

GERMANY'S FLEET ATTACKS ENGLAND

Coast City Is Bombarded By Kaiser's Warships.

THREE BRITISH BATTLESHIPS DAMAGED

Two Men, One Woman and Child Are Killed—Material Damage Light—Attackers Retreat.

London—German battle cruisers appeared off Lowestoft Tuesday. Local naval forces engaged the raiders, as did also British light cruisers. The German warships retreated in 20 minutes.

The German warships opened fire on the coast before departing. Two men, one woman and a child were killed. The material damage apparently was small.

In the engagement two British light cruisers and a destroyer were hit, but none of them was sunk.

The following official announcement was made:

"At about 4:30 o'clock this morning, the German battle cruiser squadron, accompanied by light cruisers and destroyers, appeared off Lowestoft. The local naval forces engaged it and in about 20 minutes it returned to Germany, chased by our light cruisers and destroyers.

"On shore two men, one woman and a child were killed. The material damage seems to have been insignificant, so far as is known at present. Two British light cruisers and a destroyer were hit, but none was sunk."

PRESIDENT SENDS GERMANY ULTIMATUM ON SUBMARINE WARFARE

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson Wednesday, on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, told congress, assembled in joint session shortly after 1 o'clock, he had given Germany irrevocable notification that the United States will break off diplomatic relations if her illegal submarine campaign is continued.

A note, America's last word, practically an ultimatum, and demanding an immediate reply, without setting an arbitrary time limit, presumably was in the Berlin foreign office as the President was speaking. It was dispatched Tuesday night, in accordance with the President's plan to have it before the German government at the same moment he was addressing the American congress.

The President asked no action whatever of congress. He simply informed it of the accumulation of facts proving that Germany's assurances to the United States are being violated and that the submarine campaign, despite the earnest protests of the United States, is being conducted with renewed vigor in contravention of all the laws of nations and humanity, and that he means to sever relations unless it is brought within the law. Diplomatic history of the world shows that such a course is almost certain to be followed by war.

The President said: "I have deemed it my duty, therefore, to say to the Imperial German government that if it is still its purpose to prosecute relentless and indiscriminate warfare against vessels of commerce by the use of submarines notwithstanding the now demonstrated impossibility of conducting that warfare in accordance with what the government of the United States must consider the sacred and indisputable rules of international law and the universally recognized dictates of humanity, the government of the United States is at last forced to the conclusion that there is but one course it can pursue, and that unless the Imperial German government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of warfare against passenger and freight carrying vessels, this government can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the government of the German empire altogether."

U. S. to Hold von Igel.

New York—Wolfe von Igel will not be released from custody and only a part of the documents seized at the time of his arrest on a charge of being implicated in a plot to destroy the Welland Canal will be returned to the German embassy, U. S. Attorney H. S. Marshall announced Thursday. His statement was made in explanation of the latest phase of the tangle which followed the arrest of the former secretary to Captain Franz von Papen. Von Igel now is declared to be an attaché of the German embassy.

Chinese Revolt Gains.

San Francisco—Independence of Yuan Shi Kai has been declared by Fort Kiang Yin, of Tu Tung, both near Nankin, in the province of Kiangsu, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, according to Shanghai advices to the Chinese Republic association here. It indicates that the revolution against Yuan Shi Kai has spread into Kiangsu province, which, if it declares its independence, would make the ninth province in China dominated by the revolutionists.

IRISH KNIGHT CAUGHT AIDING FOE TO LAND WAR MUNITIONS

London—Sir Roger Casement has been captured from a German ship which attempted to land arms in Ireland and was sunk. This official announcement was made Tuesday as follows:

"During the period between the afternoon of April 20 and the afternoon of April 21 an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but which in reality was a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine.

"The auxiliary was sunk and a number of prisoners were made, amongst whom was Sir Roger Casement."

The news of the capture of Sir Roger was received with satisfaction, mingled with regret, at the termination of what previous to his alleged activities with the Germans had been a brilliant career, useful both to humanity and his own country. That he should have engaged in such a madcap enterprise as the British official communication gives as the reason for his seizure is considered as lending color to the view held by his old friends here that he is mentally unbalanced.

Little had been heard of Sir Roger in this country for many months. Last October a returned Irish prisoner reported that Sir Roger had visited the prison camp at Limburg and vainly tried to induce Irish prisoners to join an Irish brigade he was said to be raising in Germany to fight against England. It was reported a short time ago that Sir Roger had applied for citizenship in Bavaria. Later came a report from a neutral country that he had been arrested in Germany on an unspecified charge.

Villa Reported Alive, Wounded, and Again Located in Mountains

San Antonio, Tex.—Reports from General Pershing Tuesday indicated that Francisco Villa had been located again, this time west of Parral, in the mountains of Western Chihuahua. He was last reported at Nonoava, 85 miles from Satevo. The report also indicated that Villa was wounded, but only slightly, and that he was far from being incapacitated.

General Funston regarded the information that General Pershing had secured as authentic. No troops have been sent out. It was realized that pursuit of Villa in the locality he had chosen could be successfully conducted only after many more troops had been sent into Mexico.

Unofficial reports indicated that Carranza had sent gradually into the north an army much larger than that of the American force, and a great part of the Mexican force is in a position to conduct a pursuit of Villa and his scattered organizations that would be more effective than would be a continuation of the American campaign if conducted along the present lines.

Six Battleships Proposed.

Washington, D. C.—A draft of the naval appropriation bill, the second of the administration's great preparedness measures, was reported by a subcommittee Tuesday to the house naval committee, which Thursday begins consideration of the construction section.

Present indications are that the proposed five-year building program will be approved, but that the first year's allotment of new ships will be increased from two dreadnaughts and two battle cruisers, as proposed by Secretary Daniels, to two dreadnaughts and four battle cruisers.

The measure as submitted by the appropriations subcommittee carries a total of \$217,652,174 for the coming year, on a basis of the secretary's recommendations of four capital ships.

Three Zeppelins Raid in England.

London—Three Zeppelins visited the eastern counties Monday night.

They dropped incendiary bombs, according to an official announcement. The conditions were ideal for the Zeppelin raiders. The night was dark and the atmosphere clear.

The raiders appeared at about the customary hour and seemed a little uncertain as to their location, as the early reports showed that only incendiary bombs were being dropped.

War Craft Surveyed.

Vallejo, Cal.—Orders have been received at the Mare Island navy yard directing an inspection and survey of all privately-owned vessels in this district that might be available as auxiliaries in time of war. The order directs that a report be made to the Navy department on all details of the work that would be required for the conversion of such vessels and a list furnished of the government or private yards at which the necessary work could be done within 14 days after a declaration of hostilities.

Lisbon Expels Germans.

Paris—As a result of the entrance of Portugal into the war, Germans in that country have been notified to depart within five days, a Lisbon dispatch to the Temps says.

This order applies to all Germans except men of military age and fitness, who are to be interned on Terceira Island, one of the Azores, where a state of siege has been declared. All commercial transactions with Germans, the Temps says, are declared void.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

When Sylvia Omney, a beautiful English girl, returns from a search in Algiers for her missing brother, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds she has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar gets deliberately drunk, but when young Preston loses all his money to Lowe, a shady character, Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I. O. U.'s returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith, Sower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide.

There are types of women who drive men to wild deeds—good women, too. But there is about them that quality which fires men's minds. We don't know much about the laws of heredity, but it seems certain that the child of such a woman, whose husband committed murder, would be a sort of smoldering volcano.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Farquhar Explains.

Mrs. Farquhar ran down the stairs to her son's library. It was a neglected room, which he only used on rare occasions. The old weapons hanging on the walls had belonged to his father, and the whole atmosphere seemed impregnated with the spirit of a dead, if powerful, personality.

Mrs. Farquhar closed the door with a chuckle of triumphant malice. "They're gone at last," she said. "I assure you there isn't a more surprised woman in England than dear Sylvia. She came expecting to find me with ashes on my head instead of a wig, and I laughed in her face." Richard Farquhar turned from the window where he had been standing, and her eyes grew suddenly grave. "My dear, you're not breaking your heart over her, are you?"

"No," he came slowly into the room. "I might have done so, but fate has given me something else to come to grief over. I've had a quarrel with Sower."

She said nothing, and he went on gently: "He was dangerous. I have resigned my commission. That was his price for my father's name."

Still Mrs. Farquhar did not speak. She sat down in the great leather chair by the fireplace, and the wild, childish horror in her eyes touched him to an amazed pity. "Mother, I don't want to hurt you, but you must. I have a right now to know."

"Yes, yes." She put her hands to her white-powdered cheeks. "Yes, yes, of course. There isn't much. It was in this room, Richard. He came home one night and said he had killed a man. I—it was awful!—he had no blood on him, Richard, but one felt he had blood all over; it was in his eyes, and— He said it was all right—no one could touch him, but he had to go— for always. And then he cursed me—and then he fell on his knees— here— by this chair—and buried his face in my lap—and cried. It was awful, Richard—a man like that—to cry." Her voice cracked, and became thin and broken like an old, worn-out instrument. "Then he went away—and one day a man came to me and told me he was dead—but I never knew. I always believed I should know."

He knelt beside her, and, taking her hands between his own, soothed them like a child's. There was something in the action curiously at variance with his expression, which was hard and reckless.

"But Sower—" She turned her faded, frightened eyes to him. "I never understood that, Richard; I never understood why he shielded us. It frightened me. Only once he spoke of it. He said he would never make use of the power— unless we made him. But it was his father who had been— murdered. It wasn't natural, Richard, it wasn't natural that he should forgive."

"No," he agreed sternly; and then after a moment's silence: "And my father— was there no reason— had he no explanation?"

With a sudden vigorous movement she freed herself and stood up, her clenched, jeweled hands pressed against her breast, her eyes grown suddenly electric.

"I was the excuse," she said fiercely. "And I was excuse enough." "You?" He also had risen, and as they stood there facing each other, the subtle resemblance of temperament seemed to blaze through their features like some inward fire, changing all physical dissimilarity to a convincing likeness.

"Yes. You don't understand, Richard—you are too young. But it is women like myself who drive men to such things. We are educated to be professional vampires, and the more brains we have the more deadly we are." She gave a short, ironical laugh. "Don't you want to curse me?"

"No," he answered simply. "I don't curse you any more than I believe my father does if he is alive. If he is

"Well?" It was Lowe who had broken the intolerable silence. He had never for an instant lifted his eyes from the face of the man seated beneath the light, and now he took a step forward as though to meet the answer. Arnaud looked up with a twitching smile. He put his hand to his breast pocket and drew out a thin sheaf of transparent paper and laid it on the table.

"Le voilà!" he said.

For a full minute no one spoke a word. Each man's attention was centered on the silent, deadly witness against the honor of one among them. Then Farquhar looked up and met Arnaud's eyes. He read there more than mere bravado—a nerveless, hideous fear, the panic-stricken appeal of a man who has trembled for days on the brink of ruin and feels the ground slipping beneath him. And this was Sylvia's Omney's future! Farquhar turned involuntarily to Lowe. A faint, ironical smile played around the man's hard mouth. It was the merest shadow, but it bespoke a purpose triumphantly accomplished.

"Captain Arnaud has saved a great deal of trouble," he observed brutally. Still Arnaud did not move. His white hands lay paralyzed in front of him, and his eyes had become blank and stupid looking, like those of an animal which is being done to death. Richard Farquhar took a step nearer, and, picking up the papers, held them as though weighing them.

"Wait a minute. Don't be in such a hurry. I take the responsibility for this business."

They stared at him. He was still weighing the papers and smiling rather wryly. He was thinking of Sylvia at that moment, and Preston's stricken cry of horror sounded dull and far off.

"You! What do you mean, Farquhar? I won't believe it. It's intolerable—impossible. Say you didn't— didn't sell them, Farquhar!"

"Captain Arnaud will explain," was the answer.

Arnaud rose slowly to his feet. He was staring across the table into Farquhar's face, stupidly, incredulously, and when he spoke it was in the monotone of a man under a hypnotic command.

"They were offered me," he said. "Lieutenant Farquhar offered them to me. I disliked it; but I am a good Frenchman, and the temptation was too great. I bought them. I can only add—that I regret—" He stammered and broke off with a real helplessness.

Farquhar turned from him to Sower. The latter's features had assumed a mask of ironical acceptance.

"In that case there is no more to be said," he observed coolly. "We can now credit Mr. Farquhar's statement."

Farquhar bowed.

"Thank you," he said simply.

Preston crossed the room and flung open the door with a cool deliberation. "Good-by, Farquhar. I hope you have decency enough left to know what to do."

For a short space which seemed an eternity Farquhar hesitated. The scorn and bitterness in the boy's eyes had stung him. An hour ago he had been half a hero, and now was nothing, beneath even contempt. Then he, too, bowed.

"I resigned my commission this morning."

"God be thanked for that."

He went down the narrow stairs into the street. Someone touched him on the arm. He turned and saw Arnaud—a new Arnaud, grown calm, almost indifferent. He was smoking, and the faint reflection from his cigar lighted up the white composure of his features.

"I want to speak to you for a moment," he said. "I want to ask you— why you did that?" Farquhar made no answer, and he went on deliberately. "You are not mad. You do not love me. You have good reason to hate me."

"You are to be Miss Omney's husband. My feelings toward her have not changed. I considered it my business to defend you. The sacrifice was not so great as it may seem. I had lost practically everything before. What remained I chose to lose in my own way."

"It wasn't all for myself. I was pretty desperate and not so cool when Lowe came with his second offer. You can guess what that was. Compared to betraying one's own country it seemed clean business. And I let you bear the brunt. How does that strike you?"

"Panic—the instinct of self-preservation. I counted on it. The future will be different."

"How do you mean?"

Farquhar turned round and faced him with deliberate significance.

"It must be," he said. "As for me, I am done for. Though no one will speak of what has happened, the fact remains. Miss Omney believes in you and so do I—to some extent. I am sufficiently in sympathy with you to credit the sincerity of your feelings. Am I justified?"

Arnaud met his eyes full.

"You are."

"Well, that is what I believe. I hold you in pawn, Captain Arnaud, for your wife's happiness. If you fall here, if you risk her faith in you a second time, I shall not hesitate to act."

He lifted his hat ceremoniously and passed along the narrow street to the great thoroughfare beyond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EAT LESS MEAT IF BACK HURTS

Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if bladder bothers you.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly back-ache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

Money in Dandelion Roots.

Selling dandelion roots at 4 to 6 cents per pound offers a pretty fair premium on removing the dandelion pests from lawns, fields and pastures.

Since 100,000 pounds or more are imported annually into the United States it seems that many a young boy or girl ought to make fairly good wages by collecting and preparing dandelion roots for the drug trade. The root is used medicinally in diseases of the liver and dyspepsia, reports H. S. Hammond, of the O. A. C. Botany department, Corvallis Ore.

Have Healthy, Strong, Beautiful Eyes

Oculists and Physicians used Murine Eye Remedy many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. Murine is Still Compounded by Our Physicians and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Relief for Eyes that Need Care. Try it in your eyes and in Baby's eyes— No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Buy Murine of your Druggist—accept no substitute, and if interested write for Book of the Eye Free. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Kill One, Off Course.

He (of the militia)—"Taps" are played every night on the bugle. It meant "lights out." They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers.

Miss Innocence—What do you do if you have a dead soldier?—Boston Transcript.

All With Him.

"Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting days?" asked the kindly old lady.

"No'm," responded No. 777,444; "they're all here wit' me."

WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach.

Says inside-bathing makes any- one look and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast. It is the most important because this is vastly more important because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste material is not eliminated day by day it quickly ferments and generates poisons, gases and toxins which are absorbed or sucked into the blood stream, through the lymph ducts, which should suck only nourishment to sustain the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash these poisons, gases and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs but very little at the drug store but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on inside-bathing. Men and women who are accustomed to wake up with a dull, aching head or have furred tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, sallow complexion, others who have bilious attacks, acid stomach or constipation are assured of pronounced improvement in both health and appearance shortly.

Unobserving Fate.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;
Or else to nod above the gasoline
Within the auto of some lady fair.

The Old and Reliable Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER

It is both a remedy for weak, inflamed eyes and an ideal eye wash. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you.

25c at all druggists or sent by mail upon receipt of price.

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143 River St., Troy, N. Y.



"He Came Here One Night and Said He Had Killed a Man."

violent emotion had made temporarily old and haggard. He had been seated by the card-table, but now looked up, and for an instant they watched each other in open hatred and distrust.

Farquhar came forward, and his eyes passed swiftly from one silent figure to the other. And again it was Arnaud's face which fascinated him.

"What has happened?" he asked.

No one answered for a moment. Preston drew himself up.

"We were having a quiet game," he said, as though each word were torn from him by force—"Arnaud, Lowe and I—when this gentleman and Captain Sower arrived. It seems there's been a leakage somewhere. I can't explain. I hardly understand myself. Mr. Forth, perhaps you'll be good enough—"

The man addressed bowed. His clean-shaven face was expressionless.

"The duplicate plans of Captain Sower's new aero-gun have been stolen," he said tersely. "They were in Captain Sower's possession, and he was instructed to give full information to the younger officers under his command. Various incidents led him to believe that the secret had not been properly kept. He put the matter into my hands, and I've followed the clue he gave me—here." He paused, stoically unconscious of the almost straitened tension which his silence caused. Farquhar glanced about him. His own pulses were beating faster.

Will Farquhar's influence over Arnaud be strong enough to hold the Frenchman in the straight and narrow path and cause him to be a good husband to Sylvia?