

# WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

## Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

### UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of All Nations and  
Pacific Northwest Condensed  
for Our Busy Readers.

Hungarian party leaders repudiate all talk of peace.

Heavy advances in the price of flour are announced in Chicago.

Russian forces are now within bombarding distance of Stanislaus, Austria.

Floods in West Virginia cause the death of 66 persons and several million dollars' property loss.

The Bartlett pear picking season is now in full swing in the Rogue River valley, Oregon, and all indications point to a \$1,000,000 pear and apple crop.

Political influence is being brought to bear on the Treasury department to compel the use of Bedford limestone from Indiana on the new Portland, Or., postoffice.

A tornado which struck Oxford Neb., early Friday destroyed the railroad roundhouse, unroofed the opera house, damaged many other buildings and injured three persons.

Wheat prices scored another record in the Portland market when quotations for bluestem at the Merchant's Exchange jumped to \$1.17 a bushel. The advance on all grades of wheat was from 1 to 2 cents, with a strong market.

The National Association of Master Bakers, in session in Salt Lake City, adopted a resolution to President Wilson and to congress, asking that an embargo be placed on the present wheat crop in order to prevent any further advance in the market price of wheat.

Use of a special train to enable J. Frank Hanley, nominee for President, and Dr. Ira Landrith, candidate for vice president, to reach the entire nation, has been authorized by the Prohibition National campaign committee. It is understood the train will start about September 12.

St. Louis dairies affected by the strike and lockout of union milk drivers did not attempt household deliveries Friday, but considered plans for resuming service. Many strikers were arrested. There was considerable interference with grocery and bakery wagons that went to the dairies to get milk to retail.

Major General Tasker H. Bliss, chief of staff of the United States army, after an inspection trip along the border and to General Pershing's headquarters in Mexico, declares that any soldier in the National Guard camps who complains of conditions "is a baby." The general said the situation everywhere was unusually satisfactory.

The Democratic national committee has selected the entire sixth floor of the Karpen building, a Michigan avenue skyscraper in Chicago, as its Western headquarters during the campaign for the re-election of President Wilson. The fact that the successful Democratic campaign of 1912 was directed from these headquarters played an important part in their selection again. The floor affords 8500 square feet of office space.

Oregon crops this year are estimated to be worth \$30,181,730.

Two earthquakes were recorded by the seismograph at the University of Santa Clara, Cal., the first at 11:40 o'clock Monday morning, lasting for about 15 minutes, registering an amplitude of 80 millimeters.

A great fire in a forest near Savona, Italy, along a front of nearly three miles is reported in a Havas dispatch from Rome. Two thousand soldiers have been sent to fight the fire, the cause of which is unknown.

Forty thousand pounds of wool is sold at Eugene, Ore., at approximately 40 cents per pound.

Charles E. Hughes makes his first campaign speech at Detroit. Other speeches will be made in leading cities of the West on the initial trip.

Robert F. Wagner, of New York, for governor, and Calvin J. Houston, of Yates county, for lieutenant governor, was the ticket agreed on at a conference in New York City of 15 prominent Democrats.

A humming bird kills two canaries at Oregon City, having entered the cage for the purpose.

The strong Turkish force which attacked the British at Romani, 22 miles east of the Suez canal, on August 4, was defeated and put to flight by a counter-attack.

The city of Brussels has refused to pay the fine of 5,000,000 marks imposed by the Germans in consequence of the demonstration which took place at the Belgian capital on July 21, the national fete day. A serious crisis is expected.

## They Will Lend Money to Farmers.



CHAS. LOBDELL, KANSAS  
W. S. A. SMITH, IOWA  
GEO. W. NORRIS, PA.  
HERBERT QUICK, W. VA.

These are the men nominated for members of the Farm Loan Board by President Wilson. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo will be a member ex-officio.

Charles E. Lobdell is a student of farm problems and has had extensive experience in farm loans. He was reared on a farm, which he left to study law, being admitted to the bar in Kansas in 1882. He represented Lane county in the Kansas legislature ten years, and was speaker of the Kansas house in 1895. In 1902 he was elected judge of the Thirty-third judicial district. He served on the bench until 1911, when he resigned to accept the presidency of the First National bank of Great Bend. In 1914 he was president of the Kansas Bar association, and in 1915 president of the Kansas Bankers' association. He is a Republican.

George W. Norris is a student of economic and social questions. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, did newspaper work from 1880 to 1886, and then began the practice of law. In 1894 he took charge of the bond investment business of the private banking firm of Edward B. Smith & Co., of Philadelphia, serving as member of that firm until 1911. At the request of Mayor Blankenburg he accepted, in December, 1911, the directorship of the municipal department of wharves, docks and ferries.

Herbert Quick is a student of rural credits, and widely known to farmers. Until a few months ago he was editor of Farm and Fireside.

He, too, was reared on a farm, engaged in teaching, and later practiced law in Sioux City from 1890 to 1909. He was general manager of the Nebraska Clark Automatic Telephone company and the Iowa Clark Automatic Telephone company, 1902 to 1906, and was nominated three times for mayor of Sioux City, and elected once, serving from 1898 to 1900. He was nominated for judge of the Supreme court of Iowa in 1902.

## Congress Breaks Expense Record

Washington, D. C.—The importance of the \$200,000,000 revenue bill, to which the senate has devoted many hours of deliberation in caucus, is being impressed on leaders by the fact that appropriations now nearing completion have broken all records.

With passage this week of the \$50,000,000 ship-purchase bill and probable approval by the house of the senate's gigantic naval bill, the appropriations of the Sixty-fourth congress will have exceeded the previous high record by at least \$500,000,000.

While exact figures cannot be computed until the gavel has fallen on the last supply bill of the session, the aggregate appropriations by congress for all purposes probably will approximate \$1,700,000,000 as against \$1,114,000,000 for the Sixty-third congress.

Besides regular supply bills, which total, as they now stand, \$1,387,296,580, congress will have added, when the shipping bill is approved, more than \$90,000,000 for special purposes. There also have been contract authorizations amounting to about \$270,000,000, all of which would bring the grand aggregate to \$1,685,000,000, with the uncertain general deficiency appropriation bill, still in the making, to be added at the end of the session.

Special appropriations include \$20,000,000 for a government nitrate plant; \$6,000,000 for a good road; \$15,000,000 for rural credits, and \$50,000,000 for the government shipping project.

With President Wilson and a majority of the party leaders urgently supporting the naval building and personnel increases, it is believed the house will agree to them after advocates of a small navy have made their last fight. In anticipation of a close vote, every absent representative was notified more than a week ago of the approaching contest, which will mark the climax of the national defense-campaign this week.

Appropriations for preparedness alone will aggregate approximately \$640,000,000 unless unforeseen developments should force a curtailment. While the house this week is bringing business to a close, the senate will pass the shipping bill, workmen's compensation bill and conference reports preparatory for the revenue bill, on which a stubborn assault will be waged by the Republicans. When the amended revenue bill gets through conference, it is expected congress will be ready to adjourn. Leaders of both parties are hoping adjournment will come by September 1.

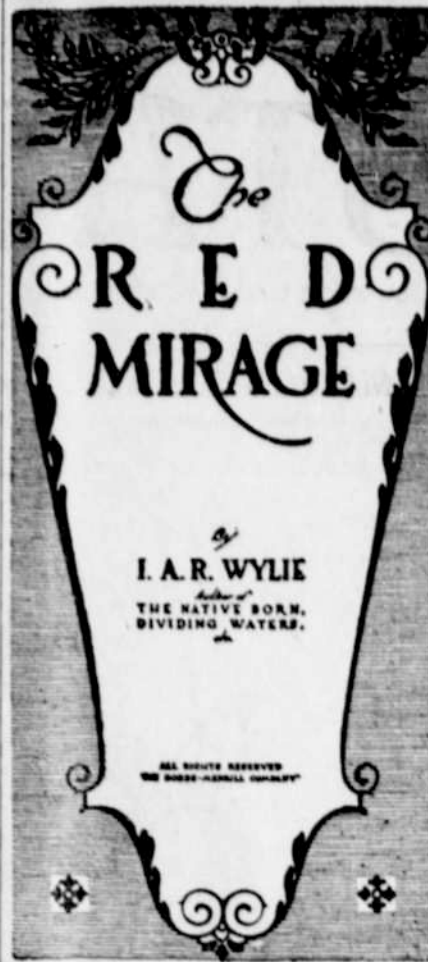
Constable Kills Two Mexicans. Tucson, Ariz.—After his horse had been shot from under him by two Mexicans suspected of having perpetrated a burglary, and he himself had been shot through the hip, Constable John Bright of Courtland, drawing his gun as he lay prone on the ground beside the body of his horse, killed the two Mexicans Saturday. After emptying his revolver at the Mexicans, who had ambushed him, Bright crawled a distance of two miles on his hands and reported to a ranch house that he had been ambushed by the suspected burglars.

Printers Fear Idleness. Baltimore—The danger that thousands of printers may be thrown out of work because of the high cost of white paper was said to be a question seriously concerning the delegates to the 62d annual convention of the International Typographical union here. John W. Hays, secretary, said the shortage of print paper is making it difficult for many newspapers to keep in business.

In some cities, he said, there was talk of consolidating plants to reduce working forces and expenses.

Hogs Bring \$10 Per Hundred. Seattle—Hogs on the hoof sold at the Union Stockyards Saturday at the highest price since the opening of the yards, \$10 per 100 pounds. I. H. Preston, of Midvale, Idaho, was the shipper, with 90 head averaging 194 pounds. Hogs sold here one day in 1909 at 11½ cents, but the city had no yards. Packers express a willingness to pay 11½ cents next week for similar weights and finish unless a serious break in Eastern prices intervenes.

Angry Editors Apologize. Birmingham, Ala.—Settlement of differences between E. W. Barrett and W. H. Jeffries, of the Age-Herald, and V. H. Hanson, of the News, was announced Monday by a committee of the Birmingham Rotary club. Both papers will publish apologies and retractions of personal charges made during a recent dispute over business methods. The Rotary club intervened when it was reported that Barrett and Hanson were going to fight a duel.



### CHAPTER XXI.

#### Atonement.

"Mrs. Farquhar, do you hear me—do you understand?"

The wide blue eyes flickered an instant; it was her only response. She lay stretched out, white and still on the great bed—a pathetic figure in which age and childhood's frailty had joined in the completed circle of life. Her hands lay on the counterpane. They were still loaded with rings, and the heavy, glistening stones seemed to have drawn in all the vitality from the dead and helpless fingers. For the first time her wig sat straight, and by contrast the face beneath looked smaller, wizened and shriveled like a little old witch who, somehow or other, had retained a grotesque fascination. Only the eyes were terrible. Save for that one scarcely perceptible flicker of assent they never closed or wavered, yet the change in them was ceaseless. They passed from face to face with a concentrated intensity that was savage in its dumb significance. They became then pitiable in their appeal or frantic in their fierce impatience.

Preston, standing beside her, took one of the helpless hands and pressed it shyly.

"You understand, Mrs. Farquhar? I've been something worse than a blackguard—I've been a fool. But now I'm going back to make good. You trust me now, don't you? You believe me—I'd lay down my life to have Richard back. You know that? I won't touch my native shore till I've made things right."

It was scarcely a smile that shadowed the blue eyes. Then suddenly they closed, and the last sign of life was snuffed out like the light of a candle. Preston looked up. Gabrielle stood at the foot of the bed and she beckoned him, and they went out together in the adjoining room. Preston closed the door. His boy's face, contrasting curiously with the upright, powerful figure, had lost its hopefulness and had become haggard and overcast.

"My God, and to think that I was instrumental in that!" he said hoarsely. "I—I feel as though I had murdered someone; it's pitiable—terrible. I shall see those eyes to my life's end, Miss Smith."

She nodded from the window where she stood looking out on to the street bathed in the mellow glow of evening.

"It is awful to watch the struggle," she said half to herself. "She is trying to tell us something, and I cannot read the message. Her eyes are full of it—I feel that I am blind and stupid not to understand—but I only know that it is vital, that it may mean life or death."

"Death?" he echoed blankly.

"After what you saw that night, don't you realize that death is not far off?"

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"I won't believe it," he said decisively. "They dare not."

"Is there anything that dare not be done to a legionary?"

"He is an Englishman. If—if if I dared I should make it an international question—I should rouse all England—"

"Would you succeed in getting a letter into the Times, do you think, Mr. Preston?"

He drew his hands out of his pockets and swung round angrily on her. She was smiling a wry amusement.

"Miss Smith—can you afford to laugh?"

"Yes—a little. I suppose you think me heartless. As a matter of fact, we laugh most easily when—"

"She stopped short with a gesture of impatience. "Forgive me, I have a tendency to be trite, and at that moment I was perishing near paths as well."

"I know what you mean, though. I didn't think you heartless. But you can't feel as I do. You haven't all this on your conscience—you weren't his friend, as I was." He caught a glimpse of her face clean cut against the light, and suddenly he faltered and the slow color mounted to his eyes.

"I—I understand. You're rather splendid, Miss Smith. If I could only set things right—make good!" he muttered.

She made a little gesture of assent.

"That seems to me all that we live

for," she said thoughtfully, "to make good—either to others or to ourselves. Only—it isn't often granted us."

He had the feeling that she was not speaking to him, that for the moment he had passed out of her range of vision, and he remained silent. Someone tapped at the door, and instantly their eyes met in mutual interrogation.

"A gentleman to see you, mademoiselle."

She passed into the little adjoining sitting room and closed the door quietly behind her. So quiet indeed had been her entry that the man hunched together by the window did not appear to notice her. His face was turned to the full light as though in deliberate defiance of its own harshly revealed suffering and misery.

"Stephen!" He started and tried to rise, but she came toward him with an authoritative movement. "No, don't get up. Sit there. You look—tired—ill."

"Yes, I am ill," he admitted. He dropped back with a short stifled sigh. "If I had not been ill I should not have come. It is my only excuse." He looked at her almost wistfully.

"Stephen!"

He looked her steadily in the pitying, sorrowful eyes.

"I have not come for sympathy, Gabrielle. I am glad it's over and done with. With one thing I should be content—"

"What do you ask of me?"

"To accept my name and that which the French state will give my wife in payment for the services I have done her. It is all I have to give, Gabrielle. Accept it—no, don't shrink from me like that. I am a dying man—remember that. I ask nothing for myself but a poor formality; it may be a few days—a few weeks at most, and then—and you will be free."

"I am free now," she answered swiftly. "But if I yielded to you I should never be free again. I loved you and I accepted dishonor for your sake. I ceased to love you and regained my honor the same hour I refused your name. That was my atonement to myself. To accept your offer would be to wrong myself—and you—too deeply."

He made a movement of desperate appeal. But she did not answer him. The door had opened and Preston, with white stern face, stood on the threshold.

"Corporal Goetz is here," he said. "Miss Smith—will you come?"

And Love saw how she turned from him, not with indifference, but with



the absolute oblivion of a mind whose whole force has swept suddenly in one deep channel. He followed her to the open door and stood there, silent and forgotten, watching her.

Corporal Goetz bowed as she entered. He looked at her narrowly, a little curiously.

"I heard your name," he said in his careful French. "I have a message for you—from my comrade."

"From Richard Farquhar?"

"I know him as Richard Nameless. He gave me the message out there in the desert—a simple sentence that I have retained word for word. Tell her, he said that truth was more beautiful than the mirage."

There was a brief silence. She stood in the full red glow of the evening as it poured in through the window, and Stephen saw her face. It seemed to him inspired, almost beautiful—a miracle of a great happiness.

"And the sentence?" It was Preston who spoke, and for all his self-restraint his voice had lost its steadiness.

"To be shot at daylight."

"It is impossible—absurd—" Preston muttered.

She turned to him then as though waking from a dream. The brief moment of serene triumphant happiness had passed. She was face to face with life again, and the strength and beauty were alight with the old fiery resolution.

"It is impossible," she said. "But we have one hope before all others. Madame Arnaud has influence, and she has given me her word to use it."

"Madame Arnaud is dead." They stared at Goetz in stricken horrified silence, and he added grimly: "She was murdered by a Jewish flower-seller this afternoon. It was Colonel Destinn who found her. There is no hope from that quarter."

"Then there are other means," Preston said. "Corporal, I'll stick at nothing to free him. I'm a rich man. You understand?"

"Goetz," You Fool, Do You Think I Would Do It? It's Useless."

"The absolute oblivion of a mind whose whole force has swept suddenly in one deep channel. He followed her to the open door and stood there, silent and forgotten, watching her."

Corporal Goetz bowed as she entered. He looked at her narrowly, a little curiously.

"I heard your name," he said in his careful French. "I have a message for you—from my comrade."

"From Richard Farquhar?"

"I know him as Richard Nameless. He gave me the message out there in the desert—a simple sentence that I have retained word for word. Tell her, he said that truth was more beautiful than the mirage."

There was a brief silence. She stood in the full red glow of the evening as it poured in through the window, and Stephen saw her face. It seemed to him inspired, almost beautiful—a miracle of a great happiness.

"And the sentence?" It was Preston who spoke, and for all his self-restraint his voice had lost its steadiness.

"To be shot at daylight."

"It is impossible—absurd—" Preston muttered.

She turned to him then as though waking from a dream. The brief moment of serene triumphant happiness had passed. She was face to face with life again, and the strength and beauty were alight with the old fiery resolution.

"It is impossible," she said. "But we have one hope before all others. Madame Arnaud has influence, and she has given me her word to use it."

"Madame Arnaud is dead." They stared at Goetz in stricken horrified silence, and he added grimly: "She was murdered by a Jewish flower-seller this afternoon. It was Colonel Destinn who found her. There is no hope from that quarter."

"Then there are other means," Preston said. "Corporal, I'll stick at nothing to free him. I'm a rich man. You understand?"

The German looked up at him with a faintly arrogant amusement.

Gabrielle turned suddenly from the window. Her eyes flashed into the legionary's face.

"Perhaps I understand," she said quietly. "You too are Richard Farquhar's friend—you will help me?"

In that single impulsive appeal for herself, and for herself alone, she had revealed all that Love had waited for. He left his place at the door of the inner room. Throughout that brief interview he had watched her steadfastly. When he spoke his voice sounded subdued and yet firm, like that of a man, already weary to exhaustion, who hoards all his remaining force for a last purpose.

"And if I had help to offer would you accept it now, Gabrielle?"

"Thankfully, Stephen."

"Richard Farquhar's life is safe," he said simply. "Even Colonel Destinn will not murder his own son."

"It is useless."

"Useless? What do you mean?"

"This much—the legionary's features were shadowed with a faint irony—"that your information, wonderful as it is, has come too late. Colonel Destinn rode out of Sill-bel-Abbes three hours ago. His destination is unknown, and when he returns it may be that the sun will have already risen."

Stephen Lowe turned slowly. First and last he saw the face of a woman. He read there only an infinite compassion.

CHAPTER XXII.

Toward Dawn.

In the condemned cell Richard Farquhar stood with his back against the wall, his arms folded, watching the yellow streak of light that filtered through the narrow barred window and fell slantwise across the darkness to the iron door opposite. He knew that the light came from an overhanging lantern outside, and that beneath a sentry with fixed bayonet kept guard.

Footsteps sounded on the passage. The light still burned steadily. Morning was not yet come. Nor could he hear voices or the familiar clank of bayonets. The footsteps were swift, stealthy. The jarring turn of the key in the lock sounded subdued, as though the strength of the will behind it had hushed sound itself. Farquhar faced about firmly. If this were death, then it came under a strange guise. The door swung open. For an instant the light from the window spread out and mingled with the dingy reflection from the passage, then narrowed once more, leaving the darkness on either hand the more impenetrable.

"Nameless! Take these clothes. Change instantly—"

"Who are you?"

"I will introduce myself later on. Do as I tell you."

A shadow moved and came out into the line of light. Farquhar caught a glimpse of the gaunt hard-lined face frozen now into impassive resolution. He tossed the bundle of clothes back on to the floor.

"Goetz, you fool, do you think I would do it? It's useless. I'm not going to have you shot in my stead."

"Pig-headed Englishman, do you think I should ask you to do anything so sensible? Get into these clothes if you don't want to be strangled? Name of heaven, Don Quixote, may not it occur to Sancho Panza to accompany you on your little expedition into freedom?"

"The thing is impossible—"

But even in the half-light he had caught the blaze in the usually cold and arrogant eyes. It fired his blood. It was like a blast of northern wind in the fetid closeness.

"It is not impossible. Your friends are here—your mother. There are horses waiting for us both outside the fortifications. Tomorrow we shall be in Oron. God, man—if you had seen her face when I gave you my message! Will you let that little woman break her heart over you?"

Farquhar tore off his tunic.

"Who has the watch?"

"Bertrand. He went over to the canteen five minutes ago. As I know, he will not be back yet a while. At the worst we have three minutes to spare."

"Give me that coat!"

Neither man had raised his voice above a whisper. Goetz's laugh was inaudible.

"Ah, das ewig weibliche! Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then come."

The iron door swung back smoothly. In the neighboring cell there was a sudden hush; as though warned by some instinct the rough voices died down into a dull murmur, through which the two listeners heard other sounds—a harsh command, heavy approaching footsteps. Goetz closed the door. He set his back against it, and in the pale light falling aslant his face Farquhar saw that he was smiling savagely.

"I demand a hundred pardons. I miscalculated. Our friend Bertrand has deserted the bottle a minute too soon. It is scarcely credible. No doubt he intends to pay you a farewell call. In which case accept my profuse apologies, Nameless."

"Who goes with Bertrand on the round?" Farquhar asked almost with indifference.

"Harding. He knows. He will do all he can. Be quiet now—they are in the next cell."

The drunken shouts subsided suddenly into a cowed sullen silence. They heard the sergeant's savage abuse, the jangle of keys, the clang of an iron door slammed violently to. Instantly the chorus broke out afresh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)