

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors. EUGENE, OREGON.

The Sultan of Turkey learned the French language in one easy lesson.

A doctor can persuade a woman to have almost anything amputated—except her tongue.

If laziness is really a disease, what a lot of sick people there must be who don't try to be cured.

The New York Sun devotes a page to a communication "How to Stop Snoring." Keep awake!

Single statehood sounds like a mission for the proposed wedding of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory.

Almost every day some man suddenly discovers that his wife's affections are worth anywhere from \$25,000 to \$150,000.

Newspaper postage has been abolished in Peru. It is probable that all the Peru newspapers support the administration.

Said an Irish physician of a patient: "If he lives till morning he may pull through; but if he doesn't there is no hope for him."

It is said that a widow noted for her garrulity hangs the late lamented's hat on the back of a chair and talks at it for ten hours at a stretch.

Financiers say that gold is becoming too plentiful in this country. There are quite a number of people, however, who have not yet holed "Nuff."

Has the meanest man been found in that New York sport who asked to be locked up because he said he was so mean he was afraid of killing himself?

The up-to-date prima donna appreciates that there is more than one way to acquire free publicity. Emma Nevada has come to the defense of ragtime.

It is said that a cork leg is so called because it is never made of cork. The stamens of some of our public men might be accounted for in the same way.

Jay Gould's youngest boy has married a girl who has an income of about \$100,000 a year. It is supposed, however, that he had other reasons for wanting her.

When two boys start out in life, one with a copy of "Winning His Way" in his pocket and the other with a piece of natural elementary bustle in his head, the latter usually comes in first at the post.

There is this drawback to an X-ray diagnosis from the patient's point of view: The doctor at the same time can make an investigation of the subject's pocketbook and see how much he can charge.

An advocate of the new house-keeping for new women recommends that as much housework be done away from home as possible. The housework stunts that we should like to see done away from home is the sweeping.

Desjardins, a Frenchman who won a medal of honor by his heroic rescue at the charity bazaar here in Paris in 1897, when so many lives were lost, was found on the streets of that city in an almost starved condition last week. He still clung to the medal of honor which he had in his pocket, but his clothes were in tatters and he was ashamed to wear it. Heroism does not seem to amount to much in the battle for bread.

The passion for foot-ball has become so engrossing in recent years that some enthusiasts are now inclined to believe that preparations for tackling and rushing, passing and kicking, should begin earlier than has been the rule heretofore. Foot-ball kindergartens may be found useful, while blocking and guards back strategy may be taught to advantage in the nursery. Even in the cradle kicking and trick plays may not be altogether out of place.

The failure of Bennett, the famous temperance restaurant man, for \$20,000 is significant. Bennett once controlled a chain of restaurants that reached across the continent. It is also important to note that his creditors are not business men, but mostly women and missionary societies. Business projects based on philanthropic or reformatory ideas are precarious ventures. They are like certain forms of classic music and dramatic art. Unless they appeal to the masses they defeat themselves, for, not being self-sustaining, they are lost to the world.

When a lady gets an idea of property she gets it strong. At Allentown, Pa., a force of painters attempted to paint the side of a house adjoining the property of a widow named Quiggs, when Mrs. Quiggs and her son and daughter attacked them with clubs, hammers and hatchets. The painters were compelled to retreat after being considerably cut and bruised. The fight was caused by an old dispute over the fence line Mrs. Quiggs claiming that she owns the air on her side of the fence, where the painters were working. In the trouble she used the air nearly all up, taking.

While we sometimes shudder at the prospect of anarchy in this country we have small cause for fear by the side of the people of Italy and Austria. It is learned from a Rome dispatch that no mention was made of the assassination of President McKinley at the reopening of the Italian parliament because the socialist deputies threatened to defend the assassin and the government feared a scene. When the Austrian parliament met the same statement was made respecting the assassination on that occasion. In Austria and Italy, it would seem, what is known in this country as socialism is in those countries anarchy. Socialism in this coun-

try is far removed from anarchy. The socialists of America seek more government while the anarchists are opposed to all government. What must be the condition of Italy and of Austria when a large number of members of parliament openly sympathize with and defend the murder of a government servant! In attempting to conciliate these rabid government haters Italy and Austria have revealed their dangerous foes. We can take care of anarchy in this country if we can keep out European anarchists. Anarchy cannot thrive in the atmosphere of a republic. But if the human wolves continue to breed abroad and cannot be kept from our shores our security is periled constantly.

"That the world do move" in medical circles is indicated by an address recently made by Dr. George B. Fowler, the retiring President of the New York County Medical Society, a practitioner of the allopathic, or "regular" school, as it calls itself. Dr. Fowler on this occasion said that the code now permits consultation with any legally qualified medical practitioner, and that the high standards of medical education in New York today are the results of this. He said further: "We have secured the co-operation of the societies of the regulars, the eclectics, and the homopaths. We do not respect ourselves and are not respected when we disagree among ourselves. I think the day is near when there will be a general handshaking and agreement, and I hope the day is coming when the whole medical profession will be one."

The society which Dr. Fowler addressed applauded him warmly, and committees were appointed to secure the union of the regular and homoeopathic county societies. All this is most encouraging. The "medical hatred" has been in years past wellnigh as bitter as the "theological hatred." The warring medical schools have fought each other as fiercely as the religious sects used to do. But as we have come into the new century there has been a softening down of the asperities, and there is now a disposition to make concessions, and not any longer claim the whole truth. This liberalizing process in the medical profession is particularly gratifying. For some time past the adherents of one school have not hesitated to declare that they have taken what they thought was effective from the merits of the other, and more than once the old-time unyielding opponents have met on middle ground between the infinitesimal attenuation and the full-grown bolus. This, as we have said, is hopeful. No one school is big enough to contain the whole truth. It is wise, then, to utilize what is good in all and to combine for that purpose. When the day comes that "the whole medical profession will be one," as Dr. Fowler says, perhaps the mortality lists will not be so large.

THE CROW REGRETTED IT.

Bird Ate a Centipede and the Tit-Lit Ate a Centipede in California.

"Saw a curious thing in California last winter," said the man who travels about. "I had stopped for a moment to chat with a man who was plowing when he called my attention to a large centipede that he had just plowed up."

"Come along with me a few feet," said he, "and let's see what those crows will do when they find it."

"There were several large carrion crows that had been following the farmer and picking up the insects that were turned up and they were now a few feet away, waiting for the plow to start again."

"We went on a few feet and the crows followed. One big black fellow soon saw the centipede and swallowed him at one gulp. Then, in the expressive slang of the day, there was something doing in the neighborhood of that crow. With a caw of despair he mounted into the air for perhaps a hundred feet, then fell back over his head and he was a few feet from the ground. Then he managed to catch himself and flew upward again and away for the hills, cawing wildly. He had not gone more than 300 feet when he lost all control of himself and fell like a shot to the ground. We went over to him and he had fallen and found him on his back with his feet in the air, stone dead."

"In a way I know how that crow felt when he awoke to the situation," continued the traveler, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I hadn't forgotten my first spoonful of fiasco since that a joking friend once talked me into swallowing."

A Quick-Witted Doctor.

A certain French surgeon, of whom the Young Ladies' Journal tells us so much more thought for his patient than for his own safety on one occasion, that he resorted to an expedient which, although efficacious, might have resulted in his own death.

He had been commissioned to bleed the Grand Seigneur, and either through timidity or nervousness, had met with an awkward accident. The point of the lancet broke off in the vein, and the blood would not flow.

That point must be got out somehow. Without stopping to consider the consequences to himself, the surgeon gave his highness a violent slap in the face. This produced the desired effect, for surprise and indignation on the part of his august patient put the blood into violent circulation. The vein bled freely and the lancet point came out.

The bystanders were about to lay hands on the surgeon when he said, "First let me finish the operation and bandage the wound." This done, he threw himself at the feet of the sultan and explained his action.

The sultan not only pardoned him, but gave him a handsome reward for keeping his wits about him in a critical moment.

The Main Thing.

Tess—Oh, yes, she married a man with a highly honored name.

Jess—What? I never considered "Scaddie" a highly honored name.

Tess—Well, you should see the way it's honored at the bank.—Philadelphia Press.

A Rare Bird.

Smythe—What's your bird? Remarkable name. He hasn't any debba.

Brown—Hasn't he?

Smythe—No, he doesn't even owe anybody a letter.—Somerville Journal.

MAKING A MATCH.

Result of the Iniquities of a Chinese Nobleman.

"One of the interesting novelties of the social life of the new century is the occasional appearance of our Mongolian neighbors in society," said a matron.

"It goes to show how small the world really is and how intimate the nations are becoming. As yet, these visiting noblemen from the Orient are few and far between, but they will undoubtedly soon be as familiar a sight in our drawing-rooms as the titled Hindus in England. Although he often speaks English remarkably well, a Chinaman has no idea of what conventionally ought or ought not to be said, and his artless frankness in this respect is most amusing. He also asks questions with a direct simplicity that is sometimes embarrassing."

"A Chinese nobleman who was presented to a young woman at an evening function not long ago began the conversation after the manner of his nation by propounding a series of questions. At first the answers were easy. 'Do you live in New York?' 'Have you both parents living?' 'Have you brothers?' 'How old are you?'

"These being answered to his satisfaction, he became more particular in his inquiries. 'Why are you not married?'

"Perhaps the right person has not asked me," answered the young woman, laughing.

"Have you any objection to matrimony?" asked the Chinaman, gravely.

"Not in the least," she replied, immensely amused by his persistence.

"For the time being he seemed satisfied, but later in the evening he came up to her with a young American, who evidently had no idea what he was in store for him. 'This is Mr. Robinson,' began the old man; 'he is a graduate of Harvard; he, too, is unmarried, and also has no objection to matrimony. Why do you not marry him?'

"If the name of the writer is on the envelope or letter-head the lack of a signature is of less consequence. But it happens frequently that important letters cannot be traced to the writers."

TROUBLES OF BUSINESS MEN.

One of Them Due to People Who Don't Sign Their Letters.

"Many people write letters that they forget to sign," said a postoffice clerk. "People come to us every day with such letters. In the hope that we may be able to trace the writers. Sometimes we can do so, but not often. Of course, only a small percentage of such letters are brought to our attention, so the total number must be very large."

"If the name of the writer is on the envelope or letter-head the lack of a signature is of less consequence. But it happens frequently that important letters cannot be traced to the writers."

"A certain business house in this city brought in a letter one day, minus the signature, and containing a \$10 bill to pay for certain goods ordered. It came from a village in the interior of the State, and it was sent to the postmaster of the place, with the request that he ascertain the name of the writer, if possible. He failed to do so, and the matter rested for some time. One day we received a letter from the same town asking as to the reliability of the firm to which the letter had been written, saying that the writer had sent the firm money for an order of goods and had received no reply. It turned out to be the person we were in search of, and the mistake was explained. But this was an exceptional case."

Team-Work Among Squirrels.

A party of young squirrels who were tenting in a grove near a glen at a Northfield Conference witnessed an incident which seems to show a friendly understanding among squirrels. The Deerfield Valley Endeavor tells the following story.

"At the end of dinner had just been finished and the party were still sitting at the table, when a red squirrel, with glistening, eager eyes, came creeping down a tree which stood near the table. He crept nearer and nearer, and finally leaped upon the table.

"The lady who was presiding said, 'Yes, help yourself to anything you want!'

Upon this invitation the little fellow made bold to creep to a loaf of bread from which only a slice or two had been cut. He seized it and dragged it to the side of the table, and somehow managed to scramble down the side with it to the ground. He then fixed his teeth in the crust, and dragged it away and down the steep sides of the glen.

But when he reached the bottom and confronted the steep rise on the other side it was too much for him. Then he gave a sort of call, which seemed to be understood, for soon squirrels were coming from several directions. They crowded round him, and after a little conference, all took hold, and with tug and strain they managed to bring the loaf to the top of the hill, and disappeared with it in the woods beyond."

Rare Indian Coins.

The Indian families have afforded coin collectors many opportunities to acquire rare and old coins which have lain buried for a great number of years. The native has always shown a very grave suspicion of banks and has usually preferred to bury coins in what was considered a safe spot. These hiding places are revealed by father to son and on for generations. In all probability the hoard has to be trespassed on; coins which have long since become exceedingly rare are thus brought to light and are eagerly snapped up by collectors. Many of them are being sold in London at the present time.

Cooking Under Water.

A wager was made by a resident of London that he could cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the River Thames. He won the bet by placing the pudding in a tin case and putting the whole in a sack of lime. The heat of the lime, slaking when it came in contact with the water, was sufficient to cook the pudding in two hours.

The Silk-worm.

The silk-worm is three inches long and is well provided with legs, having no less than sixteen of these members.

The Doctor's Dilemma
By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

"Hast thou brought a doctor with thee, my brother?" she asked.

"I have brought a doctor except thy brother, my sister," answered Monsieur Laurente, "also a treasure which I found at the foot of the Calvary down yonder."

He had alighted whilst saying this, and the rest of the conversation was carried on in whispers. There was some one ill in the house, and our arrival was ill-timed, that was quite clear. Whoever the woman was that had come, and a door she did not advance to speak to me, but retreated as soon as the conversation was over.

"Pardon, madame," he said, approaching me, "but my sister is too much occupied with the care of her patient to attend upon you."

He did not conduct us through the open door, but led us round the angle of the presbytery to a small out-house opening on to the court, and with no other entrance, but a building lying between the porch and belfry of the church and his own dwelling place. But it looked comfortable and inviting. A fire had been kindled on an open hearth, and a crucifix hung upon the wall, and the wood-work of the high window also formed a cross. It seemed a strange goal to reach after our day's wanderings.

Monsieur Laurente put the lamp down on the table, and drew the logs of wood from the fire, and with no other entrance, but a building lying between the porch and belfry of the church and his own dwelling place. But it looked comfortable and inviting. A fire had been kindled on an open hearth, and a crucifix hung upon the wall, and the wood-work of the high window also formed a cross. It seemed a strange goal to reach after our day's wanderings.

"Madame," he said, "our hospitality is modest, but you are very welcome guests. My sister is desolated that she must leave you to my care. But if there be anything you have need of, tell me, I pray you."

"There is nothing, monsieur," I answered; "you are too good to us—too good."

"No, no, madame," he said, "be content. To-morrow I will send you to Granville under the charge of my good Jean-Simplice, my children, and fear nothing. The good God will protect you."

Minima had thrown herself upon the foot pallet bed. I took off her damp clothes, and laid her down comfortably to rest. It was not long before I also sought myself in bed, and fell peacefully into a deep sleep.

"How funny that is!" she said, "there the boys run, and I can't catch one of them. Father, Tenet Secundus is pulling me, but his mind was wandering, and all her whispered chatter was about the boys, and the dominie, her father, and the happy days at home in the school in Epping Forest. As soon as it was light we were to do, and of us was upon her to do, and of us was upon her to do, and of us was upon her to do."

"Yes, Aunt Nelly. How poor we are, you and I am so tired, and the prince never comes!"

"There was hardly room for me in the narrow bed, but I managed to lie down beside her, and took her into my arms to comfort her. She was quietly asleep, but her mind was wandering, and all her whispered chatter was about the boys, and the dominie, her father, and the happy days at home in the school in Epping Forest. As soon as it was light we were to do, and of us was upon her to do, and of us was upon her to do."

"The first person I saw was myself, coming in my direction. I had not fairly looked at him before, for I had seen him only by torch light and freight. His case-work was old and threadbare, and his hat brown. His hair fell in rather long locks below his hat, and was beautifully white. His face was healthy looking, like that of a man who has not overdone his work, and his clear, quick eyes shone with a kindly light. I ran impulsively to meet him, with outstretched hands, which he took into his with a pleasant smile. 'Oh, come, my dear child, and let me see how you are!'"

"The smile faded away from his face in an instant, and he did not utter a word. He followed me quickly to the side of the little bed, laid his hand softly on the child's forehead, and felt her pulse. He lifted up her head gently, and opening her mouth, looked at her tongue and throat. He shook his head as he turned to me with a grave and perplexed expression, and he spoke with a low, solemn accent.

"Madame," he said, "it is the fever!" He left me, and I sank down on a chair, half stupefied by this new disaster. It would be necessary to stay where we were until Minima recovered; yet I had no means to pay the more people of doors, and he should give them, and the expense we should be to them. I had not time to decide upon any course, however, before he returned and brought with him his sister.

Mademoiselle Therese was a tall, plain, elderly woman, but with the same pleasant expression of open friendliness as that of her brother. She went through precisely the same examination of Minima as he had done.

"The fever?" she ejaculated, in much the same tone as his. They looked significantly at each other, and then held a hurried consultation together outside the door, after which they returned to me.

"Madame," he said, "this child is not your own, as I supposed last night, and sister says you are too young to be her mother. Is she your sister?"

"No, monsieur," I answered.

"I called you madame because you were traveling alone," he continued, smiling. "French demoiselles never travel alone. You are mademoiselle, no doubt?"

"No, monsieur," I said frankly, "I am married."

"Where, then, is your husband?" he inquired.

"He is in London," I answered. "Monsieur, it is difficult for me to explain. I cannot speak your language well enough. I think in English, and I can not find the right French words. I am very unhappy, but I am not wicked."

"Good," he said, smiling again, "very good, my child, I believe you. You will learn my language quickly; then you shall tell me all, if you remain with us. But you said the migoune is not your sister."

"No, she is not my relative at all," I replied; "we were both in a school at Noireau, the school of Monsieur Emile Perrier. Perhaps you know it, monsieur?"

"Certainly, madame," he said.

"He has fallen, and run away," I continued; "all the pupils are dispersed. Minima and I were returning through Granville."

"I understand, madame," he responded; "but it is villainous, this affair! Listen, my child, I have much to say to you. Do I speak gently and slowly enough for you?"

"I answered, 'I understand you perfectly.'"

"We have had the fever in Ville-neuils for some weeks," he went on; "it is now bad, very bad. Yesterday I could only Noireau to see a doctor, but I could only do so if I was in Paris at present, and cannot come immediately. At present we have made my house into a hospital for the sick. My people bring their sick to me, and we do our best, and put them into a hospital, but this little house has been kept free from all infection, and you would be safe here for one night, so I hoped. The migoune must have caught the fever some days ago. Now I must carry her into my little hospital, and you wish to go on to Granville, and leave the migoune with me? We will take care of her as a little angel of God. What shall I do with you, my child?"

"Monsieur," I exclaimed, eagerly, "take me into your hospital, too. Let me take care of Minima and your other sick people. I am very strong, and in good health; I am never ill—never, never. I will do anything to help you. Let me stay, dear monsieur."

"But your husband, your friends—"

"I have no friends," I interrupted, "and my husband does not love me. If I have any friends, they are all dead. I am not wicked; I am a Christian, I hope. Only let me stay with Minima, and do all I can in the hospital."

"He content, my child," he said, "you shall stay with us."

"I felt a sudden sense of contentment, for here was work for me to do, as well as a refuge. Neither should I be compelled to leave Minima. I wrapped her up warmly in the blankets, and Monsieur Laurente lifted her carefully and tenderly from the low bed. He told me to accompany him, and we crossed the court and entered the house by the door I had seen the night before. A staircase led up to a long, low room, which had been turned into a hospital for fever ward for women and children. There were already nine beds in it, of different sizes, brought with the patients who now occupied them. But one of these was empty. I went to it, and I took up my work as nurse."

"Madame," said Monsieur Laurente, one morning, the eighth that I had been in the fever-stricken village, "you did not take a promenade yesterday."

"Not a promenade, monsieur."

"Not the day before yesterday?" he continued.

"No, monsieur," I answered; "I dare not leave Minima. I fear she is going to die."

Monsieur Laurente raised me gently from my low chair, and seated himself upon it, with a smile as he looked up at me.

"Madame," he said, "I promise not to quit the chamber till you return. My sister has a little cough, and she is quite well. Confide the migoune to me, and make your promenade in peace. It is necessary, madame; you must obey me."

The commission for mademoiselle was to take her to the village, and to give Jeanette lower down the valley; and Jean's eldest son, Pierre, was appointed to be my guide. Both the cure and his sister gave me a strict charge as to what we were to do; and of us was upon her account to go; and of us was upon her account to go; and of us was upon her account to go."

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arise to me if any clue to my hiding place fell into Richard Foster's hands. The afternoon of that day was unusually sultry and oppressive. The blue of the sky was almost livid. I was weary with a long walk in the morning, and after our mid-day meal I stole away from mademoiselle and Minima and betook myself to the cool shelter of the church.

I sat down upon a bench just within the door. There was a faint scent yet of the incense which had been burned at the mass celebrated before the cure's departure. I leaned my head against the wall and closed my eyes, with a pleasant sense of sleep coming softly towards me, when suddenly a hand was laid upon my arm, with a firm, silent grip.

(To be continued.)

NATIONS MORTGAGED TO DEATH

South American Countries Pledge Resources for Loans.

In South America a great many of the South American republics are entwined by money lenders and capitalists, says a writer in Ganton's Magazine.

Concessions after concessions have been granted to corporations and foreign governments for loans advanced. Railroads, mining privileges and revenues from nearly all taxable goods have been pledged. The ease with which money is squandered by the governments of the South American republics makes many of the smaller ones chronically hard up, and no sooner does one revolution dispose of a minister and President than another movement to negotiate a new loan begins.

In many cases private corporations and capitalists have more to say in the government of the small South American republics than the Presidents or their cabinets. Virtually owning everything of real value in the country, it is only natural that they should demand a controlling voice in the management of affairs that concern their interests.

Thus the Argentine Republic has practically been sold over to the auctioneer, and her finances are so involved that an expert could never straighten them out.

The ministers do not attempt to do this; they are satisfied to raise more money by mortgaging other property and industries of the country if in need of funds for special purposes. Argentina owes over \$300,000,0