

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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He did not refer to the chance that he was quite sure to come in for a large legacy at the death of his maternal grandfather, a millionaire ranch owner in the far west.

After leaving college he drifted pretty much over the world, taking pot luck with fortune and clasping the hand of circumstance. There had been hard roads to travel as well as easy ones, but he never complained. He swung on through life with the heart of a soldier and the confidence of a pagan. He loathed business, and he abhorred trade.

He was an orphan and bounden to no man. No one had the right to question his actions after his twenty-first anniversary. He went in for law at Yale and then practiced restlessly, vaguely, for two years in Baltimore under the patronage of his father's oldest friend, a lawyer of distinction.

Tiring of the law books and reports in the old judge's office, he suddenly abandoned his calling and set forth to see the world. Almost before his friends knew that he had left he was heard of in Turkestan. In course of time he served as a war correspondent for one of the great newspapers, acted as agent for great hemp dealers in the Philippines, carried a rifle with the Boers in South Africa, hunted wild beasts in Asia and in Hottentot land, took snapshots in St. Petersburg and almost got to the north pole with one of the expeditions. Not in a month's journey would you meet a truer thoroughbred, a more agreeable chap, a more polished vagabond, than Hollingsworth Chase, first lieutenant in Dame Fortune's army. Tall, good looking, raven-haired, cheerful, gallant, he was the true comrade of those merry, reckless volunteers from all lands who find commissions in Fortune's army and serve her faithfully.

He was nearly thirty when the diplomatic service began to appeal to him as a pleasing variation from the rigorous occupations he had followed heretofore. One of his uncles was a congressman, and another was in some way connected with railroads. He first sought the influence of the latter and then the recommendation of the former. In less than six weeks after his arrival in Washington he was off for the city of Thorberg, in the grand duchy of Rapp-Thorberg, carrying with him an appointment as consul and supplied with the proper stamps and seal of office.

At the end of five months he loathed Thorberg; he hated the inhabitants; he smarted under the sting of royal disdain; he had no real friends, no boon companions, and he was obliged to be good! What wonder, then, that the bored, suffering, vivacious Mr. Chase seized the first opportunity to leap headforemost into the very thick of a most appalling indiscretion!

When he first arrived in Thorberg to assume his sluggish duties he was not aware of the fact that the grand duke had an unmarried daughter, the Princess Genera.

She was visiting in St. Petersburg or Berlin or some other place when he reached his post of duty, and it was toward the end of his fifth month before she returned to her father's palace in Thorberg. He awoke to the importance of the occasion and took some slight interest in the return of the royal young lady, even going so far as to follow the crowd to the railway station on the sunny June afternoon.

He saw the princess for the first time that afternoon, and he was bowled over, to use the expression of his English friends with whom he dined that night. She was the first woman that he had ever looked upon that he could describe, for she was the only one who had impressed him to that extent. This is how he pictured her at the American legation in Paris a few weeks later:

"Ever see her? Well, you've something to live for, gentlemen. I've seen her but three times, and I don't seem able to shake off the spell. You've never seen such hair. Gad, it's as near like the kind that Heener painted as anything I can see. Except that it's more like old gold, if you can understand what I mean by that. Not brooze, mind you, nor the raw red, but—oh, well, I'm not a novelist, so I can't half-way describe it. She's rather tall—not too tall, mind you—five feet five, I'd say—whatever that is in the metric system. Slender and well dressed—oh, that's the strangest thing of all! Well dressed! Think of a princess being well dressed! I'd say she's twenty-two or twenty-three years of age—not a minute older. I think her eyes are a very dark gray, almost blue. Her skin is like a—oh, let me see! What is there that's as pure and soft as her skin? Something warm, and pink, and white, d'ye see? Well, never mind. And her smile! And her frown! You know, I've seen both of 'em, and one's as attractive as the other. She's

a real princess, gentlemen, and the prettiest woman I've ever laid my eyes upon. And to think of her as the wife of that blithering little ass, that nincompoop of a Karl Brabetz! She loathes him, I'm sure—I know she does. And she's got to marry him! That's what she gets for being a grand duke's daughter. Brabetz is the heir apparent to some duchy or other over there and is supposed to be the catch of the season. You've heard of him. He was in Paris this season and cut quite a figure—a prince with real money in his purse, you know. I wonder why it is that our American girls can't marry the princes who have money instead of those who have none. Not that I wish any of our girls such bad luck as Brabetz! I'll stake my head he'll never forget me!" Chase concluded with a sharp, reflective laugh in which his hearers joined, for the escapade which inspired it was being stylishly discussed in every embassy in Europe.

But to return. The advent of the princess put fresh life into the slow going city and court circles. Charming people whom Chase had never seen before seemed to spring into existence suddenly; the streets took on a new air; the bands played with a keener zest, and the army prinked itself into a most amazingly presentable shape. Chase could hardly believe his success. He lifted up his chin, threw out his chest, banished the look of discontent from his face and announced to himself that Thorberg was not such a bad place after all.

For days he swung blithely through the streets, the hangdog look gone from his eyes, always hoping for another glimpse of the fair sorceress who had worked the great transformation. It was two weeks before he saw her the second time. He was more enchanted by her face than before, especially as he came to realize the astonishing fact that she was kind enough to glance in his direction from time to time.

It was during the weekly concert in the Kursaal late one night. She came in with a party, among whom he recognized several of the leading personages at court.

Chase sat at a table with the French attaché just below the box occupied by the princess and her party. In spite of the fact that he was a gentleman born and bred he could not conquer countless impulses to look at the flower face of the royal auditor.

Gradually the program led up to the feature of the evening, the rendition of a great work under the direction of a famous leader, a special guest of the music loving duke.

Chase arose and cheered with the assemblage when the distinguished director made his appearance. Then he proceeded to forget the man and his genius—in fact, everything save the rapt listener above him. She was leaning forward on the rail of the box, her chin in her hand, her eyes looking steadily ahead, enthralled by the music. Suddenly she turned and looked squarely into his eyes, as if impelled by the magnetism they unconsciously employed. A little flash mounted to her brow as she quickly resumed her former attitude. Chase cursed himself for a brainless lout.

The number came to an end, and the crowd arose to cheer the bowing, smiling director. Chase cheered and shouted "Bravo!" too, because she was applauding as eagerly as the others. She called the flushed, bowing director to her box and publicly thanked him for the pleasure he had given. Chase saw him kiss her hand as he murmured his gratitude. For the first time in his life he coveted the occupation of an orchestra leader.

The director was a frail, rather good looking young man, with piercing black eyes that seemed too bold in their scrutiny of the young lady's face. Chase began to hate him. He was unreasonably thankful when he passed on to the box in which the duke sat.

The third and last time he saw the Princess Genera before his sudden, spectacular departure from the grand duchy was at the duke's reception to the nobility of Rapp-Thorberg and to the representatives of such nations of the world as felt the necessity of having a man there in an official capacity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDISCREET MR. CHASE. THERE was not a handsomer, more striking figure in the palace gardens on the night of the reception than Hollingsworth Chase nor one whose poise proved that he knew the world quite as well as it is possible for any one man to know it. He was a unique figure also, for he was easily distinguishable as the only American in the brilliant assemblage.

He was propped to the princess

late in the evening, together with Baggs of the British office. His pride



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and confidence received a severe shock. She glanced at him with unaffected welcome, but with the air of one who was looking upon his face for the first time.

He could not again approach within speaking distance of the princess, nor did he presume to make the effort. Chase knew his proper place. She was the gayest, the most vivacious being in the whole assemblage. She had but to stretch out her hand or project her smile and every man in touch with the spell was ready to drop at her feet. At last she led her court toward the pavilion under which the royal orchestra was playing. As if it were a signal, every one turned his steps in that direction. Chase and the Englishman had been conversing diligently with an ancient countess and her two attractive daughters near the fountain.

Again the dapper director came forward to lead the musicians, and again he was most enthusiastically received. This time Chase was not where he could watch the princess. He found, therefore, that he could devote his attention to the music and the popular conductor. He was amazed to find that the fellow seemed to be inspired. He was also surprised to find himself carried away by the fervor of the moment.

With the final crash of the orchestra he found himself shouting again with the others. Oddly, this time he was as mad as they. A score or more of surprised, disapproving eyes were turned upon him when he yelled "Encore!"

"There will be no encore," admonished the fair girl at his side kindly. "It is not New York," she added, with a sly smile.

Ten minutes later Chase and the Englishman were lighting their cigars in an obscure corner of the gardens. "Extraordinarily beautiful," Chase murmured reflectively as he seated himself upon the stone railing along the drive.

"Yes, they say he really wrote it himself," drawled Baggs, puffing away. "I'm not talking about the music," corrected Chase sharply.

"Oh!" murmured Baggs apologetically. "The night?"

"No; the princess, Baggs. Haven't you noticed her?" with intense sarcasm in his tone.

"Of course I have, old chap. By Jove, do you know she is good looking—positively ripping."

They lazily observed the approach of one couple, attracted no doubt by the disparity in the height of the two shadows. The man was at least half a head shorter than his companion, but his ardor seemed a thousandfold more vast. Chase was amused by the apparent intensity of the small officer's devotion, especially as it was met with a coldness that would have chilled the fervor of a man much larger and therefore more timid. It was impossible to see the faces of the couple until they passed through a moonlit streak in the walk quite close at hand.

Chase started and grasped his companion's arm. One was the Princess Genera and—was it possible? Yes, the nimble conductor—the sensation of the hour, the musical lion! Moreover, to Chase's cold horror, the "little freak" was actually making violent love to the divinity of Rapp-Thorberg!

The princess had not seen the two men, nor had the fervent conductor, whose impassioned French was easily distinguishable by the unwilling listeners. The sharp, indignant "No" of the princess, oft repeated, did much to relieve the pain in the heart of her American admirer. Finally, with an unmistakable cry of anger, she halted ten feet from where Chase sat, as though he had become a part of the stone rail.

"I have asked you not to touch me, sir! Is not that enough? If you persist I shall be compelled to appeal to my father again. The whole situation is loathsome to me. Are you blind? Can you not see that I despise you? I will not endure it a day longer. You promised to respect my wishes."

"How can I respect a promise which condemns me to purgatory every time I see you?" he cried passionately. "I adore you. You are the queen of my life, the holder of my soul. Genera, Genera, I love you! My soul for one tender word, for one soft caress! Ah, do not be so cruel! I will be your slave!"

"Enough! Stop, I say! If you dare to touch me!" she cried, drawing away from her tormentor, her voice trembling with anger. The little conductor's manner changed on the instant. He gave a snarl of rage.

"By heaven, I'll make you pay for this some day! You shall learn what a man can do with a woman such as you are! You!"

Just at that moment a tall figure leaped from the shadows and confronted the quivering musician. A heavy hand fell upon his collar, and he was almost jerked from his feet, half choked, half paralyzed with alarm. Not a word was spoken. Chase whirled the presumptuous suitor about until he faced the gates to the garden. Then, with more force than he realized, he applied his boot to the person of the offender—once, twice, thrice!

The princess stared, wide eyed and unbelieving, upon the brief tragedy. She saw her tormentor hurled violently toward the gates and then, with new alarm, saw him pick himself up from the ground, writhing with pain and anger. His sword flashed from its scabbard as, with a scream of rage, he dashed upon the tall intruder. She saw Chase—even in the shadows—she knew him to be the American—she saw Chase lightly leap aside, avoiding the thrust for his boot. Then, as if he were playing with a child, he wrested the weapon from the conductor's hand, snapped the blade in two pieces and threw them off into the bushes.

"Skip!" was his only word. It was a command that no one in Rapp-Thorberg ever had heard before.

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"You shall pay for this!" screamed the conductor, tugging at his collar. "Scoundrel! Dog! Beast! What do you mean? Murderer! Robber! Assassin!"

"You know what I mean, you little shrimp!" roared Chase. "Skip! Don't hang around here a second longer or I'll—"

And he took a threatening step toward his adversary. The latter turned tail and ran twenty paces or more in heartbreaking time, then, realizing that he was not pursued, stopped and shook his first at his assailant.

"Come, Geneva," he gasped, but she remained as if rooted to the spot. He waited an instant and then walked rapidly away in the direction of the palace. Baggs grasped Chase by the shoulder, shook him and exclaimed when it was too late:

"You blooming ass, do you know what you've done?"

"The—miserable cur was annoying the princess," muttered Chase, straightening his cuffs, vaguely realizing that he had interferred too hastily.

"Confound it, man, he's the chap she's going to marry."

"Marry?" gasped Chase. "The hereditary prince of Brabetz—Karl Brabetz?"

"Good Lord!"

"You must have known."

"How the dev— Of course I didn't know," groaned Chase. "But, hang it all, man, he was annoying her. She was flouting him for it. She said she despised him. I don't understand!"

The princess came forward into the light of the path. There was a quaint little wrinkle of mirth about her lips, which trembled nevertheless, but her eyes were full of solicitude.

"I'm sorry, sir," she began nervously. "You have made a serious mistake. But," she added frankly, holding out her hand to him, "you meant to defend me. I thank you."

Chase bowed low over her hand, too bewildered to speak. Baggs was pulling at his mustache and looking nervously in the direction which the prince had taken.

"He'll be back here with the guard," he muttered.

"He will go to my father," said Geneva, her voice trembling. "He will be very angry. I am sorry, indeed, that you should have witnessed our scene. Of course you could not have known who he was."

"I thought he was a— But in any event, your highness, he was annoying you," supplemented Chase eagerly. "You will forgive me if I've caused you even greater, graver annoyance. What can I do to set the matter right? I can explain my error to the duke. He'll understand."

"Perhaps—perhaps you'd better go at once," said the princess, rather patetically. "My father will not overlook the indignity—to me—to my future son-in-law. I am afraid he may take extreme measures."

"Forgive me," muttered the hapless Chase.

"It would not be proper in me to say that I could bless you for what you have done," she said, so naively that he lifted his eyes to hers and let his heart escape heavenward.

"The whole world will call me a bungling, stupid ass for not knowing who he was," said Chase, with a wretched smile.

"If I were you I'd never confess that I did not know who he was," she said. "Let the world think that you did know. It will not laugh then. If you can trust your friend to keep the secret I am sure you can trust me to do the same."

Again Chase was speechless—this time with joy. She would shield him from ridicule!

"And now please go! It grieves me to feel that I may be the unhappy cause of misfortune to you."

GUARD PARTY HAS ATTENTION OF ALL SEATTLE

Accompanying a large picture of all the Guard party, the following story was printed on the first page of the Seattle Times of Wednesday:

Never to have seen a street car before was the remarkable experience of Miss Mary Johnson, a bright young woman living near Eugene, Or., up to the time that the train bearing her to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition at Seattle rolled into the depot at Portland from the college town Monday.

Miss Johnson was one of a party of eight girls sent to the big fair under the auspices of the Eugene Daily Guard, as the result of a popularity contest recently concluded in the columns of that paper.

Charles H. Fisher, proprietor of the paper, offered the girls receiving the most votes a free trip to and from the exposition, and Miss Johnson was among those who received the most votes from a large and admiring constituency. So with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hartley, well-known residents of Eugene, as chaperones, the merry party lost little time in boarding a train for Seattle.

While Miss Johnson, who is only 18 years old, had never been more than thirty miles away from her home before, and that when she visited the neighboring town of Blachley, she was all eyes for everything from the time the train pulled out of the Eugene depot until another train boarded at Portland came to a standstill in the big King street station of the exposition city. There are street cars in Eugene, but it happened that Miss Johnson had never seen them, neither had she ever ridden on a steam railroad.

The journey was a constant revelation—one never-ending succession of wonders that her girlish imagination had previously only dreamed of. Steam cars were an old story to her—but a trolley car, a car that moved because of its trolley connection, it fairly took her breath away. Automobiles were commonplace enough as far as she was concerned, but a street car made her sit up and take notice.

"Oh, dear," she finally exclaimed, in Portland, bewildered at the sight of a fairly big city, "there's so much to see here that I would rather be in the country, where you can see everywhere."

She sang another song when she reached the metropolis of the Northwest, and the marvels of the exposition were unraveled before her enraptured eyes. "I'm so glad I came," she exclaimed in an ecstasy of enjoyment. "I'm having the time of my life."

The girls in the party are: Mrs. J. W. Hartley, Kate VanDyyn, Lila Owen, Beulah Martin, Ruby Scott, Ruth Williams, Martha Callison, Frances Hills and Mary Johnson.

The party will remain in Seattle until after the Elks' circus next week.

MRS. GUNJIRO AOKI IS NOW A MOTHER

A Daughter Was Born Today to White Wife of Jap

Seattle, July 24.—A daughter was born today to Mrs. Gunjiro Aoki, formerly Miss Helen Emery, daughter of Archdeacon John Emery, of California, at the Aoki home in Kellydale, a small village on Lake Washington, near here.

Mr. and Mrs. Aoki were married last March.

RACE PROGRAM, ROSEBURG

Three Days Meet with Good Purse Offered to Winners.

W. W. Cardwell announces the following revised speed program for the Douglas County Fair, to be held at Roseburg on September 2-3-4:

Tuesday, Sept. 2. Race No. 1—Running 1-2-mile dash for 3-year-olds, purse \$100. Race No. 2—Running 3-8 mile dash \$100.

Race No. 3—Running 7-8-mile "Roseburg Handicap," \$200. Race No. 4—Running 1-2-mile for Douglas County saddle horses, \$40.

Wednesday, Sept. 3. Race No. 5—Running 1-2-mile dash, purse \$100. Race No. 6—Running 3-4-mile dash, purse \$150.

Race No. 7—"Commercial Club Stake," 1 mile handicap, \$200. Race No. 8—Running 1-2-mile, weight for age, purse \$100.

Thursday, Sept. 4. Race No. 9—"Douglas County Derby," 1 1-8-mile, harness \$250. Race No. 10—Running 5-8-mile dash, purse \$125.

Race No. 11—Running 1-2-furlongs, winner of race No. 2, 5 lbs. penalty, purse \$75. Race No. 12—Consolation for non-winners at meeting, 1-2-mile; \$50 to first; \$20 to second and \$10 to third.

Conditions as to Running Races. In all purse races weights will be 10 lbs. below the scale.

There will be good harness racing for suitable purses each day, made to accommodate the harness horses in attendance.

Stock Show and Parade. On Friday, Sept. 3, there will be a grand Stock Parade at the Fair Grounds and judging of fine stock of all kinds. Premiums will be awarded all stock according to the judges' decisions.

The Fight Is On

Every moment of your life, when you are at home or abroad, awake or asleep—

Between the poison germs that are in air, food and water, everywhere in fact—and the billions of your invisible friends, the little soldier-corpuscles in your blood. If these little soldiers are kept strong and healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, you need have no fear of disease. Begin using it at once if you are at all under the weather, or have troubles of the blood, stomach, liver and kidneys. Get it of your druggist.

TARIFF DUTY ON LEATHER GOODS TO BE REDUCED

Washington, July 24.—Hides will be put on the free list and the existing rates on all leather goods substantially reduced, some of them below the duties fixed by either the house or the senate tariff bills. While no vote has been taken on the hide question by the conference committee today, practically every member admitted that this program would be adopted.

Present indications are that the advocates of a duty on hides will accept the situation after a struggle in conference. Other subjects classed as "National issues" by reason of Taft's interest in scaling the duties, such as lumber, iron, coal, wool pulp and print paper were not considered at the forenoon session.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY CO. BUYS LAND FOR POWER SITE ON MCKENZIE

That the Willamette Valley Company means to go ahead soon with its power plant on the McKenzie is evidenced by a deed filed for record in the county clerk's office today. The deed conveys 63.31 acres lying along the McKenzie river in section 35, township 16 south of range 2 east from Geo. T. Hall to the company, and the consideration is given at \$10, but the real value placed upon the land is kept private.

This land is near Martin's Rapids, which the company holds by right of a prior filing, and which is the site of the proposed power plant.

OVER \$2,000,000 SPENT ON THE U. S. FORESTS

Washington, July 24.—For the administration and protection of the 149 National forests in nineteen states and territories of Alaska, the government spent \$2,526,998.02, or about one and one-half cents an acre for the calendar year 1908. Of this amount \$592,169.19 was spent for permanent improvements, including the construction of 3400 miles of trails, 100 miles of wagon roads, 3200 miles of telephone lines and forty miles of fire lines.

ATHLETICS AT S. S. PICNIC

Races at Cottage Grove Sunday School Holiday to Be Well Attended

At the last business meeting of the Merchants' Protective Association at Cottage Grove it was decided to close the places of business from 11 until 1 o'clock Thursday for the Sunday school picnic.

Following is the amusement program and the names of those having it in charge:

Races—F. H. Rosenberg, superintendent. 100-yard dash, young men—J. I. Jones.

Barrel race—J. I. Jones. Three-legged race, boys—J. I. Jones. Sack race for boys under 15—Leroy Woods.

Potato race—Leroy Woods. Peanut race—Ethel Kalkin. Doughnut race—Miss Berg. Tug-of-war for girls—Mrs. Belger. Tug-of-war for boys—Merl Briggs. Pie-eating contest—Mrs. H. O. Thompson.

Egg hunt—Rev. W. A. Elkins. Games for primaries—The teachers.—Leader.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

July 21, 1909. Abbott, James M. Anderson, Andrew. Anderson, John. Barr, W. R. Beach, Ray. Bishop, Miss Stella. Briggs, Mrs. A. Crossman, Mrs. Clemmie. Dixon, Miss Lizzie. Eddy, Miss Verona. Frazer, P. D. Hathaway, Mrs. Grace. Hore, James. Kramer, Mrs. A. E. Kneigh, C. E. Lane, Mrs. F. H. Leighton, Mrs. Libby. Manton, General L. McCaskey, Billie. Myers, Mrs. M. Murphy, Henry C. Parker, Mrs. Emma H. Sippy, William. Smith, Mrs. Florence. Smith, William G. and Mrs. Stevenson, R. O. Stewart, Mrs. T. B. Strong, Thomas. J. L. PAGE, P. M.

FOREST FIRES LOSS INCREASE IN ACRES AND VALUE

This forest service Atlas figures that in the year 1908-7 for every thousand acres of national woodland 92 acres was destroyed by fire. In the preceding year 1,078 acres per 1,000 were burned over. But in the past year, with a report of 414,638 acres destroyed out of a total of 159,871,665 acres of forest land including alienations, it can be computed that 2.74 acres out every thousand were wiped out.

Last year the fires were worse than ever. Everybody can read the daily reports of towns wiped out, lives lost and thousands of square miles of precious woodland wasted. It amounted to nothing less than a public calamity. The terrible visitation formed part of the subject of President Roosevelt's famous message on the conservation of natural resources. If the fertility of American soil is not to suffer seriously against another devastation like that of 1908, he argued.

The loss is not alone to the tracts of wooded land laid waste. The character of an entire countryside is changed by such a conflagration. Many have passed through the effects of a forest fire—the awful effects of a forest fire—the blackened stumps it leaves behind, the dreary waste of sterile, unproductive land.

In the national forests in 1908 burned over 414,638 acres were aggregated 332,191,000 board feet. There is food for thought in these figures. As much lumber as was utterly destroyed last year would build many a good sized town. Cut into planks of the accepted dimensions, one inch thick and one foot wide, and laid end to end, it would extend almost twice around the earth. And this too in the national forests alone—only thousands of individual lumbermen whose private interests suffered could furnish any information that would involve a real total.

In the national forests are about 200,000 men ready to turn out and fight the flames whenever necessary. This includes regulars and volunteers of all descriptions. During the forest fire season the United States Forest Service employs 1,351 rangers and guards. Each man has a certain beat to control. Taking into consideration the area of the national forests, it can be calculated that each of these "patrolmen" covers 121,296 square miles. Quite a long beat for a man even an horseback.

This is where the telephone comes in. Portable phones are made expressly for this purpose, and with their aid, each ranger is kept in touch with his entire area. Let a fire start and immediately the siren rings with the message of warning. Strapped to the back of the ranger the telephone is ever-present and quicker-than-lightning messenger.

OLD HOPS SOLD AT HARRISBURG

Harrisburg, Or., July 23.—J. H. Cartwright and Barney May closed a deal yesterday with Hart & Wood, of Portland, for the sale of 293 bales of 1907 hops at 7 cents and 137 bales of 1908 at 4 1/2 cents. This is the record price so far this season for either of these years.

TWO BOYS KILLED IN AUTO-TRAIN WRECK

Chicago, July 24.—Two boys were killed and two seriously hurt in a collision between an auto and a passenger train on the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville railroad near Muncie, Ind., today.

DEATH LIST AT GALVESTON IS NEARLY FORTY

New Orleans, July 24.—Reports from isolated points along the Gulf coast of Texas continue to swell the death list resulting from the storm of last Wednesday. Angleton, Texas, counting the report eleven deaths, bringing the total list to date for the hurricane up to 38. Many are still missing.