

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Newsy Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

PREPARED FOR THE BUSY READER

Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.

Mobile, Alabama, is now in the list of "dry" towns.

Spain explains the Barcelona outbreak as a local affair.

A granddaughter of General Corbin is to marry a Japanese.

Great Britain is not greatly alarmed at the Japanese threats on China.

Jerome says Thaw is still crazy and should be kept in an insane asylum.

Japan has commenced work on the Autung railroad in defiance of China.

California gardeners at Basadena have passed resolutions declaring Burbank a fakir.

A California couple returning from a honeymoon abroad have been arrested for undervaluing goods brought home.

Turkey has renewed her threat to send an armed force into Greece if that country does not withdraw her troops from Crete.

The Swedish general strike continues and leaders claim more men are to be called out. Two regiments of soldiers have mutinied.

Japan has sent China an ultimatum on the railroad situation in Manchuria.

Cleveland, Ohio, officers are having a row over the Whitla kidnaping reward.

Lord Kitchener is to be field marshal and organize the British colonial forces.

Marriages of pretty cashiers has caused Los Angeles hotel men to employ men.

The Moors are again showing activity and another clash with Spanish troops is expected.

The murder of a Mexican girl by a Chinaman has caused an outbreak at Zapotlan, Mexico.

Venezuela is about to bring to a close the disputes with foreign powers dating from Castro's regime.

A case of Bubonic plague has been found in Sacramento county, Cal. The situation is not regarded alarming.

The Chinese government has made arrangements to install a telephone plant in Pekin with a capacity of 200,000 lines. The instruments are to be American make.

Heat is claiming more victims at Chicago.

Striking bakers at Montreal, Canada, have caused a bread famine.

The Japs have called off their strike on Hawaiian sugar plantations.

The Stockholm strike is causing a famine and is spreading throughout Sweden.

An Oregon woman has been arrested at Oakland for swindling railroads by fake injury claims.

Bernard J. Mullaney has declined Mayor Busse's offer to be chief of police in Chicago.

One of the four surviving wives of the Mormon leader Brigham Young, is dead. She was 88 years old.

Three wealthy Los Angeles men have received demands for money with death as the penalty for refusal.

Mayor Eby, of Burkeville, Pa., has been arrested for threatening to dynamite Pennsylvania Railroad trains.

The Illinois board of arbitration is at work at Chicago and hopes to be able to settle the streetcar trouble without a strike.

The direct primary law was the cause of a riot at Indianapolis.

A bronze bust of James J. Hill has been unveiled at the Seattle fair.

The asylum superintendent and two experts agree that Thaw is still insane.

In a referendum election 3-cent street car fares was beaten in Cincinnati.

Spanish soldiers at Melilla are said to have trapped the Moors and routed them.

Germany is now the only nation opposed to giving Americans a share in the Chinese railway loan.

Charles H. Moyer has been re-elected president of the Western Federation of Miners for the eighth time.

Two thousand Cooneyites are awaiting the end of the world at Dublin, spending their time in prayer.

A Mississippi preacher has been forced to flee for his life because he attended a conference of negro preachers.

Count Zeppelin has made two unsuccessful attempts to fly from Frankfurt to Cologne and each time an accident caused a failure.

Don Jaime, the pretender, says he will not take a hand in the revolt unless Alfonso is unable to handle the situation and asks his aid.

A labor crisis is fast approaching in Sweden.

Great Britain has begun building an aerial navy.

PORTERS ARE VICTORIOUS.

Judge Grants Them Right to Block Road Against Harriman.

Moro, Or., Aug. 9.—Judge Butler late Saturday night dissolved the temporary injunction issued against Porter Bros. This means that Twoby Bros. will not be permitted to cross the Gurtz ranch with supply teams and equipment for the Deschutes Railway company.

Not to be outdone, Harriman's legal representatives at once filed condemnation proceedings against Porter Bros. in an effort to force an entrance to the disputed territory through the property of their rivals.

Arguments in the injunction case occupied two days in the circuit court here. A night session was also held to expedite the hearing. There was a long array of legal talent for both contending parties.

The evidence showed that the plaintiffs secured certain rights to go over these certain lands with their wagons and outfits, and on the strength of these rights, expended \$8,000 in constructing a grade down the canyon of the Deschutes to the railroad right of way. But no deeds were taken by the plaintiffs from the land owners, nor any agreements in writing. Porter Bros. saw the opportunity and purchased from the land owners the lands over which this road ran, and immediately upon securing possession under these contracts stopped the Deschutes Railway company from sending in supplies over the road.

While the temporary injunction was in force, the Deschutes Railway company had been sending in about 10 to 15 wagonloads of provisions to the river each day.

EDWARD MAKES WINNING.

Britain's Ruler Cleans Up \$1,000,000 on Steel Stock.

New York, Aug. 9.—By speculating on the stock of the United States Steel corporation, King Edward, of England, has just cleared more than \$1,000,000 as the harvest of a three-months' campaign, according to a story told today.

The story was given out in Wall street and much comment was made on the significant fact that the king's agents placed his commission immediately after a visit paid him by J. P. Morgan, who knows considerable about steel.

Not only has the crowned head of England profited by speculation in Wall street, but it became known that German royalty has been buying steel and other American stocks, all of which have made substantial advances to the material benefit of the royal coffers.

It was three months ago when King Edward's agents went into Wall street for steel. A short time before that Mr. Morgan had visited the king, and during the interview is supposed to have given Edward VII a tip.

TOO MUCH FRUIT IN SOUTH.

Ranchers and Dealers Desperate; Housewives Happy.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 9.—With peaches selling four pounds for one cent, cantaloupes being hawked at 10 cents a dozen, and apricots rotting because nobody will buy them at any price, ranchers and commission men are thoroughly disgusted while the housewife rejoices. Prices are so demoralized that cantaloupe growers of this section met today and decided to let all but the best fruit rot.

Only choice melons will be brought into market, and the growers have an ironclad agreement not to sell these at less than \$1 a crate. The glut extends to tomatoes. The finest kind in size, color and flavor fetched only 10 cents a box today.

Ready for Irrigation Congress.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 9.—Wednesday afternoon will witness the biggest session of the 17th National Irrigation congress, when Richard Achilles Ballinger, secretary of the interior, will speak on "The Attitude of the Government Toward the Reclamation of the West," and it is declared by delegates that Ballinger will be asked to go fully into his policy toward reclamation. A statement made by Ballinger in Seattle that he did not believe in the government's taking up any projects as long as private capital was willing to enter the field will be the subject of much discussion.

Two Thousand in School.

New York, Aug. 9.—Columbia university's new departure, a summer school, has 2,000 students on its roster, of whom 1,930 are taking the regular course of lectures and studies and the balance are attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Under the new order of things it becomes possible for one to get the university degrees by attending one regular and two summer sessions of the university, or for those who cannot afford this four summer sessions will answer the requirements.

Adviser to King of Siam.

New York, Aug. 9.—Jens Sverson Westgard, of Chicago, has been created general adviser to the Siam government, according to a cablegram from Bangkok. Westgard, who is now in Bangkok, where he has been serving for two years as assistant general adviser, will start for America within a week to make a short visit to his old home. His work has been so satisfactory to the king and the government that his quick promotion has followed.

Big Immigration Gain.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—According to figures prepared by E. E. McLeod, chairman of the Western Passenger association, there was an increase of approximately 141 per cent in the immigration to this country during the past six months.

MANY ARE TOO LATE

Scores Arrive at Spokane After Registration Is Closed.

REGISTRATION IS NOW 285,623

Fifty-Three Steel Boxes Hold the Applications, Which Weigh 2,650 Pounds—Clerks Busy.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 7.—Total applications for Indian reservation lands received at Judge James M. Witten's office at Coeur d'Alene yesterday were reported officially last night as follows: Coeur d'Alene 1,120, total for whole registration period, 105,536; Spokane 2,707, total 99,628; Missoula 5,534, Kalispell 733, total for Flathead lands, 80,559. Grand total thus far received for all land 285,623.

Judge Witten's force has been busy turning away scores of belated applicants for Indian lands, the midnight hour Thursday night having closed the official registration. Applications are still in the mails and will be received for several days.

Coeur d'Alene booths, stands and platforms used by notaries and lunch vendors are being torn down and the whole city presents a remodeling aspect. At the land office 60 clerks have been placed for the drawings, and tables and platforms arranged. There are now 53 steel cans in the office containing the applications, divided as follows: Spokane, 19; Coeur d'Alene, 20; Flathead 13. The applications weigh 2,650 pounds without the cans.

CARLISTS TO HELP.

Don Jaime Will Offer Spain 100,000 Men and His Services.

Cerbere, France, Aug. 7.—The Carlist leaders will hold a meeting shortly at a French frontier town to decide upon their attitude in view of recent events, it was said today. Afterwards, it is understood, Don Jaime, the Spanish pretender, will issue a manifesto declaring that he has no intention to profit by the misfortunes of his country, but that if the present government is powerless to save the honor of the nation he will act.

The Carlists say that they are in a position to arm and place in the field quickly 100,000 supporters, burning with zeal. Coupled with this announcement comes the news that affairs at Barcelona are far from satisfactory. While quiet reigns in the city at present, as far as actual revolt goes, the police are still busy arresting people whom they allege were implicated in the recent outbreak, and public feeling is growing resentful of their activity.

It is also reported that prisoners held in the Mont Juish fortress have been executed, and prominent revolutionists made the threat yesterday that if such action were taken another outbreak would follow.

STRIKE MAY SOON DIE OUT.

Dissension Breaks Out Among the Workmen at Stockholm.

Stockholm, Aug. 7.—The tense situation arising from the general strike proclaimed a few days ago seemed to be relaxing tonight. The grave diggers returned to work today and dissension is apparent in the ranks of the other strikers. The owners of some of the largest plants in Stockholm announce that their men will return to work Monday.

M. von Sidow, president of the Employers' Federation, declared tonight that intervention by the government would be without result, as the differences were too great to be settled in such a manner. The National Labor union published a statement disapproving the strike of the electric light and gas workers, which began last night. The electric plant was kept in operation by officials of the lighting department.

As the strikers have been preventing farmers from bringing provisions into the city, troops have been detailed to patrol the country roads.

China Replies to Russia.

Pekin, Aug. 7.—China today sent in her reply to the Russian note of July 2, regarding the opening of the Sun-gari and other rivers to international trade. She mentions the Aigun treaty and the Russian treaties concerned, and refers to Russia's right to take part in framing the rules to govern the navigation of these streams. She does not deny that the treaties in question have a certain validity, but avoids specifying the extent to which she considers they have been modified by the Russo-Japanese peace treaty.

Zeppelin Makes Long Flight.

Cologne, Aug. 7.—Count Zeppelin today sailed his "Zeppelin II," the greatest air craft in the world, from Frankfurt to this city, arriving in good condition after a flight lasting 6 hours and 15 minutes. He apparently had the ship under perfect control and landed with the precision and ease of a bird. Those who witnessed the arrival of the ship were greatly impressed by the control in which the count held the air monster.

Mobs Cheer Prohibition.

Montgomery, Aug. 7.—Amid street scenes of wild enthusiasm, the bill making prohibition constitutional passed the house today.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER V.

Three days passed before anything further happened to disturb my tranquillity of mind, and I was getting back to my accustomed serene outlook on the beach when at dinner I found a tiny note lying at my plate. Charles frequently stopped at the Penguin Club on his way from marketing, to see if by chance any mail had lodged there for me. This time he had discovered the diminutive missive aforesaid tucked into the box that was reserved for me, and which usually contained only the daily papers. The envelope was square and of a delicate shade between violet and gray, and my name was written on it in a fine, bold hand. Inside was a single sheet:

"My Dear Mr. Pirate or Hermit (whichever you are):

"I shall visit the Ship Friday afternoon—when the tide is low."

There was no name, not even a bare initial.

I looked at my calendar—I was apt to forget the days of the week—and found that it was already Friday. I folded up the note and put it in my pocket, hardly knowing whether to be vexed or pleased.

The truth of the matter is that I found Miss Graham's last visit disconcerting. It seemed absurd, but she had in some strange manner changed the tone of the beach. Instead of being a place for calm, solitary musing, it had assumed the aspect of a spot made for company. I had never before felt the need of pointing out the pink shades of the sands and the golden crests of the rolling combers, nor of requiring another's admiration of the circling gulls. Now I did, and the result was that the more beautiful the beach, the more restless was I, and this did not suit me at all. I was not so dull as to miss the cause of this change, and that was the reason why the note both vexed and pleased me. I was vexed that I should be glad, and yet glad that I was in the way of being further vexed.

I looked at the barometer after dinner: it was still a deep, dome-like blue, but there were clouds stealing across it that betokened storm. The wind was veering into the northeast; we might have had weather at a moment's notice.

At the appointed time I went up the beach and clambered aboard the ship. There was no one on board. I descended into the cabin; that was empty. I climbed the stairs, and, coming again on deck, saw Miss Graham starting across the causeway. It was low tide, and the path was above water, covered with shells and barnacles. I threw over a rope-ladder that I had made and hung at the side, and helped her on board. She had on a soft, white lace hat that dropped at the edges and looked delightfully summery. Her gown was white; indeed, the only color she wore was a gold chain and locket that hung low about her neck. She pointed proudly to her stout tan walking-shoes.

"I am wiser to-day," she said; "much more of a sea-woman."

I had thought once before that I had tasted fully the sense of exploration of the Ship, but now I found that I had not. Like two inquisitive children playing at being explorers, we ransacked every corner of the cabin, thumping the boards for secret hiding-places, peering into the dim recesses of the bunks. She opened the brass-bound chest. "There was nothing found in it?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"It seems a shame. How are we ever to find the clue if not in the chest?"

"We must look for it out of doors," I said. "Perhaps if we wish hard enough, the spirits of the old rovers will come back."

So I took cushions that lay with my painting things and made her a seat on deck, and I lighted my pipe, and told her all I had dreamed about the Ship, and how I was sure, if we only had sufficient faith, that a man would come out of the sea to sail her again and bring her as fine adventures as any she had known.

"How different you are from most of the men I have met!" she said. "Now, you seem quite in your setting. It almost makes me doubt that I'm only six hours from town."

"You're not, you're a thousand miles from town. In another world, in another sphere. We don't talk the language of town out here on the Ship; we talk a different tongue."

She shifted so that she could look over the sea, her chin still propped in her hand. "Talk that tongue," she said in that little tone of command peculiar to her.

I talked of the sea and ships, of treasures hidden under the waves, of derelicts that floated for years without being sighted, of the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman and all the thousand and one legends of ghost ships and their crews. Meanwhile I watched her, took in the dreamy lustre of her eyes—gray that shaded to blue—the soft brown color of her cheeks and brow, the curling gold of her hair beneath her big white hat, and the delicate little hand that plucked her chin. I noted the locket, oval and flat, with her initials B. G. intertwined, and the heavy gold links of the chain that softly stirred with her even breaths. She was a child listening to world-old stories, but I knew she was also a woman who had come to change Alastair.

I stopped, and for a time we both sat silent, while the benediction of that glorious afternoon rested upon our spirits. There seemed no limitation to the world. The sea stretched out far past the Shifting Shoal and melted into the sky, and that in turn rose immeasurably high. Only the white clouds flecked the deep blue, casting patches of shade, silver-tipped, upon the waves, and that gave us the lure of contrast.

Barbara looked up—I think it was

then that I first called her Barbara to myself—and over at me.

"The world itself is so much more wonderful than anything it contains, and the beauty of it all so much greater than any single beauty, isn't it?"

I could not agree, looking into her deep, serious eyes, so I held my peace.

"Why is it, I wonder, that we only think these things, only really live, so rarely?"

There was something in her words that made me hope; they seemed to say that she had often felt thus.

"One exists so much, but lives so little," I said; "but I could imagine circumstances when one would be always living."

Her eyes changed, the depths in them vanished, there lay only the surface light that mocked me.

"One!" she echoed.

"Two," I answered. The moment of thought was over; she had changed as swiftly as the shadow of one of those clouds flying beneath the sun.

"You are a great dreamer," she said. "Are you also a man of action, I wonder?"

"Give me the chance."

"Give you the chance? Men of action don't wait for the chance; they make it."

"If I were Canute, I would order the tide to come in."

The red blood flushed her cheeks, her eyelids dropped. I forgot everything but the picture that she made—the loveliest picture that I had ever seen or dreamed.

Next moment she sprang up. "But the tide is still out," she said, "and all your wishes will not bring it in. I must be going home."

I was up and standing beside her, leaning on the bulwark. "But you will come again? You'll come again to the Ship and take tea with me, or take supper on the Ship? When will it be?"

"Wait; not for a day or two."

"She crossed the deck, and, drawing out a small handkerchief, held it to the breeze.

"The wind is from the northeast," she said. "That means a storm. We may have to wait many days."

"Several, not many," I answered.

She gave a little cry; the handkerchief had blown from her hand and over to the shore.

"Get it for me," she said.

The inland sea was low; I recovered the handkerchief and came back, to find her half way across the causeway.

"Thank you. This is the second way you've devised of leaving the ship on foot."

"But it's not the best way," I answered.

I went with her to the great gate of the club and said good-night.

"Oh!" said she. "We forgot to lay the cushions lying on the deck. It may rain. A good sailor should make things tight."

"I will," I assured her.

A storm was certainly coming; it sang in the boughs of the pines as I hurried through them, it grew in the gathering clouds that hid the beach, it roared in the loud waves that threw themselves on the shore.

I crossed the mussel-backed path, and climbed on the ship. As I picked up the cushions something slid from them on to the deck. It was a locket, the locket she had worn on the chain about her neck, and it lay open, face upward, looking at me. I saw a small, round photograph of Rodney Islip.

"Nothing."

I snapped the locket together and put it in my breast pocket; then I hurried the cushions down the cabin-steps, pulled over the hatches, and left the Ship. I was in a very different humor from that of an hour before.

All the way down the beach I pondered the matter. How came the locket to have dropped from the chain, how came it to have fallen open when the catch seemed so strong? But these were petty, trivial questions, the merest introductions to the great, all-absorbing question—how came Rodney Islip's picture there?

Alas, there seemed only one plausible explanation, and I remembered the slight air of proprietorship, the amused smile as though at some hidden joke, that had struck me when Islip had come upon us drinking tea. So they were in all likelihood to be married, and I a poor joke that had been batted back and forth like a shuttlecock between them. I tried to laugh as one should who sees a clown, head in air, stumble over a broomstick, but the laugh was not even a passable imitation.

The storm was coming, and I was glad of it. I wanted no more of this fine weather when a man was led to lapse into rose-colored dreams and fancy himself a prince with the world as his realm.

The rain began to spin against my face. The storm was coming fast, and the waves barked angrily at my feet, like hounds yelping. But I would not run, I would not even turn up my coat-collar to keep off the wet; I would walk stolidly and let myself be soaked, for the poor-muddle-brained idiot that I was.

But what of her? Barbara Graham looked to me like a consummate flirt, playing with me when she was a trifle weary of the company of her accredited admirer. I knew that women sometimes did such things; I did not consider that she was the worst of her sex, but merely a striking instance of the sex's insincerity. Yet she had looked like a child, as guileless as a maid in short skirts and braided

hair, when she had watched the storm flashing changes when the imp of mischief had danced in her blue eyes. She was just a bundle of mischief to whom a new man was simply a new sport. Yet I envied Islip with all the strength of my heart, which shows how strangely inconsistent I had grown.

Charles had foreseen the storm and had made things tight about the entrance moreover, he had built a fire in the living-room, which was also the dining-room to take the chill out of the rapidly evening air. Ordinarily, I would have been glad to get in and change into dry clothes and stand in front of the fire, snug and comfortable, but now I was as much of a sort as though the cottage had been a house of cards and had suddenly tumbled down about my head.

Poor Charles! He was soon to be the witness of my temper. I had sooner closed the door than I called on him to get into his oilskins and go to McCullom's with an order to him to get my horse at the back door by 8.

"Yes, Mr. Felix," said Charles. "I'm going to be a bad night, sir, asking pardon."

"I'm going to the Penguin Club," Charles," I answered, "and I don't care if the heavens fall on the way."

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," and Charles departed, wondering, doubtless, at that strange new master he had found, and I knew what I thought of the Penguin.

I changed into my storm clothes, heavy riding breeches, with a leather jacket that buttoned up to my chin, put the locket in a little pasteboard box and placed it in an inside pocket. Doubtless Miss Graham valued that small oval trinket with her monogram written on the outside and her lover engraved inside, and she should not have to wait until the storm passed to learn that she had not lost it. It would do no harm for her to be disturbed for a few hours then I would end it.

Charles came back and said that he would be around at 8. I had supposed a silent state, and then sank into profound thought before the fire. Confusedly for being such a simple, guileless fellow, who had scarcely laid eyes on a woman before at Alastair! That was the trouble with the affair. In town I had been prepared, properly grieved and breast-plated, but here she had come on me in my own natural wilderness, my own simple beach, in my Ship of dreams, where everything was so bare and open as the sea.

Charles eyed me askance as I picked my oilskin hat about my ears and walked upon Nero. Even the poor beast had looked at me suspiciously, for he was no night for riding on any night errand. I must be the bearer of tidings, a figure stepped out of a rough-and-ready figure story. Had I only known how the night was to carry me far afield, and how that ride be the first swift gateway to a strange and swirling entanglement.

The pines shot their water into my face as I galloped along the narrow road. The sandy footing gave me now and then, and I had to let Nero's instinct save me from foundering in the bogs which the heavy rain was making of the causeway. The night was black as pitch; the wind risen to a hurricane, screamed through the forest in a thousand varied notes, each more harsh and ominous than the last. Several times, riding out from the middle of the road, wet branches driven by the gale flung themselves against me and almost thudded me from my horse. I crouched low, bending forward for shelter, and that I might peer into the blackness of the road. Several times Nero stumbled and I almost pitched over his head.

The lights at the gate of the club were out; they were evidently not expecting visitors. I rode Nero to the stables, where with a groom, and strode into the club's main hall. I must have presented a sorry spectacle; my tight-fitting leather jacket, my riding-breeches, my boots, all soaked and running with water, my hair and face dripping when I took off my oilskin hat that buckled under my chin.

"Take my name to Miss Graham," said to the clerk at the desk, and he recognized me and sent a butler to call her.

"Miss Graham is in the sun-parlor on the porch to the right of the main-door," reported the butler, "and says she will see you there."

(To be continued.)

Not the Salary but the Opportunity.

"If the laborer gets no more than his wages his employer offers him, he is cheated; he cheats himself."

It is said that Bismarck once founded the German Empire while working for a small salary as secretary to the German legation in Russia. In that position he absorbed the secrets of strategy and diplomacy which later were used so effectively in his country. He worked so assiduously, so efficiently, that Germany prized his services more than those of the ambassador himself. If Bismarck had remained only his salary, he might have remained a perpetual clerk and German many a tangle of petty states.

I have never known an employee rise rapidly, or even to get beyond mediocrity, whose pay envelope was the goal, who could not see infinitely more in his work than what he found in the envelope on Saturday night. This is a mere incident, a necessity, but the larger part of the real pay of a man's work is outside of the pay envelope.

One part of this outside salary is the opportunity of the employe to absorb the secrets of his employer's success, and to learn from his mistakes while he is being paid for learning the trade or profession. The other part, and the best of all, is the opportunity for growth, for development, for mental expansion; the opportunity to become a larger, broader, more efficient man.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

The Last Word.

She—And do you believe that an always turns to the last page when she picks up a book? He—Why I have no reason to doubt it. It is the nature of the fair sex to read the last work.—Pick-Me-Up.