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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

A POOR SMITHY'S FIGHT FOR WEALTH

How a Nobleman's Youthful Appearance Figures Against Getting a Title

TO OUST A SPANISH GRANDEE.

Ghostly Tragedy of the 'House of Silence.' From Which First Marquis Fled to France, Now Recalled.

PARIS, Oct. 18.—One of the most singular features of the legal fight now being waged between the poor Spanish blacksmith, Pierre Aiera, and the Marquis de Casa Riera, for the latter's vast fortune and estates, is the fact that the nobleman's comparative youthful appearance—upon which he especially prides himself—is being used as a weapon against him to justify the blacksmith's claim that he is an impostor.

There was a negro servant in his household who met with a sudden and violent death at the same time as did the marchioness. The marquis did not deny his guilt, but on account of his position, and what were regarded as extenuating circumstances, he was allowed to leave the country and settled in Paris, occupying the sumptuous hotel in the Rue de Berri in which the blacksmith confidently expects he will reside some day.

DIED IN PARIS. The marquis died in Paris, at a great age, in 1881, and for 15 years prior to that he had been totally blind. He had executed two wills. In the first he bequeathed his property to a cousin who is still living a nonagenarian at Barcelona. In the second will, which was dated two years before his death, he left the bulk of his property to his nephew Jose Mora y Riera, and telling him to another nephew, Alejandro Mora. A third nephew, Gonzalo, a brother of the other two, was bequeathed a million francs.

Jose Mora survived his inheritance only 47 days, dying suddenly, and leaving not a cent in his pocket in Madrid. The estate was then taken possession of by the man who claimed to be Jose's brother, Alejandro, and for some three and twenty years has been known as the Marquis de Casa Riera. In Spain the old marquis had many poor relations, and some of them dreamed of the huge fortune which had been left in Paris and wondered how it happened that no share of it had come to them.

SOME SUPPORT. For this undertaking he found some pecuniary support, but the result of researches and enquiries made, convinced him and his financial allies that he had a far better case than he had figured on.

REALLY ANOTHER MAN. Subsequent investigation, it is asserted, has furnished conclusive proof that the pseudo-marquis is really a man named Foix, born in 1844, and a nephew of a steward of the old marquis. This is further declared by the backers of the blacksmith, is the same man who now resides at the palace in the Rue de Berri, ostensibly as the steward of the marquis de Casa Riera.

BLAZON WITH THE HEIR. Gonzalo Mora died many years ago, according to the claimant, in the same year as the real Alejandro, which

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Made Middle Ages Live Again in England.

Great Transformation Wrought by Father Ignatius, the Famous "Protestant Monk," At Llanthony, Where He Established a Monastery and Rules a Community in Strictly Mediaeval Fashion.



RUINS OF LLANTHONY ABBEY NEAR FATHER IGNATIUS'S MONASTERY. Walter Savage Landor, the Famous Poet and Essayist, Once Owned the Property and Actually Lived in the Tumble Down Place for a Time With His Bride.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Father Ignatius, the famous "Protestant Monk," who denounces the higher criticism as more dangerous to Christianity than open atheism, and boasts that he would still believe everything in the Bible, even if it said the moon was made of green cheese, has again furnished striking proof of the unquestionable character of his faith. At Llanthony, in a lovely Welsh valley, surrounded by mountains, where he has established a monastery and summoned the middle ages back to life, he is erecting a beautiful memorial to commemorate a wondrous apparition of the blessed virgin, which he declares appeared there 24 years ago. Time was when such an undertaking would have evoked a storm of angry protest and derisive comment in the English press.

SPECTRAL SIGHTS OF LONG AGO. His description of the apparition, as beheld by him and several of his monks and lay brothers, recalls the numerous stories of spectral visions supposedly witnessed in mediaeval days, when the church ruled supreme, and scoffing sceptics were unknown. According to Father Ignatius, the virgin's appearance was heralded by a great circle of light flashing out over the heavens and illuminating the whole country round about. In the center of this circle there gradually took shape a gigantic woman, standing sideways with hands uplifted. "In the distance," the monk says, "the figure seemed to be about 60 feet high, but as it descended it assumed the ordinary size of a human being. I saw distinctly the outlines of the features against the bright light, and also the exact form of the drapery, all as plainly and clearly as it is possible for me to express."

NEVER SEEN AGAIN. It never appeared again to the pious watchers, but on each recurring anniversary of the blessed vision Father Ignatius and his little community have celebrated the festival of "Our Lady of Llanthony." And now, having acquired the necessary funds, they will give permanent expression to their faith in the form of a marble statue, representing a female figure with outstretched arms, holding in her hand the "lamp of truth," in which a light will be kept perpetually burning. "I trust the devout father fondly believes," the days to come, when the Christian world shall have seen the ways, and ceasing its efforts to combine science and religion, revert to the faith and methods of its earlier guides, that pilgrims from afar will gather in thousands for prayer and inspiration and miraculous healing.

HOW HE BECAME A MONK. It was in 1861 that the Rev. Joseph Leysner Lyne, then curate, 24 years old, determined to embrace the life of a monk, while still retaining his allegiance to the English church. Assuming the name of Father Ignatius, he first attempted to found a monastery at Norwich. But the bishop forbade him to preach, mobs attacked him and his companions, and he was driven out of the town. For years thereafter his life was a story of persecution, endurance, pluck and tremendous resolution ending in 1879 in the calm of Llanthony Abbey. But it was a sorry haven of refuge he had found there. He slept for a time in a cowshed while the other monks occupied a windowless barn close by. However, times mended and as the means were provided he wrought a wondrous change in that peaceful Welsh valley until then almost uninhabited.

LIKE THE MIDDLE AGES. The visitor, viewing it for the first time, seems suddenly transported back through the dead and gone centuries to a scene that belongs to the middle ages—an illusion to which a singular air of reality is lent by the figure of Father Ignatius, arrayed as an abbot in the garb of St. Benedict, with tonsured crown and the pastoral staff in his hand. The monastery and its great

church are bathed in the golden sunlight. In the windows may be seen the figures of the monastery, with their habits and long and playing with some of the children who attend the monastery school; cowed and hooded figures flit about the corridors; in the convent garden Benedictine sisters are walking; the lowing of cattle the bleating of sheep sound pleasantly in the air; no puff of railway engine or screech of steam whistle obtrude a suggestion of the strife and bustle of the modern world, over all seems to brood a spirit of infinite calm, peace, and contentment.

IN UTTER IGNORANCE. The monks and nuns live in a state of utter ignorance—blissful ignorance, Father Ignatius considers it—of all that transpires in the modern world. Newspapers are forbidden them. They are allowed to read only such books as Father Ignatius considers orthodox and few such are produced nowadays. He rejoices in the knowledge that many of them are unaware whether Victoria or King Edward VIII reigns over England. For himself he adopts a very different mental diet, but that explains, is because he has to go out into the world and combat heretics and he has proved himself invincible to the influence of modern thought. To the suggestion that the young men under his training should be kept abreast of the speculations of the day he once replied: "We never allow ourselves to think. It is all decided for us. If we doubt one thing the whole thing must go. Don't talk rubbish to me about there being more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds. It is all settled for us and there is nothing to dispute."

BOUGHT OLD ABBEY. Walter Savage Landor bought the old Abbey and a lot of land round about it, 1837, and sought to establish himself there as a model country gentleman. He pulled down some new buildings which had been erected in the Abbey,



FATHER IGNATIUS, The Famous "Protestant Monk." At Llanthony in Wales he has established a monastery and summoned the middle ages back to life. He is now erecting a statue to commemorate an apparition of the blessed virgin, which he declares appeared to him there.

and started a house of his own which was never finished. However, he contrived to live for a time in the Abbey and even brought his bride there. This, by the way, was a pretty girl he had met at a ball in Bath, when he remarked to a friend, "That's the nicest girl in the room, and I'll marry her." Landor spent \$40,000 on improvements in the course of three years, but his efforts at agriculture proved a costly failure, and overwhelmed with worries and financial ruin he fled from England. Father Ignatius, with all his visionary ideas, has proved a much better man of business than the famous author.

AMERICAN WATER COLOR IN LONDON. Special Correspondence. LONDON, Oct. 19.—It is probable that London will this winter be treated to an exhibition of water color paintings by American artists. Henry B. Snell, president of the New York Water Color club, under whose auspices it is proposed that the exhibition shall be held, is now here making arrangements for the leasing of a suitable gallery for the purpose. Mr. Snell has popularized in America a method of water color painting, which is almost unknown here. Its chief distinctive feature consists in the employment of stiff bristle brushes in place of the soft, sable kind, used by English water color artists. Specially prepared paper being used and the color laid on with little moisture, bold and vigorous effects are obtained, which are commonly found only in oil paintings and are in striking contrast to the soft, pretty conventional treatment which characterize the English school.

WAS VERY ANGRY. It is the liberal tendencies of the English church which excite Father Ignatius' greatest ire. He once avowed that it would give him great pleasure to tear Bishop Gore of Worcester limb from limb because he spoke of Adam and Eve as a "pair of anthropoid apes." By way of contrast he is fond of recalling his friendship for Bradlaugh, the atheist, whom he admired as a "brave soul and an honest man."

MANY USES OF NEW "PHOTOGRAPHIC FRUIT." Special Correspondence. LONDON, Oct. 19.—No end of novel uses are likely to be made of the so-called "photographic fruit" that has just made its appearance in this country. Already it is settled that at festive banquet boards in future a feature will be made of big apples containing on their rosy cheeks photographic imprints of the guest of honor, patriotic emblems, or some symbol that appeals to the sentiment of the hour. This novelty comes, of course, from France, but it seems sure to be taken up in the United States, and no doubt there will soon be fruit showing pictures of the Stars and Stripes, the president, the White House and other devices that will make the eye of the beholder. The first consignment of these photographic apples—six of them—reached a Covent Garden market dealer a few days ago. They belong to the "Peach-Nonsuch" variety—great red fellows, as big as turnips. As an appropriate tribute to the "entente cordiale" of them was imprinted a portrait of King Edward, reproduced with remarkable clearness. The dealer saw a great chance to make a name for himself. He would present them to his majesty and in return—so he hoped—he would receive a royal warrant appointing him "preserver of apples to the king." Then with the royal coat of arms blazoned over his stall he would be able to lord it over his fellow fruit sellers and reap in addition a substantial reward in the shape of increased business. It was a pleasant dream and retired to a nearby "pub" to seek inspiration for the composition of a letter to his majesty to accompany the gift. Alas for his calculations, he had neglected to take his better half into his confidence. In his absence she sold the six apples at \$2.50 each and thought she had done an excellent stroke of business until 10 minutes later she learned that they had again changed hands at \$4.50 each. That wrought her up into a state of mind that enabled her to gain an easy victory over her husband in the wordy warfare that ensued. He returned from the "pub" and enquired what had become of his apples. He is now evolving a scheme for reproducing a group picture of all the members of the royal family on a water melon, but is much afraid somebody will get ahead of him.

STRAPPED AT THE START. It was his wedding day, radiant in the newest of outfits he started for the church, accompanied by his best man. But his tight shoes hurt his feet, and he looked as though he would have to hobble up the aisle. The best man came to the rescue in escorting him to a neighboring boot shop, where a larger pair was bought. When the happy bride and groom knelt at the altar rails a general titter passed through the assemblage, for on each of the soles of the new boots, turned up to view, was inscribed: "Reduced to 92 cents,"—Boston Book of Boston.

"KING COTTON" NOW STEPPING FORWARD After Talk of Many Years England Will Try and Get Along Without America. DAN SULLY AWAKE BRITISHERS Letter Have Lost More Than \$50,000,000 in Last Twelve Months and Don't Like the Idea.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Daniel J. Sully and the others of his kind seem likely to leave a bigger mark on the world's history than one would naturally suppose. For at least, as a direct result of American speculation in cotton, the British manufacturers dependent on the American product have gone seriously to work to raise cotton enough to supply their own mills. There has been much talk about British cotton for years past, and hints have been sent out in this correspondence from time to time that the movement was possibly a bigger affair than had been realized in the United States. And now there is no longer any doubt about it. Before many years, it is predicted, the British colonies will be turning out almost as much cotton as the United States, and much of it of equal quality. The demand is increasing so much faster than the supply, however, that it is thought the only result in the United States of the new British movement will be to prevent exports.

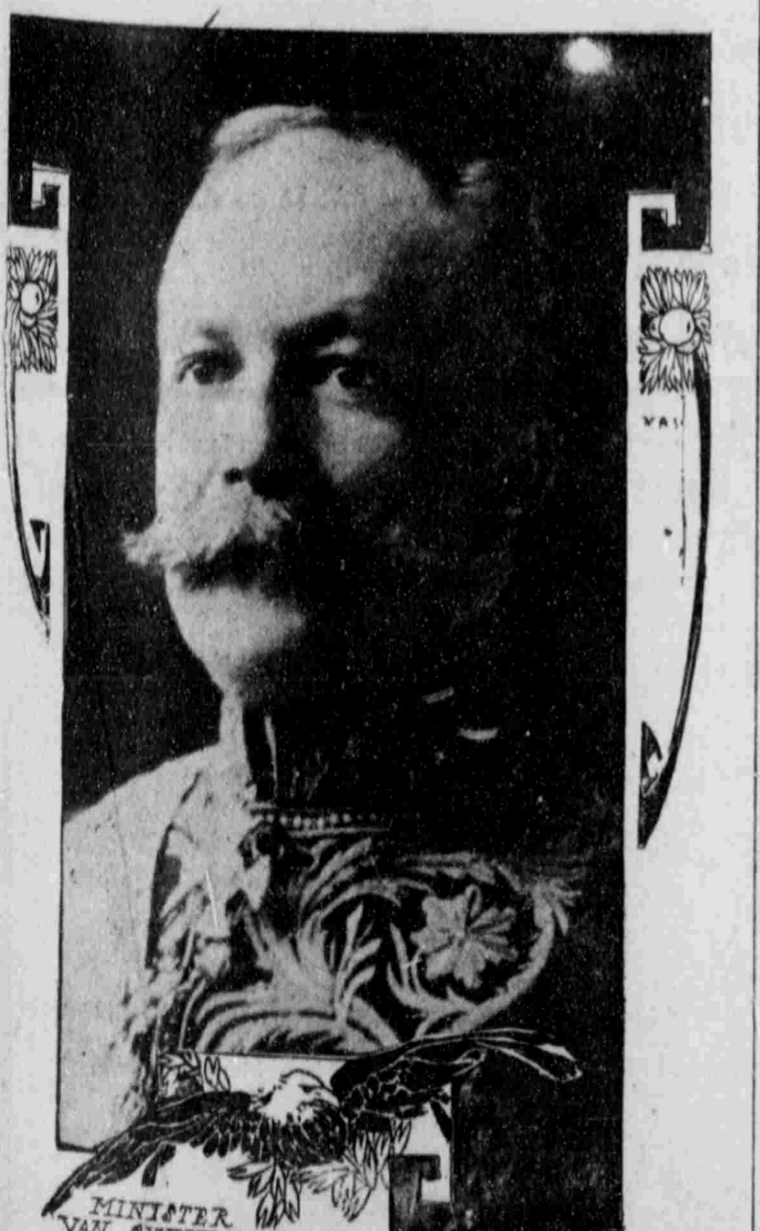
SOME OF THE LANCASHIRE COTTON MANUFACTURERS probably will accept the hospitable invitation of the southern manufacturers to visit them and talk things over. They and their hosts will find themselves in accord on a good many things, and especially as to the desirability of hanging the stock gamblers who get up on short sales before they are able to get out without a penny's worth from across the Atlantic.

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LANCASHIRE'S AWAKENING. Thus it has come about that the Lancashire folk have "waked up," and from the amount of jubilation that has accompanied that announcement in the past it is reasonable to infer that a state of somnolence is the normal condition of big British industries. That awakening has borne fruit in the organization of the British Cotton Growing Association, which has for its object the promotion of cotton culture in the British empire. It is doing a lot of hustling to make up for lost time, pausing occasionally to kick itself for not having done it before. It has made provision for a fund of \$500,000 to carry on the work. Masters and men are pulling together in this matter. Although the cotton spinning have had to work for months on short time, which means reduced pay and much tightening of their belts, one of their associations has contributed more than \$5,000 to the fund, so convinced are its members that in the course of the movement their only hope of getting steady work and full pay at their trade in the future.

At the head of the association is Sir Alfred Jones, one of the brainiest and most energetic of England's self-made capitalists of industry. As proof of his own confidence in the British empire cotton growing underlying he has bought 6,000,000 acres in Sierra Leone and started raising cotton there on a big scale. Under his energetic direction the association has dispatched agents to spot out all the likely places in the empire where cotton can be raised and made to pay. Large consignments of cottonseed have been distributed. Machinery has been purchased and sent where it is needed. Expert cotton cultivators have been engaged, and the empire's only hope of getting steady work and full pay at their trade in the future.

NETHERLAND'S MINISTER TO WED MISS GLOVER.



Minister van Swinderin, representing the Netherlands at Washington, is to wed Miss Elizabeth Glover. Mr. van Swinderin is one of the most popular members of the diplomatic corps. He has only been at his present post since last April, but was a secretary of legation at Washington fifteen years ago.