

# Cupid's Kuklux

By  
**EWAN MACPHERSON**

SUNK deep between the thick hedge of the flower garden or one side and a row of tall trees on the other, the private road of the Garrard farm, in the Pennyrill district of Kentucky, looked that night much as a peaceful country lane might look in many another region of the earth. But presently came a queer silent procession winding along through the shadows, bringing into the scene something that would have been inexplicable in most peaceful country lanes—six mounted figures, white robed, their faces covered with pointed hoods each hood with its three holes for seeing and breathing.

As the cavalcade approached from the west, with the faint moonbeams playing directly on their hideous disguises, a negro boy broke from the shadow of the hedge and tried to cross the road in front of them. Six voices shouted together, "We've got you covered."

The boy dropped on his knees in the dust—he might have been shot instead of only threatened—and began chattering. "I ain't done nothin', boss—I ain't done nothin', boss! It's Gawd's truth I tell you, boss. I ain't done—"

"Push up!" one peremptory White Cap commanded, riding forward. "Where's your Mars' Cap?"

The prisoner could not answer before the incident came to an end. He was taken to a room where he was held until the morning. The man in the hedge appeared to enjoy the grotesque humor of the thing at least seven times as much as if the six White Caps had shared his laugh. For the present they seemed quite unaware of the fun in their situation—

laughed in that narrow roadway, covered by a powerful moonlight rite in the hands of the man they had come to make their prisoner, while he, with a trained eye and a natural talent for observing details, amused himself over their appearance.

"I want to talk with the official spokesman," he announced between laughs. The tall gentleman will please keep still. Now, the person in front, with the stuffed drapery—

At "stuffed drapery" one, at least, of the other five White Caps audibly tittered. The wearer of the criticized costume sprang nimbly to the ground and stood, still obstinately silent, on the farther side, showing only an upsticking apex of the white head covering above the horse's shoulder.

"Will the young lady who has just dismounted kindly state the object of this visit?" And the man in the hedge laughed again.

"Yes, and in the two weeks since you've been home you've only come to see to visit Yellowbanks once," one of the regulators laughed. "Do you happen to remember a rustic named Cale Quinn?"

Of course Charlton remembered Cale Quinn as well as all the others, except Ralph Desmond, who was only sixteen and six weeks. They might have chatted away very pleasantly waiting for Chapultepec and the Jules if the silent procession of offended womanly dignity standing over there, still hooded, with one hand on her horse's mane, had not dampened the spirits of all but Charlton. He managed to chat on and when the ingredients arrived to make some sort of moonlight julep, just as if no mysterious and indignant lady had been present.

"By the way," he suddenly asked, "aren't any of you invited to the Barton party tonight?"

A general laugh, and Al Jenkins, the tall rider, who had nominally led the expedition, answered, "We all are. So are you."

"I am? This is the first I've heard of it."

"We came to bring the invitation," "Oh, I see! All right, then. But the young lady over there is not going to ride back to Yellowbanks on horseback."

In a low but inflexibly determined voice the answer came from the one remaining hooded form:

"The young lady is going to ride back to Yellowbanks on horseback. She is going to mount and start as soon as the young gentlemen have had their refreshments."

The half-suppressed laugh of the five might have warned Charlton to beware of opposing a young lady who was not accustomed to opposition. Nevertheless he answered her, with a good natured chuckle, "Not on that horse, I think," and as he spoke he calmly stepped over and seized the bride, led the animal away and without more ado proceeded to unbridle the girl and take off the saddle.

"Now, tell me what you all came for," said Charlton. "Did you bring two mugs, Chapultepec? Well, wait here. We may want a lot more." Then again to the paradoxical figure beside him, "Now, Miss Harrison, what is it all about?"

"Of course it was all meant to be a joke. She would be furious if she knew it."

"Who would be furious?"

"This buttermilk is heavenly, Mab, of course. You don't mean to say you haven't guessed it was all Mab, our Queen Mab? We are all devoted to her in Yellowbanks."

"Yellowbanks is devoted to Miss-to Queen Mab. Bravo, Yellowbanks! Have some more buttermilk? Here, Chapultepec."

"I can just tell you, Mr. Charlton Garrard, Yellowbanks had some mighty hard feelings about you last Tuesday when you drove in and instead of going straight to the friends never even asked anybody if Mab was dead or alive. That was the last straw. Everybody knows how it was between you in—before—when—"

"In the days before your two copper-colored platts had developed into that superb—never mind. I won't say any more about it. But how does Yellowbanks know I didn't ask?"

"Whom did you ask?"

Charlton laughed and shook his head at the last of his buttermilk. "I'm not going to do the talking. Go on with your White Cap story."

"Oh, you don't understand how I feel about Mab. Ever since—oh, how long ago—she has been everything to me."

## Stories Told In the Greenroom

MISS ADA REHAN, who is starting this season in "The Taming of the Shrew" and "School for Scandal," is a great admirer of the role of Katherine, which she takes in the former play. But she says that though it has brought her much satisfaction it has given her a reputation for bad temper, because people are apt to identify the actress herself with the part. "Often," says Miss Rehan, "I have been amused over seeing the effect that a first performance of the 'Shrew' produced on the employees of the stage. They shunned me as something actually to be feared. During a very long run I have often heard it said that I hated my Petruccio and that our stage life only reproduced our private intercourse."

I looked upon this as the greatest compliment that could be paid me.

Quite early in her stage career Miss Rehan played the part of Ophelia to Edwin Booth's Hamlet, and she recalls with delight her first experience with the great tragedian. After a week of silence—a characteristic reserve that chilled her to the marrow every moment she was upon the stage with him—Booth came on the scene on the final night and, walking up to her, said brightly: "Miss Rehan, you have done splendidly, and, in my opinion, you have a great career before you. I shall talk with you soon again."

Jefferson De Angelis, who is starring in "Fantasia," has a friend noted for his extreme parsimony. Some days ago this friend was horror struck at receiving an invitation to be present at the wedding of a young woman in his circle of acquaintances. To him that invitation was a draft for a present—nothing more or less.

The young fellow thought over the matter for twenty-four hours, and then he was confronted suddenly with a happy solution of the vexed problem. At a second-hand shop he saw what had been a beautiful vase, now unhappily broken into three pieces. He would have that vase shipped to the bridal couple, and they would naturally arrive at the conclusion that it had been smashed in transit. Thus he would receive credit for a thirty-dollar investment when, as a matter of fact, the three pieces were to be had for 90 cents.

Mr. De Angelis' friend made his purchase quickly and left an address to which it was to be sent. Three days later he got a letter from the objects of his generosity. The parsimonious one smiled as he held the unopened envelope and fancied the phrases of regret and gratitude therein. What he found when he tore off the covering was a curt, frigid note. The second-hand dealer had wrapped the three pieces separately.

Edward Terry, the English actor now playing in New York, is fond of sports and was formerly noted as an athlete. He once made a bet that he could run from the Strand theater, London, to the Victoria theater in five minutes. His friends thought it an impossible feat. Six in the morning was the hour set for the run, for the streets were then comparatively free from traffic.

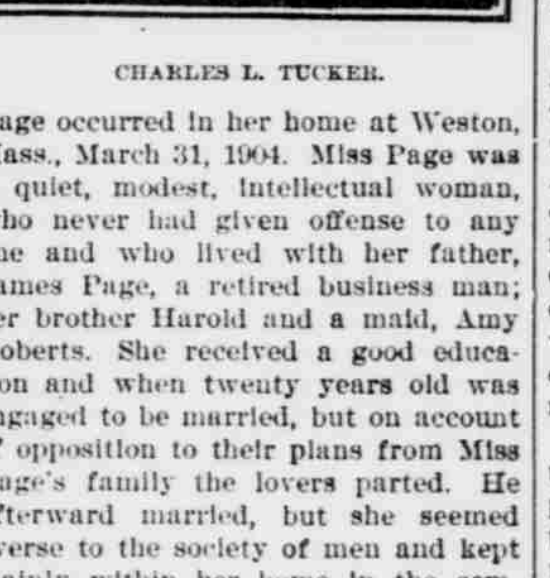
He set off at a good clip and soon was speeding down the Strand like a whirlwind. He was with him, and it looked for a few moments as though he could not fail to be victorious. Presently, however, he reached the toll house on the bridge, where every foot passenger is required to pay a halfpenny before being allowed to pass.

To his consternation, Terry realized that he had not any kind of money with him, and as he approached the toll keeper on a dead run he shouted, "I'll pay you when I come back." "No, you won't!" that functionary shouted back, knowing nothing of the race against time and believing that Terry was trying to avoid payment. Evidently it was not so, for the toll from Terry was in vain. The toll keeper barred the way and demanded the money.

## CHARLES L. TUCKER.

Massachusetts Man Convicted of the Murder of Mabel Price.

Charles L. Tucker, who has been convicted by a Massachusetts jury of the murder of Mabel L. Price and sentenced to die in the electric chair, is a young man of twenty-four years, while his supposed victim was forty. The crime proved one of the most mysterious and baffling with which the authorities of Massachusetts have had to do in some time. The murder of Mabel



Page occurred in her home at Weston, Mass., March 31, 1904. Miss Price was a quiet, modest, intellectual woman, who never had given offense to any one and who lived with her father, James Page, a retired business man, her brother Harold and a maid, Amy Roberts. She received a good education and when twenty years old was engaged to be married, but on account of opposition to their plans from Miss Page's family the lovers parted. He afterwards married, but she seemed adverse to the society of men and kept mainly within her home in the company of her books.

Tucker lived at Newton, near Weston, and is the son of Albert F. Tucker, a railroad employee. He had worked in boats on the Charles river and was fond of water sports. Several years ago his wife was drowned through the upsetting of a canoe.

Miss Price was found dead in her bedroom on the afternoon of March 31 by her father, and it was supposed she had committed suicide. There was a wound in her neck, and this was thought to have been self-inflicted. When the undertaker came to prepare the body for burial other wounds were found in the back and chest like those made by a knife.

A note was found, which had apparently been written hurriedly by Miss Price, informing her father that his son Harold had been hurt and that she was about to go to the hospital to see him. Harold had not been hurt, and it is supposed that Tucker secured entrance to the house by telling Miss Price that her brother had been injured and then while she was engaged in preparations to leave, stabbed her and abstracted money from her purse. A knife in his possession whose blade fitted the wounds, and blood spots on his clothes, connected him with the crime, and other circumstantial evidence against him was found, on which he was convicted. His case has been appealed.

In case of Tucker's execution he will meet his death in the electric chair in the prison at Charlestown, Mass.

Charles W. Anderson, Negro Appointed Collector of Internal Revenue at New York.

Charles W. Anderson, who has been nominated by President Roosevelt as collector of internal revenue for the Second district of New York, is a colored man and is known in New York

## MAJESTIC SCENERY.

JURIOUS ROCK FORMATIONS ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

The Pillars of Hercules, Two Picturesque Basaltic Columns, Rise From the Oregon Side of the Stream, Towering Mountain Peaks.

The person who gave the name Pillars of Hercules to two picturesque basaltic columns rising from the edge of the Columbia river, in the Cascade range, on the Oregon side of the river, chose a name that was peculiarly appropriate. One of the interesting things which the geologists in this country have had to crack has been when and how the majestic Columbia burst through the basaltic Cascade range and found its way to the foaming margin of the Northern Pacific ocean. Who knows if the mighty Hercules—who, according to the ancient Greeks, when returning from the western kingdom of Geryon tore asunder the European and African continents in order that the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean might mingle—did not go beyond Erythra, Geryon's island kingdom, and perform a like service for the Columbia river? It certainly would have been a feat worthy of his prowess.

The Columbia river, after pursuing its placid way across the arid wastes of land on the eastern side of the Cascade range for nearly 200 miles, approaches the state of Oregon through the towering peaks, Mount Hood and Adams. After descending in a boiling cascade, from which it is said that the range of peaks derives its name, the Columbia, or, as it has often been called, the Oregon, rolls between ever widening banks to the white bulwark erected by the turbulent sea across its mouth.

One with a good strong arm could throw a stone across the river at the point where it enters the portals of the mountains. Literally the river has turned itself on edge in order to squeeze through. Some distance below this point the river pours over a succession of rugged ledges; then it skillfully passes on its way to the sea. The scenery in this cut through the mountains is thought by some to rival in sublimity that to be found anywhere in the world. Pinnacles of volcanic rock tower toward the heavens. On them have lodged seeds carried thither by the wind or birds. From these seeds trees have germinated. These clinging to the rocks with a remarkable tenacity, and some of them, one would think, have a precarious living. On the very summit of one of these Pillars of Hercules a single representative of the evergreen trees which abound on the western slope of the Cascades elevates its foliage with all the impudent audacity and farcical diminutiveness of a clown's stovepipe hat. There it stands as securely fastened as the hat on the clown's brow. What depth of soil it has in which to plant its roots doubtless not many know, for the ascent of the column has probably been accomplished by few. It is said that in the early days of commerce on the Columbia, when sailing ships plowed their way up the stream into the heart of the country, the yardarms would often become entangled in the branches of the trees which overhung the water. To the sailors after their long sojourn at sea it was like entering paradise. Beautiful waterfalls add to the charm of the scene. They come pouring as if from the sky over precipitous 800 feet high and, hidden in mist, plunge into the serene bosom of the great river.

There are a number of other striking formations of basaltic columns besides the Pillars of Hercules. There are battlemented castles, rounded domes and a thousand rocks of other fantastic shapes. One group of pinnacles, down which numerous small streams descend, is called Cape Horn. Dominating the scene everywhere through this region are the two extinct volcanoes, snow-capped warblers of the pass, Mount Adams on the north and Mount Hood on the south.

The Indians have a legend as to the origin of the obstructions to navigation which form the cascades. They say that the two earth giants, the mountains, jealous of each other's power, once quarreled furiously. They belched forth fire and smoke and hurled great stones at each other. Some of these stones passed across the river, while many others fell into the stream. In the fiery conflict a reef of rock, which spanned the river was broken into fragments. The lodging of all these fragments and stones in the stream created the cascades.

The white man has several theories. One is that the ledge of solid rock over which the current sweeps was deposited by a great rockslide down the sides of the gorge. These mountain sides are wildernesses of broken crags extending to the summits, 3,000 feet high. The ledge is crowned with large boulders so great that the massy body of water cannot move them.—New York Tribune.

Better Than His Own.

They were discussing the factors which make for success in the world when the knowing young man said: "There's nothing like force of character. Now, there's Jones! Sure to make his way in the world. He's a will of his own, you know."

"But Brown has something better in his favor."

## FACTS IN FEW LINES

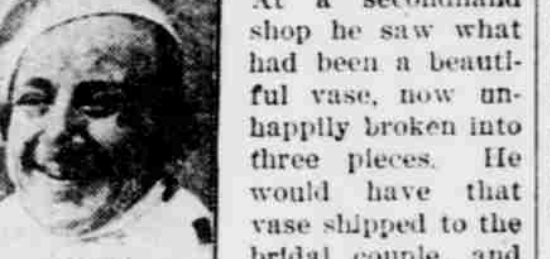
Either was first used in surgical operations in 1846. American railroads handle about \$12,000,000 worth of grain a year. No less than 8,132 women in Iowa are employed in agricultural pursuits. Cornwall is the only county in England which has no theater. A scheme is on foot to build one at Falmouth. Vienna has the largest public bath in Europe. It is 587 feet long and 156 feet wide and accommodates 1,500 people. English chimney sweeps are out of employment and starving on account of the recent general introduction of gas stoves. A cautious grand juror at the Old Bailey, London, brought his own Bible with him to be sworn upon and so took no risk of microbes. The latest survivor of the kingdom of Poland, Dominik Lianiewicki, has died at Warsaw, aged 110. He was born in 1794, before the partition of Poland. Tumbler resembling in shape and dimensions those employed today have been found in great numbers in Pompeii. They are made of gold, silver, glass, marble, agate and of precious stones. A Kensington (N. E.) farmer lays the following down as a hard and fast rule: "I raise no less than twelve calves a year and would do it if there wasn't a pound of butter in the house from one year's end to another." "Died while trying to commit suicide" was the verdict of a coroner's jury in London the other day, and it was in accordance with the testimony. The excitement of getting a knife and preparing to kill himself was fatal to Maud Marshall, who had a weak heart. A French newspaper asserts that the trade in "artificial" mummies in Egypt amounts every year to more than \$200,000. Most of the up to date "mummy factories" are located in Italy, but there are also a great number of them in Germany, France and England. A swarm of bees took possession of a ventilator on the ship Diana of the British navy while she lay alongside the mole at Gibraltar. A clever seaman succeeded in getting the swarm transferred to an old soap box and sold the whole thing to a local bee raiser. Isaac Runk, a septuagenarian of York, Pa., has among the possessions he prizes the first pair of shoes ever worn by him. They were made for him by his father, John Runk, seventy-four years ago. The shoes are in as good condition as when he first wore them. In 1830. The women of Bath, Me., are making an effort to get rid of the cheap, tawdry advertising signs which are such a noticeable feature along all the approaches to the city. Nearly every dealer who does this kind of advertising has expressed himself as willing to discontinue it if others will. Francis Galton has endowed in London university a fellowship for the promotion of the study of "national eugenics," which is defined as "the study of the agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally. Railway whistles inflict a torture on so many people that the efforts abroad to check the plague will be followed with interest. Austria has introduced a system of dumb signaling to start and stop the trains. Belgium is trying compressed air whistles instead of steam, and Germany experiments with horns. John Ryan of Plainfield, Vt. has in his possession four letters, the dates of which range from 1809 to 1849, written to Miss Helen Hitchcock. All the letters were written before envelopes or stamps were used and the postage to be collected was marked on the wrapper, the cost on these being from 5 to 15 cents. A nicotine treasure trove was unearthed in the garret of the house of the late Henry Prentiss of Danvers a few days ago when 1,000 boxes of imported cigars bearing revenue stamps dated 1867 were brought to light. Those who have smoked some of the cigars declare that they are not bad, in spite of their age. The annual cost of the navies of the world, based on official figures, is as follows: United Kingdom, \$177,628,000; United States, \$82,618,034; France, \$62,694,205; Russia, \$61,747,835; Germany, \$51,769,000; Italy, \$24,200,000; Japan, \$11,774,520; Austria, \$10,190,000; Netherlands, \$6,948,700; Spain, \$5,162,000; Portugal, \$3,066,700. American built carriages seem to be growing in popular favor in Malta. Within the last two years quite a number have been imported either by the direct line from New York or by way of English branch houses. Such good satisfaction have these given that to-day an American carriage is considered to be unsurpassable. Men who carry timepieces of the cheaper sort, selling from 75 cents to \$2, will be correct after this in calling them clocks and not watches, for so has declared the classification committee of the Eastern Trunk Lines association. The manufacturers have been trying for nearly a year to get a ruling under which the clock-watches, as they are technically known, could be shipped by freight. President Roosevelt will not be able to get away from Washington for the reunion of the rough riders at San Antonio until early in April, and the date for the reunion has been postponed from the last of March to the 7th of April. The president had intended leaving here for the southwest about the 25th of March, but that will be changed to April 5 or thereabout. Other dates made for the trip of the president, beginning at Louisville and winding up with a hunting trip in Colorado, must be changed accordingly. CARL SCHOFIELD.

Curious Paradox About Hands.

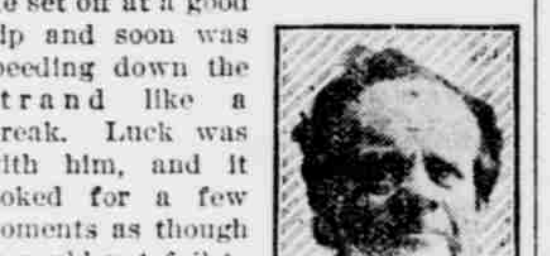
It is a curious paradox that, as a rule, the large handed man loves small things, details, exquisitely finished objects and is microscopic in his tendencies, while he whose hands are small delights in colossal of every sort, loving ostentation and display, immense houses, majestic estates and all else that is upon a grand scale. His handwriting is large and perhaps full of flourishes, while that of the large handed man is small and precise.



They strolled down the wagon road.



JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.



EDWARD TERRY.



CHARLES W. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Earliest people are the only ones that move the earth.