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PART TWO.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

IN VAIN HE SOUGHT A FAIRY FORTUNE.

How a London Drayman Was Convinced by a Stranger That \$7,500,000 Awaited Him.

DECEPTION COMPLETE MYSTERY

Lured to a Seaport Town to Find Himself Duped and Penniless—Had to Trudge Home Begging His Bread.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Feb. 3.—It is doubtful if any man of humble station ever was led to form great expectations, to cut himself off from his old life on the strength of them and

amount of a kinsman's fortune in Australia. Yesterday he returned, faint with hunger, ragged and shivering, having trudged every step of the way from Plymouth, the port from which he was to have embarked for Australia. Now the police are looking for the man who is supposed to have deceived this simple workman whose story may appeal to some of the folk in the United States who seem inclined to believe the attractive baits in the way of "get-rich-in-a-minute" and the like, continually dangled before them by wily "next of kin" agents on this side of the water.

For 20 years Francis Wood, who is middle aged and a bachelor, had driven a big truck belonging to the owners of one of the best known breweries in London. He was within six months of the age at which the employees of his firm are entitled to pensions, and he was looking forward eagerly to retirement in the three modest little rooms near the brewery which he called home.

LEFT HIS TRUCK.

One afternoon last August, as Wood climbed down from his truck in the brewery yard, he was accosted by a well dressed stranger who asked him if he were not Francis Wood. When the teamster admitted that he was, the stranger introduced himself as a solicitor just arrived from Australia in search of the next-of-kin to an elderly client whose estate was worth \$7,500,000. After questioning Wood a little further the solicitor requested him to call at the

HER SON'S TITLE INVOLVED.



Princess Alice of Bourbon, youngest daughter of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, was married to Prince Frederick, a cousin of the head of the house, in 1897, much, it is said, against her will. The prince now claims that the eldest child is not his own and the litigation planned involves its right to the titles and rank of the family.

then dropped back into worse than his former condition under more pitiful and mysterious circumstances than Francis Wood, who a few months ago was an ordinary London drayman. Last August this man left London in style, believing that when he trod the pavements of the metropolis again he would be the possessor of \$7,500,000, the

Hotel Russell, one of the swiftest hotels in London, for a more extended conference.

Wood did so and the two soon were secluded in the latter's room. Then the solicitor opened a case of documents and began to question the drayman. As Wood told of his grandparents, his parents and what he knew of several other relatives, the stranger referred to his papers from time to time, and when he had heard all Wood had to tell, said, "Yes, you're the man I have been looking for, the only living relative of my client, an old lady—no, you've never heard of her—who lives up country in the Australian bush, and who has sent me to London to bring you back with me. The estate of your relative is worth anywhere from £1,500,000 to £2,000,000. She isn't going to live long, and I congratulate you upon the fortune you will come into when she dies." Wood had two or three subsequent interviews with his new acquaintance, who claimed he was completing arrangements to sail for Australia. In the course of their acquaintance the solicitor advanced Wood \$35, telling him he might draw further as he needed money up to \$50,000. He also had the teamster measured for a wardrobe.

BADE "JOB" GOOD-BYE.

The bewildered teamster with his head full of opulent dreams, now abandoned his "job," and with it, of course, his coming pension, and for this consideration without having given notice, was promptly sent by his late employers and made to pay a small sum in the way of damages. However, all this was a mere bauble to Wood, who could see nothing but the alluring picture painted by his new friend. Meanwhile the credulous man told all his friends about this "good fortune," and most of the London newspapers devoted space to the "millionaire drayman."

At last the solicitor summoned Wood to the hotel to tell him he had engaged passage for both on the Royal Mail Steamship Oratava, sailing Aug. 22. After securing Wood's signature to a paper the latter says he did not read because the solicitor told him it was only an L. O. U. for his passage money, the lawyer told him to go to Plymouth, take lodging at a certain address and wait until he came. This Wood did, trusting his new friend so completely, that he did not even insist on having his name.

When the Oratava's sailing day arrived without the solicitor cutting in an appearance, Wood consulted the steamship line's representatives. He learned that his own name was not on the passenger list and enquiry at the line's London office failed to discover any trace of the missing solicitor. So the drayman stood on the Plymouth pier until the Oratava slowly dropped below

DEVONSHIRES SING FOR ROYAL RESTITUTION

Humiliated by Alexandra's Snub Last Year, Famous Duke and Duchess Laid Themselves Out to Win Back The Royal Favor—Money Lavished on a Welcome of Almost Barbaric Magnificence—Chatsworth House Ablaze With Twenty-five Thousand Colored Lights—Private Theatricals.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—Probably the house-party given at Chatsworth last week by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire to the king and queen of England was the most regal that Edward VII and his consort ever have attended. As one of the richest and proudest noblemen in this country, the duke might have been expected to furnish his sovereign with an entertainment that would surpass any ever offered them before in a private way, but, as Americans may know, there was a special reason why the famous peer, and his duchess, were prepared to do their level best to give their royal guests such a "time" as they never had in their lives before.

The king and queen were to visit last year "the most beautiful home in England," as Chatsworth is called, and at that time festivities were arranged only less brilliant than those which just have come to an end. But then, like the traditional thunder-clap, came the announcement that the royal visit would not take place, the king being indisposed. Those on the inside averred, however, that it was the queen who was "indisposed"—to visit the Devonshires. Gambling at "bridge"—which is anathema to Queen Alexandra—is said to have reached its height at Chatsworth. It was hinted, too, that the guests invited to meet their majesties included one or two gentlemen whose mere mention of whose names made the queen wroth. Explain it in any way you please, there seems to be no doubt that her majesty set her foot down in a fashion that her august lord learned some time ago means business, and so there was nothing for it but to call the whole thing off and put the best possible face on it.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Not since that time have the king and queen so much as crossed the threshold of any one of the Duke of Devonshire's eight magnificent homes, and it must have taken no end of social wire-pulling on the part of the famous hostess thus humiliated to get the recent royal visit paid. So there you have the reason why money was simply poured out at Chatsworth and ingenuously pushed to its farthest extreme to compass such a private entertainment as probably never was seen in this country in our day.

To begin with, at Chatsworth house itself was assembled an army of servants large enough to run an American hotel. In ordinary times, the staff at this famous country house numbers nearly 100, but for the service of the king and queen the 40 titled and otherwise distinguished guests that had been bidden to meet them the duke had called up domestics from all their other "seats" and, besides, engaged five or six special chefs from London. What it cost to provide the magnificent pictures, if almost barbaric "welcome" to the king and queen on their drive to Chatsworth by night can only be imagined. Readers probably have been told already that, when darkness fell on the night that their majesties were expected, the Devonshires' great home and its outlying terraces were outlined in their every detail by more than 25,000 lamps of red, green and yellow, while in the center of its western front gleamed an imperial crown with the monograms of the king and queen. To arrange this

and other striking effects, a force of 60 expert workmen had been sent down to Chatsworth by the foremost fireworks manufacturing company in the country.

IN REGAL MAGNIFICENCE.

Chatsworth house stands about three miles from the railway station at which the royal visitors arrived. Even this station had been fitted up in regal fashion, its walls and pillars being draped with soft hangings and rich carpets spread upon the floor. The state carriage in which the king and queen, with the duke, who had met them at the station, drove to Chatsworth, was a four-horse one, the steeds being harnessed by outriders in liveries of blue and silver, with great lances on their arms. This gorgeous equipage was preceded by a military brigade of boys from the district who marched six abreast and carried torches instead of guns, while behind came women and yeomen on horseback, the helmet of the former flashing in the light of the torches.

A BLAZING SPECTACLE.

So for about two miles, when the really striking part of the ceremony began. For one solid mile from the gates of Chatsworth house stretched a double row of retainers with blazing torches, and as the state carriage made its way through this avenue of light a myriad of tiny starlike jewels appeared on the branches of the trees round about, colored fire kept the sky changing its hue from moment to moment, and rockets shot up in the air from every side. This was only a part, however. In front of Chatsworth house, now a palace of brightness against the dark sky, is a whole series of magnificent fountains, and now these were turned on, and strong magnesium fires of different hues thrown upon them—making an effect that it is hard to describe in words. Meanwhile, powerful search-lights played on the whole scene from different sides and made it as light as day. The great vestibule of Chatsworth is one of the most magnificent in England, the floor, the walls, and the pillars which bear up the painted roof being all of pure, white marble. Here stood the Duchess of Devonshire, who is one of the most beautiful women in the realm. As the carriage, having driven through the great park, neared the entrance to Chatsworth, the brigade of boy torch-bearers formed upon each side. Through this blazing phalanx, the royal party passed, the duchess curtsied low as she received her exalted guests, and, as the king and queen crossed the threshold of Chatsworth, a concerted orchestra played the national anthem.

CROSS POINTS GUESTS.

It goes without saying that the entertainment offered the king and queen, as well as the other exalted guests, during their week's stay at the chief seat of the Devonshires, was on a scale of sumptuousness corresponding to that of their welcome. The other guests included the prime minister, Mr. Balfour—who, oddly enough, is politically at daggers drawn with the Duke of Devonshire just now—the dowager Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Howe, whose vast estates are covered by uncounted "Jennings" heirs, the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Ambassador, who is reputedly in love with the king's daughter, Princess Victoria, and Mr. and Mrs. William

James, his majesty's great chums, who are of American descent.

The king and queen were lodged in what is known as "the red drawing room," at Chatsworth, which contains Landseer's famous dog picture, "Laying Down the Law," as well as an unfinished painting of the great Duchess of Devonshire, whom Gainsborough also portrayed. The sleeping apartments used by the king and queen open from this room. The bedspread and table covers are of costly lace, the toilet sets are all of solid gold, and the mirrors on the walls have golden frames.

During his week's stay at Chatsworth the king shot pheasants, rode on horseback, and used one of the duke's motor-cars. The queen, with characteristic benevolence, drove several miles through a pelting rainstorm one day just to visit the inmates of a local poor-house. The prime minister played golf, and sustained a beating.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

A modish number of the distinguished house party, however, hardly got a chance to put their noses out of doors. They were too busy rehearsing the private theatricals which, for weeks before, had been the talk of the whole country. Chatsworth, with its beautifully appointed private theater, always has been famous as the scene of the most ambitious amateur theatrical performances in this country, with the possible exception of those given by the Marquis of Anglesey at his Welsh castle. And this year it had been noised abroad that in the version of "Cinderella" written by Leo Trevor, the society man and amateur actor, for the entertainment of the royal house party at Chatsworth, Princess Henry of Pleas, Lady Maud Warrender, the beautiful Muriel Wilson, Mrs. "Willie" James, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and the talented author all would appear.

The night of the private theatricals was a great one. Soon after having enjoyed a true feast of *Liquor* in the state diningroom at Chatsworth, the royal party entered the little theater and were seated, and probably such a "bald-headed row" as the amateur players had to face when the curtain went up was never got together before. In the center sat the king, with the Duchess of Devonshire on his right and the dowager Duchess of Manchester on his left. Beside his wife sat the duke, with Queen Alexandra beside him, and in this exalted front row also sat the prime minister, the Marquis de Soveral, the Princess Victoria and Prince Henry of Pleas.

The entertainment was full of topical hits. Even the "fiscal question" was hit off, to the great delight of the king, though whether the duke and Mr. Balfour were amused as much is rather questionable. Leo Trevor, in a make-believe motor-car, had fun with the London county council's new speed regulations, and even the Peckham fad, whose adventures recently have added to the gaiety of nations on this side of the water, was introduced. In the pantomime of "Cinderella," which followed a monologue on "The Eternal Feminine" by Princess Henry of Pleas, Mrs. "Willie" James played the part of the heroine, Sir Hedworth Williamson was the prince, the fair Lady Maud Warrender and Muriel Wilson were the "ugly" sisters and Leo Trevor, the fairy god mother.

LADY MARY.

him at once. A few questions there on the corner brought out the tramp's story, and within five minutes Wood was warning himself before his neighbor's fire while his friend's wife prepared food and a room more comfortable than the truckman had known for weeks.

Owing to the time which had elapsed since Wood last saw the "Australian solicitor," the police have little hope of finding the latter. But why this hoax—if it was a hoax—was played is a question. No one beside Wood seems to have suffered by the swindle, and no one appears to have gained, so at present it looks as if the mystery of the crime whose perpetrator spent \$5 and several days' time in duping a man from whom he could steal nothing would have to be added to the list of "mysterious" in which Scotland Yard has failed.

A STAR BRIDE.



Viscountess Helen Grey.

On the occasion of her recent wedding, the Viscountess, who was formerly Majorie Grey, received an autograph greeting from the king, and a present on which the inscription was "To Quennie, with best wishes, Edward R. and I."

A POSTAL ROMANCE.

Stamp That Cost But Four Cents But Which Brought \$7,250.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—Judging by the queer story of the old postage stamp—original cost a few cents—for which the Prince of Wales paid \$7,250 the other day, it behooves every American boy who has a stamp collection to find out if it may not include such an unsuspected treasure. The stamp for which this record-breaking price was paid is a two-penny blue issued by the island of Mauritius, in September, 1847. Owing to an engraver's mistake in the issue, the words "Post Office" were printed in the left border of the stamp instead of "Post Paid." By May, 1848, the error had been corrected, but about 1,000 of the "Post Office" stamps had been circulated, all but about twenty of which have now disappeared. Hence this specimen's great value.

Forty years ago, James Bonar who lives in Hampstead, a London suburb, was a youthful stamp collector with all the enthusiasm boys pay for the hobby. By a "trade" with another youngster he secured the two-penny Mauritius, and ever since that time it has been forgotten. A short time ago a woman acquaintance, a philatelic enthusiast, happened to call on Mr. Bonar who resurrected his old albums for her inspection. As they turned the pages the caller suddenly exclaimed, "Why, here's a 'Post Office' Mauritius, it's worth a fortune!"

Mr. Bonar showed the stamp to several dealers and expert collectors, so the news of his find soon became noised abroad and within a few days he received an offer of \$5,000 for it. This he decided to refuse and turned the stamp over to an auction firm who advertised it for public sale. Some 600 dealers and collectors were in the room when the sale opened and from an initial bid of \$2,500, the price quickly came to \$7,250, the amount which closed the bidding. Although the purchaser, who gave his name as Crawford, did not say that his principal was the Prince of Wales, it is understood on trustworthy authority that such is the case. His royal highness is president of the London Philatelic society, and one of the most enthusiastic collectors in Great Britain. The Mauritius stamp bears none of the original gum but it unquestionably has never been used and is in excellent condition.

The specimen was the first ever sold by the auction firm. Another company in London, however, bought a similar stamp with a one-penny red of the same issue of 1847 about ten years ago, for \$3,400, later selling it for \$3,750. Within a year of the sale the same company advertised for these stamps, offering \$7,500 for them. The stamps did not come back and so far as known not a single specimen of this issue has changed hands in London since that time.

WHY MANCHURIA IS SOUGHT AFTER.

Coveted Territory the Most Productive of All the Provinces Of China.

VAST AREAS OF FERTILE LAND.

Is Likely to Become the World's Greatest Wheatfield—Huge Forests Of Timber.

Special Correspondence.

HARBIN, Manchuria, Jan. 10.—To the observer of events and conditions in this portion of the orient it is not difficult to understand the tenacity of Russia in hanging on to Manchuria. It is the richest of all the provinces of China and as vast as it is rich.

The Chinese Eastern railway, the southeastern branch of the great Siberian railway, in its course through Manchuria to its end at Port Arthur passes through more than a thousand miles of as continuously rich agricultural country as can be found anywhere in the world. It is a country where crop failures and famine are almost unknown, and where production is as regular and constant as any place dependent on natural rainfall. The country tributary to the Chinese Eastern railway embraces approximately 65,000 square miles, almost every acre of which is tillable soil. But this does not comprehend all nor even a major part of Manchuria.

One of the most fruitful valleys of the world is that of the Sungari river, only a portion of which is traversed by the railroad. This river, emptying into the Amur, is the waterway for the northern part of Manchuria and drains an immense area of arable land. Some of the richest sections are rolling hills of black loam. Red and brown clay soils are extensive and very fertile.

ADAPTED TO WHEAT RAISING.

Wheat, beans, barley, oats, millet, tobacco, hemp, corn and vegetables are the present principal crops and are grown rather extensively and profitably, the entire Sungari valley seems to be especially adapted to the production of wheat, and it has always been grown in a small way for local use by the natives. There are three varieties in general use—a small, plump white wheat, a longer grain of a darker color and another larger and longer and still darker but quite thin grain. The introduction of improved seed will in time no doubt improve the quality and quantity of production, ultimately making this one of the world's greatest wheat fields.

IMPLEMENTS NEEDED.

The great need of the country is modern agricultural implements, and herein is an opportunity for American trade, in the way of which, I am assured, the Russians, who are in practical control, will place no obstacles.

The manufacture of flour is already becoming an important industry, and flouring mills are being erected in various parts of the province. Harbin is the present center of this industry and is destined to become one of the great flour producing centers of the world. It is situated in the heart of the valley of the Sungari, on the banks of that stream, where it has the advantage of water transportation from the wheat fields as well as transportation by rail from three different directions. It has in addition to this cheap water transportation to the sea, two lines of railway reaching the ocean, one at Vladivostok and the other line touching it at Newchwang, Dalgay and Port Arthur. Though only three years old, this is one of the greatest cities of Asia and has the largest European population of any Asiatic city, containing 60,000 Russians, besides the soldiers. The native Chinese population numbers about 40,000.

GRAND FORESTS OF TIMBER.

Aside from the agricultural resources Manchuria has great forests which are especially attractive to Russian enterprises. Many important lumbering plants have been established, particularly at points tributary to the Yalu and Sungari rivers, along the upper waters of which streams there are vast forests containing immense quantities of exceedingly fine timber. The timber along the Yalu, which is very abundant on both the Korean and Manchurian sides of the stream, is mainly pine, very much like the white pine of the United States, and is the principal source of supply for the China market. Lumbering has been carried on in a very primitive way, the logs being cut into timber by the whipsaw method, the natives using a thin and narrow saw blade, with teeth set so as to cut both ways. The Russians are, however, introducing new and heavier machinery. It is said that they are to construct at the mouth of the Yalu the second largest sawmill in the world. There are several large sawmills in this city, cutting timber which is rafted down the Sungari river, along the head waters of which extensive lumbering operations have been recently begun. As the country is being developed by Russian enterprise, there is an increasing demand for lumber, particularly for house building and railway construction. As in the case of agricultural implements, there seems to be here an opportunity for the introduction of American lumbering machinery, upon which, at present at least, the Russians are not likely to look with disfavor.

NORSE VILLAGE OF AALESUND WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE JAN. 23.



One of the greatest calamities that ever happened in Norway, occurred through the destruction of the picturesque and historic village of Aalesund, Norway, recently. To visitors all over the world it was known and funds will be raised in many climes to meet the needs of those made destitute by the terrific calamity.

ANARCHIST TURNER.



The detention of John Turner, the English anarchist, on American soil, is due to his own desire not to be deported until the higher courts decide whether anarchy of his brand is a subject for social expulsion here or not.