THE DAYTON HERALD

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DAYTON, ... OREGON

NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

Russia does not expect a naval battle for some time.

Russia now places her loss of men at the battle of Mukden at 88,000.

Russia has arranged for a loan of $50,000,000 with German bankers.

The revenue cutter McCulloch has been ordered to Portland for the fair.

The rioutous striking teamsters of Chicago have been refused employment.

The United States attorney general says rebate on irrigation material is legal.

The beef trust charges secret serivce men with stealing documents for evidence.

The reported seizure of Hainan island by the Russian fleet is causing activity among Chinese officials.

Reports coming from Europe say Secretary Hay is a nervous wreck and may never return to his office.

Wheat fields of San Joaquin and Stanislaus counties, California, are badly infected with the Hessian fly.

The New York coroner's physician says he has changed his mind and believes that Nan Patterson did not kill Young, but that it was a case of suicide.

Russia plans to restore prestige by gobbling Turkey.

An Italian cruiser set fire to a Guatemalan town in firing a salute.

The Russian fleet is coaling off Hainan island, which is Chinese territory.

The Russian government has ordered villages to pay for the damages done by peasant mobs.

Representative Pinckney and four others were killed in a prohibition riot at Hempstead, Texas.

Nan Patterson broke down on hearing the case opened against her and the trial had to be postponed.

Nebogatoff's squadron has been sighted and it is believed will join Rojestvensky before there is a naval battle.

Five thousand employes of the National Tube works, of McKeesport, Pa., have had their wages increased from 5 to 10 per cent.

Frank G. Bigelow, president of the First National bank of Milwaukee, has confessed that he stole $1,450,000 and lost it in speculation.

The gasoline motor car, intended for the Southern Pacific for use between Portland and Forest Grove, is being tested on the hills at Denver and Cheyenne.

Joseph Jefferson, the eminent actor, is dead.

Secretary Hay's health is steadily improving.

Abitration has been rejected in the Chicago strike.

Russia has increased internal taxes for war purposes.

Bryan predicts government ownership of railroads.

The New York building trades have adopted arbitration.

The battleship Oregon is to be sent to the Puget sound navy yard to be overhauled.

The transport Sheridan has arrived at Portland from Manila with the Fourteenth infantry.

The Chicago grand jury has subpoenaed a number of bank officials to testify against the beef trust.

Delcasse has finally agreed to remain head of the French foreign office, which means resistance to Germany in Morocco.

It has been officially confirmed that the Russian fleet has left Kamranh bay, sailing northward, where Togo is awaiting it.

Chicago teamsters threaten a general strike.

The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe systems are fighting to secure control of the California fruit freight.

Secretary Hay's health is much improved.

The Rock Island system is trying to obtain control of the Union Pacific.

Hitchcock has dismissed eight officials in the Indian service for corruption.

The Italian government is reported to have ordered a nmber of warships to Santo Domingo.

The Chicago beef trust grand jury has turned its attention to the investigation of the sausage business.

Senator O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, is dead. Although sick for some time, his death came rather unexpectedly. He was 78 years old.

The Panama canal commission has purchased a number of big locomotives and cars for the railroad and will equip the line with new and modern rolling stock throughout.

Foreign Minister Delcasse, of France, threatens to resign because of the policy towards Germany and Japan.

Japan boils with anger at the French violation of neutrality, claiming she has positive proof that the Russian fleet uses Kamranh bay as a naval base. Great Britain may be called into the trouble, and her Hong Kong fleet is in readiess to go to sea.

The Japanese army is advancing northward, preceded by cavalry.

The teamsters' strike in Chicago may affect all department stores.

EARLY TRIAL FOR MITCHELL.

Judge Bellinger Renders Decision in Favor of the Government.

Portlannd, April 26.—Senator Mitchell will be tried upon the indictments returned gainst him by the Federal grand jury for complicity in the Oregon land frauds, and that at the earliest opportunity. The attempt of Judge Bennett, his attorney, to check the course of the trials or to quash the indictments returned by the jury through the plea in abatement argued a week ago, was futile, and yesterday morning Judge Bellinger, by his decision, gave a sweeping victory to the cause of the government when he sustained every objection entered by District Attorney Heney to the plea.

At every point, as the court took them up one at a time, the cause of the government was upheld and the pleas f the defense overruled. Only in one case was there a partial victory for the defense, and even there the concession, granted both by the court and the district attorney, was nullified by the action of the defense in insisting for trial by jury instead of trial before the court alone. This was in regard to the contention that George Guistin was not a naturalized citizen of the United States. Judge Bellinger ruled that, as this allegation, if true, would disqualify Guistin as a juror, it would be permitted that the facts be tried before the court by the filing of affidavits and counter affidavits by the government and the defense. Judge Bennett refused to try the issue without a jury, thus throwing all the points in the decision onto the side of the United States.

RUSSIANS SEIZE HAINAN ISLE.

Chinese Excited Over Report—British Navy on the Alert.

Hongkong, April 26. — Great excitement prevails in Chinese circles over the report that the Baltic fleet has seized the island of Hainan. The viceroy of Kwantung has despatched officials to investigate the matter.

British naval authorities here are extremely reticent about their intentions, but elaborate naval preparations are being made for eventualities. Swift cruisers are scouting. The holidays of the crews of the men-of-war have been stopped. The shipping here is thrown into confusion, as most vessels are afraid to sail while the Russians are still on the seas.

Suspecting that the British steamer Beachly carried contraband for the Russians, the crew, which was chiefly shipped at this port, refused to proceed in the vessel, although offered a month's pay as a bonus. The Beachly, although without clearance, attempted to get out of the harbor Monday night during a fog, but was prevented. The British authorities here are exercising the utmost vigilance to maintain strict neutrality.

STRIKE AN UTTER FAILURE.

Chicago Teamsters Abandon Struggle and Apply for Work.

Chicago, April 25.—The great strike against Montgomery Ward & Co. collapsed in dismal fashion tonight, when the teamsters withdrew their sympathetic movement and instructed their men to seek reinstatement as rapidly as possible.

The strike originated last October with the garment workers. They made no progress, and after many consultations, the Teamsters' union, the most powerful labor body in the city, agreed to call a sympathetic strike. This had been in progress two weeks — a fortnight marked by unusual brutality and violence. Men and horses have been burned with acid, non-union men horribly beaten and mutilated, there being a regular scale of prices for maiming and disabling non-unionists. Strangers in the city have been beaten by mobs and thugs have flourished unmolested. Today the garment workers intimated they would call off their strike, leaving the teamsters to continue the fight. It was a hopeless cause from the start, and its flat failure will be a hard blow to labor unions.

Tariff Revision Live Issue.

Washington, April 26.—It has become the belief among public men here that tariff revision will become one of the pressing issues this fall. When the president calls congress together in extra session in October it is understood he will make those men who have been keeping their fingers upon the pulse of the national treasury and noting the increasing deficit feel thoroughly convinced that a suggestion for tariff reform will divide honors with a demand for railroad rate legislation on the president's call.

Big Fire Among Factories.

New York, April 26.—Five alarms were sent in for a fire on the East Side tonight, calling out fire apparatus from the Battery to Twenty-fifth street. The buildings destroyed were occupied by furniture dealers and manufacturers of cotton underwear, while the ground floor was ocupied by the Van Norden Trust company, a Hebrew loan society and the Hebrew Charity association. The flames burst through the roof a hundred feet into the air and made a most spectacular fire, but they were soon quenched. The loss is $200,000.

Working Under Old Plans.

Chicago, April 26.—John F. Wallace, chief engineer of the Panama canal, has arrived in Chicago to visit his home for a week or ten days. The work of building the canal, he says, is going forward under definite plans, and with satisfactory progress. All the work is being done in acordance with the plan recommended by the first Isthmian canal commission, which was headed by Admiral Walker, and upon which the Spooner act was based.

Electric Engine Flies.

Schenectady, N. Y., April 26.—The electric locomotive recently built for the New York Central service between Croton and New York broke all its previous records today by attaining a speed of 83 miles an hour, hauling a heavy train.

RUSSIA IN TERROR

Massacres by Wholesale Feared at Easter.

OFFICIALS WILL BE THE VICTIMS

Socialism Causes a Panic in Poland, Where Poles are Being Driven From the Factories.

St. Petersburg, April 25.—The news from Poland paints a picture of veritable terror before the expected storm. A letter received here reads:

"You know what happened at Warsaw, but you only know part of what is occurring throughout the country. All Poland is in a great conflagration of Socialism, terror of which is every where exciting a terrible panic. We expect at Easter a general massacre of the Russian government officials and the wealthy, and the blowing up of the Vistula bridge to prevent the arrival of troops from Russia.

"The police are doing nothing. They pretend to be blind and deaf to what is passing on around them. The existing regime is the cause of discontent, which is on the increase among the idle workmen driven from the factories and railroads because they are Poles. They say they will have vengeance."

A letter from Vilna says:

"Work is impossible under the existing conditions. The government's endless commissions have accomplished nothing, and the landlords, workmen and peasants are convinced that open revolt and the bayonet are the only remedies. Easter may witness the inauguration of another insurrection like that of 1863, which began, as this may, with a Russian massacre."

Commenting on the above, the Russ declares the government must act promptly if awful carnage is to be avoided. The only thing to be done, it says, is to summon the moderates to give guarantees that the promised reforms will be realized.

GREAT STORM IN ROCKIES.

Snow Covers Mountains and Ranges From Texas to Wyoming.

Denver, April 25.—The storm which began early yesterday morning continued until noon today. The downpour changed from rain to snow about midnight, and the plains of Eastern Colorado were covered with about six inches of snow this morning. The precipitation in Denver was 2.30 inches, and has been exceeded only four times since 1876. Telegraph wires north, west and south of this city were generally unserviceable this morning.

The storm extended from the panhandle of Texas to Central Wyoming. Livestock on the ranges is in good condition, and, as the temperature is not low, there will be little loss. The benefit to grass on the range is incalculable.

Even if the storm is followed by frost, as is usual in April in Colorado, the fruit trees are safe, for the cool weather of the past two weeks has kept back the buds from opening.

Little damage is reported so far to railroads. Trinidad reports a dangerous rise in the Purgatoris river, which last fall went on a rampage and washed out all the bridges for miles up and down the stream. Pueblo is looking for a rise in the Arkansas. The storm abated during the forenoon and the snow melted rapidly.

Train service on practically all roads in Colorado is delayed by the storm. A slide in the Royal gorge, on the main line of the Rio Grande, covered the track and delayed traffic for several hours. In the Cripple Creek district the snowfall was extremely heavy and trains were operated with great difficulty.

Buffaloes Lose Their Range.

Missoula, Mont., April 25.—Thirty-five head of buffaloes were shipped this afternoon from Arlee by M. Miller, who sends them to a point in Oklahoma about 300 miles south of Kansas City. The animals are from the famous Pablo herd, the largest in the world. The animals shipped today were all adults and an exceptionally choice lot. The Pablo buffaloes are allowed to range on the Flathead reservation the year round, but the opening of the reserve will mean the disbandment of the famous herd.

Oyama Awaits Sea Fight.

St. Petersburg, April 25.— The news from Manchuria indicates that Field Marshal Oyama's plans await the result of the naval battle, it being too risky for the Japanese army to undertake serious operations while the outcome of the sea fight is in the balance. Should Admiral Rojestvensky reach Vladivostok and Admiral Togo still be able to protect the Japanese lines of communication, the general belief at the war office is that the Japanese will forthwith attempt to cut off and invest Vladivostok.

Narrow Escapes from Big Fire.

Pueblo, Colo., April 25.—Fire tonight almost totally destroyed the entire stock of Bergerman Bros.' store, one of the largest furnishing establishments in the state, and greatly damaged the building. The stock was valued at $125,000, fully insured. The fire is supposed to have originated from a gasoline power engine blowing up. There were several narrow escapes from the flames, several women being carried from the building.

Move for Municipal Gas.

Chicago, April 25.—Agitation to establish municipal ownership of gas works as well as street railways in Chicago was inaugurated in earnest today by a public meeting in the city council chamber which took steps to hasten the passage of the Chicago gas bills.

PORTE IS MUCH WORRIED.

Afraid That Italy is About to Seize Tripoli and Bengharzi.

Constantinople, April 25.—The Sublime Porte and the Turkish council of ministers is greatly wrought up over the report that Italy has her eyes on Tripoli and Bengharzi in Africa, and is making ready an expedition to make good her claims of possession. This information comes from a trustworthy source.

It is known that the Turkish council of ministers has been for some time discussing the question, but the Porte's advisers are all at sea in the matter until the atittude of Great Britain can be ascertained. While Turkey has the troops to place in Tripoli and Bengharzi to resist the forces of the Italian government, if it should try to take possession, it has not the means of convoying them to the African coast, the Italian naval forces standing in the way.

It is declared that Italy three years ago turned a covetous eye on Africa, but that the Turkish government's protests were backed up by England and the protest was received by Italy and recognized as valid. The fact that Great Britain has just entered into a secret treaty with France and Italy is the alarming feature of the situation from the Turkish standpoint.

It is said that the secret treaty with France allows her complete freedom in regard to Morocco and it is feared here that there is a secret paragraph that gives Italy the same freedom in regard to Tripoli. If this condition is found to exist, Turkey will be unable to oppose Italy in her action towards Tripoli.

NEW YORK CRIME FIGURES.

Preponderance of Male Wildness is Very Marked.

New York, April 25.—Although the population of the county of New York has increased 140,870 during the past three years, there has not been a proportionate increase in crime, according to the annual report of District Attorney Jerome's chief clerk.

In the detailed reports of felonies there is no marked advance of figures as compared with former years. The average number of prisoners charged with felony who were confined in the city prison during the list three years was 176. This is the lowest average on record.

The number of indictments and complaints disposed of during the year 1904 was 5,039. Forty-nine per cent resulted in pleas of guilty. A little over 12 per cent of the prisoners were convicted by verdict. About 17 per cent were acquitted.

The classified list of convictions during 1904 shows a startling preponderance of male criminals. Only 169 women were convicted, as against 2,279 men. Of the 169 females, 126 were found guilty of larceny and three of manslaughter.

Of the 2,466 persons convicted during the year, 1,610 were natives of the United States. The others were divided as follows: Germany 182, Ireland 95, England 166, Italy 176, Russia 171, Austria 62, Roumania 17, Scotland 12, Sweden 13, Greece 5, France 14, Spain 2, other countries 51.

WHEAT DIRECT TO EUROPE.

Fleet of Whalebacks Will Take Big Cargoes from Chicago.

Chicago, April 25. — The Tribune says: It is reported that the "ore fleet" of ten whaleback steamers has been sold to Eastern capitalists, believed to be John W. Gates and his associates in the May wheat deal, the plan being to ship wheat direct from Chicago to Europe.

The fleet, which has been operated by the Pittsburg Steamship company, one of the subsidiary corporations of the United States Steel corporation, is now in drydock at Detroit, being remodeled for ocean voyages. Some of these vessels have already crossed the ocean with cargoes of steel rails.

Mr. Gates declined to be interviewed.

T. J. Hyde, secretarry of the Miners' Steel company, said he had not heard of the fleet but did not deem it improbable.

Big Storm Downs Wires.

Denver, April 25.—According to reports received late tonight, a heavy storm of rain and snow has practically stopped telegraphic communication to the Pacific coast. The storm reaches from Arizona to Montana. In Colorado, after raining for 24 hours, it began to snow tonight, and in some sections a blizzard is raging. No reports of the storm's effect on railroad traffic had been received at midnight, but serious interference with the operations of trains, it is believed, must have resulted.

Small Force of Russians.

Tokio, April 25.—It is officially announced that a force holding Tunghwa has reported that a small body of the enemy is still stopping at Laoling and Makoulou, twenty miles north of Tunghwa. The enemys' cavalry, 100 strong, attempted an attack on April 20 against Kingsching, but were twice repulsed. The enemy's watch guards at Talou are increasing in strength. Thus far they have shown no activity and there have been no exchanges with the exception of an occasional cavalry skirmish.

Forest Going Up In Smoke.

Duluth, Minn., April 25.—Northeastern Minnesota and the western end of Lake Superior are enveloped in a pall of smoke from forest fires. Scores of fires are burning in the woods and slashings, and reports are coming concerning them from every line of rail communication entering Duluth. Fires are burning close to several of the mining locations on the Messaba. The country is dry, no rain having fallen for three weeks.

Rain Needed to Save Forests.

Cumberland, Wis., April 25.—Forest fires raging here and spreading throughout Northern Wisconsin threaten the loss of property unless rain stops them soon.

WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The wind increasing almost momentarily, seemed to be blowing the rain away, for it was not now descending in the white strips and ribbons of water that had swept the woods clean all day. Still there were intervals in which little spurts of rain dashed in their faces, now coming with the harder wind from the cool northwest.

The level meadow that lay between the Redden residence and the edge of the village looked white and liquid as if it were a little lake, or an arm of backwater from the Wabash.

Across it, and far down into its seeming depths glimmered the bright yellow reflections of a few steady lights blazing out of open doors and uncurtained windows, and showing where other watchers held lonely and anxious vigils on account of those dear to them, and who were in pain and peril.

Following as well as she could in the exact steps of her guide, Lizzy managed to keep out of the deeper water and mud, and skirting the grassy side of the lane got out upon the watery, canal-like opening of Overcoat road.

The wind was roaring and tossing the great limbs of the oaks about in a way that recalled to Lizzy's recollection the first onslaught of that dreadful cyclone whose path through the tall forest she could distinctly see by the little starlight that began to be reflected faintly through the thinning margins of the smaller clouds, into which the wind was breaking up the great solid, vapor-loaded cloud of the day. At the very uttermost end of this hurricane path there gleamed a faint red glow against the sky.

"Looks fack hit mout be some house aburnun. But I don't know whutfur house hit could be. They haint nobody allvun up thar 'at I knows uv," Mrs. Redden said, in a low voice, almost swept away by the wind.

They were at the exact spot where the Overcoat road merged and lost its identity in the "main street" around the "square."

"Hello! Is that you, Miss Redden?" some voice called out from an unseen locality near them.

"Yes; who is ut?"

"A huntun Clumburse, air yuh?" continued the voice, without discovering the head and chest that emitted it.

"No; I came up to find Coonrod. I gut awneasy 'bout 'im astayun so long."

"Well, now, you're ashantun!" said the voice, beginning to materialize in the shadowy dark figure that Mrs. Redden recognized at once as the young Doc. "He's gone a trip 'at I wouldn't go fur a purty! He's gone up awnto the Big Rattlesnake, clur up to the Backbone Ridge, at the fur cend uh your lan', Lizzy. Ther's a lot a' railroad fellers camped up thar, un they've ben duun a little shootun' uv one another. Un Coonrod he went along with the shurf to 'rest a lot uv um—Mason, un s'more uv um, fur intent to kill."

CHAPTER XIII.

"How fur is ut, Doc?" asked Mrs. Redden in a voice that showed she was thinking strongly.

"You haint a go-un to try to go thar to-night, air you? I wouldn't ef I was you! They may be a good big furse fore they git through with it. Tham railroad fellers has gut thur weapuns with um. Un they've ben a usen uv um purty lively lack. Doc said they was five ur six uv um shot—some purty bad. But I've gut to hurry on. Little Jim Dikeses youngest boy is sick; un——"

But without stopping to hear about the perils of little Jim Dikeses youngest boy, Mrs. Redden had turned about and began walking slowly and uncertainly back along the Overcoat road, with Lizzy following her, and also deep in thought.

If these men had been shooting each other, perhaps Mr. Mason, and even Prof. Huntley, might be among the wounded; the dangerously wounded. And if so, she would only be doing a Hoosier girl's duty, to go and nurse and care for the man who had certainly saved her life.

"I'm a great mind to walk that away, Lizzy! We needn't go any furder'n we wawnt to, you know. We kin come back whenuver we've a mine to. Un we mout meet Coonrod, some'rs awn the road, mebby. Think you could walk ut?" Mrs. Redden said, a little hesitatingly, but gathering assurance at the sound of her voice and the plausibility of her statement, as she went on.

"Oh, yes. I think I would like to go all the way if we could. If there are men hurt, they will need women there to help prepare for the surgeons. Men can't heat water and tear bandages and get soap, and towels and all those things that are needed where people are hurt. You remember how it was last fall when the threshing engine blew up," Lizzy said, quite cheerfully and animatedly.

Mrs. Redden remembered so much about that incident that it started her upon a stream of general reminiscences that, branching out as it did into winding bayous of neighborhood accidents, promised to last forever.

Happily Lizzy was so constituted that she was not compelled to follow the thread of Mrs. Redden's episodes. On the contrary, she lost them presently in a sort of exhilarating enjoyment of the night, and the high wind, and the roaring breakers of foliage tossing and swaying about with a sort of wavelike crash that reminded her of the distant but distinctly audible sound of the sea, where she had heard it once a long time ago.

Is this human love of the night for a time of roving about and looking at all manner of sights and hearkening to all manner of sounds, to be taken to mean that man is a night prowler out of that animal instinct that survives the long past progression beyond the four feet armed with claws, and the elongated pupil and erectile ears?

Not at all. It only means that night, being the time of rest, is best suited to amusement and relaxation. And therefore people avail themselves of their only opportunity.

The two women having satisfied their consciences upon the question of the right of going upon such an expedition, drew themselves more closely into the shelter of their ample shawls and so, like cowled devotees of these Druid temples of the primeval woods, went hurrying on in the growing wind and the declining rain.

So long as they could follow the broad and generally unfenced course of the Overcoat road there was little or no difficulty in picking their way in reasonable security from little stumps of black-jacks that had been cut down in some emergency of transferring the roadbed a few rods to this side or to that, to avoid a newly formed mud hole, or a fallen tree, or some other of the numerous obstacles that beset new roads in a new country.

Nor did the long, arching black raspberry vines and blackberry stems, with sharp and tenacious thorns, lay hold upon the woolen fibers of the shawls, and insist upon a tariff levied upon the spot, and only to be measured by the points of contact.

But when, after awhile, Mrs. Redden, coming upon a plain wagon road that came into the highway of Overcoat road out of an unpromising shadow of the great forest, turned unhesitatingly into it and to the northward, all the circumstances seemed to be suddenly changed for the worse.

It was no longer possible to see one yard of the suddenly narrowed road, and they were compelled to concentrate all their senses of alertness in their feet, that now cautiously, but quickly and unhesitatingly, felt the way.

Lizzy here implicitly followed her agile and fearless leader, dodging with her head this way and that, throwing her left arm up here and her right arm up there, in anticipation of some imaginary slender and drooping branch.

Turning one of the many short and almost semi-circular curves in this untrammeled woods-road, they came suddenly within the broad glare of a light which they had seen for brief moments, and at irregular intervals during the latter portion of their long and rapid walk.

The light appearing to come out of a small round rent in the very curtain of the night itself, moved and oscillated across their path, while a low hum of voices could be distinctly heard only a little way from them.

The two women continued to advance slowly and wonderingly, hearing the hum of voices interrupted by a short laugh, and then totally suppressed by a peremptory ejaculation in a voice that one of the adventurous Hoosier women was familiar with:

"Coonrod! Is that you? Coonrod Redden!" said Mrs. Redden, raising her voice so as to be distinctly heard above the wind, and all its woodland resonances.

One man stepped out of the black shadow and came forward. Lizzy had ample time to observe him narrowly, and to see him perfectly. For the strong cone of yellow light, wavering a little from side to side, centered upon them, and included him within its glow.

From the first step that he took forward out of the darkness, Lizzy Wickly, with a sudden leap of her heart, recognized him. It was Mr. Mason, certainly. But what a change in him! And to what was due the change?

His ordinary dark, plain and unpretentious dress had become totally supplanted. He wore a high, black, rimless cap such as men of that day sometimes wore in the later autumn. A short, black, gum-enameled cloak was fastened about his shoulders and thrown slightly back from the close-fitting and broad-belted blouse.

Long leather boots covered his legs above the knees, giving him a jaunty, dashing, cavalier air so totally new and strange and foreign to him, as she had heretofore known him, that she was immovable from sheer astonishment and growing wonder.

The metallic gleam of weapons in the broad leather belt, and the glistening barrel of one of those wonderful, new, many-shotted carbines protruding from under the cloak and lying easily across his right forearm, brought her back to look more closely at his face as he came rapidly forward.

Then she saw that his long and somewhat faded brown hair had disappeared, and a rather close cropped coat of black hair came down to his temples under the cap; and she remembered like a flash what Coonrod Redden had said about it.

Yes, he had worn a wig! Beyond a doubt he had worn a wig! He had played a part! He had been a cunning and a skilled dissimulator.

His bold, jaunty manner, his changed dress, his easy and assured smile, and above all, the youthfulness of his always fresh, ruddy face, now framed in the close black hair and the brigandish cap, were in their totality as well as in their particularity, irrefragible proof of the fact that he was a skilled dissimulator!

Along with this sudden conclusion, arrived at within three ample seconds of time, covering perhaps, ten thousand evolutions of thought, memory and comparison, there was a sharply defined recurrence of that sense of loss that she had felt when she had looked at this man and perceived some alteration in him while he had driven past her on yesterday in the streets of Sandtown.

He is about to speak. And she feels that she must not lose his smallest word; his least gesture; his most fleeting glance. For upon these depend something. Something of greatly supreme moment to her. She feels and knows.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Mr. Redden, I am sorry to say, is not now here, Mrs. Redden," he said, taking off his cap and bowing in a very formal and elaborate manner. "He came up this afternoon upon important business, but has gone on further—much further than our camp, I can assure you, though, that he is safe and well. Miss Lizzy, has your hurricane experience made you admire storms to such a degree that you take the numerous risks of accident from falling limbs and trees without hesitation, on a cloudy day and inclement night?"

While a slight sarcastic smile lingered about his lips, there was a puckering of the brows and a glitter in his dark eyes, made darker by the black border of hair and cap, and also a certain harshness in the tones of his voice that combined to make her feel that she was put upon the defensive, and under censure and reproof.

"I do not know that I thought of the danger," Lizzy answered, blushing a little. "I suppose that after so recent an experience——"

"You ought to have thought of it," he suggested. "No doubt! No doubt. Even by experience we mortals learn but slowly, and after many lessons. Mrs. Redden, you will not think of going on farther in search of your husband? Can't you take my word that he is well and safe?"

He stood close to Lizzy—even touching her with the folds of his gum-enameled rain cloak, while he faced Mrs. Redden.

"I mout a tuck your word fur ut, Mr. Mason, ef ut ud aben three-four weeks ago," said the determined and plain-spoken old Hoosier woman, defiantly. "But you haint as much thought uv, nur your word haint as good as hit wair then. I come up hy-ur after my man, un I want 'im before I go back."

There was a moment's pause, in which Mr. Mason seemed to be upon the border line between anger and surprised amusement.

"I am sorry to have lost the good opinion of yourself and so many of the kind-hearted people of Sandtown," he said earnestly, and with a return toward something like what might be termed his Sandtown manner. "I must beg you both to believe that I have not willfully injured anybody in what I have done. I have had your interests in view, as well as——"

"Yes, hit looks lack ut, don't ut," broke in the determined and independent old woman. "Hit looks lack hit was to our intrust to git the Farmers' Bank into sich a tight plaist ut it had to bust up, un bust up every farmer en Redden township un all 'long the Wabash. And you come down h-yur un bid in all ar maggijis fur little ur nuthun."

The amount of scorn thrown into her vigorous sentences by her staccatos of emphasis was surprising to contemplate. Under this invective Mr. Mason kept his gaze steadily and searchingly upon Lizzy Wickly's face, while his face remained turned toward the angry visage of the blunt and fearless old Hoosier woman.

"I certainly have had no hand in the misfortunes of the Farmers' Bank," he said quickly, and keeping his eyes fixed upon Lizzy's in that searching, questioning look that plainly asked her what she thought of these charges. "And so far as the mortgage sales are concerned, I had only thought of doing a favor to one of the mortgagors by compelling the mortgagee to pay something like the full value of the property. But if there are many sufferers I shall make an effort—"

"Many? They's about uvverybody at I know. Un most uv um lose thur farms, too. Un thur fambly will suffer, I reckon. Billy Biler tole Coonrod——"

"Congressman Biler is the attorney for the railroad that is closing up the Farmers' Bank, Mrs. Redden. You know that fact, so you can put a proper estimate upon every bit of information that comes through him," Mr. Mason said, looking hard at Lizzy for symptoms of some effect of his words, and seeing those symptoms very evidently.

"Billy Biler! Billy Biler ud no more do sich a theng thun he'd put his head en the fire!" said Mrs. Redden indignantly. "We've knowed him too long fur that. But I reckon, Lizzy, we mout as well go back. I've kine uh gut over my awneasy spell 'bout Coonrod. He's allways tuck k-yur uv hisseff. But I felt mighty awneasy—mighty awneasy."

Lizzy, signifying that she was quite ready to set out on the return walk, Mr. Mason, resuming in a great measure the jaunty air with which he had met them, volunteered to escort them, and offered his arms to both ladies.

"No, thanky," said Mrs. Redden, much mollified. "I kin walk alone yit. You mout help Lizzy thar. She's purty well tard out, I reckon. Un young g-yurls needs a sight more armun un keppun along, un ole weemun does. I'll lead out, un you two kin follow, mebby."

Acting instantly upon her own suggestion, Mrs. Redden "led out" with the long swinging stride peculiar to the old-time Hoosier dames, who walked everywhere when the "hosses" were at work, and before "ridun-nags" became plentiful.

(To be continued.)

WRONG MEDICINES CURE.

Girls Get Their Doses Mixed with Good Results.

"I received a shock about the value of medicine quite early in my career," said a woman doctor who has been ten years establishing a paying practice in New York. "After taking my degree I accepted a position as resident in a large girls' school up the Hudson. Such a position is no sinecure. In a school with 300 girls the resident doctor will have about three times as much to do as in a school with an equal number of boys. The superintendent discovered that some of the girls were having their medicine bottles filled at a drug store in the village without the knowledge of the house doctor, and that they were doing themselves positive harm. The order was sent out that empty medicine bottles must be returned to the school doctor. I was expected to keep a record of them in a book set aside for the purpose.

"It was the custom of the girls to leave their medicine bottles on the dining-room table. Then they could take them either before or after meals, as prescribed, and there was little danger of forgetting the dose. The girls were expected to write their names on the label, so that the waitresses would know where to put each bottle when setting the tables.

"I remember distinctly prescribing for Miss Crank for loss of appetite and weak digestion. She was to take a teaspoonful of her medicine before meals. The same morning I prescribed for Miss Blank a medicine to reduce the heart action. She had too much vitality. She was to take her dose immediately after meals. The bottles were sent to the dining-room and the girls wrote their names on them as usual. In a few days Miss Crank came back with a bottle of medicine half filled.

"'I don't think I require any more of this at present, doctor,' she said. 'I am feeling all right again.'

"I looked at the bottle and then at my records.

"'Have you been taking this medicine as prescribed?' I asked.

"'Certainly.'

"'And it has braced you up?'

"'Wonderfully.'

"In a day or two Miss Blank came with an empty bottle.

"'It has done me so much good, doctor,' said she, 'that I shall keep on taking it, unless you object.'

"'Heart palpitation all gone?' I asked.

"'No sign of it for days,' she replied.

"'Well,' I said, 'I will let you wait a while, and, if there is a recurrence of the trouble, alter your medicine.'

"No one but myself ever knew that the waiter had innocently changed those medicine bottles, and that the doses taken conscientiously by each girl had no more effect on their physical ailments than they had on the action of the tides."

A Modified Appreciation.

"Do you place any reliance on the weather predictions?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I allus give 'em credit fer one thing. The weather mentioned is always produced sooner or later, although the dates aren't always strictly accurate."—Washington Star.

Proof Enough.

"Oh, mamma, I know there's a flea on me!" cried little Ethel.

"How do you know it is a flea, dear?" asked mamma.

"Why, because I can't catch it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A preacher who cannot inspire anything but sleep should retire.