

# A Political Vendetta

By  
**WELDON J. COBB**

## CHAPTER XX—(Continued.)

He raised his manacled wrist, and gritting his teeth, shook the chain till it tangled, but at once relapsed into the usual and defiant and over-confident master of an insupportable situation.

"Sit down," he invited next, with his slippered foot slightly moving a chair towards the intruder.

"No!" flared out Hope. "I—"

"Be reasonable," equally retorted Kane. "It will pay you, believe me. You are surprised, groping in the dark, at sea; better let me be your pilot, for a spell at least."

"Listen to me!" snarled Hope fiercely, striding up to the man and seizing one shoulder in his biting grasp until he winced with a cowering shudder—"I discovered you by accident, but fortune would sooner or later have led me to your lair!"

"Lair?" derided Kane loudly—"don't you see it is rather a prison?"

"I came," huskily pursued Hope, "to demand of you your wife."

"Which is cool, eh?" mocked the miscreant.

"And just! You defy me—"

"Not so; at the first step I show her to you."

"That woman?" hotly cried Hope.

"My wife—exactly."

"No!"

"Mrs. Percy Kane—"

"A lie!"

"Elita!"

This name Kane called in a clear, quick tone.

Gideon Hope started. Its mention aroused some hint, some vague memory of the past.

It was an unusual name; where had he heard it before? Under what circumstances connected with a dark chapter in the black life of this man of plots and cruelty?

Before his perturbed mind could focus and connect the loose ends of the dim chain of retrospect, a sly, sly smile swept the atmosphere. A shadow crossed the draperies, they parted. The woman of the tragic fate and fathomless eyes stood in their presence, stately and impressive as before.

Uncompromising sternness was in the glance she bestowed on Kane. He essayed a familiarity that was uneasy despite his audacity.

"This gentleman," he said slurringly with a light gesture towards Hope, "disputes my statement that you are my wife."

"He need not," coldly returned the woman.

"Proof, Elita?"

She reached within her corsage, produced a folded paper, unfolded it, and in an automatic way held it before him.

Hope's quick eyes read the words traced across it. In due form of legality and indisputable genuineness it evidenced that a duly appointed officer of the law had joined in holy wedlock this man, Percy V. Kane, with this woman, Elita Marsden, upon a certain night, upon a night, in fact, according to the consummation of that political vendetta which had seen the extinguishment of the stock swindler's social and commercial career.

"I know—now!" involuntarily cried Gideon Hope—and quick as lightning.

That is, he knew who this woman was, he remembered, the name "Marsden" supplied the missing link—this woman was the daughter of that unfortunate man, Gabriel Marsden, who intruding upon Kane at the apex of his greatness with threatening fierceness, had been sent to jail on a trumped up charge, and, for all Kane knew, languished there now, or was a wanderer, a fugitive, with a broken life and blasted energies.

And this woman—Elita—was the fair, innocent girl Kane had wedded in a distant Ohio town, deserted, placed in an insane asylum, and then, securing a divorce by fraudulent means, forgot her, until the fateful day when her father brought him word to have a care for himself, for she had escaped and was "on his trail!"

A Nemesis, truly!—dimly, but with a half-suspicion that she was Kane's goal, Hope began to read between the lines.

"Is that all?" fell from the woman's lips in hard, metallic tones.

"Yes," bowed Kane simply, and she departed with the same unmeaning tread that had signaled her appearance at his lair.

Hope drew a perplexed hand across his clammy forehead. He almost unconsciously dropped to the chair that had been proffered by Kane. Vainly he gazed at the schemer who always seemed to have some strong trump card in reserve.

"Explain," he said in cracked, dry tones.

Kane laughed jarringly. On the table near by was a skein of silk, lying beside some fancy embroidery work, carelessly left there, it seemed, by some feminine worker of the household.

With his deft, nervous fingers, Kane seized it, twisted, twisted, disarranged it. A hopeless mass of mingled threads, he cast it into Hope's lap.

"A tangle—a riddle!" he scoffed—"as soon hope to solve the enigmas to which I alone can furnish the key."

"A challenge?" cried Hope wrathfully.

"You forget? I have found you! I have escaped, debarbing your kind intentions for my welfare. I have but to proceed on my way, across the police, and—"

"Stop here," directed Kane indignantly, leaning forward and fixing his glance significantly upon his vis-a-vis—"you forget?"

"Forget what?" roughly demanded Hope.

"Claire!"

Hope shivered from the shock. True!—it was Claire now, Claire!—anything and everything for Claire!

"We have arrived," pronounced Kane bluntly, "at a vital, a final stage of the game. But I know your hope, your thought—the woman! Well, then, move without me, move against me, and you may win. But she will be lost."

The dire threat struck a chill to Gideon Hope's stomach heart.

"I am reckless because I am a better man," continued Kane—"I am, too, a desperate one. But it is not you who have circumvented me. You made a great play—a stake and a trust for the stake. But I had the reserve—that money. Even if half of that you robbed me—the severed bank notes. Well, you had cut my claws, for without money I was at the law's mercy. Still, I proved myself a resourceful man. There was Claire—the peerless Claire—whom you fairly drove into my arms."

CHAPTER XXI.

Hope gnashed his teeth, but he tried to content himself for the sake of the facts Kane might divulge.

"I am going to tell you a little history," proceeded Kane, "because I have a point to gain—because I have a compact, a bargain, to make with you."

"No!" declared Hope, uncompromisingly.

"But—yes. For her sake, for Claire's sake, you know?"

Hope was shaken. He paled. He discerned the precipice towards which he was hastening—was being hastened by the sheer villainous force of this man's cool and calculating finesse.

He had pulled this man down, and now he could at his will send him to the gallows, he believed. His sworn holy duty had been to run down this man. He had been baffled, circumvented. Now at the final ending he was diverted from his original purpose—for a woman's sake!

"Speak!" he said mandatorily.

"Very well," answered Kane, somewhat more seriously. "I determined to abandon the field when you secured the half of the bank notes, though I was not entirely penniless, and as I wanted there was Claire. While you were resting on your oars in fancied security I had hastened to my private secretary. My will seemed to be her law—I only knew later your sly plot in which hatred and revenge alone actuated her. I placed her in the hands of a trusted friend while I hastened my arrangements to wed her and fly the country and you, I had not heeded mad old Gabriel Marsden's threat. You might say at the very altar Elita, the woman you just saw, confronted me. She was my Nemesis. She had learned of the precarious position I was in—she was armed. It was exposure, betrayal, death—or I must wed her. Worse than that, she had lured her away to an isolated place, had put her in charge of an accomplice, a woman knitted to her by ties of unwavering fidelity. This was I baffled. She brought me here—I dared not defy her—and I knew she had proofs—that is, the disposition to doom me by the law if I resisted her commands. Thus far she combined with me: to have you imprisoned, in hopes of securing the half of the severed bank notes that you had secured possession of. I promised to go with her to some foreign country if she succeeded. But she she did not trust me. She has made me a continual captive, as you see."

"And Claire?" eagerly insisted Hope, with lustrous eyes of anxiety—and love.

Kane shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, anxiously gnawing the ends of his monastic, conscious of being a baffled, beaten man. "She has the perseverance and fierceness of a tigress—in fact, she has kept Claire, too, a prisoner."

"Where?"

Kane smiled provocatively at the ingenuous anger of the other.

"Do you suppose I would tell you that?" he inquired sardonically.

"After all the wrongs you have done me—"

"Call quits, then!" hoarsely, suddenly spoke Kane, dropping his tones to a whisper. "Let us on me for a crime you can never fully prove."

"I have sworn—"

"Bah! Is not she, Claire, all in all, now?"

It was true. Gideon Hope lowered his head—in humiliation. Truly, he was palling with this enemy, for he surmised the daring proposition that was coming. But he was only human, and—he loved Claire Tremaine.

"Go on!" he said, without lifting his head.

"I will make a bargain with you—fair exchange: Rid me of this woman who has me in chains, that is, give me the chance to fly. She has not, and I have secreted the half of the severed bank notes. Secure my freedom, as I say, and give me your worthless half of the money, a start of twenty-four hours against pursuit, and I will tell you what this woman will never tell while I am on the same continent with the being she deems her rival—the whereabouts of Claire Tremaine."

The tempting bait allured, but only for a moment did it dazzle. Then there was a sudden revulsion of feeling with Gideon Hope.

He abruptly arose to his feet. His head came erect, his eyes were stern, duty, resolve, shone from his soul.

"No!" he said—once and defiantly.

"No?" echoed Kane, thunderstruck.

"I shall find Claire Tremaine without your help. As to you—how goes it?"

Gideon Hope started as if from a violent electric shock.

He had resolved not to part with this man, and he now determined to free him from that hampering chain and drag him to the nearest jail—for the sanctity of his vow to his dead brother's memory he must do this!

If the woman Elita interfered, so much the worse for her.

But, about to advance upon his enemy and carry into execution this design, as has been said, Gideon Hope was suddenly electrified.

The life currents of his being checked their flow and his heart stood still.

He had wasted, was wasting, precious moments—was sacrificing duty, and menaced humanity appealed for the fulfill-

ment of another equally sacred more recent vow.

"The dynamite!" he gasped.

CHAPTER XXII.

Yes, the dynamite! He had pledged his word to the imprisoned agent of the Vulcan Company to hasten to Murrayville on wings of speed, and here he was dallying!

It had been a solemn compact between Warren and himself, that if he, Hope, escaped he was to hasten to the Vandyeke House at that town, and remove, sink, diffuse, obliterate the death-dealing explosive ere it had ripened to the full point of spontaneous combustion the next morning.

He had been on his way to fulfill his pledge when, applying at this house for a horse and vehicle, he had so strangely discovered his enemy.

He had lost valuable time—two whole hours in this house! Would he be too late?

Despite his interest in Kane, his harrowing anxiety concerning Claire! Hope felt the spur of action like a sudden dagger thrust.

The unsuspected agent of destruction reposed, according to the dynamite agent, in a closet in a room at the Vandyeke House at Murrayville, now about ten miles distant, and when it exploded scores—a hundred—lives might be blotted out!

The urgency, the horror of the affair consumed Hope—he unconsciously dashed from the room, leaving Kane amazed at the motive of his sudden evanishment.

He heard Kane call out sharply to the woman:

"Elita—it is Hope, that man. Rouse your friends. He knows all!"

And a minute later, as he sped by the window outside, Hope shot a glance past his waving curtains to see the woman roused to excitement and rushing into the apartment occupied by her husband to learn more of his meaning.

"If they have accomplices in reach, I shall be pursued," reasoned Hope.

So he did not pursue the open road, but striking through the dense brush estimated the precise direction in which Murrayville lay, and amid the vigor of intense excitement and resolution disdained all obstacles that lay in his way.

A strange, new sense of exultation possessed his soul as he dashed madly on—coherent, clear-cut purposes were outlined in his thoughts, of tactical, logical sequences. Thus, he seemed to see the work of a forward twelve hours all marked out and executed through time and endeavor—he would secure, dispose of the fearful explosive out of harm's way. Then a bold, uncompromising descent on the lonely haunt of the strangely mated husband and wife.

And then—Claire!

There was the star of hope at the end of the long venture. It inspired him! He might not locate her at once, but love would find a way to trace her mysterious whereabouts, although these new discoveries might be but the prelude to a new series of complications. The end was nearer, tragically nearer, than Gideon Hope fathomed.

It was an uneasy hour when, torn by grief and madly bespattered and bruised from frequent falls, he entered the silent town of Murrayville.

At the hotel, a light burned only in the office, where half slumbered the tired night clerk.

Warren, Gideon's fellow captive in the private madhouse, had fully equipped him for the contingency of having to proceed alone for the satchel of dynamite.

(To be continued.)

A Thoughtful Conductor.

Ignorance often saves much disquietude. Many have heard the story of the woman whose first experience in a railway train ended with an accident. Thrown from her seat and shaken up generally, she nevertheless retained her equanimity. When asked if she were frightened, she replied, "Frightened! No, I didn't know but that was the way they always stopped." It is to be hoped that the trolley passenger in Mr. Howells' anecdote, introduced into "Confessions of a Summer Colonist," was possessed of the same trust in the event. The conductor, at least, preserved his presence of mind. Says Mr. Howells:

I had long expected to see some one thrown out of the open trolley car at some of the short curves. One day a woman was actually hurled from her seat into the road. Luckily, she alighted on her feet, and looked about as if in a daze.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed a passenger. "She's left her umbrella!"

The conductor promptly threw it out.

"Why, did that lady wish to get out?" I asked.

The conductor pondered a moment before he answered:

"Well, she'll want her umbrella, anyway."

End of the Route.

One cold, wintry morning, says a writer in the Argonaut, a man of tall and angular build was walking down a steep hill at a brisk pace. A piece of ice under the snow caused him to slip and lose control of his feet. He began to slide, and was unable to stop.

At a crossing half way down he encountered a large, heavy woman. The meeting was sudden, and before either realized it a collision ensued, and both were sliding down hill, the thin man underneath, the fat woman on top.

When the bottom of the hill was reached, and the woman was trying to recover her breath and her feet, these faint words were borne to her ear:

"Pardon me, madam, but you will have to get off here. This is as far as I go."

New York City is growing rapidly in its population of millions. There are about 2,000 of them now, while there were only thirty a quarter of a century ago.

A wire contrivance to hold a spoon in the neck of a medicine bottle is a California invention of value in the sick room.

WHY EGGS ARE HIGH.

Some Ways This Expensive Necessity May Be Turned to Profit.

By James Dryden, Poultryman Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.

Eggs are 50 cents a dozen, because the hens don't lay. The main reason why they don't lay is because this is not the natural laying season. In a state of nature fowls lay and breed in the spring season, and they haven't got quite away from that habit. Old habits die hard with hens as with men.

This explains why with little care the hen will lay in the spring and with much care in the fall and winter she won't lay, or very seldom will. But through centuries of training and breeding the hen is gradually getting away from her old habit of laying a few eggs in the spring and hatching them, and it is possible now, with the proper skill in handling, to make her lay in winter whether she will or no. But the first thing we have to learn is that to get eggs in winter means a fight against nature, against the old hen nature. Winter is not the natural laying season.

When a pullet has reached maturity, no matter at what season of the year, if she be maintained in good health and vigor and gets the proper kind and quantity of food, she will lay eggs if she has the laying capacity. Let us analyze that sentence a little.

The first point raised is a question of maturity. The pullet must be mature before she lays. If a pullet lays in October she must be hatched early enough in the spring so that she will reach maturity in October. A Plymouth Rock hatched the first of April should lay the middle of October or first of November. If they are to lay a month earlier they should be hatched a month earlier. The Leghorns should lay the first of October if hatched the first of April.

The next point refers to health and vigor. The pullet must come to maturity with good health and vigor. She must have had proper care during the brooding and growing period. A stunted chick, a chick hatched from an egg laid by a hen out of condition, a chick that has had to battle with insect pests, or a chick that has not had proper food and exercise, will not be a profitable layer in any season. How to maintain the health and vigor of the flock is the biggest problem in poultry keeping. To get eggs in winter the hens must have constitutional vigor.

The third point is that to get eggs the hens must have the proper kind and quantity of food. The hen requires more kinds of food than a cow or a hog. The cow needs no animal food; the hen does. The hen gives more consideration to cleanliness of the product than the cow. She seals it up in a shell of lime to keep it clean, and she therefore must have a liberal supply of mineral matter. All foods furnish a certain amount of mineral matter, but not enough to supply all the shell material when hens are laying heavily.

What foods should they be fed? They should have grain, but grain alone won't do. What will happen if the hen eats nothing but wheat? Remember that she puts nothing into an egg that she does not eat, that an egg contains about one-fifth ounce of fat and that if she ate nothing but wheat she would get enough fat for three or four eggs a day and about enough protein for half an egg a day, the thing that will happen will be that she will refuse to make eggs. The hen does not adulterate her product, otherwise she could fill up the egg with surplus fat, like some people make butter, out of spurious oil or beef fat. She will make an honest article, or none at all. The point is that the hen should have such foods as will furnish the necessary food elements in proper proportions; in other words, she should have a balanced ration. There are different ways of balancing the ration. For instance, if the hen has access to wheat, to clover or kale and to grasshoppers, angleworms and grit, she will balance her own ration. She will eat a little wheat, a little clover and a few grasshoppers or angleworms and eat enough of each to furnish the egg-making elements in right proportion. An occasional feed of corn or oats in place of wheat would improve the ration.

This much for the food. How shall it be fed? Again you must take account of the nature of the hen. She is a busy creature naturally; that is part of her life, and you must keep her busy or let her be busy. If she has free range on the farm she will keep herself busy and her muscle and digestion in good order, but when you shut her up in yards you are imposing artificial conditions and you must provide exercise for her. I have kept hens for a year on a bare board floor in a small pen and fed them well. They laid about three dozen eggs each during the year, and at the end of the year with this sort of luxury and ease they had lost their constitution and their usefulness; while other hens fed in the usual way, but with a ground floor and deep litter, but scratch in and yards to run in, laid over twelve dozen eggs each, and at the end of the year were still in the business. The hen needs exercise. The demand for animal food may be supplied in different ways. Skim milk, milk curds and buttermilk will take the place of meat if enough of it can be fed. Skim milk is largely water, and a heavy-laying hen can scarcely drink enough of it to get the necessary amount of animal food. There is nothing better than fresh-cut lean meat and bones, the danger from uncooked meat scraps, however, being that they are liable to contain disease germs, and unless it is better to be free from disease it is better to cook it. The commercial article of beef scraps put up by the large packing houses are largely used; some of the stuff sold for poultry food is only fit for fertilizer, however. During

Raspberry Ice.

Roll four cupfuls of water and one and a half cupfuls of sugar twenty minutes. Cool, add two cupfuls of raspberry juice and two tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Strain and freeze, using three parts finely crushed ice to one part rock salt. To obtain the raspberry juice wash the berries and strain through double cheesecloth.

The men who can give satisfactory explanations of their failures are the ones who become loafers.

seasons of the year when insects and worms are plentiful and the fowls have the liberty of the farm, little animal food may be fed.

Another point about feeding grain: Should it be ground or fed whole? It is known that a certain proportion of the food of fowls is used to produce energy to grind the food, and from this point of view it is cheaper to have the food ground at the mill. But it has been found by experiment that fowls do not do well when fed altogether on ground food.

The final point in this discussion is the laying capacity of the hen. If all the three things mentioned above be properly attended to, there will still be a scarcity of eggs unless the fowls have the laying capacity, and it is no fault of the hen if she hasn't; the trouble goes back to her ancestors.

COMMERCIAL POTATO GROWING

Some Good Points on One of the Most Profitable of Crops.

By A. G. Craig, Assistant Horticulturist, State College of Washington, Pullman.

Potato land should be plowed in the fall and allowed to lie rough during the winter. This favors the catching of winter moisture, and allows the sub-surface soil to settle and the surface can be worked earlier in the spring. If the fall plowing is impossible, the land should be disced in the fall so that the surface may be rough and open through the winter. Deep plowing usually gives better results than shallow. The plowed land should be well harrowed early in the spring, and if not immediately planted, it should be frequently harrowed in order to conserve moisture and kill the weeds which start after the first harrowing. Spring plowed land should be harrowed immediately after the plow, to prevent loss of moisture. In the dryer sections, some form of subsurface packer should follow the plow, and this should immediately be followed by the harrow to work up a surface mulch. If the soil plows up cloddy, a plank clod masher may be used quite profitably.

The time of planting should be governed largely by the climate and the purposes for which the potatoes are grown. The potato plant needs ample moisture when the tubers are setting; hence, the grower should endeavor to have the plants reach that stage of development at the time when the moisture supply is likely to be favorable. For early new potatoes, the seed should be planted as early in the spring as the soil will permit, on light, warm soil. For late potatoes they may be planted as late as the middle of June, provided the moisture supply is ample and continuous; but where summer rains cannot be depended upon, the earlier the potatoes are planted the better, if the danger from frost is guarded against.

The distance between rows and between hills in the row is an important point in the potato culture. Varieties that tend to produce very large tubers should be planted close. Soil will admit of close planting in direct proportion to its fertility and moisture content, and the care given the crop. In high priced land, intensive culture should be practiced and the rows and hills planted as closely as the fertility of the land will permit. Increasing the size of the "seed pieces" will accomplish the same results as close planting, but the danger of sunburned tubers is apt to be increased.

No farmer who grows six or more acres of potatoes each year can afford to do without a horse planter. Of the several methods of hand planting, the following is the most satisfactory:

After the soil is well prepared, open up furrows to the proper depth with a single shovelful. After the seed is dropped, cover with the plow and harrow thoroughly. The depth of the planting should depend upon the texture of the soil, and upon whether early or late potatoes are desired. Five inches is not too deep for late potatoes, on light, mellow soils, but three to four inches is better for an early crop, or on very heavy, or very wet soil.

The amount of seed to use varies from three to ten sacks per acre, and depends upon the variety of the soil. Varieties which tend to produce very large tubers should have a large quantity of seed. Rich land should receive more seed than poor land. If the seed pieces are not too large, the number of eyes to each piece makes no difference. It is more important that the size of the pieces should be uniform than that there should be the same number of eyes in each piece.

Frequently only a part of the potatoes which are planted come up. This may be due to one or more of several causes, all of which should be guarded against. Cut seed potatoes should never be allowed to remain in piles until they heat, and are thereby seriously injured. Seed potatoes that have been exposed to too low temperature will seldom give a uniform stand. All decayed tubers and those which have brown or black spots through the flesh should not be planted as there are two diseases which are found in this state which are sure to result in an unsatisfactory stand if seed infected with them is planted.

Cut seed should never be planted deeply in the cold wet soil, or unsatisfactory germination is sure to result. Finally, in the dryer sections, potatoes should be planted to uniform depth below the dry surface mulch in order to secure a uniform stand.

Short Suggestions.

All hard to fry fritters and doughnuts must be sizzling hot before putting in the batter.

Candles will burn slowly and steadily through the evening if they are kept on ice all day.

To keep mold from pickles, in the top of each jar or bottle place a layer of horse-radish roots, sliced thin.

If you are unable to satisfy yourself—and you cannot—how can you hope to satisfy others?

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1502—Columbus entered the harbor which he called Porto Bello.

1580—Sir Francis Drake returned from his voyage round the world.

1618—Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded in London.

1620—The Plymouth company was organized.

1701—The first constitution of Pennsylvania was adopted.

1735—Gen. Oglethorpe re-embarked for America, accompanied by John Wesley and other missionaries.

1739—England declared war against Spain.

1745—The "Pennsylvania Gazette" appeared in mourning for the passage of the Stamp Act.

1774—The first American Congress, having finished its deliberations, adjourned.

1777—John Hancock resigned as President of the American Congress.

1783—Continental army disbanded and returned to their homes....Treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States proclaimed.

1793—Execution of the Girondists during the French revolution.

1803—John Penn, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from North Carolina, died.

1807—Russia declared war against Great Britain.

1810—Mexican revolutionists defeated the Spanish at battle of Los Cruces.

1812—Moravian Town, on the River Thames, destroyed by the Americans under Gen. Harrison.

1818—Convention signed at London regulating the privileges of the United States in the British North American fisheries.

1825—Final completion of the Erie canal celebrated at Albany....First boat on the Erie canal arrived at Buffalo from Albany.

1841—Santa Anna entered the City of Mexico.

1845—The United States naval academy was formally opened.

1847—Jerome Bonaparte returned to France after an exile of thirty-two years.

1849—A remarkable meteoric stone fell near Charlotte, N. C.

1850—The Northwest Passage discovered by Capt. McClure of the Investigator.

1851—Southern cotton planters met at Macon to devise a plan to prevent fluctuation in the price of the staple.

1852—Fire destroyed a large section of the city of Sacramento, Cal.

1861—Gen. Hunter superseded John C. Fremont in command of the western department of the army.

1862—Confederate cavalry under Gen. Stuart entered Chambersburg, Pa.

1864—Maryland proclaimed a free State by Gov. Bradford.

1868—Gen. Ulysses S. Grant elected President of the United States.

1874—Episcopal conference in session in New York adopted a resolution opposing ritualism in the church service.

1880—James A. Garfield of Ohio elected President of the United States.

1882—Henry Irving made his American debut in New York City.

1886—Barthold's Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, dedicated by President Cleveland.

1888—The first Legislature of the North West Territories opened at Regina.

1891—The Provincial act abolishing separate schools in Manitoba declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of Canada.

1893—An electric car went through a draw at Portland, Ore., and twenty persons were killed....Steamer City of Alexandria, from Havana for New York, burned at sea; thirty lives lost.

1894—David B. Hill, for the third time, accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.

1895—The trial of H. H. Holmes for murder began in Philadelphia.

1899—First contingent of Canadian troops for South Africa sailed from Quebec.

1900—The status of Queen Victoria was unveiled at Montreal....Census bureau announced the population of the United States to be 76,295,220, an increase of over 13,000,000 in ten years.

1901—The ship Perseverance, with fourteen men, lost in the Arctic region.

1902—Canadian-Australian cable completed from Vancouver to Fanning Island, a distance of 3,455 miles.

1903—New Irish land act went into operation.

1905—President Roosevelt sent Secretary McCall to San Francisco to investigate the anti-Japanese sentiment on the Pacific coast.

No Spender.

Binggs—How have you spent the summer, Jiggs?

Jiggs—Haven't spent it; my wife and the girls have looked after all the spending this season.—Toledo Blade.