

CANADA'S HANDS TIED

ALIEN DEPORTATION LAW IS A MERE SHAM

Court Decision Declares Parliament Has No Power to Attend to Provision - Weapon Against United States No Longer.

Toronto, Ont.—The alien labor act of Canada is ultra vires. The Canadian parliament has no power to decree deportation of aliens, and the law which was passed purporting to give power of deportation to the attorney general is an empty and hollow sham.

As a result, E. E. Cain and James R. Gibbula, the Pere Marquette railroad officials, whose arrest and proposed deportation brought a testing of the act, may remain in Canada and continue at their posts.

The ground of the decision is that the carrying out of the law involves an exercise of extra-territorial jurisdiction which Canada does not possess. "A power not consistent with the conditions of a dependency," Judge Anglin calls it. Nothing but a sovereign power could pass such a law, consequently aliens can be deported only by order of imperial parliament.

"Giving full effect to the argument of counsel for the government that if at all possible the statute should receive a construction consistent with jurisdiction and not desiring to attribute to colonial legislation an effort to enlarge their jurisdiction to such an extent as would be inconsistent with the powers committed to a colony," says the judge. "I have striven to discover some means for performance of that which the warrants to Chief of Police Sherwood require him to do, to take into custody Gibbula and Cain and return them to the United States, whence they came, that would not involve an assumption of extra-territorial jurisdiction. In this I have failed."

The order for the discharge of the prisoners is not yet issued, and they may not be relieved from formal custody for some time. Col. Sherwood, of the Dominion police, who made the arrests, will probably be protected from liability of prosecution by a clause in the order of discharge to be issued later by court.

No appeal lies from this judgment. This is emphatically stated by Justice Anglin at the beginning of his statement of the case.

CALLS PRESIDENT A MASHER

Roosevelt Courteously Helps Woman on Train and Gives Her De-lighted Handshake.

Richmond, Va.—President Roosevelt tells with evident enjoyment of a setback he received at the hands, or rather, lips, of a woman of Albemarle, who had never seen him, and only recognized in the slouch-hatted individual a bold young man who was wearing the role of masher.

It was on the occasion of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to the home recently bought by Mrs. Roosevelt in Albemarle. He got off the Southern railway train at Red Hill, and was shaking hands with the crew, when a woman came along and started to climb on the coach.

The president was by her side in a moment, and speedily assisted her to the platform. Then he grasped her right hand and gave it a shake, the woman all the while eyeing him suspiciously and attempting to break away. Finally she succeeded, and then turned loose the vials of her wrath on Mr. Roosevelt's astonished head, saying:

"Young man, I don't know who you are, and I don't care, either, but I want to say you are the freshest that ever struck here."

She departed, as did the president, the latter evidently being much amused.

STARTS A 2,000-MILE WALK

Baltimore Man, on a Wager, Tramping from His Maryland Home to Denver.

Denver, Col.—Denver is before many weeks to be visited by this city, says the Monumental city for a cross-country walk, with this city as his objective point. The venturesome youth, who believes that he will be able to make the 2,000-mile journey by Hyman Marks, a well-known young business man. Several weeks ago, while in company with a number of friends, an argument arose as to each man's staying powers in long-distance walking. The dispute was heated, and the result was a bet on the part of Marks that he could start from the front door of his home and without a cent of money reach Denver in seven weeks from the date of his departure.

The challenge was immediately taken up, and Marks was given a rousing send-off when he left. He will visit the principal cities on the way, and will call on the mayor or some other city official in each town that he stops at for credentials to show that he is actually carrying out his part of the contract.

The young man, in the vernacular of the down east Yankee, will "be to step some" if he counts the time to Denver in the time that he has laid down for himself.

Bread Upon the Waters

A San Francisco woman who founded an institution for destitute women in 1868 has lost her money and entered the home. Talk about one's bread returning after many days!

INDIAN IS WITHOUT TRIBE.

Supposed to Be Possessed of an Evil Spirit, Osage Brave Is Exiled from His Claim.

Arkansas City, Ark.—During the coldest night of the winter John Slink, a full-blooded Osage, was induced to sleep in the office of the Capital hotel here. It was perhaps the first time he had spent a night under the roof of a hotel or dwelling-house for many years. The Indian is a peculiar character and therefore the reason for his living out of doors. As an Osage he is possessed of considerable wealth and yet he is nearly 50 years old and has no relatives.

He is an outcast from his tribe. He is supposed by his tribesmen to be possessed of an evil spirit and for this every Indian shuns him as a viper. This antipathy has existed for years, and, as the story goes, has arisen from a quarrel of John for dead and his coming back to life again.

After an illness that lasted for a long time his tribesmen thought him dead and he was buried according to the primitive customs of the Osage. This was to cover the body with stones to sufficiently prevent the wolves from getting to it. He was placed on the hill used for the burying ground and the stones piled over him. But he was not dead. His strength returned and he was able to wiggle out from among the stones and eventually recovered.

Since that time no Indian will have anything to do with him. He beats about the country surrounding Pawhuska, camping under nooks about town when he is here, but refusing always to sleep under a roof.

The night when he was induced to sleep in the hotel office was bitter cold. The old Indian had wandered about until he was almost frozen, when some men almost forced him to go into the hotel to stay.

The night before he had slept out of doors under a big tree. He had a big fire and only a little clothing. He seems able to endure a wonderful amount of exposure. He seems to have no aim in life, no hope, no pleasure. He is simply existing until the end with the stoicism of his race.

KILLS FEROCIOUS WILDCAT.

Arizona Man in Terrific Battle with Mountain Lion Lands Extra Heavily and Brute Dies.

Cave Creek, Ariz.—On a moonlight night recently Jake Liville killed a big tom lion under the most uncommon conditions of a hand-to-paw fight. Soon after nightfall Jake heard the dogs run an animal up a sycamore tree close to the tent of the great camp, a few miles up Cave creek. At the first alarm he rushed out with rifle in hand and saw a long, quivering body crouched along the lowest limb. In the dim moonlight and with his defective vision he aimed between the blazing eyes of the brute, but the merest trifle high. The ball split Tommy's nose and glanced along the forehead with just sufficient concussion to stun the brute and tumble him to the ground.

In a half second the giant cat was on its feet and leaping toward its assailant, who had no time to slip another ball in place. He had just a quarter of a second to club his rifle. The first blow as a club proved the theory that the modern rifle is too tenderly put up for clubbing a hard-lived cat, for the stock broke clean off.

Then Jake and the panther waited around the tree twice. Jake caressed the giant cat with the barrel of the gun and once the cat tried to hug him. Jake squirmed free of the lion's hug and hit it hard enough to bend the gun barrel a little. That ended the dance. The lion measured nine feet from nose to foot of tail.

For a lion to fight as this one did is a most uncommon thing. Ordinarily a miserable dog can run a big tom up a tree, where he sits snarling and spitting until a man comes close under to dispatch him, sometimes with only a .22 caliber rifle, if aimed true between the eyes.

NEW USE FOR VESUVIUS.

Dynamite Gunboat Has Been Rebuilt and Is Now a Torpedo Training Ship.

Boston.—The United States ship Vesuvius, once the only dynamite gunboat in any navy, which in the Spanish war frightened many Spanish soldiers and sailors at Santiago, will go into commission again in a few days at the Charlestown navy yard.

She is a dynamite cruiser no longer, her new designation being a torpedo training ship. She will be stationed at the torpedo station at Newport. About \$200,000 has been expended at the local yard in refitting the ship for her new work. About all that remains of the old fittings are her hull and engines, and these have been thoroughly overhauled and are entirely new in many parts. The work of rebuilding and refitting has been in progress about a year.

The ship, a "white elephant" of the navy, will at last be of some practical service. It is now said. She has been tied up at the Charlestown navy yard since her return from the campaign in Cuba. The navy department has been considering what could be done with the craft to make her of some service, and probably a hundred plans for converting her were considered before the torpedo instruction ship idea was decided upon.

NOSES FOR STOLEN WOOD

Detectives Trace a Thief by the Odor of Crocotes—Much Material Taken.

New Brunswick, N. J.—Detectives William A. Housell, of this city, and Spencer, of Jersey City, have been able by the use of their noses to recover \$1,000 in valuable material which had been stolen from the freight yards at George and Hamilton streets. This material was wood tubing, covered with a coating of crocotes, to be used as conduit for carrying the wires of the semaphore signal system along the elevated tracks.

There were 2,000 feet of the tubing left in the freight yards, but when a gang of men came here to put the tubing in they found all but 200 feet had disappeared. They decided that the odor from the crocotes, the tubing doubtless being stolen for firewood, would lead to detection.

After several days in the neighborhood they saw smoke ascending from a chimney in Nelson street, which filled the air with the odor of crocotes. In the back yard of the house were half a dozen lengths of tubing. In other yards near by 1,400 feet were recovered.

She Found It.

A St. Petersburg newspaper says that Russia, hemmed in on the west, must eventually break through all barriers and seek warm waters in the east. There is no doubt that she has recently got into some very hot water in that direction.

TELLS OF HIS AGONY.

EXPRESS EUGENIE'S LETTER ON NAPOLEON'S END.

In Missive, Written to Friend, Just Published, She Tells of Bonaparte's Last Scenes—King Dearly Loved France.

Paris.—In connection with the presence in Paris of Eugenie, a highly interesting letter written by her to Mme. Cornu, foster-sister of Napoleon III., has just been published. It was believed that the document was given out by M. Franceschini Pietri, though this is not known as an absolute fact. Mme. Cornu, while the empress was in the hands of the English surgeons in January, 1873, at Chislehurst, asked for news of the patient, whose painful malady had been diagnosed before the outbreak of the Franco-German war by Dr. Nelaton, Dr. Riord, Dr. Fauvel, Dr. Curvisart and Dr. Germain See. The empress replied:

"My Dear Mme. Cornu: I have just received your letter, and I lose not a moment in giving you news of our very, very dear patient. It would be impossible to tell you all that he has suffered. He has, I think, felt the largest part of moral and physical suffering that it has ever been the lots of one man to bear. At last they have found, after examination, a stone as large as a chestnut. Sir Henry Thompson effected two operations to-day. The local general strength is good. We cherish, accordingly, a hope which can be founded reasonably on reassuring symptoms. In spite of all, however, my anxiety is extreme. I pass from complete calmness to utter despair. My poor boy is, thank God, at Woolwich, and that enables us to reassure him completely and more than we can reassure ourselves.

"After the discovery of the stone Sir Henry Thompson and Sir William Gill both remarked that they could not understand how my dear emperor was able to remain five hours in the saddle at Sedan. Will there at last arise a cry for justice in France. France, where he so loved, and loves still, to silence the frightful calamities which have caused him so much suffering? People, as well as individuals, may be surprised for a moment when events hurry along precipitously, but woe to those for whom the hour of justice never comes. Sometimes, on seeing certain children tearing the wings of butterflies, and tormenting poor things that cannot show signs of suffering, I have made the comparison, and have thought that people sometimes pluck out the heart and hurt it without knowing the evil they do, with an eternal smile on their lips. My letter is rather incoherent, but you, my dear Mme. Cornu, will understand my state of mind at the present moment. Always yours affectionately, Eugenie."

On the day after this letter was written the emperor died. In giving out the document for publication, the person whose name is not mentioned, but which is surmised, said: "Let whoever may be deceived by the sort of shyness which causes the empress to conceal her emotion and to remain impassive, read this letter in which she makes, amid the tortures of anxiety, a first appeal to the justice of history."

INDIAN IS A STENOGRAPHER

Young Red Man, a Shorthand Writer, Has a Remarkable Accomplishment.

Muskogee, I. T.—There is in the employ of the Dawes commission a young Choctaw who is one of the few stenographers in the United States who can take dictation in shorthand in three languages. This man's name is L. J. Collins. He speaks Choctaw and Chickasaw with as much fluency as he does English. He is about 20 years old. His father was a full-blood Choctaw Indian, and his mother a Chickasaw. While his father lived he learned to speak Choctaw. When he went to the Chickasaw country with his mother, that language seemed as easy for him as the Choctaw. When his mother died, he was picked up by a white family, and allowed to study with them under a governess. He worked his way through the Indian schools and finally finished a course in stenography.

Reaches Pretty Far.

Somebody has figured out that if Rockefeller's money was in dollar bills laid end to end it would reach around the globe and have eight miles left over for a bowknit. In the meantime it is not in dollar bills, but it is doing some tall reaching in this country.

WINS \$2,000 IN HALF HOUR.

All speed records for breach-of-promise trials were broken in the court of common pleas when Miss Myrtle B. Goodsite, a Sandusky (O.) dressmaker, secured a verdict of \$2,000 against Frank Link. It took five minutes to hear the testimony and the charge to the jury, and 30 minutes later the jury returned the verdict. Link married Miss Welter, and Miss Goodsite then sued.

COW EATS CLOTHES LINE.

Result, Friendship Is Severed Between Close Neighbors—Bovine an Epicure.

Portland, Ore.—This city has an omnivorous cow, whose preference lies to the washing hanging on clothes-lines.

I. Wickman is the owner of the cow that would have been more nearly in accord with the eternal scheme of things had she been born a goat. She craves boots and shoes, rubber goods, and such like. This hunger has frequently led to hostilities between her owner and his neighbors, and has won her the appellation of "the brindle rag-chewer."

As the result of a foraging expedition made by the cow Wickman and Nick Spady, who lives in the adjoining lot, are at daggers drawn.

The bovine epicure rose early from her slumbers recently and applied an undershirt and other garments hanging invitingly on a line in Spady's yard, close to the fence.

Spady witnessed the disappearance of the last article. Filled with indignation, he grabbed a club, and vaulting over the fence beat the omnivorous animal full sore. Wickman was called to the scene by the howling of the cow, remonstrated with her assailant, and called in Policeman Adams, who was informed that Spady had beaten the cow in Wickman's own yard.

The policeman acted King Solomon and advised peace, but there is blood on the moon.

AN INTERESTING GRADUATE

Story of Tek Kah Tsai, Educated at Charles City, Ia., College—Remarkable Progress.

Charles City, Ia.—One of the graduates at the Charles City college this year is Tek Kah Tsai. He is a native of Kiu Kiang, China. He will graduate with the degree of bachelor of arts. Four years ago he could not speak a word of English. In the four years he has mastered the German and English languages and speaks them fluently. Mr. Tsai has a family in his native city of Kiu Kiang, a wife and two boys and a girl. While he has been attending college here he has paid his way by giving lectures in vacation time and at other times and has sent \$200 a year home for the support of his family. Mr. Tsai is 25 years old, and was born in the town of Kwang Chi, in the province of Hu-peh. He returns well equipped to play a part in the unfolding drama of civilization of that far-away land.

He has adopted the costume of the American while here and wears no queue. In fact he says, this was a thing that was imposed upon the Chinese by the Tartars when they invaded his country, and was to distinguish them as slaves. The Japanese, who lived upon the island, then a part of China, were so isolated that they did not come under the ban of the Tartars, and for that reason the custom never had a start in that country, and he says as the Chinese become civilized, they discard the queue.

TIES APPEAL TO SWALLOW.

Wrongfully Convicted Man Sends Statement by Using a Unique Method.

Rome.—The prayers of a prisoner on the island of Porto Longour were answered when a petition written by him was placed in the hands of the minister of justice.

A swallow was used by the prisoner to convey his plea, and the remarkable thing is that it was destined. Signor Jachola, keeper of the Campo lighthouse on the island of Elba, captured the bird.

Noticing a scrap of paper which was attached to one of its feet, he removed it and found it was a letter written by Bruno Cataldo, who stated that he had been wrongfully convicted of murder and had been in prison since 1885.

It added that the swallow having entered through the grating of his appeal cell, Cataldo had attached his appeal to its foot, hoping that it might be forwarded to the minister of justice or to the king. Signor Jachola forwarded the appeal.

IOWA FIGURES LOW.

STATE CENSUS RETURNS SHOW GREAT DECREASE.

Rural Population of Hawkeye Commonwealth Wanes—Beef Trust and Costly Farm Land Is Given as the Cause.

Des Moines, Ia.—The returns from the state census indicate a startling decline in the rural communities, and while some of the larger towns have shown an increase, it is likely that the population of the state will be less than five years ago.

One of the reasons ascribed for the revealed condition is that land values have increased so rapidly and to such an extent that the young man wishing to pursue agriculture as a vocation cannot afford to settle here when the north and the west offer lands for a small portion of the cost that he would have to pay in Iowa. It is practically out of the question for him to buy a farm that sells from \$75 to \$125 per acre. This valuation, too, places the rentals almost at a prohibitive figure. High rentals must be secured by the owners to secure interest on their investment.

Another reason which seems feasible to some is that the beef trust has manipulated the markets to such an extent that there has been little or no profit during the past three years in raising and fattening stock. Live stock has been one of the big items of profit in Iowa in bygone years. Simultaneous with this has been adverse crop conditions of two or three years. High water has made the lowlands unutilizable, and heavy rains at the wrong seasons have injured the crops on the uplands.

In counties where agriculture is the only source of revenue, the decline in population is most marked. Monona county shows a decrease of between 1,000 and 1,500 from the census of 1900; Buchanan county shows a decrease of 3,000, and other agricultural counties report similar losses.

The only thing that offsets and partially reduces the slump is in the larger cities, where manufacturing interests are securing control.

There are heated controversies in several states on account of provisions of the state liquor law. This provides that in towns of less than 5,000 population the consent of 60 per cent of the voters of the county in which it is located must be secured before liquors can legally be sold. In towns of more than 5,000 the consent of the majority of the voters of the town only is needed.

Many towns of the state have a population of either a little more or a little less than 5,000. The prohibition element is watching the census closely, lest it be "stuffed," in order to make the town pass the 5,000 mark. They allege that the liquor element is willing to perpetrate fraud in order to secure the liquor-selling advantage.

LAWS HIT THEIR MAKERS.

Minnesota Legislators Are Accused of Violating Statutes They Put Through.

St. Paul, Minn.—Some of the state legislators have recently had a practical demonstration of the efficacy of laws which they helped to pass. They have been caught by the legislation of their own making.

A few days ago a prominent Minnesota farmer, who served one or two terms in the state legislature and took especial interest in the protection of game and fish, was fined \$25 on a charge of fishing for bass out of season. The former legislator paid the fine without remonstrance. Some of his companions said that they were not fishing for bass, but that one of the fish got on the hook by accident. The former legislator, however, did not make such excuse.

Not many months ago a representative, who as a merchant took especial interest in the law protecting legitimate dealers against box car merchants, was fined on a charge of selling baking powder and spices that were below grade. This representative, it is said, helped frame the dairy and food law and he is now convinced that the law covers the ground.

A state senator who lives in the Second congressional district got caught in a similar manner. His hobby in the senate was to require milk dealers to secure milk licenses. After he had helped pass such a law and had gone home he was notified by the state dairy and food commissioner that if he did not take out a license for permission to sell milk to a neighbor across the road from his house the commission would prosecute him. He took out a license the next day.

WOMAN OPERATES MACHINE.

Miss Eura Graham is the operator of the largest excavating machine that ever entered St. Louis county. Me. The digger is at work in Kirkwood, where a new sewer system is being installed, and attracts much attention on account of its speed in plowing a trench three feet wide and from 10 to 20 feet deep through hard, rocky soil. Miss Graham handles the guiding rod and brakes with skill, and the fact that she is probably the only woman operator of such a machine does not seem to affect her in the least. She appears perfectly at home on the engine, and, as her position is out of reach of the greasy mechanism, she never shows traces of engine work.

Railway Around Earth.

A French engineer thinks a railway could be built around the earth, including a tunnel under Bering strait, for \$250,000,000. Probably a few more thinks might cause him to alter his figures a little.

GREAT WHIST MEET IS ON

Congress of the American League Holds Fifteenth Annual Session in Chicago.

Chicago.—Quite an important event is the fifteenth annual congress of the American Whist league, held at the Auditorium hotel here the week of July 10. The growth of the league, despite the lards which have been made upon the followers of whist by bridge, skat and other aspirants for supremacy, as indoor games, has been remarkable.

In April, 1891, a small coterie of enthusiasts met at Milwaukee to effect an organization of whist players throughout the country. The problem was difficult, but was solved in splendid style, and credit for this achievement is due in a very large measure to the late Judge Elliott of Milwaukee, the "Father of the League," and to Theodore Schwars, of Chicago. Among other things, the American Whist league has codified the laws of whist and improved upon them from year to year, until the present code is probably as nearly perfect as anything of the kind that ever existed.

The congress this summer promises to be a memorable one. Mr. L. G. Parker, who has for many years been regarded among whist players as the best tournament man in the country, stated recently that Chicago's 500 has a force of workers which has never been equaled by Chicago or any other city. Foremost among this band are Edward P. Martin, chairman of the tournament committee, and L. M. Collopy, chairman of the bureau of information and supplies. For many years Chicago has led all American cities in the number of whist players and whist clubs; in her record for entertaining congresses the city has not been preeminent, and this position Martin and his lieutenants will try earnestly to secure this year. Last February the Chicago Whist association gave a four day whist "Carnival," which was the largest affair ever given by a local association, and which gave an impetus to whist affairs in the west which has proved of incalculable value to the managers of the congress.

RAT CLOSING SALOON EARLY

Conscientious Owner Drives Out Crowd, Thinking It Is Closing Hour—Cause Discovered.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Don't say rats to Frank Merkle. Frank Merkle is a saloonkeeper on Smithfield street, and his place for years has been famous as being one which obeys to the very letter every injunction of the Brooks law. So careful is Merkle that he closes his place on legal holidays, and in order that he may shut up every night on time, he has an electric bell connected with the city fire alarm, which rings at 12:45 the official closing time.

Shortly after ten o'clock recently, while the place was crowded, the closing alarm rang. The bar was filled with foaming beers, but, with one swoop, they were taken back. Merkle excitedly locked the front door, turned down the lights and chased everyone through the side entrance in spite of their protests.

When the bar had been cleaned out, the receipts counted and the bartenders had doffed their white aprons, some one suggested that the alarm might be out of order. An inspector was sent for, and he discovered that a rat had chewed through the insulation, which grounded the wire and caused the false alarm to be sent in.

TRAMPS EAT LIKE NABOB.

Steal Silver Dinner Service from Car for Midnight Feast—Escape Police Raid.

Chester, Pa.—According to the statement of a railroad man who lives in this city and was an eyewitness of the affair, tramps and reggers who frequent the line of the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington railroad between Philadelphia and Baltimore held a royal banquet with silver sets valued at \$20,000.

Solid silver was handled by the roadsters and outcasts as if it were nothing more than ordinary tinplate, and the story of the night dinner rivals that of the Millionaire club.

The scene of the midnight feast was in a growl near Ferryville. A freight car had been broken open and some rare set gowns in solid silver, consigned by a New York house to parties in Washington, were stolen and carried to the grove.

Foraging parties were sent out by the nomads and soon silver chafing dishes were used for frying chickens and gold-lined goblets were utilized for quaffing the foaming beer.

In the height of the frolic police and detectives swooped down on the merry-makers and made one or two arrests, but the majority of the "Weary Willies" made their escape.

Wind African Sea Serpent.

Missionaries connected with the Livingstonian mission on the shores of Lake Nyasos, in central Africa, vouch for the statement that while a boat belonging to the British central and African administration was crossing the lake recently it was attacked by a species of sea serpent. The reptile, which is described as being as thick as a man's leg, tried to board the vessel, and was with difficulty beaten off with oars and paddles.

From Bad to Worse.

The Russian ships that were not entered in a salt-water grave, are interned, and the Russian navy will figure in history as the ships that passed in a night.