

HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

SPEND \$400,000 ON PROJECT.

New Concern Will Build Big Reservoir to Store Flood Waters.

Laidlaw—Oregon's pioneer irrigation project, begun in 1893 just as the panic swept over the country, stands in a fair way to be completed, and the settlers who have been waiting and watching for the water that never came, may have their hopes realized. For the state of Oregon, represented by the land board, is making an effort to secure the completion of the project with the most flattering prospects of success.

Laidlaw came into being during the days when settlers expected water and as a matter of fact when water was delivered in the ditches. But the supply was not sufficient for the lands attempted to be reclaimed, the acreage reduced and other supplies of water sought. Financial troubles followed, and the company was reorganized. In the meantime it was fully demonstrated that a gravity system of irrigation was not feasible and that reservoirs would have to be built to store the flood waters of Tumalo creek during the spring and allow water to be carried over the parching land in July and August, when the stream carries scarcely any water. The whole scheme resolved itself into had engineering, but the engineer was not the man to suffer for his mistake. Three Sisters Irrigation company to water 27,000 acres of land lying on the west side of the Deschutes river, about six to 15 miles from Bend, taking water from a mountain stream known as Tumalo creek. The nearest railroad point is Shaniko, about 90 miles distant. The altitude ranges from 3,100 feet to 3,700 feet.

Convention to Carve New State.

Medford—The Southern leaders in the movement to carve a new state out of Southern Oregon and Northern California, to be known as Siskiyou, are active with arrangements to call a convention to devise ways and means. According to present plans the convention will gather in Yreka, Siskiyou county, California, not later than March 15, and remain in session three days. Prominent men from all over the territory affected have signified their willingness to attend and aid in the movement.

As planned, the new state will embrace seven California counties and five Oregon counties. The movement grew out of widespread dissatisfaction with the treatment, alleged to have been accorded the territory by the two states. California, it is said by those advocating the formation of the new state, has long neglected its northern portion, while Southern Oregon has suffered in a like manner, it is claimed, at the hands of Portland and the Willamette valley. The move to create the new state is popular through the affected territory.

Florence Sees Bright Future.

Eugene—Florence, at the mouth of the Siuslaw river, has been petitioned by T. J. Monroe of Coos Bay for a franchise for an electric light plant. The petition will probably be submitted to a vote of the people. Florence is growing rapidly as a result of the beginning of jetty work at the mouth of the river. The citizens are working for a railroad to the Willamette valley via Eugene. It has been rumored that the Southern Pacific company would build a line from Eugene to Florence to reach Coos Bay, but the citizens place more faith in the promise of the promoters of the Eugene & Western company, which has made preliminary surveys and expects to begin construction work soon.

Electric Clocks at Klamath Falls.

Klamath Falls—O. B. Gates, agent for the Western Union Telegraph company, has secured 12 contracts for installing clocks with telegraph service in business houses in the city. The company only sent Mr. Gates 12 contracts. This is a most creditable showing for a city of this size. It was not expected that over three of four clocks could be installed, as that is usually the number used in towns even larger than this.

Clean Up Club at Eugene.

Eugene—A movement has been started in Eugene to form a clean-up club among the pupils of the city schools. The object will be the cleaning up of the streets, alleys and yards of the city. City Superintendent of Schools G. S. Stockton and Manager Freeman have agreed to work together for the organization of the pupils' club and the commercial club will give prizes for the best work.

Stayton Votes Down Bond Issue.

Stayton—The proposition to vote at \$10,000 bond issue for the new high school building was defeated at a special school election today by a vote of 76 to 27. Bonds of \$850 were voted for the purchase of six more lots for school purposes.

Land Board Affirms Loans.

Salem—First mortgage loans from the school fund drawing 6 per cent interest were approved by the land board to the amount of \$59,200. There remained \$305,000 of the school fund yet uninvested January 1.

\$1,000 for Lane County's Fair.

Eugene—The Lane County Fair association has decided to ask the county court for an appropriation of \$1,000 annually for the fair and appointed a committee to interview the court at its next meeting.

DAIRY EXHIBIT AT STOCK SHOW

Opportunity Given Model Dairyman to Show Farms in Miniature.

A unique exhibition of proper dairy methods is being arranged by the state board of health in connection with the Oregon livestock show at the fair grounds next fall. One of the leading promoters of the plan is E. L. Thompson, whose model dairy at Clover Hill farm, near Deer island, has won attention throughout the Northwest. Mr. Thompson said:

"The fair next fall will give us the biggest educational opportunity we have ever had. We want to show cattle that are best adapted for dairy purposes by reason of breeding, care and the tuberculin test. We will have a model dairy in all its parts ready for operation. This will, of course, be in miniature, but effective, nevertheless. We will show how feed should be raised and how it should be mixed for the health of cows, the largest production of the best possible milk.

"Correct barn construction, the way the stalls should be arranged, sufficient ventilation, adequate gutter drainage, the proximity of feed, milk rooms and manure heaps, will be gone into thoroughly. We will also show how milkers should be dressed, and how they should be clean in person and in habits, to prevent contamination, and keep dirt from getting into the milk, will all be practically illustrated.

New Brick School for Klamath Falls

Klamath Falls—Plans for the new public school building, which is to be erected on the west side of the river, have been approved by the school board. The building will be two story with basement and large attic, and covers a ground space 82x92 1/2 feet. It will contain eight class rooms, with two rooms in the basement, and one large room 25x30 feet in the attic, which will be used as an assembly and music room.

The Oregon Library commission has for distribution fifty copies of a circular "Forestry in Nature Study" recently issued by the department of agriculture. This is a plan for elementary instruction in the subject, arranged by grades, 1st to 8th, and with the work outlined for fall, winter, and spring terms. The appendix gives references to government publications which can be obtained free of charge and used as text books. Any teacher sending the commission two cents for postage may obtain a copy.

Slow Progress on Well.

Dallas—Serious difficulties are being encountered at the oil well. The formation is very hard and the supply of water increases with depth. It is possible for the drillers to make less than 10 feet daily. Oil sands are numerous and it is still the conviction of all concerned that the drill is slowly nearing an immense deposit of the precious fluid.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.16@1.17; club, \$1.06; red Russian, \$1.04; valley, \$1.06; 40-fold, \$1.10. Barley—Feed and brewing, \$29@29.50 per ton. Corn—Whole, \$25; cracked, \$36; per ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$32@32.50 per ton. Hay—Track prices: Timothy: Willamette valley, \$18@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$21@22; alfalfa, \$17@18; clover, \$16; grain hay, \$16@17.

Butter—City creamery extras, 35c; fancy outside creamery, 34c@35c per pound; store, 20c@25c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Poultry—Hens, 15 1/2@16 1/2c; springs, 15 1/2@16 1/2c; ducks, 20@23c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, live, 22@24c; dressed, 25@27 1/2c; squabs, \$3 dozen. Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 31@32 1/2c per dozen; Eastern, 23@27c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 11@11 1/2c per pound. Veal—Extras, 12@12 1/2c per pound. Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 box; pears, \$1@1.50 per box; cranberries, \$8@9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 70@90c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2 1/2@2 3/4c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1@1.25 per dozen; cabbage, \$2@2.25 per hundred; cauliflower, \$1.75 per dozen; celery, \$3@3.50 per crate; garlic, 12 1/2c per pound; horseradish, 9@10c per pound; pumpkins, 1 1/2@1 3/4c; sprouts, 7@8c per pound; squash, 2c; tomatoes, \$1.50@2.25 per box; turnips, \$1.50 per sack; carrots, \$1.25; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1.50.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack. Cattle—Best steers, \$5@5.50; fair to good, \$4.50@4.75; strictly good cows, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good cows, \$3.50@4; light calves, \$5@5.50; heavy calves, \$4@4.50; bulls, \$2.50@3.75; stags, \$3@4.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.50@5.50 1/2c; fair to good, wethers, \$4.50@5; good ewes, \$5@5.50; lambs, \$5@6.50. Hogs—Top, \$9.10@9.25; fair to good hogs, \$8.60@9.

Hops—1909 crop, prime and choice, 20@22 1/2c; 1908s, 17 1/2c; 1907s, 11 1/2c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; mohair, choice, 25c per pound. Hides—Dry hides, 18@18c per pound; dry kip, 18@18c per pound; dry calf, 19@21c per pound; salted hides, 10@10c per pound; salted calf, 15c per pound; green, 1c less.

ASKS COOLER CRITICISM.

President Taft Asks Magazine Publishers to Show Farms in Miniature.

Washington, Jan. 31.—President Taft told the periodical publishers of the United States tonight that, if they overloaded their criticism of men in the administrative authority with unparliamentary expressions and intimations as to lack of honorable motives, nobody is going to pay any attention to them.

Although he made no direct allusion to "muckraking," it was plainly evident at what he was directing his attack.

The president, addressing the periodical publishers association of America as their guest at dinner, did not give this advice to the editors assembled from all parts of the nation until he had prefaced his remarks with good humored treatment of his relative position to the wielders of public opinion.

"This is a formidable gathering to address," said President Taft, after he had been presented by C. H. Smith, the toastmaster. "Gentlemen who act as fates as to what is or is not current literature, would under any circumstances, be formidable to address, and under conditions prevailing in Washington and in legislative halls, it requires a brave man, standing in my position, to face them.

"As to controversies, let me say that all evidence—questions of facts—must be weighed broadly to reach an ultimate conclusion. It is the case with every trust, as much as we condemn them for their iniquities. The evidence must be weighed. It does no good to denounce a person on the witness stand, if he testifies against you.

"You controllers of public opinion and controllers of the rulers of the country may hammer a man into indifference as to what you say, but at that he will come nearer to doing right than if he tried to fight.

"But, seriously speaking, I would like to say that when you criticize a poor devil exercising a responsible position, first give him the benefit enjoyed by every criminal, that of reasonable doubt.

WILL PRESS MERGER SUIT.

Pacific Roads Must Face Trial by Next April.

Washington, Jan. 31.—The president has determined to press to a conclusion the pending suit against the Union and Southern Pacific Railroad companies, looking to a dissolution of the merger, and today declined to deny the application of Mr. Lovett, Harriman's successor, for a dismissal of the suit.

Soon after Judge Lovett and a number of influential railroad people appealed to the president to squash proceedings before Judge Vandewater's court in Salt Lake City, Mr. Taft, following the course that had been adopted in the case of the famous New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company, when a similar appeal was made, referred the matter to the attorney general for examination. In the New England case, it was found that, because of action taken by the state of Massachusetts and the insignificance of the government's interests, it would be best to abandon the prosecution of the railroad, and this was done.

But Attorney General Wickensham reached a different conclusion in the Pacific railroad merger case, and today he handed to President Taft a voluminous report, conclusions of which justified the president in the announcement that there was a good case against the railroads, following the decision in the Northern Securities litigation. Therefore, proceedings at Salt Lake City will be pressed.

The status of the case at present is this: The government has put in its testimony. The defense must begin in April and the usual evidence in rebuttal must be submitted thereafter. Then the case will go to that novel tribunal of four judges provided by the anti-trust act, known as the expediting court, and doubtless in the end it will come before the Supreme court of the United States.

Panama Libel Suit Dismissed.

New York, Jan. 31.—The indictment against the Press Publishing company, publishers of the New York World, charging Joseph Pulitzer and others with criminal libel against Theodore Roosevelt, President Taft and others, was quashed today in the United States District court. Judge Hough ruled that the statute upon which the indictment rested was not sufficient in authority, in other words, that the court had no jurisdiction.

Children Forced to Work.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—High prices for food in Chicago are driving children to work. In the last three months 1,000 more permits have been asked of the state factory inspector's office than in the corresponding three months a year ago. This is an increase of more than 33 per cent. It is attributed not to any sudden demand of employes for the services of minors, but to the necessities of workingmen's families, which have compelled children to work to buy food.

New Cabinet Rebuffed.

Budapest, Jan. 31.—An early rebuff was met by the recently formed Hedervary cabinet, when the chamber today with a large majority voted a day of confidence in the ministry. The premier told the deputies he was unable to decide immediately whether to resign or to dissolve parliament. He then drew from his pocket an imperial receipt adjourning the house to March 4.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

To his own unbounded astonishment this young man who had long ago abandoned his faith in Christianity, began to plead like an apostle for the practice of its central and fundamental virtue.

"My friend," he said, with a new solemnity in his manner, you are on the threshold of another world; how dare you present yourself to the Judge of all the earth with a passion like this in your heart?"

In the momentary rest the beggar had recovered strength enough to reply: "It is t-t-true, I am on the threshold of another world! I didn't used to b-b-believe there was one, but I do now. There must be! Would it b-b-be right for such d-d-devils as the one that wrecked my life to g-g-go unpunished? Not if I know anything! They get away from us here, but if eternity is as long as they s-s-say it is, I'll find D-D-Dave Corson if I t-t- take the whole of it, and when I f-f-find him—" he paused again, gasping and strangling.

"And so you really mean to die without bestowing your pardon upon those who have wronged you?"

"I swear it!"

With a heavy heart, Mantel left him and hurried home to report the interview to David. He found him just returning from his work, and conveyed his message by the gloom of his countenance.

"Has anything gone wrong?" David inquired, anxiously, as they entered their room.

Casting himself heavily into a seat and answering abstractedly, Mantel replied, "Each new day of life renders it more inexplicable. A man no sooner forms a theory than he is compelled to abandon it. I fear it is a labyrinth from which we shall none of us escape."

"Do not speak in parables," David exclaimed, impatiently. "If anything of the matter, tell me at once. Do not leave me in suspense. I cannot endure it. Is he worse? Is he dying?"

"He is both, and more," Mantel answered, still unable to escape from the gloom which enveloped him. "I have at last drawn from him a brief but terrible allusion to the tragedy of your lives."

"What did he say? Quick, tell me!"

"He said that he had been wronged by those whom he had benefited, and that he would spend eternity in revenging his wrongs."

"Horrible!" cried David, sinking into a chair. "Did he show no mercy? Was there no sign of pardon?"

"None! Granite is softer than his heart. Ice is warmer."

David rose and paced the floor. Pausing before Mantel, he said, pitifully, "Perhaps he will relent when Peepsta comes!"

"Perhaps! Have you heard from her?"

"No, but her answer cannot be much longer delayed, for I have written again and again."

"Something may have happened," said Mantel, who had lost all heart and hope.

"Do not say it," David exclaimed, beseechingly. "It is a long distance. She may have changed her residence. She may never go to the postoffice. She may be sick."

"Or dead!" said Mantel, giving expression in two words to the fullness of his despair.

"Impossible!" exclaimed David, his face blanching at this sudden articulation of the dread he had been struggling so hard to repress.

They passed out into the night together and hurried away to the beggar's room. Each was too burdened for talk and they walked in silence. Arriving at the house, they ascended the stairs on tiptoe and paused to listen at the door. "I will leave it ajar, so you may hear what he says, and then you can judge if I am right," said Mantel, entering quietly.

He approached the table and turned up the lamp which he had left burning dimly. By its pale light David could see the great head lying on the pillow, the chin elevated, the mouth partially open, the breast heaving with the painful efforts to catch a few last fluttering inspirations. Nestling close to the athena face and licking the cheek now and then with his little red tongue, was the terrier.

Mantel's footfall, quiet as it was, disturbed the sleeper, who moved, turned his head toward the sound and asked in a husky and but half-audible voice, "Who is there?"

"It is I. How are you now? A little better?" said Mantel, laying his soft, cool hand upon the broad forehead, wet already with the death-damp.

"I am getting weaker. It won't—last—long," he answered painfully.

"I do not want to bother you, but I cannot bear to have you die without talking to you again about your future; I must try once more to persuade you not to die without sending some kind word to the people who have wronged you."

The expression of the white face underwent a hideous transformation.

"If you do not feel like talking to me about a matter so sacred and personal, would you not like to have me send for some minister or priest?"

The head moved slowly back and forth in a firm negation.

"In every age, and among all men, it has seemed fitting that those who were about to die should make some preparation to meet their God. Have you no desire to do this? If there absolutely no word of pardon or of kindness which you wish to send to those who have injured you, as a sort of legacy to the gravest?"

come to see you. Suppose that a great change had come over him; that he, too, had suffered deeply; that your wife had discovered his treachery and left him; that he had bitterly repented; that he had made such atonement as he could for his sin; that it was he who has been caring for you in these last hours, could you not pardon him?"

These words produced an extraordinary effect on the dying man. For the first time he identified his enemy with his friend, as the discovery dawned upon his mind a convulsion seized and shook his frame. He slowly and painfully struggled to a sitting posture, lifted his right hand above his head and said in tones that rang with raucous power of by-gone days:

"If I had known that I was eating his b-b-bread, it would have choked me! Send him to me! Where is he?"

"I am here," said David, quietly entering the door. "I am here to throw myself on your mercy and to beg you, for the love of God, to forgive me."

As he heard the familiar voice, the beggar trembled. He made one last supreme effort to look out of his darkened eyes. An expression of despairing agony followed the attempt, and then, with both his great body hands, he clutched at the throat of his night robe as if choking for breath, tore it open and reaching down into his bosom felt for some concealed object. He found it at last, grasped it and drew it forth. It was a shining blade of steel.

Mantel sprang to take it from his hand; but David pushed him back and said calmly, "Let him alone."

"Yes, let me alone," cried the blind man, trembling in every limb, and crawling slowly and painfully from the bed.

The movements of the dying man were too slow and weak to convey any adequate expression of the tempest raging in his soul. It was incredible that a tragedy was really being enacted, and that this poor trembling creature was thirsting for the life-blood of a mortal foe.

David did not seek to escape. He did not even shudder. There was a singular expression of repose on his features, for in his desperation he so-laced himself by the reflection that he for a sin whose atonement had become was about to render final satisfaction otherwise impossible. He therefore folded his arms across his breast and stood waiting.

The contorted face of the furious beggar afforded a terrible contrast to the tranquil countenance of the penitent and unresisting object of his hatred. The opaque flesh seemed to have become transparent, and through it glowed the malefic light of hatred and revenge. The lips were drawn back from the white teeth, above which the great moustache bristles savagely. The lids were lifted from the hollow and expressionless eyes. Balancing himself for an instant he moved forward; but the emaciated limbs tottered under the weight of the body. He reeled, caught himself, then reeled once more, and lunged forward in the direction from which he had heard the voice of his enemy.

Again Mantel strove to intercept him, and again David forced him to retreat as to the exact location of the object of his hatred, he raised his knife and struck at random; but the blow spent itself in air. The futility and helplessness of his efforts crazed him.

"Where are you? G-g-give me some sign!" he cried.

"I am here," said David, in a voice whose preternatural calmness sent a shudder to the heart of his friend. With one supreme and final effort, the dying man lurched forward and threw himself wildly toward the sound. His hand, brandishing the dagger, was uplifted and seemed about to descend on his foe; but at that very instant, with a frightful impaction upon his lips, the gigantic form collapsed, the knife dropped from the hand, and he plunged, a corpse, into the arms of his intended victim.

David received the dead weight upon the bosom at which the dagger had been aimed, and the first expression of his face indicated a certain disappointment that a single blow had not been permitted to end his troubles, as well as terror at an event so appalling. He stood spellbound for a moment, supporting the awful burden, and then, overpowered with the horror of the situation, cried out:

"Take him, Mantel! take him! Help me to lay him down! Quick, I cannot stand it; quick!"

They laid the lifeless form on the bed, while the little dog, leaping up beside his dead master, threw his head back and emitted a series of prolonged and melancholy howls.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bewildered by the scene through which he had just passed, Corson returned to his rooms and spent the night in a sort of stupor. What happened the next day he never knew; but on the following morning he accompanied Mantel to the cemetery where, with simple but reverent ceremony, they committed the body of the doctor to the bosom of earth.

Just as they were about to turn away, after the conclusion of the burial service, a strange thing happened. The limb of a great elm tree, which had been tied back to keep it out of the way of the workmen, was released by the old sexton and swept back over the grave.

It produced a similar impression upon the minds of both the subdued spectators. They glanced at each other, and Mantel said, "It was like the wing of an angel!"

"Yes," added David with a sigh, "and seemed to brush away and obliterate all traces of his sorrow and his sins." They did not speak during their homeward journey, and when they reached their rooms David paced uneasily backward and forward until the shadows of evening had fallen. When he suddenly observed that it was dusk, he took his hat and went out into the streets. There was something so restless and unnatural about his movements as to excite the suspicion of his friend, who waited for a single moment and then hurried after him.

The night was calm and clear, the autumn stars were shining in a cloudless sky, and the tide of life which had surged through the busy streets all day was ebbing like the waters from the bays and estuaries along the shore of the ocean.

A few moments' walking brought David to a weird spectacle. A torch had been erected above a low platform on which stood a man of most unique and striking personality. He looked like a giant in the wavering light of the torch. He was dressed in the simple garb of a Quaker; his head was bare; great locks of reddish hair curled round his temples and fell down upon his shoulders. His massive countenance bespoke an extraordinary mind, and beamed with rest and peace.

As he sang an old familiar hymn, he looked around upon his audience with an expression such as glowed, no doubt, from the countenance of the Christ when He spoke to the multitudes on the shores of Lake Genesareth.

Close to the small platform was a circle of street Arabs, awed into silence and respect by the charm of this remarkable personality. Next to them came a ring of women—some of them old and gray, with haggard and wrinkled countenances upon which Time, with his antique pen, had traced many illegible hieroglyphs; some of them young and bedizened with tinsel jewelry and flashy clothing; not a few of them middle-aged, wan, dispirited and bearing upon their hips bundles wrapped in faded shawls, from which came occasionally that most distressing of sounds, the wail of an ill-fed and unloved infant, crying in the night.

Outside of this zone of female misery and degradation, there was a belt of masculine stupidity and crime; men of shrunken frames, cadaverous cheeks, deep-set and beady eyes—vermin-covered, disease-dyoured, hope-deserted. They clung around him, these concentric circles of humanity, like rings around a luminous planet, held by they knew not what restless attraction.

The simple melody, borne upon the pinions of that resonant and cello-like voice, attained an almost supernatural influence over their perverted natures. When it ceased, an audible sigh arose, an involuntary tribute of adoration and awe. As soon as he had finished his hymn, this consecrated apostle to the lost sheep of the great city opened a well-worn volume.

The influence which he exerted over the mind of David was as irresistible as it was inscrutable. His language had the charm of perfect familiarity. Every word and phrase had fallen from his own lips a hundred times in similar exhortations. In fact, they seemed to him strangely like the echo of his own voice coming back upon him from the dim and half-forgotten past.

(To be continued.)

Doubtful Identity.

Cricket is the national game of England; and it would no more help one to identify an Englishman by saying that he was a cricket player than it would to distinguish a college man in this country to say that he was devoted to baseball. In his book on the game, "Kings of Cricket," Richard Daff relates many amusing things of the sport and of men who have been connected with it. One of his stories is about two Nottingham players of a common family name with similar initials.

We had two players of the name of Johnson, one being John Johnson, for years the secretary of our county team, and the other Isaac Johnson.

As John Johnson's initials was nearly always written as an "I," confusion arose concerning the individuality of the two players.

Charles Thornton, a well-known supporter of cricket in Nottingham, once got into conversation with a stranger in a railway carriage. Cricket cropping up in the course of conversation, the stranger happened to say he knew a Mr. Johnson, who belonged to Nottingham, who played cricket, and asked Mr. Thornton if he knew him.

Mr. Thornton replied that he knew two Mr. Johnsons who played.

"This one," said the stranger, lives in Nottingham."

"They both live in Nottingham," was the reply.

"This one is Mr. I. Johnson."
"They are both I. Johnson."
"This one I mean plays with the Commercial."

"They both play with the Commercial."
"The one I mean is a fast bowler."
"They're both fast bowlers."
"The one I know is gray-headed."
"They're both gray-headed."
"The one I mean wears spectacles."
"They both wear spectacles."
The gentleman gave up in despair.

Missed His Only Chance.

There once lived a woman who never gave her husband a chance to say a word. The moment he opened his mouth she closed it with a torrent of words. It happened that he fell sick when his wife was out of town, and before she could get home death came and took him away.

"I would feel better about it," she is still saying between her sobs, "if I could have been with John when he died. There must have been some last words he wanted to say to me."—
Atobson Globe.