



1622—The Indians massacred 90 of the Virginia colonists.

1638—The First Baptist Church was formed in Providence, R. I.

1684—The Assembly of Pennsylvania imposed the first excise.

1691—Col. Henry Stoughton published his commission from the Duke of York, appointing him Governor of the Province of New York.

1734—First party of Salzburgers reached Savannah, Ga., and met with a cordial reception.

1744—Louis XV. of France declared war against England.

1755—Pennsylvania Assembly met in special session to arrange for erecting a road to Philadelphia for the use of Braddock's army.

1765—The British Stamp Act became law.

1775—Georgia's one delegate to the Continental Congress elected.

1776—Evacuation of Boston by the British.

1777—Col. John Bayard elected speaker of the Maryland Assembly.

1779—Gen. Benedict Arnold resigned his commission in the American army.

1781—British repulsed the American at battle of Guilford, N. C.

1800—British ship Queen Charlotte destroyed by an explosion of Lagnhorn.

1802—West Point Military Academy established.

1815—Napoleon joined by all the army after his return from Elba.

1825—Pasturing of cows on Boston Common forbidden.

1833—United States pension office established.

1836—Constitution of the Texas republic adopted.

1838—Sir Francis Bond Head resigned office as Lieutenant governor of Upper Canada.

1855—First public schools in Illinois established.

1856—Railway train from Toronto to Hamilton plunged through drawbridge in Desjardins canal, and seventy lives lost.

1862—Gladstone presided at the presentation in London of a testimonial to Charles Keen, the celebrated actor.

1863—Confederates under Clark captured Mount Sterling, Ky.

1875—Gov. Tilden of New York sent a message to the Legislature declaring the State canals to be mismanaged and the funds looted by contractors.

1877—George W. McCrary of Iowa became Secretary of War.

1882—Samuel Blatchford of New York appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

1889—Menelik II, Emperor of Abyssinia, ascended the throne.

1892—The Standard Oil trust dissolved by consent of the stockholders.

1894—A provincial plebiscite in Nova Scotia showed an overwhelming sentiment in favor of prohibition.

1897—Fleets of the allied powers began the blockade of Crete.

1898—Dominion House of Commons passed the Yukon Railway bill for the construction of a railway to the Klondike.

1899—Queen Regent of Spain signed a treaty of peace with the United States.

1900—Canadian troops arrived at Cape Town to engage in war with the Boers.

1905—Hon. S. N. Parent, premier of Quebec, resigned.

1909—Congress of the United States convened in special session.... General strike of telegraph, telephone and postal employes in Paris.

MANY ILLEGALLY MARRIED.

Court Decision Affects New Yorkers Who Wed Under 18.

More than 3,000 couples in New York believe themselves to be married, but they are living as husband and wives without the legal right to do so. This condition was brought to light by a decision in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court by Justice Nathan Miller.

The ruling held that even the written consent of the parents authorizing a boy and girl under the legal marriageable age to wed does not make the wedding legal.

About 70,000 marriage licenses are issued each year at the city hall, and of this number nearly 2 per cent are obtained by persons under the legal age on the written consent of their parents or guardians, or an average of 1,400 each year.

Quite So.

"Mrs. Comeup's conversation is perfectly killing."

"In what way?"

"The way she murders the king's English."—Baltimore American.

Her Answer Ready.

"What a peculiar way that Glimbleton girl holds her lips."

"If you propose to her you'll find out what it means. She's all fixed to say 'Yes.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND?

Story About Teutonic Waiter Recalls Japanese Butler Scare.

The "menace" with which Americans became familiar during the "threat" of a Japanese-American war and which generally took the form of Japanese butlers who were really spies is now getting in its same old deadly work in England. Over there the "threat" is of an Anglo-German war, so the "menace" naturally becomes a Teutonic waiter.

Under the heading "A Real Menace," a man writes to the Gentlewoman as follows:

"I must confess that without being in the least a scaremonger the presence of such crowds of foreigners in our midst does not tend to make one feel altogether comfortable. Most of all does the German waiter flourish at all the restaurants, whether smart or otherwise, all over this great London of ours, and in case of an invasion from overseas what part would these gentry play in the general commotion?"

"By way of answer I will repeat a story that is now being told in the clubs on the best authority. A gentleman of English birth, but possessing in a marked degree the gift of tongues, entered a well known restaurant with the air of being a German. He was soon on easy terms with the Teuton, who, of course, attended to his creature comforts. Before leaving he requested a few minutes' private conversation with the keller, who by that time had become expansive.

"Have you," quoth the linguist in most fluent German, "your orders for when the great moment arrives?"

"Oh, certainly!" replied the waiter.

"What do you know exactly where to go and what to do?"

LAST AMERICAN WOODEN SHIP.

Square-rigged Vessel, Class A1, Built in Maine in 1893.

The Aryan, launched in Phippsburg, Me., in 1893, is the last square-rigged ship of wood built in the United States and the only wooden ship classing A1 in both the record of American shipping and in Lloyd's register.

She is of 2,123 tons register, carries over 3,000 gross tons, has three decks and is as strong as wood and metal can make her, says the Boston Globe. Her frame is white oak, docked in salt water over a year before being put into her, and is the last white oak ship frame cut in New England, having been taken from New Hampshire forests. Her deck and planking are of hard pine.

When the ship was opened in New York last year for inspection the surveyors gave a certificate to the effect that she was as sound as any wooden vessel afloat, irrespective of age.

The Aryan was built by C. V. Minott & Co., a firm that was composed of the late Charles V. Minott—a man of sterling qualities, whose name was well known in shipping circles for over half a century—and his son, Charles V. Minott, Jr., a graduate of Bowdoin College and at present state senator from Sagadahoc county.

The Aryan recently arrived at San Francisco with coal from Philadelphia, and loaded a cargo of asphalt, canned salmon, wine, redwood and scrapiron for New York.

FALSE TEETH TRAGEDY.

They Stuck in Throat of Englishman and Throttled Him.

Numerous people, we believe, have swallowed their false teeth, and a few perhaps been throttled by them. But the latter occurrence is so rare as to deserve passing notice. At Highbridge, in England, a man was found dead in the highway, presenting all the marks of asphyxia. His body lay near the top of a hill. The autopsy disclosed a plate of false teeth wedged tightly in his throat across the opening into the lungs. They so completely blocked the passage that no air whatever could pass, and appeared to have been held in place by the suction of the lungs.

A medical witness offered the explanation that the man was walking up the hill, breathing heavily. In some way the plate was loosened and drawn forcibly into the throat by a "deep breath." It happened to fall in such a position as immediately to become tightly wedged, so that the victim was entirely unable to dislodge it. No one being about—it probably would not have made any difference if there had been, because he could not call out or even explain what had happened—he was choked to death just as effectually as if he had been garrotted or drowned.

If such accidents were common it might be desirable to wear false teeth on a chain—as eyeglasses are worn—brought out of a corner of the mouth and fastened to the ear.—New York Press.

A Great Help.

"So you think you will go into the American matrimonial market?" said Miss Cayenne.

"I shall marry an heiress, if that is what you mean," said Count Fucnah.

"I have a title to be admired and envied."

"True. And a good title goes a long way toward making a best seller."—Washington Star.

Ever Faithful.

"He's always wanting to borrow money from me."

"A fair-weather friend merely."

"Oh, no; he has also borrowed several umbrellas."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We suppose we have wretched taste; anyway, we don't care for Scotch dialect.

Remember, girls, the fairest flower is often the first to fade.

Honesty is one of the best excuses for poverty.

FASHION HINTS



This outing suit of rose colored linen has small tucks panned in the sides of the blouse and skirt. Black linen is used for the belt, collar and deep cuffs. A jaunty tie is drawn through the slash in the blouse front, giving just the required dash to the whole.

CLAIMS A LAKE.

Preparatory to a Big Oil Venture Through Boring in Its Bed.

A fight for title to 4,400 acres of Ferry Lake in Caddo parish, southwest Louisiana, and said to be an oil field valued at approximately \$5,000,000, has been begun before Commissioner Dennett of the general land office. The claimant is John B. King of Texarkana, Texas, who made entry over one year ago under the placer mining act. He claims that the area of the lake was never turned over by the government to the State of Louisiana, and as the attorney general of that State did not put in an appearance yesterday it is believed that the State is content to let the general government deal with the proposition before it in any manner it may deem advisable.

Former Representative John J. Lentz of Columbus, Ohio; J. A. Teller of Little Rock, Ark., and J. D. Korner, also of the capital of Ohio, made up the legal array which presented Mr. King's side of the case. At the close of the argument Commissioner Dennett took the matter under advisement. He did not announce when a decision will be rendered in the matter.

For several months past it has been believed that the State officials of Louisiana were going to put up a vigorous fight for the lake, which also has a considerable area in the State of Texas. Several years ago, while prospecting over the general oil field in the section where the lake is located, Mr. King discovered that while the Standard Oil Company had located its wells on all sides of the property, no attempt had been made to locate on the lake.

He then went to work, and made a close examination of the records bearing on the question of title to the land on which the lake lies. This was formerly government land before the back water from the Red River overflowed the section and left the lake. He ascertained, so it was pointed out in the argument of the attorneys before Commissioner Dennett yesterday that the lake was never turned over by the general government to the State of Louisiana, and he lost no time in making an entry on the 4,400 acres in question, which is believed to be the richest in the section in point of possible oil fields.

With his entry he then made his plans to bring the matter to the attention of the commissioner of the general land office, so as to perfect the title before he begins operations for locating oil wells. He talked at length yesterday of the question and pointed out that as the lake is only about two or three feet deep it will be a comparatively easy matter to locate oil wells in all parts of the area covered by the 4,400 acres in question. Mr. King is positive from the investigations he has made that the area is of immense value and hopes as soon as he gets title to begin operations.

The section in which the lake is located in both Texas and Louisiana is looked upon by oil experts everywhere as a particularly rich oil country, and this fact has been singularly brought out, it is declared, by reason of the fact that the Standard Oil Company has come into the section and bought up all the land bordering on the lake.—Washington Star.

A Budding Merchant.

The jeweler had left his new boy in charge of the store while he went home to his dinner, but not until he cautioned the youth that all the goods were marked and that he must not let anyone take goods with him unless they were paid for.

"Well, Sam," he asked upon his return, "did you have any customers?"

"You bet!" said Sam, gleefully. "And I got his money, too! I sold one man all those brass rings you had that were marked 18c on the inside, and here's the money—a dollar and ninety-eight cents!"—Judge.

Regarding Immigrants.

There has been during the past year an increase of 500,000 in the immigrant population of the United States. In the meantime about 250,000 immigrants returned home. Investigation shows that of those who return to their European homes the vast majority are unskilled laborers whose stay here has been comparatively brief. The mechanics and artisans stay in their new homes.

the rather reticent people of this profession.

"Hunting for a quarter, Johnny, or a toothpick?" questioned Larry Morris.

"Here, look at this," answered Johnny.

Into their midst he twirled the something he had drawn from his pocket. It was a man's garter of lavender silk elastic, the buckle hand wrought from rose gold, set round with amethysts and on the face the initial "H." worked out in emeralds and amethysts of excessive smallness but exceedingly great brilliancy.

"Where did you get that?" came the chorus.

"Well," said Johnny, "listen. I picked this up in the Desterie house about an hour ago. Say, everybody about that house has got stage fright. They are all moving out. An earthquake couldn't move them quicker than they are going. The death watch has got its grip on the whole thirty-five boarders. More than half of them are speeding away to spend the night with hand-baggage only. Great show, too, to watch them hustle out. I'm going to sleep up there to-night. I picked this garter up in the closet where it had rolled down behind a little shelf. Now women, you know, don't wear garters like this."

"Might," bellowed Hank Smith.

"Saw a telegraph story the other day that they had taken to wearing half hose in New York."

"But here's the question," continued Johnny, "no man in the house knew Mrs. Wayne nor anything about her. Why, the only decent word any one of those curious passed about her was that no one had come to see her since she arrived, and that she had appeared embarrassed when her fellow boarders of the sex masculine attempted to pay her any attention."

"I'll just wager that she was some poor, sweet little girl who had married some old fool for his money," interposed Philip Hartley, whose sympathetic heart beat for all the mistreated women in the world. "She's found him unbearable, and refused to live with him, and he's just hounded her to death. That 'H' may have stood for 'Hubby,' in the letter that had the threat to kill her. I believe she's been taking slow poison, and came here where she wasn't known to snuff it off quietly."

"How about the Man-Aperilla?" flouted Larry Morris. "Proceed, Jules Verne II. Why don't you go farther, and have it a trained ape sent carrier pigeon, bloodhound-fashion by the ogre-husband, to choke her to death?"

"Because she wasn't choked," contended Hartley. "Heavens, what a woman she must have been."

"Oh, to kill from jealousy," added Hank Smith. "Why, hallo; here's Betty Lancy at this hour of the morning. Betty, don't you ever get through work? And you're all out of breath. What's wrong, Mamie, get her some tea. What is the matter, Betty?"

Betty, white as print paper, sunk on a chair. Her big blue eyes were opened wide. "Boys," she said. "Come with me; come quick, don't say a word, but tell me, am I crazed or dreaming; has it really happened or am I hallucinating? Oh, no! don't stop to finish eating; come quick or it will be too late. I am afraid to stop alone in that awful room. You know I missed my train home and stopped at the hotel to-night, and, oh, it startled me so."

"What's up, anyhow?" asked Johnny.

"Tell the rest of them, Betty. I'm going up to get chummy with the mystery, sleeping all night in the Desterie house. Maybe I'll have a visitation, seeing as how my own head is some reddish. 'Tisn't like you to have stage fright, Betty."

"I haven't got it," she snapped.

"But just as I started to get into bed and went over to raise the shade, I looked across the court into one of the other rooms of the hotel. And in there what do you think I saw?"

Womanlike Betty paused to give her audience a thrill.

"Oh, nonsense; out with it," commanded the boys.

"Cerisse Wayne, her ghost or her double, and the handsomest man I ever saw!"

(To be continued.)

A Startling Motto.

A traveling salesman died very suddenly in Pittsburgh. His relatives telegraphed the undertaker to make a wreath; the ribbon should be extra wide with the inscription, "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and if there is room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven."

The undertaker was out of town and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral.

The ribbon was extra wide and bore the inscription, "Rest in Peace on Both Sides, and if There is Room We Shall Meet in Heaven."

Often the Case.

The editor of the magazine was somewhat dubious.

"Curious," said he, "that this anecdote of Napoleon has never been in print before."

"It has been in print before," explained the space writer, "but not attached to Napoleon."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Agreeable.

Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week.

Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.—Puck.

A Waste of Money.

Hub—Reckless and extravagant—I! When did I ever make a useless purchase?

Wife—Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago; we've never used it once.—Exchange.

Taking the Tips.

"Why did Dollarby sell his hotel?"

"He wasn't making money fast enough."

"What is he doing now?"

"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."—Washington Star.

The Quest of Betty Lancy

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER III.

They held the inquest that same afternoon, and in the room where Cerisse Wayne's body had been found. Dr. McGann, the coroner, could find no trace of violence on the young and perfect body.

"She died of heart failure," he remarked, very simply. "Probably the animal who caused the police such fright and trouble gained access to the room, and the sight and shock were too much for her patently fragile constitution to withstand. Remember, that this apparition has brought on Mrs. Desterie a stroke of paralysis, and may result in the permanent derangement of her mind."

"I have wired Doubleday, Franz & Co., in San Francisco," he continued. "Their reply just received is that they know but little about Cerisse Wayne. They declare that they knew her as Mrs. Wayne. Also that for five years past \$2,000 a month has been deposited to her credit with them. Parke & Gray, solicitors, of London, England, have handled the drafts sent to the San Francisco bankers. Mrs. Wayne drew on this amount so freely that at times her balance was practically nothing, and frequently her account showed a small overdraft. For the past several months, however, her demands on the account have been very slight. Last month \$4,000 was sent for her credit, and her present balance is approximately \$6,000. Besides this they have a casket, said to contain almost priceless jewels, that belong to her. A copy of a photograph of Mrs. Wayne, which they have in their possession, has been forwarded, and Henry Franz, one of the junior members of the firm, is coming East to view the body. They report they have cared for her mail for some time past, and during this time she has had it forwarded to nearly every imaginable point, both in this country and abroad. In her handbag there was nearly \$150 and nothing to indicate that she had been mentally depressed or was in poor health. Over-indulgence in cigarettes may have unduly excited her mind. It is patent that she read and smoked till she grew drowsy and then lightly tossed her book aside. Possibly she weakened from some quiet dream to behold that creature in the room, and died of fright. There was one second of intense horror and all was over."

"How did that—that—that—get in, doctor?" interrupted the still disheveled Doherty.

"Don't you know that there's no place on the front of this, nor any other build in the block where a cat could crawl up for a footin'? Ain't they all smooth sandstone, worn as slick as me last year's coat. And wasn't both of the windows there closed and locked in the bargain, and no chimney in the room? Maybe the creature killed the pritty little girl after it got in all right, but how did it get in? Here's another thing. Will ye look at that bed? Now there's been two people sleeping in that bed, sir, one of them far heavier and bigger than the poor little girl you've just been inquesting over. And here, now, is a cigarette stub that's different from the others—stronger, can't you see?"

The policeman held out the stub in question, and it was passed wonderingly from hand to hand, and later marked exhibit "A."

"Entrance might have been effected from the hall," said the coroner with a puzzled frown.

"So? Wasn't the door bolted from the inside? Can't you see where it was broke to get in?" retorted Doherty.

"Ah, someone was inside and rushed out when Mrs. Desterie opened the door," muttered Larry Morris of the "Times."

Everybody in the room directed his attention to the corner where the newspaper folk were sitting. There were eight or ten men in the little group and one woman, a fair, calm-eyed girl, Betty Lancy of the "Inquirer." Betty was barely 23, one of those tall, athletic, wholesome girls who demand classification in the mental menu as well-cooked oatmeal with rich cream, country honey, baked apples or new milk. Larry Morris was very much in love with Betty, but he didn't know it and neither did she.

Pierre Desterie denied Larry Morris' suggestion. His wife Annie Desterie could not come as a witness to corroborate his statement. Raving and shrieking he had carried her off to the hospital hours before. Pierre, for his wife, and himself, told all he knew of their unfortunate boarder.

"She came Monday night," quavered the little black-skinned fellow. "She was all dressed in green. She had the prettiest eyes you ever saw, they were just like those of a hurt baby. So many violets were pinned on her breast you'd have thought 'twould have wearied her to carry them. She brought no trunks, only the green bag there. Said she wanted room and board for two weeks and would pay well for them. Annie took her because of what she paid, and because she was so pretty. She slept late mornings and Annie was going to make her love to-morrow because she slept so late it made breakfast drag along till noon. The women in the house didn't like Miss Wayne. They said she painted her face and smoked cigarettes. The men made soft eyes at her and the woman got jealous. Annie said she had awful fine things in her valise, and lots of jewelry. Annie came up stairs to wake her, for it was lunch time, and then it all happened. There couldn't anybody have

rushed down the stairs. I was in the hall when Annie fell, and Doherty was with me, and he came right up here after we'd carried Annie to her room. That was the only time the hall was alone."

"How long did that take you, Doherty?" asked Johnny Johnson of the newspaper coterie. He was thinking that the coroner was a shade too judicial and prosy about the inquiry.

"Some six minutes or so," slowly answered Doherty. "Mrs. Desterie's a weight to carry; she's pretty fat, you know, lately. Her room, too, it's clear back on the second floor."

They read the letters aloud. The enterprising newspaper boys had already had them photographed so that their papers might reproduce them.

The longer of the two was undated, the other bore date of eight months previous, in mid-August and ran:

"Cerisse Dear—Heart of mine, I have so longed for a letter. Do you still refuse to remember? Will you not forgive or must I die without word or sign from you? Forgive me, Cerisse, dear, forgive me."

The other, couched more formally, though in the same writing, read:

"Cerisse—So the wander-lust still pervades your heart? Can you calm your restless mind and soul and body sufficiently long to realize that home, husband, children and the development of womanhood's ideals is the little life exacts from each of your sex?"

"You must pay now, Cerisse, or pay at the end. If you defer payment of your indebtedness to the scheme of all creation till the end you will find the interest hard to handle. I shall appeal no more. Entreaties do not move you. Neither do threats and commands are naught to you. But let me impress one thing upon you. If you do not return to me before the first of the coming year, I will kill you. Do you understand what I mean when I write this? I have never seemed able to make you comprehend anything I have ever written or said. You won't understand this, you won't realize that you will be dead, murdered, before the blossoms weight the orchards if you still persist in absenting yourself from H."

"Seems to me that 'H,' whoever 'H' is, must have been intoxicated, deranged or doped on his correspondence course," whispered Larry Morris to Betty Lancy.

"Oh, don't joke," replied Betty. "How can you at such time? Such a beautiful woman as she was, she'd have loved to have seen her as she must have been when she was alive."

"Death from causes unknown. Probably heart failure superinduced by fright," came the coroner's verdict.

This ultimatum disposed of the body, which was buried next day. But it didn't of the Monster. That was in a cage in the municipal zoological gardens, snarling, whining and making the hours hideous. And it didn't dispose of the story. That went flashing around the world on the wires, while newspapers the country over seized the scent to track the "greatest crime mystery of the age."

CHAPTER IV.

Early next morning Larry Morris sat in Le Roy's cafe, an all night restaurant and rendezvous of the newspaper men, industriously disposing of a roast beef sandwich.

Larry's forehead was puzzled into half a dozen corrugations. He was hoping none of the boys would come in till he had got this Wayne story a little clearer in his head. Larry and two photographers had made three trips out to the Park to see the awful thing which some apt reporter had christened the Man-aperilla.

One by one the boys came trooping in. And the Wayne murder was the topic of the night.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," said Hank Smith. "That Man-Aperilla is half-human and I know it. When those white and black eyes were turned upon me I felt my soul crawl out from under me, and I was left there hanging in space. Tell you what it is, there's a story there."

"Cut it, Hank, cut it," called little red-headed John Johnston, the best police reporter in town. "Here, Mamie," to the waitress, "bring Hank some eatings so the rest of us can take a rubber at the conversational game. Wasn't that girl a stunner, though? And did you notice, too, what a dead match that her hair was for the color of the pelt on the beast?"

Now every man at the table had noted just that point. It was so obvious a point that it was startling. Each had been loath to launch an opinion on it. But Johnny had a way with him of pumping all you knew by bold plays. Each man took counsel with himself wondering what Johnny would do next. For ten years these boys and Johnny had met every Monday night, and the crowd had learned when to give him rope.

But just now Johnny and his bowl of rice and milk relapsed into silence while his companions ranged far id wild theories of who "H" was, what part he had played in the life and death of Cerisse Wayne, whether she was wife, widow, murdered or simply another victim of the suicide list.

By and by Johnny dug down into one of the ever bulging pockets of his always baggy trousers. The by-word was that Johnny always looked so much like a burglar that he never had any trouble gaining the confidence of