity had brought a terrible punishment. He went to Spain an athletic young man with a rosy future before him. He came out of prison gray-haired, bent and hopeless, and did not live a year after landing on American soil.

## UNCLE SILAS, HE SAYS

THE OLD MAN TALKS ABOUT REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

When you have settled yourself down to look into things, my son, you will discover that there are many, many things wrong in this world, and you will be amazed that the people are putting up with them so patiently, but hold on to yourself. Your first impulse will be to start out as a reformer. Toss that impulse over the fence into the bushes and take a second thought.

There has been need of reforms ever since this old world began to revolve, and reforms have been made, but they have never come with a rush. They have never come until the man who took the first steps was called a fool for his pains and was dead and about forgotten.

Some day, in this country of ours, there will be reform in the matter of taxes. The rich man who swears off will be hauled up and punished for perjury, but that is in the distant future. If you set out to advocate such a thing now you'd lose your job and be called a theorist and a fool.

Some day there will be State laws to prevent lawyers from serving in the Legislature, and then the Uncle Reubens will make laws reading in such plain English that every schoolboy can understand them, and the judge who undertakes to give them a twist will have to step down. At present there are about ten different interpretations for every law on the statute book, and things may go on this way for half a century more. Don't batter your toes kicking against the wall.

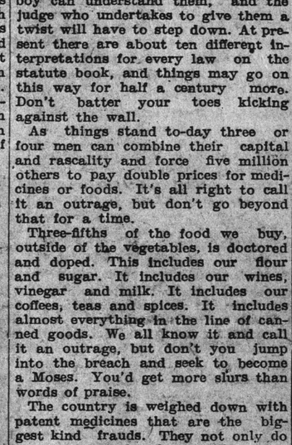
As things stand to-day three or four men can combine their capital and rascality and force five million others to pay double prices for medicines or foods. It's all right to call it an outrage, but don't go beyond that for a time.

Three-fifths of the food we buy, outside of the vegetables, is doctored and doped. This includes our flour and sugar. It includes our wines, vinegar and milk. It includes our coffees, teas and spices. It includes almost everything in the line of canned goods. We all know it and call it an outrage, but don't you jump into the breach and seek to become a Moses. You'd get more slurs than words of praise.

The country is weighed down with patent medicines that are the biggest kind frauds. They not only do not cure, but they harm. They have been exposed time after time, but the people keep on buying and believing in them just the same. If you should get up and shout and try to destroy these illusions no one would thank you for it.

You remember the lightning rod, of course? It went out of business twenty-five years ago. It is doubtful if an instance can be cited where it ever saved a building, but the people were made to believe in their efficacy and it took a hundred years to change that belief. No reformer brought about the reform. It had to be done by thunderbolts knocking rods and roofs galley west.

There is always a great deal of talk in the public press about the freedom of the ballot in this country. It is true that most men can go and vote as they please; but they find their candidates already selected for them. You must accept those candidates or go home without voting. Don't write letters to the newspapers or make any doorstep speeches. The primaries, as we all know, are cut and dried affairs. The candidates are selected thirty days in advance.



"YOU CAN LIE TO CUSTOMERS ALL DAY LONG."

You have only to travel around the nearest corner to find men to agree with you that almost every officeholder in the land is under suspicion and that rottenness prevails everywhere. Malfeasance and bribery have become as common as drunkenness and petty larceny, and ninety-nine men out of every hundred can't talk about it without boiling over. Don't draw a long breath and raise a yell of "Reform!" Electors have become more suspicious of "Reformers" than of the old thieves. You may think that nursing a new party into prominence will cure the evil, but you'll discover that you've got to change human nature first.

It costs millions and millions of dollars per year to build and support the county jails in the United States. Most of the prisoners are thirty and sixty day men, sent for wife-beating and petty larceny. They are also asylums for tramps who have become sore-footed. You may have the idea that the whipping-post would cure most of these evils and give that class of men a higher respect for the majesty of the law, but don't start out to preach that doctrine. You'll be cried down as a barbarian inside of a week. A man may black his wife's eyes, break her nose and kick her in the ribs, but if the lash is laid across his shoulders humanity shudders.

If you borrow money of a man and agree to repay it at a certain date and don't keep your promise, that is false pretenses and can be punished under the law. If you are in the dry goods, groceries, hardware, clothing or shoe trade you can lie to customers all day long and that is simply considered "business." You may not be able to see the difference betwixt tweedledee and tweedledum, but let it alone.

Should you be a clerk on a salary of $20 per week and so far forget the principles instilled into you from boyhood as to gobble on to $5, that is embezzlement and you may go to the penitentiary for it. Should you, however, be at the head of some great corporation and coolly filch from a hundred thousand to half a million you are handled with gloves all around, and your eminent and smiling counsel has no trouble in convincing judge and jurt that the rats ate up the missing money and that an abject apology is due the defendant for calling him away from his dinner. You may shout from the housetops, my son, but you can't change it. The only thing you can do is to rise to the same height in the world and steal a like amount.

The doctor who attends you in sickness expects you to pay him 100 cents on the dollar when he sends in his bill, and yet there are plenty in the profession who will steer their prescriptions to the druggist who is whacking up with them on the profits. The butcher wants his 100 cents on the dollar, and yet he shoves in all the bone he can and makes you pay the same price as for steak. The grocer won't pick your pocket, but the wrapping paper that costs him seven cents a pound is weighed out to you at twice and three times the price.

Why, my son, one could sit down with you on a Monday morning and talk all the week on the wrongs that ought to be righted, but it would only be a waste of breath. In time some of them will be righted, and no one can tell just how nor when the movement began. Others will last through the next ten generations. You have got to take this world just as the rest of us have had to—not exactly on trust, but for what it is. Don't look for gratitude and don't expect much sympathy.

There are a few honest men scattered around, but you may never meet with any of them. For every one man who will give you a fair deal in a horse trade you'll find nineteen others who will sell you shoes with pasteboard shanks. No No one is going out of his way to speak too well of you, and if you can't tell fast colors when you see them you must expect to get cheated more or less.

It's a world in which we are all plugging along after our own fashion, caring little for our neighbor, and he caring less for us, and you must simply take your chances with the crowd and do the best you can.

### THE PORTO RICO COW.

"The Porto Rico cow," said the man who had been stationed on the island as a soldier for two years, "is as humble a looking animal as one ever came across. I never saw one hook or kick or display the least temper, nor did I ever find any one else who had. The first time I ever saw one milked was a matter of the greatest surprise. When a boy had driven her up to the shed, where she stood chewing her cud and switching her tail, the owner brought out a rope and tied her head fast to a post. Then a second rope made her front legs fast. A third did for her hind legs and a fourth went around her body. She was trussed up until she could hardly wink an eye.

"'What on earth is all that for?' I asked the man.

"'I am going to milk her, senor,' he replied.

"'And do you tie her up that way twice a day, taking half an hour each time?'

"'Always, senor.'

"'But she doesn't look to me like a kicking cow.'

"'Perhaps she is not. I do not know.'

"I cast off all the ropes," said the ex-soldier, "and then took the pail from him and sat down and milked. The cow stood as quiet as a monument. During the performance a score or more of men and women had gathered around, and when it was over I said:

"'There, now. But why tie your cows up to be milked?'

"'Santa Maria!' gasped an old man, as he looked around on the crowd and crossed himself. 'If we are not to tie our cows up to be milked, how long will it be before these Yankees will be telling us that it is not necessary to keep our eggs four weeks before eating?'"

Mr. Henry Ruby, of Indianapolis, a traveling man and a guest at the Royal Hotel last week, found unnecessary fault with the number of cockroaches in evidence, and was so persistent in it and so emphatic in his language that mine host Saunders was compelled to shoot him through the shoulder. After having the bullet extracted and lying by three days the gentlemen departed. He explained that there were times he had been known to find fault even with the color of his own hair.

## ARIZONA KICKLETS.

SOME AUTUMN WEATHER ITEMS FROM THE WEST.

Mr. George Frayne, of Lone Jack, cooled Mr. Jim Harper, of the same town, off with a bullet in the shoulder the other day. Cause of the shooting unknown and of no particular interest.

Colonel Davis says that on Sunday last the thermometer marked 130 degrees in the shade at his ranch, and that six saddles lying next to an icehouse were destroyed by spontaneous combustion.

While we have thrown open our private editorial graveyard as a public park in Summer, there are citizens who do not take advantage of it to get a breath of fresh air. They say that looking around on the seventeen headstones makes them lonely.

Editor Blackman, of the Blue Hills Banner, called us a liar in his last issue, and last Sunday we rode over to pay him a friendly call and see how his cucumber plants were getting on. We were still six miles from the town when he mounted his cayuse and left for the mountains at a pace that set the trail smoking.

Some of our friends want to launch our Presidential boom at once and get the people used to the sight of the barrel, so that they will not shy later on. We thank them kindly, but we refuse to be killed off that way. Any candidate boomed six months in advance of nomination is a dead duck.

The town of Lone Jack has organized a Wife-Providing Club and is going to send East for 100 women who want husbands. If the 100 women come along we shall extend our hearty sympathies to ninety-nine of them. The odd one will probably be able to wield an ax and hold her own.

Mr. John Hammer, of a town in Illinois, writes us that he will soon arrive in Giveadam Gulch to set up as a dentist, and he encloses a dollar bill and asks us to give him a "puff." In order to earn the money we will say that Mr. Hammer will be lynched within two hours of his drawing his first tooth in this town. It's a way we have had with the last four dentists.

On a postal card received from Florence yesterday was sketched a skull and crossbones, and the warning was added that we had only twenty days to live. We ate not naturally an obstinate man, but on this occasion we shall do our level best to live twenty-one in order to spite somebody. We trust that the would-be assassin will arrive in the cool of the evening and not demand too great exertions on our part.

In our former issue we had sixteen murder items, but they were not enough to satisfy old Colonel Goodhue, of Dog Valley, and he has written us to stop his paper. We shall do no such thing. Some day as soon as we get time we shall ride over there and shoot four or five bullets into him and try and cure him of his morbid desire to see the country covered with dead men. When a man gets to be 60 years old he should turn from murder to love.



"SNEAKED INTO THE POSTOFFICE AND TURNED LOOSE WITH HIS GUNS."

Five weeks ago a stranger named Jim Hicks came here from Montana and announced that his errand was to shoot the hands off the post office clock. As post master, we sent him word that if he tried it we would shoot the eyebrows off his face, and there the matter rested until Wednesday afternoon. Having first taken a look all around to see if Mr. Hicks was hanging about, we laid aside our guns while distributing the Wolf Creek mail. Mr. Hicks learned of the circumstance and sneaked into the post office and turned loose with his guns, and the hands of the clock went flying. So did Mr. Hicks. We did not even get a snap-shot at him. We tender him our compliments.

A young man who gave us his name as Samuel Gordon, and his place of residence as Pekin, Illinois, called on us one day last week and asked us if there was room in Arizona for a hustling young man. We encouraged him to believe that there was, and he gave us his thanks and disappeared. That day he walked eight miles and stole a horse. That night he rode fifteen miles and stole two others. When caught the next day he had a fourth. When the rope was around his neck and he was about to be launched he was asked if he had anything to say. In reply he laid it all on us, asserting that if we had not encouraged him to hustle he'd have simply picked up an old blind cayuse and been content.

We are sorry to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Ford, in Idaho, which event took place one day last week during a dispute with a miner. For a year Mr. Ford was a resident of this Gulch. Many and many a time, as secretary of the vigilanse committee, we entreated Mr. Ford to furnish the subject of a lynching, but he always hung back. It was a foregone conclusion with us that sooner or later he would get what was coming to him, but he departed one day and left us sorrowing. We would have given him a headstone and a couplet here, while over there in Idaho he fills a nameless grave and there is no curlew to sing his sad song as evening comes down upon the land.

Some one started the story the other day that we had written letters to about twenty different Eastern sheriffs and within four hours thereafter seventeen of our citizens had gone to the hills to take a few days' vacation. Of course there was no truth in the story, and as soon as it was denied the seventeen returned and resumed business.