

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Adjourn the Special Session Today

THE special session of the legislature is turning out the mistake which we foresaw. It is devoid of leadership. Its well-intentioned members are in a blue funk. Many of them are not only without experience in state affairs but are without adequate information on which to base intelligent legislation.

The special session should adjourn today WITHOUT taking any action of any kind with reference to balancing the budget, and meet Monday in regular session.

It is a mistake to pass a blanket law making drastic cuts in the budget which later may not be realized when the regular session committees go over the budget item by item. It is a mistake to pass a law recalling the 3-mill property levy, at this time. This law is of doubtful constitutionality anyhow; and if it is constitutional it may be passed in the regular session.

To enact important legislation on the spur of the moment may cause serious consequences to the welfare of the state. The state's credit must be protected; but there is no concert of opinion as to what should be done.

The sales tax, which was the particular objective of the special session, is dead. No plausible substitute has yet been worked out.

ADJOURN the special session TODAY without passing ANY of the proposed taxation measures. Start the regular session Monday and give these questions proper deliberation.

Willamina School Row

WILLAMINA is such a pretty name one would think the people who live there would partake of the peace and beauty that a name of such euphony imports. So they do for much of the time, rarely figuring in the newspapers with discords and wrong-doings. But recently a school row has developed at Willamina, and so bitter did it grow that it was taken to court, so it was, and the judge will have to decide a vexing question. The question is whether a 16-year old senior may take a sixth subject in order to graduate in June. That is the question but back of it is a dispute between the principal and the girl's father, who happens to be a member of the school board.

Just a school row, that is what it is. Doubtless the community is "taking sides" for and against the principal. There will be community dissension. People may pass each other on the street without speaking. Hot words will fly. One need only hang out his ears and in a few minutes he will hear what some one said some one else said about it.

Rare is it that school rows get into the courts. Usually the school organization handles its problems without resort to civil suit. No matter which way the court decides in the Willamina matter, the damage is done, and both parties are losers. The school principal will have to move on, just as the preacher does after a grand fuss in the choir. The school board member may be licked at the next election. The girl may or may not graduate in June, it doesn't matter a great deal which.

Our community life rests largely upon cooperation that goes far beyond legal rights. Rushing to court is a confession of failure to live cooperatively, making appropriate concessions and compromises for the peace and harmony of the community. The court of course is an improvement over the club, the dagger and the fist; but mutual tolerance is a great improvement over litigation. When the fuss finally subsides at Willamina, the participants will wonder what there was to get so agitated about.

Taxation With Representation

NEVER since the founding fathers fought the glorious revolution and won for their ultimate posterity the sacred right of "no taxation without representation" has the ensemble idea of levying taxes been exemplified as in the Oregon legislature this year. There is scarcely an interest which has not loudly vocalized its preferences and its complaints. The result promises to be stalemate, or else drastic and unreasoned action which the state will later regret.

Sympathies should go out to the legislators who are in the milling around stage. Rumors fly, facts are pulled out of air, ideas germinate in fertile imaginations; it will be a marvel if the legislature which lacks not only control but effective leadership does not stampede.

There is no doubt the senators and representatives want to hear and heed the voice of the people. With ears open they will hear most everything, as follows:

"Enforce economy, cut down expenses, retrench."

"It is impossible to retrench sufficiently. Additional revenue must be provided."

"Everybody should pay some tax to the support of government."

"Soak the rich; exempt the little fellow."

"The sales tax is unavoidable."

"The sales tax is the most vicious tax ever proposed."

"Increase the income taxes."

"There are no incomes left to tax; you must get money some other way."

"The deficit is \$4,000,000; the credit of the state is in danger."

"The deficit is about a million; let it ride."

Confused voices, and sonorous they are. Men forgotten and unforgotten express themselves. With such discordant counsels what is the legislature to do? Because no matter what they do there is the threat of appeal to the people via referendum. Let the people rule; but how shall the representative decide just who the people are? The liberties fought for at Bunker Hill and Saratoga, we have them all right; but taxation WITH representation promises to be as difficult as that made by royal decree.

Oregon is honored this week with the visit of Dr. Inazo Nitobe, a member of the house of peers of Japan and former under-secretary-general of the league of nations. Dr. Nitobe is a graduate of western schools, and has had an eminent career in politics and diplomacy. He is giving many addresses in Portland. An effort should be made to have him come to Salem. Our citizens would be glad to hear such a distinguished representative of Japan.

Influenza claimed a real leader in Oregon business when it took E. J. Dixon, manager of the big egg cooperative of this state. Dixon took this organization and made a big success of it. Its business grew from one of 50,000 cases a year in 1923 to 350,000 cases in 1932. The poultrymen relied greatly on Dixon's judgment and ability. His death will be a great loss to one of the important industries of the state.

Yesterday

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 7, 1908

Seeing the great improvement in the paving of Court street, merchants on State street are beginning to think they had best have their muddy thoroughfare hard surfaced.

A. M. Aspiwall of Brooks loaded a car of loganberry tips for foreign shipment yesterday in the bustling little city just north of here. This is the largest shipment of these plants ever to be made at one time from the Beaver state.

The city's threatened suits against poll tax delinquents is bringing rapid results and yesterday City Recorder Moore wrote out 12 receipts for poll taxes paid.

Hel D. Patton of the Patton Bros. book store yesterday filed a petition in the county clerk's office, for his nomination as a candidate for the election to the lower house of the legislature next June.

January 7, 1908

Salem restaurant operators yesterday instituted in the circuit court injunction proceedings against Sam A. Koser, secretary of state, and Johnny Jones and Levi Bahmer, to prevent the operation of a restaurant in the state house which opens Monday. Jones and Bahmer have the concession from the state to run the restaurant.

Rising at the rate of three inches an hour, the Willamette river reached the 18.5 foot mark last night and continued higher. Train and wire service were disrupted between Salem and Albany, the Southern Pacific tracks washed out and the state highway bridge floated near Jefferson. The highway just south of Oregon City and on both sides of Eugene was flooded and impassable.

PORTLAND—More than \$5000 in currency was stolen from a private bank here just before noon yesterday by a thief who unlocked a teller's wicket, scooped up all the money in sight, and escaped. The teller was gone to lunch.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor: Our legislature is being convened in special session to consider ways and means of raising more taxes to meet a state deficit, reported to be approximately \$4,000,000. On the surface the choice is between a "sales tax" and a state tax on real estate. Permit a small taxpayer to state that neither should be considered at this time for obvious reasons.

As an alternative to levying new taxes, we suggest cutting the state expenses to meet the present state income. This will be a painful process, and will inconvenience many, and work hardship on some, but the operation is necessary and must be endured.

There has been much talk about cutting expenses, but it has been more or less general. We understand that some of our legislators have asked for specific suggestions as to what, where and how deep to cut. We hesitate to longer prolong the agony, our suggestion is to cut off all appropriations for higher education and balance the state budget at one stroke.

In making this suggestion, we realize we are not entering our name in a popularity contest. We expect to be showered with bricks and burned in effigy. It is questionable, even in normal times whether a state owes her citizens a university or normal school education. However that may be, no sane person should expect the state of Oregon to continue the State University, the State Agricultural college and the three State Normal schools under present conditions.

Let us swallow our pride and face existing conditions. C. BECHER SCOTT, McMinnville, Oregon.



Dr. Copeland

throat and windpipe where they set up inflammation. The mucous which pours out from the congested glands, interferes with normal breathing and causes much spasm of coughing. In severe cases the coughing is violent and the breathing becomes almost impossible. May I warn you against the danger of deliberately exposing a child to whooping cough? A child afflicted with this disease should not be permitted to play with other children. Often the disease is overlooked, or is mistaken for a simple cold or cough. A child with a cold who is sneezing or coughing should be kept away from other children.

Symptoms of Whooping Cough Persistent coughing is an early sign of whooping cough. The cough of the disease should always be suspected in a child who has the early symptoms of a bad cold. If, in the second week of illness, the cough becomes more severe and the child vomits after several spells of coughing, it is very likely to be whooping cough. The disease may last from six weeks to three months. It is so wear-

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem's first cannery: Spirit of pioneers needed:

(Continuing from yesterday:) It was stated in yesterday's article that the big bridge across the Willamette had just been washed out when the proposition for erecting the pioneer cannery was undertaken.

That first bridge across the Willamette, erected in 1834 (several years before Portland had a bridge spanning the river there), went down before the flood Monday, February 3, 1890, at 20 minutes to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Two men standing on the bridge barely escaped with their lives.

The articles of incorporation of the Salem Cannery company, as told yesterday, were filed three days later, February 8, 1890, and the canvass for sale of stock was quickly concluded; all taken by Salem people, the bulk of it in small amounts. The Oregon Packing company plants, that grew out of the cannery enterprise, are in the far-flung Del Monte chain, greatest in the world.

The contract for the second bridge, to be built in the same location, saving the approaches on both sides, was let April 23 by the Marion county court, Polk county and the city of Salem, jointly, and it was completed December 23 of that year, 1890. The old ferry franchise of Thomas Holman had been used in the mean time. The present bridge is the third.

The second bridge was torn down after it had stood about 23 years. It was built before the day of auto travel, and besides had been slighted in its structure—but that is another story that need not be told now. It, too, had outlived its mission, time for absolute safety in steel bridges—owing to "honeycombing," familiar to architects. So it was condemned and the present bridge contracted for; the cost being around \$250,000. It is much stronger than either of its predecessors, and far more beautiful.

This bridge was dedicated Tuesday, July 30, 1918, when a crowd of 20,000 participated. The largest number in uniform ever on the streets of Salem were in the procession. The weather was fine, and it was a gala day. The World was won, and American forces were in the thick and leading the last push, driving the theretofore impregnable German lines back.

There was dancing in Marion square all day, and stands where concessions had been auctioned off giving the privileges did a rushing business. The returns netted over \$3000 for Red Cross and other patriotic funds devoted to the aid of our soldiers and their families.

The privilege of leading the parade at one stroke.

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Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States Senator from New York Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

TOO MANY mothers look upon whooping cough as a minor and harmless disease. This is a false notion. Whooping cough is really a serious disease and must never be considered otherwise. It is one of the dangerous infections of early childhood and is particularly serious when it attacks children under five years of age.

The disease is caused by germs which are spread by coughing and sneezing. They find lodgment in the lining of the throat and windpipe where they set up inflammation. The mucous which pours out from the congested glands, interferes with normal breathing and causes much spasm of coughing. In severe cases the coughing is violent and the breathing becomes almost impossible. May I warn you against the danger of deliberately exposing a child to whooping cough? A child afflicted with this disease should not be permitted to play with other children. Often the disease is overlooked, or is mistaken for a simple cold or cough. A child with a cold who is sneezing or coughing should be kept away from other children.

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ing that the best of care and attention are necessary. If, during this long period, the disease is neglected, the child becomes weak, loses weight and becomes susceptible to other diseases, such as pneumonia and influenza. Bear in mind that the danger of whooping cough is not the infection itself, but the coughing and weakness caused by repeated spells of coughing.

The attacks can be lessened by the use of an old-fashioned group kettle or inhalations of certain soothing substances. Burning a eucalyptus cone or dropping compound tincture of benzoin on steaming hot water alongside of the baby's crib is beneficial.

The child's diet must be carefully watched. The child should be fed after his vomiting attacks so that nutrition is not lost. Serve small but frequent meals. Avoid dry and irritating foods, such as crackers and cake. Cleanse the mouth frequently with bicarbonate of soda solution. This will help loosen up the mucous plugs and prevent gagging.

I cannot over-emphasize too often repeat the necessity of considering whooping cough as a serious ailment. In all cases, it is advisable that the afflicted child be under the personal supervision of a physician. Keep your child away from a child with whooping cough and in turn, if your child has this disease, do not allow him to play with other children.

Answers to Health Queries Yours Truly, Q.—What should a boy of 13, 5 feet 6 inches tall weigh? A.—He should weigh about 125 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance. Q.—Eat plenty of good nourishing food. Exercise daily in the fresh air. Practice deep breathing. Get regular hours of sleep and avoid poor elimination. Take cod liver oil as a general tonic. (Copyright, 1933, E. F. & Co., Inc.)

hicular parade across the new bridge was sold by auction to Vick Bros. for \$500, and a Fordson tractor, then newly introduced, led the procession. Mrs. Wm. Caldwell, a Polk county farmer's wife, was the highest bidder for the privilege of turning on the lights. That lady had paid \$100. She had made a bid of \$375 for leading the parade of vehicles.

There was a reviewing stand, occupied by dignitaries, including Governor James W. Whitcomb, and music and patriotic speeches moved and inspired the crowds.

To many, those scenes are recalled as of yesterday. But the 15th anniversary of that day will soon roll around, and in another 15 years, if not before, we will hear about the possible crystallization of its steel structure. The minimum time of safety is around 25 years; no one knows the maximum; it may be 50 or even 75 years, or more.

The writer knows. How? Well, on the information of the best authority then in Oregon, and on the acknowledged word of the late County Judge Bushy, he sounded the alarm concerning the unsafeness of the second bridge, in 1916 or 1917; he spread it all over the front page The Statesman, and this newspaper lost nearly all of its subscribers on the west side of the river within a radius of a few miles of Salem. They protested that it was a case of spreading needless alarm. But it was not real and the danger imminent of the loss of lives and property.

It is likely that a concrete bridge could be built now at as low cost as the contract price of the present steel bridge. This was not a fact at the time, in 1918. And as far as any one now knows, a concrete bridge might last "forever." Just how long is "forever," however, is a question for future generations—perhaps far distant ones. No one can say what is the life duration of concrete. It is too new. Apparently, however, it grows stronger and more enduring with age, even under water.

But this is digressing. There are many, many things possible. In this valley of diversity, for successful exploitation, with the spirit of the pioneers of the covered wagon days, and even of the eighties and nineties, when Salem secured her woolen mill and her first cannery, built with local capital.

There are 100 and more articles of use and commerce that can be made from our flax and our possible hemp crops. There are over 1000 kinds of cheese. There are scores of uses for prunes, walnuts, filberts and other edible nuts, such as chestnuts—produced better and cheaper here than elsewhere in the world.

Native here are essential oil plants, besides mint, to the number of more than 60, from spearmint to attar of roses, that can and eventually will be turned to manufacturing and commercial uses.

This is true of all the brassica or cabbage family, and of corn and the lentils, such as beans and peas. Our pioneer cannery's first principal packs were of peas and sweet corn. It is true of the family that includes such growths as the clovers and alfalfa; true of peaches and a lot of other trees and bush fruits, and strawberry plants and their fruits; even of the lately adapted and developed varieties of figs; of grapes of the American varieties.

There are literally hundreds of opportunities for men of organizing ability to take the capital that is already in the ownership of our lands and whip it into cooperative team work—that would make this valley the most solidly prosperous in all the world. Federal aid could be had. A green asparagus canning concern here could become great.

We need organizers who know and who are crystal clear in their honesty and integrity, to transform this valley into the nearest approach to paradise the world has ever seen. Perhaps they are growing up and being trained now in our schools. If they are, their "acres of diamonds," leading to unselfish service, high usefulness and complete independence, are in their own back yards, rather than in distant places.

New County Heads At Dallas Assume Office; Sworn in

DALLAS, Jan. 6.—New county officials took the oath of office at the court house Tuesday and began their terms of office. In addition to the five new members of the court house staff, the old officials who were re-elected at the November election also renewed their oath.

Hugh G. Black, retiring county clerk, administering the oath of office to Carl Graves, new county clerk, and Claire Miller, new chief deputy in the clerk's office. Mr. Graves administered the oath to Ed C. Dunn, new county assessor; Hubert Dunn, deputy assessor; and William Boydston, new county treasurer.

Farm Union Meets At Sidney-Talbot

The Marion County Farmers' Union will hold its quarterly convention with the Sidney-Talbot local today, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning. The district is south of Salem and is reached by taking the Liberty road south from Commercial street.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

Fifty yards away the men at work on the hull of the Black Swan had seen these preliminary signs of an assault-at-arms. Now, as the blades clashed and ground together, the swordsmen feeling each other's strength, tools were dropped, and the buccaners came swarming across the beach. Others who had been at rest leapt up to join them. They came laughing and shouting the children to a show. For there was no spectacle in the world they loved better than this which was now offered to them. The gold of the plate fleet which might be lost to them by the issue of that combat, if remembered at all, weighed for nothing at the moment by comparison with the combat itself.

Hallivell and Ellis, who came running up with them, perceived this, and paused to restrain themselves. He was realizing by now that he had fought must at all costs be stopped.

By the time he and his two companions reached the scene, the buccaners had formed a dense ring about the combatants through which the shipmaster sought in vain to break.

Meanwhile, gaily watching the fight, the buccaners laughed and cheered and flung their comments freely at the fighters, as if this were just some game or friendly contest being played for their amusement.

The display was certainly a brave one, fully deserving the enthusiasm it aroused in the spectators.

The swordsmanship of Tom Leach was his own redoubtable accomplishment. Often in the past he had been tested; for having come to account himself invincible, it had afforded keenest delight to his crude, ferocious nature to observe the growing consciousness of helplessness, the agony of assured defeat and inevitable death in the opponent with whom he toyed before finally dispatching him. He had been at pains to acquire his skill, and he supplemented it at need by a half-dozen tricks picked up in different parts of the world.

So it was with an exultant confidence that he engaged this detested de Bernis, whose arrogant existence alone offended his self-love, rendering him hideously conscious of his own defects, and for whose wife he was stark mad with covetousness. As Wogan knew, it was not the Captain's intention to kill the Frenchman. But, having defeated and disabled him, he would use this attack which de Bernis had made upon him as a pretext for cancelling the articles between them and for having recourse to those fiendish measures which he had yesterday disclosed to Wogan. Thus, without further preamble he would end the existing situation. He would squeeze the secret of the Spanish plate fleet from de Bernis and possess himself of de Bernis' wife. In the circumstances none would deny him, but if any did, Leach would know how to deal with him.

For forty-eight hours now this had been the evil dream of Tom Leach, as he had shown Wogan yesterday when he opened his mind to him so as to deflect the Irishman's opposition.

And now, at last, his cunning had found a way to provoke the Frenchman into single combat, and here was de Bernis before his point, at his mercy.

In that spirit Tom Leach went into the engagement. And because of all that hung upon it, despite his confidence, he went into it cautiously and craftily. He knew that de Bernis enjoyed some reputation as a swordsman. But there was nothing in this to intimidate Tom Leach. He had faced in his time other swordsmen of repute, and their reputations had availed them little before

his own superb mastery. Agile as a cat in all his movements, and crouching a little as he fought, he advanced and retreated by little leaps, testing the other's guard at each disengage.

Street and easily poised, parrying closely, and making no attempt to break ground, de Bernis mocked his antics, and sent a shiver of laughter through the spectators.

"Are we fighting, Captain, or are we dancing a fandango?" The jest, combined with the easy fluency of the Frenchman's close guard, which depended upon the play of the wrist alone, momentarily angered Leach, and urged him to attack with greater fury and vigour. But when at the culmination of this attack, a swift, sudden unexpected counter drove him back, he recovered his poise and grew calm again by instinctive perception of the necessity for it. He was realizing by now that he had to do with a swordsman of more than ordinary strength, and that he must go cautiously to work.

But he lost none of his confidence in the skill with which it had thrilled him in the past to send many a tall fellow to his account.

He advanced again; and again the blades sang together. He thrust high. De Bernis parried lightly, using the force of his blade with great effect, and countered promptly. Leach beat the blade aside with his left hand, and lunged with confidence, so as to take the other in the shoulder, but only to find his own blade set aside in the same manner. This brought them close to each other, each within the other's guard. Thus a moment they stood, eye to eye; then Leach recovered, and leapt nimbly back.

Even as he did so, de Bernis' point whirled after him, swift as lightning. He parried; but he parried late. The point driven straight at his breast, was swept by him up and outwards; but not swiftly enough. It ploughed a furrow in his right cheek.

Infuriated by that first hit and even more by his near escape of worse, he crouched lower than ever. He was breathing hard, and his face had become livid save for that crimson line from which the blood was running down his neck.

He heard the excited chatter of the crowd, and the thought of this humiliation suffered in the eyes of his followers served to steady him. The disgrace of that wound must be wiped out. He had been rash. He had underestimated his antagonist. He must go more carefully to work. He must wear down that infernally close guard from which de Bernis derived his plenary speed, before attempting his gradual subjugation. Hitherto he had led the onslaught and had not spared himself. He had better now leave that to the other, let the Frenchman spend himself in vain attack. And as if yielding to his wishes, it was now de Bernis who advanced upon him, and the Frenchman's glittering point was everywhere at once to dazzle him. It seemed to break up into two, four, six, several points that came at Leach at one and the same time, so that whilst Leach instinctively circled his blade so as to cover himself from this terrible ubiquity, yet, pressed as he was, he found himself falling back, again and yet again, for very life's sake.

It was only when at the end of de Bernis' last backward leap, Tom Leach could at last pause for breath, that the realization began to break upon him, in furious surprise and mortification, that at last he, in whom past victories had bred the insolent conviction of invincibility, had met his master.

Whilst he knew nothing of the assiduous practice with which de Bernis had been exercising and

keeping alive his skill, yet he began to realize that he, himself, had rusted for lack of sword-play, and that, too confident of himself, he had neglected to preserve his speed in the only way in which a swordsman may preserve it.

Into his soul crept now the horrible, paralyzing anticipation of defeat and death which in the past he had with such gloating inspired in others. As he realized it, a change came over his face, which was grey and smeared with sweat and blood. In his eyes de Bernis read the despair that told of his conviction of defeat, and feared that perhaps, as a last treachery, Leach might throw down his sword in the hope thereby of forcing his men to intervene. Last this should happen, de Bernis gave him now no time, but by a vigorous renewal of the attack compelled him desperately to guard himself. And now, as in the course of that forlorn defence, the Captain continued to fall back, de Bernis mocked and insulted him again.

"Will you stand your ground, you rummy dog? Or must I follow you round the island in this heat? Name of heaven! D'ye call yourself a swordsman! Stand, you cur! Stand for once, and fight!"

Thus apostrophized, fury mounted above his terror. Leach no longer merely stood, but bowed forward like a panther, but only to waste his energy upon space; for de Bernis, side-stepping to avoid his charge, made him instantly spin upon his feet to meet the thrust with which from his disengage the Frenchman reported.

The promptitude of his own recovery from that position of disadvantage revived Leach's fading courage. It was an evidence of his strength and skill. He had despaired too soon. There was no reason for it. He might yet prevail. All that he must abandon was that hope of reducing, as he had intended, a swordsman so formidable as this opponent. That, however, was no reason why he should not succeed in killing him. There were tricks he knew. He had never yet had reason to have recourse to any one of them. But he had reason now. He would show this Frenchman something.

In his new found confidence, he fenced closely until he found the position he desired, following upon a parried thrust. He feinted in the high lines, aiming at de Bernis' throat, and as the Frenchman's blade moved up, Leach went swiftly under his guard, and with that feline agility he commanded stretched himself in a lunge; but it was not an ordinary lunge; it was an extension of it in the Italian manner, in which the whole body of the lunger is parallel with the ground and supported immediately above it upon his left hand. Thus, like a snake, almost upon his belly, he sent his point ripping upward under de Bernis' guard, assured that he must spit him like a lark, for there is no straight parry that will deflect such a lunge once it is well launched.

But de Bernis was no longer there when the other's point drove home. Pivoting slightly to the left, he averted his body by making in his turn a lunging movement outward upon the left knee. So hard-driven had Leach made his lunge in his confidence of sending it home, that, meeting no resistance, he was momentarily off his balance. A full second at least must be delayed in his recovery. For in that unguarded second, de Bernis, whose queer, unacademic movement had placed him low upon his opponent's flank, passed his sword from side to side through the Captain's extended body.

(To Be Continued)

Murder!

