ELECTION RESULT IN DOUBT

Hughes' Early Lead Wiped Out---Both Sides Claim Victory---Washington, Oregon and California are Doubtful---East and Middle West Republican.

San Francisco, Nov. 8.—At 3:30 this morning President Wilson was leading Charles E. Hughes in California by 724 votes. These figures were the result of a count of 2152 scattered precincts of the total of 5917. The viote was: Wilson, 141,396; Hughes, 140,672.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 8.—Returns for President from 1838 precincts out of 3142 in Indiana give Wilson 210,475; Hughes, 220,186.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 8.—The Pioneer Press this morning says Hughes has carried Minnesota by 25,000 votes and that Frank B. Kellogg, Republican, has been elected senator by from 50,000 to 75,000 plurality.

Kansas City, Kan., Nov. 8.—Returns from 976 precincts out of 2474 in Kansas give Wilson 133,920, Hughes 125,811; a Wilson gain of 3968 in the returns from the last 114 precincts, making his plurality 8109.

New York, Nov. 8.—At 4:45 o'clock this morning the returns, while still incomplete, made Wilson reasonably certain of 236 votes in the electoral college and seemed to give Hughes 218. There were 81 votes still in doubt, 266 being required for an election.

These states were counted for Wilson: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and Virginia. Total, 236.

For Hughes were claimed Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont and Wisconsin. Total, 215.

At 5:15 a. m. returns from Cheyenne took Wyoming from the Hughes list and placed its three electoral votes in the doubtful column, with Wilson leading.

These states were doubtful: California, Indiana, Kansas, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming. Total, 80.

From the doubtful states the returns were coming slowly and there were indications that the full result would not be known before noon. The chairman of the Republican and Democratic committees both claimed victory for their respective candidates. The Republicans seemed to have the best prospects in Indiana, Minnesota, Oregon and West Virginia.

Electoral Vote 1912 and 1916.

STATES—	Official —1912— Wilson, Dem.	Taft, Rep.	Roosev'lt, Prog	Unofficial —1916— Wilson, Dem.	Hughes, Rep.
Alabama	12	..	..	12	..
Arizona	3	..	..	3	..
Arkansas	9	..	..	9	..
California	2	..	11	..	..
Colorado	6	..	..	6	..
Connecticut	7	..	..	..	7
Delaware	3	..	..	..	3
Florida	6	..	..	6	..
Georgia	14	..	..	14	..
Idaho	4	..	..	4	..
Illinois	29	..	..	..	29
Indiana	15	..	..	..	15
Iowa	13	..	..	..	13
Kansas	10	..	..	10	..
Kentucky	13	..	..	13	..
Louisiana	10	..	..	10	..
Maine	6	..	..	..	6
Maryland	8	..	..	8	..
Massachusetts	18	..	..	..	18
Michigan	..	..	15	..	15
Minnesota	..	..	12	..	12
Mississippi	10	..	..	10	..
Missouri	18	..	..	18	..
Montana	4	..	..	4	..
Nebraska	8	..	..	8	..
Nevada	3	..	..	3	..
New Hampshire	4	..	..	..	..
New Jersey	14	..	..	..	14
New Mexico	3	..	..	..	..
New York	45	..	..	..	45
North Carolina	12	..	..	12	..
North Dakota	5	..	..	5	..
Ohio	24	..	..	24	..
Oklahoma	10	..	..	10	..
Oregon	5	..	..	..	..
Pennsylvania	..	..	38	..	38
Rhode Island	5	..	..	..	5
South Carolina	9	..	..	9	..
South Dakota	..	..	5	..	5
Tennessee	12	..	..	12	..
Texas	20	..	..	20	..
Utah	..	4	..	4	..
Vermont	..	4	..	..	4
Virginia	12	..	..	12	..
Washington	..	..	7	..	..
West Virginia	8	..	..	..	8
Wisconsin	13	..	..	..	13
Wyoming	3	..	..	..	..
Totals	435	8	88	246	250

OREGON LEANS TO HUGHES.

Portland—Incomplete returns from 30 of the 35 counties of the state indicate that Charles E. Hughes has carried Oregon for President by a small plurality.

Hughes appears to be running well ahead of President Wilson in the early count in Multnomah county. The two candidates are making a close race in the outside counties, with a slight leaning toward Hughes.

The two candidates are running nearly neck and neck in the up-state counties, Hughes maintaining as light lead. Hughes is gaining a strong margin in Multnomah county, and if he holds his present proportionate advantage in the complete returns will carry this county by approximately 6000.

The total vote in state outside Multnomah county is Hughes, 9088; Wilson 9016.

State offices have safe majorities. Sinnott and Hawley are re-elected. McArthur's lead is 788. Bone-dry prohibition, full rental land tax and Sunday closing law are defeated. Brewers' amendment leads by 410.

Wilson Leads In Washington.

SEATTLE, Nov. 7.—Returns from 805 precincts of 2385 in Washington give Hughes 60,742, Wilson 67,507.

Six hundred and fifteen precincts for Senator — Poindexter (Rep.) 51,374, Turner (Dem.) 35,074.

Six hundred and forty-four precincts for Governor—McBride (Rep.) 47,410, Lister (Dem.) 48,195.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 7.—(Special.) With returns in from Seattle and the principal cities of the state covering one-fourth of the total 2385 precincts, the success of the Presidential electors pledged to vote for the re-election of Woodrow Wilson is assured. The estimated plurality of the Wilson vote based on the returns at hand is 14,000, but this probably will be cut down by the returns from the country, fragmentary returns from which indicate strong Hughes tendencies, but not enough, it is believed, to swing the state to the Republican standard-bearer.

The surprise of the vote so far is the strength of Governor Ernest Lister, Democrat, who in a late spurt passed Henry McBride, Republican. Returns from 418 precincts out of 2385 give Lister 35,262 and McBride 32,193.

United States Senator Miles Poindexter will be re-elected by about 35,000 plurality over his Democratic opponent, former United States Senator George Turner. Defeat overwhelming is indicated for both initiative No. 18, the so-called hotel liquor bill, and initiative No. 24, the brewers' bill.

Representatives in Congress Albert Johnson, in the Third District; Lin Hadley, in the Second, and W. L. LaFollette, in the Fourth, will be re-elected, all Republicans. The Republicans will have two more in John F. Miller, from the First District, and Tom Corkery, in the Fifth.

Voting opened with a rush in Seattle Tuesday. The early morning vote was very heavy. A lull came in the afternoon. It was followed, however, by increasing crowds toward evening in every precinct. With fair weather, Seattle and King County voters were ready to cast the largest vote in history.

POINDEXTER RUNNING STRONG

McBride Ahead in Spokane and Wet Amendment Beaten.

SPOKANE, Wash., Nov. 7.—(Special.)—Scattering returns from about 40 precincts in Washington show that Miles Poindexter has undoubtedly been elected United States Senator other George Turner (Dem.), that Henry McBride will succeed Ernest Lister as Governor and that the Republican state ticket will go in with McBride. This includes the House and Senate. These same precincts find the Presidential candidates running neck and neck.

CONGRESS IS IN DOUBT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—Congressional election returns were insufficient at 11 o'clock tonight to indicate what would be the complexion of Congress. At that hour, however, the Republicans had gained two Senators, one in New York, and one in Maine, elected last September, and the indications were that they would gain at least three more, two in Indiana, and one in New Jersey. To gain control of the Senate the Republicans must win nine seats besides holding their own.

Although Republican party leaders predicted tonight that the Democratic majority of 23 in the present House would be wiped out, the early returns showed a net gain of one for the Republicans, the defeat of McGillicuddy in Maine last September. They gained two in New York, but this was offset by a Democratic gain of one in North Carolina and one in Pennsylvania.

Returns from Illinois indicated, judging from the figures on the Presidential race, that the Republicans would make substantial gains in the House, while the same is true of Indiana, whose delegation in the present house is overwhelmingly Democratic.

It will probably not be definitely known just what the status of the Senate is until very late, but early returns showed at least one gain which had not been counted as sure by the Republican leaders. A few scattering returns from Maryland indicate that J. Erwin France, Republican, may beat David J. Lewis.

More new faces will appear in the United States Senate as a result of today's election than have ever appeared at one time before. Two years ago, when there was sworn in the first contingent of the Senate elected directly by the people instead of by Legislatures, there were just nine new Senators. It had been generally believed that this first popular election would be almost revolutionary so far as the personnel of the Senate was concerned.

But before the polls were opened today it was certain that there would be 11 new Senators. Two of these changes were due to the deaths of Senators Clarke, of Arkansas, who will be succeeded by Judge William F. Kirby, and Edwin C. Burleigh, of Maine, who will be succeeded by Bert M. Fernald.

Five members of the present Senate were beaten in the primaries, as follows: Senator Moses E. Clapp, of Minnesota, beaten by Frank Kellogg; Senator Nathan P. Bryan, of Florida, beaten by Frank A. Hubbell; Senator Luke, of Tennessee, beaten by K. D. McKellar, and Senator Blair Lee, of Maryland, beaten by David J. Lewis. Lewis and McKellar are now members of the House.

Senator Charles F. Johnson, of Maine, was beaten in the September election by Frederick Hale.

GUARD IS FOR HUGHES.

Incomplete returns from National Guardsmen on the border from Kansas, Delaware, Pennsylvania and Iowa give Hughes 4188, Wilson 3180.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 7.—Pennsylvania troops in the field give total for President: Hughes, 3132; Wilson, 2029. This is the final official total. For Senator: Knox, 1805; Orvis, 654.

Massachusetts troops in the field give, for President, Hughes 19, Wilson 40; for United States Senator, Lodge 20, Fitzgerald 39. This completes the vote.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Nov. 7.—The total vote for the Iowa brigade gives Wilson 961, Hughes 892.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 7.—The vote in the Kansas Signal Corps Company here was: Wilson, 10; Hughes, 9. For Governor: Capper, 14; Lansdon, 4.

EAGLE PASS, Tex., Nov. 7.—A battery of Kansas Field Artillery gives Hughes 32 and Wilson 13.

DEMING, N. M., Nov. 7.—An unofficial count of the ballots cast by the First Delaware Regiment, encamped here, gives Wilson 127, Hughes 104.

DEMING, N. M., Nov. 7.—An unofficial count of the ballots cast by the First Delaware Regiment, encamped here, gives Wilson 127, Hughes 104.

DRYS GAIN IN FOUR STATES.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Prohibition made noteworthy gains in Tuesday's contest. Its greatest victory was in Michigan, where it is asserted on the returns at hand that all the remaining wet spots in the state have been eliminated. This includes the city of Detroit, the great industrial center, which voted to wipe out the saloons by a majority of 25,000. Figures are not available on the rest of the state. This puts out of business 3208 saloons and 79 breweries.

The wet and dry issue was up in eight states: Michigan, Montana, California, Missouri, Nebraska, Florida and South Dakota. The prohibition leaders asserted they were certain to win in four of these, Michigan, Montana, South Dakota and Nebraska, with excellent chances of making gains in the others, principally Florida and parts of Missouri.

Montana has 1587 saloons and 19 breweries, which will retire from business if the early returns are borne out by the complete vote. South Dakota has 200 saloons and three breweries, while Nebraska has 892 saloons, 15 breweries and one distillery. The drys say they carried in these states.

In Minnesota the wet and dry issue was fought out in the Seventh and Eleventh districts, but the result is not known, although the drys seemed confident of success and are claiming a victory tonight.

Baltimore defeated prohibition by 25,000 to 30,000 votes, but Frederick County, including Frederick City, went dry. The vote in Havre Degrace, the big racing center, is close and both sides are claiming victory.

In Florida, as in California, the sentiment of the vast number of tourists was taken into consideration. Hotelkeepers and railroads, as well as all other concerns and persons dependent to a large degree on the tourist business, fought prohibition vigorously, saying it would deprive Florida of its chief source of revenue. This has been a bitterly fought question for three or more years.

For Florida it has been strictly a matter of business, for it counts heavily on the tourist patronage.

Nineteen states were dry prior to today's election and in some of the others the wet area has been narrowed down to a few spots which a determined effort was expected to wipe out. No returns have yet been received from Nebraska or Missouri on the results in those states and South Dakota's result has been swamped in the field of matter pertaining to the National result.

Indirectly, the wet and dry issue was a factor in Illinois, and the returns indicate that the wets have lost their hold on the Legislature. There is no chance that any "wet" legislation can be put through, as the Senate stands in the way. Of the 26 holdover Senators 12 are dry. In nine of the 25 districts voting today, both Democratic and Republican candidates were dry. That gave the anti-saloon forces 21 votes, five short of a majority, as a flying start. They easily ran their list of Senate adherents up to 30, and there are indications tonight that the dry majority might reach 34 on a showdown.

In Arkansas the electorate voted on a proposed constitutional amendment to substitute local option for the existing state-wide prohibition, and incomplete returns indicate that the proposition was overwhelmingly defeated.

St. Louis, in which the name of Annheuser-Busch is prominent, gave an overwhelming majority against the proposed prohibition amendment. In other parts of the state it was more kindly received, but it has been defeated, according to the data now available.

Although G. Frank Hanly, Prohibition candidate for President, is a resident of Indiana, his state was too busily occupied trying to choose between two of its other sons for Vice-President to pay much attention to prohibition and the vote was unexpectedly light.

Drys Lead in Nebraska.

OMAHA, Nov. 7.—Scattering returns of the state and incomplete returns from Omaha indicate the prohibition amendment carried in the state by a small majority.

Man Resigns as Citizen.

Chicago — Charles A. Filipiak, one of last year's crop of new citizens, got so tired of receiving campaign literature that he resigned as a citizen Saturday. Here is a letter he sent John W. Rainey, Circuit court clerk:

"Gentlemen: Please do not annoy me with your voting circulars, then I do not vote and kindly accept my resignation as a citizen. I will always remain an anarchist."

It is probable a court will be asked to set aside Filipiak's certificate of naturalization.

Ashes Fall Like Snow.

San Francisco — A heavy fall of feathery white ashes over San Francisco and the surrounding country startled many persons Saturday into thinking that San Francisco was experiencing the novelty of a snowfall. The fall was especially heavy in the downtown district. Weather Forecaster Wilson received numerous telephone calls from persons making inquiries. At the weather bureau particles of the ash were examined under the microscope, but no conclusion as to their origin was reached.

Marburg Sails Anyway.

New York—Theodore Marburg, to whom a passport to return to England as an American citizen was refused by the State department on the ground that he had forfeited his citizenship by enlisting in the Royal Flying Corps of England, left here Sunday for Falmouth on the steamship Nordham without the citizenship documents.

Marburg joined the British aviation service some time after the war began, and he recently returned to the United States to recuperate after having lost a leg in the service.

Ukiah, Or., Has Bad Fire.

Pendleton, Or. — Fire, supposed to have started from a cigar stub, Sunday morning destroyed five of eight business houses of Ukiah, 53 miles south of here. The buildings destroyed were the drug store and poolhall, property of the J. W. Kirk Hardware & Implement House; the warehouse of Wagner & Caldwell, the barber shop and the office of the Levi Edoridge Stage company. The estimated loss is $40,000, only a small part covered by insurance. There were no facilities for fighting fire except a bucket brigade.

Constitution in Drydock.

Boston — The frigate Constitution, relic of the early days of the United States navy, is going into drydock for the first time in nearly three score years, according to plans announced at the Charleston navy-yard. In the last naval bill an appropriation was made for the repairing of the ship. A new bottom is necessary. The operation is regarded as a delicate one for it is feared that the frigate's hull is not in condition to stand any great strain. The last time the Constitution was in drydock was in 1858.

Eggs Thrown at Women.

Chicago — Women who arrived here Thursday on the Women's Hughes transcontinental train met opposition at an afternoon meeting in a downtown theater. Derisive jeers which interrupted the speakers began the heckling which culminated when eggs were tossed at them as they left the theater. None of the eggs struck the women or the automobiles in which they rode. The Hughes women finished their speeches in spite of interruptions. The special train left in the afternoon for Baltimore.

Under Fire

Copyright, 1916, By The Macaulay Company

By **Richard Parker**

Based on the drama of **Roi Cooper Megrue**

Author of "UNDER COVER" and Co-Author of "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

SYNOPSIS.

—10—

The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Waxpataf of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. Captain Redmond, Ethel and Charlie Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes. She is Madame De Lorde. She begins to work with a French spy.

In this installment you get an unusually vivid picture of how the German troops took possession of Belgium—of her homes and farms and industries. It is a picture to make you hate war and its perpetrators—one to win your finest sympathy. And the picture is moving—the plot action goes forward with speed.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

A peasant, half-mad, has stopped at the inn to warn its people that the enemy is approaching.

"Hurt?" he cried. "Hurt? You don't know 'em. . . . They came into my house and, nasty as you please, wanted food. My old woman started to argue with 'em. She wasn't scared then, and one of 'em took hold of her by the arm. Maybe he didn't mean anything; but she didn't understand, and she threw a dipper of cold water in his face like any decent woman would—and they shot her. They shot her for that! Civilian assaulting an officer, they called it. . . . I was out in the fields. The neighbors came and told me. And I hurried home to find her dead—her that hadn't done nothing—dead! . . . And I leaned out of the window—and I shot two of 'em—and then I ran. How I ran! And they didn't get me—and they won't get me!" The half-crazed peasant rushed off then, shouting to right and left, wherever he saw a head stuck out of a window, or a figure in a doorway, "The Germans are coming! The Germans are coming!" And after him poured the scurrying mob, all crying the same dread warning.

Charlie Brown was getting all the color the most ambitious reporter could have coveted. He turned a sober face to old Christophe.

"This is going to be bad, old man!" he said.

"It's like some hideous nightmare," Ethel exclaimed.

"Yes, madame—and this is but the beginning," Christophe informed her gravely.

Charlie Brown remembered then that Madame de Lorde, as she wished to be known, still lingered there. And he did not like the thought of her facing that oncoming German horde.

"If you'll go to your room, I'll come to you if you want me—if there's any need," he said.

"Yes—yes! And oh! these poor, poor people!" she cried.

"Hadn't you better close the doors?" Charlie asked the innkeeper.

"Why, m'sieu, I shall only have to open them," Christophe replied. "I am not afraid, m'sieu."

"I wish I had your nerve," Charlie told him. "All this has certainly got my goat. It's the limit."

Christophe, by a quick, sibilant sound, enjoined caution.

"M'sieu, they are here!" he warned him.

He had scarcely spoken when the first of the gray-clad invaders was momentarily framed in the open window.

"You Are Quite Safe, My Child."

He rode a bicycle—that forerunner of destruction. And a fine, clean-looking youngster he was, one of the pick of the kaiser's first-line troops. Cool, alert, businesslike, he pedaled deliberately on as if unconscious of the black looks that met his coming. And as he passed the inn he turned his sunburned face so that he might seize a quick but comprehensive glance at its interior. Cumbered with full fighting kit, as he was, he showed none of the fatigue that had all but overcome Charlie Brown before he arrived at the Lion d'Or. On the contrary, he looked fit as a prizefighter, trained to the minute. And behind him rode another as like him as a second pea out of the same pod.

Charlie Brown gazed at them breathlessly. He was conscious of a mighty admiration for those two infinitesimal cogs in the great German military machine. And he said to Christophe in an awed whisper:

"Gosh! They're not afraid, are they? Anyone might pot them from a window." The thing might happen any moment.

"Perhaps they are not afraid because they know if they are killed they will be well avenged," Christophe answered. And then he said, "Really, m'sieu, do not speak English. I ask you to go. It may be easier for me. . . . Please, m'sieu, quickly!"

The American reluctantly left the window. He did not want to miss a single detail of that amazing spectacle. But he had no wish to involve the worthy innkeeper in any needless trouble. So he started for the stairway.

"Well, you know where to find me," he said. A band was playing outside. Every moment the strains were growing more distinct. And Mr. Brown had hardly disappeared to regions above when a German corporal led a squad of eight men bodily into the Lion d'Or.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ethel Makes an Impression.

Those German infantrymen were a formidable-looking company to descend upon a peace-loving innkeeper such as Henri Christophe. It was, indeed, no wonder that he viewed them with apprehension, as they stood there at parade rest and stared stolidly into his startled face. It seemed to him that wherever he looked he met the determined, impersonal, almost inhuman blue eyes of one of those businesslike Germans. And there was something sinister in the very way they crowded his hostelry. Henri Christophe could not help feeling that even so they would crowd every house in Belgium. To him they seemed like locusts sent by a displeased God to swarm over the land until it should be filled to overflowing. . . . And always, he told himself, there would be countless throngs to fill the slightest gap in their grim ranks.

While Christophe viewed them with mingled alarm and amazement, a telephone sergeant joined those gray ghosts from beyond the Rhine. He carried a gun slung over his back and a field telephone in his hands. Placing the instrument on one of Christophe's tables, he proceeded to run a wire through the doorway to the street.

"The major is coming!" he announced to his friend the corporal, who at once commanded his men to present arms. So they stood, posed like statues, when Major von Brenig entered, saluted the flag, and then cast a quick glance of satisfaction about the room.

Just before him another figure had slipped inside the door, and returned the salute of the corporal; and now he stood impassively looking on, much as if the proceeding were merely an everyday occurrence with him. But however unconcerned he appeared, he was far from disinterested. However much he appeared at ease in his uniform of a German captain, he felt anything but at home in it. There was, in truth, no uniform that suited Larry Redmond so well as that of his own Irish Guards.

"This is good!" Major von Brenig told his corporal. And it was evident that Lieutenant Baum and Sergeant Schmidt, who had arrived simultaneously with him, shared his sentiments heartily. "Can we not spend the night here?" the major asked.

Then he proceeded to avail himself of the aids that the foresight of the general staff had long ago devised for just such an emergency.

"Baum," he said, turning to the lieutenant, "have you the papers and the map from the Wilhelmstrasse?"

Lieutenant Baum saluted, and at once he handed some documents to his superior officer, who scanned them quickly.

"'Lion d'Or!'" he read aloud. . . . "'Proprietor, Henri Christophe!' . . . Bring Henri Christophe," he ordered.

At that the innkeeper himself stepped forward.

"I am Henri Christophe," he announced in a quavering voice, even as Sergeant Schmidt was starting to search for him.

"Oh, you speak English!" the major said.

"Yes, m'sieu!" Christophe did not know why he had committed that breach of policy. But he was too frightened even to reproach himself for the inadvertence.

"You are the proprietor of this inn?" the officer demanded.

"Yes, m'sieu!"

Major von Brenig barked out an order to his men. And straightway they closed both the shutters and the great door that gave upon the street. Meanwhile the major examined his papers further.

"You have a daughter," he announced at length, "Jeanne Marie Christophe, and a servant Louis?"

Henri Christophe told him that the facts were so.

"Where are they?" the officer asked him then.

"The servant fled with the others," Christophe replied. "My daughter is in her room, m'sieu." He turned toward the door through which little Jeanne had sought asylum. But Major von Brenig stopped him.

"No, I shall do that," he informed him. And at his bidding Sergeant Schmidt sprang forward to find the girl. Her father simply pointed toward the proper door. And his heart sank as he realized the fright that would seize the timid little thing at such a summons. But he had not long to ponder upon that; for Major von Brenig straightway resumed his catechism. "You have six rooms," he continued. "Two of these will be occupied by myself and officers for the night. You will have them prepared at once, two beds each. The other four rooms will be shared by the infantry who will be stationed here. For them you will need make no preparations."

Henri Christophe bowed obediently.

"You have ground here—enough to graze two hundred horses," the matter-of-fact major proceeded. "You have three cows, two horses, a haystack, plenty of chickens and pigs. Is that not right?"

"Yes, m'sieu, quite right!" the innkeeper replied. He was staggered, stupefied, by that amazing and accurate inventory.

"All these we shall take; but we shall of course pay for them," the officer told him.

And then Sergeant Schmidt returned, with little Jeanne cowering beside his bulky figure. At the sight of her father she rushed across the room and clung to him, a piteous spectacle.

"Ah, mon pere, I am afraid—I am afraid," she stammered.

He patted her gently.

"There, there, Jeanne—they will not hurt you," Henri Christophe said.

Major von Brenig looked with some slight perturbation upon the sight of the frightened girl shrinking against her natural protector, as if he still had power to shield her from all evil.

"No, my pretty little one, we are not devils," he said. "We will not harm you. I am a father myself."

"There—what did I tell you!" exclaimed the relieved Henri.

"You are quite safe, my child," the major added—"so long as you obey."

Already the summer air vibrated with the far-off boom of heavy guns. And now a bugle in the street outside blared an order to the troops that were filing past the Lion d'Or.

"Oh, papa," the little creature cried. But Henri Christophe knew that the situation must be faced.

"Now, Jeanne, will you prepare the rooms in four and six—two beds in each? In the others these gentlemen will sleep." He bent over her in order to emphasize his words.

"But we have guests already," she reminded him.

Her father turned a rueful face upon the major.

"Ah, m'sieu, I had forgotten. We have two lodgers," he explained.

"Who are they?"

"One is an American gentleman, m'sieu; and the other a Frenchwoman."

"Well, put them out of their rooms. We must occupy them."

"You hear, Jeanne?" Christophe said.

"Oui, mon pere."

"Then hurry, my child!" he urged her.

Major von Brenig gave her one last order.

"And tell those two—those guests—they shall report here to me at once."

"Oui, m'sieu." Jeanne Christophe hurried away then.

"And now, m'sieu, I go to prepare your dinner," her father told the officer.

"Just a moment! You have here no firearms of any description?"

"None, m'sieu."

"You have no telephone?"

"None, m'sieu."

Major von Brenig wheeled about then, and waved his hand at some large placards which his men had already fastened to the walls of the room.

"Now, my friend, you see those proclamations?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'sieu."

"It is well that you heed them," the officer said sternly. "If there is any attempt at communication with the enemy, if there is any attack on our men by civilians from this house or any other house, the inmates of that house, together with the mayor of your town, whom we hold as hostage, will all be shot. It is a warning to others. . . . We do not wish to do these things, but this is war, and we must protect ourselves. . . . You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," said Henri Christophe.

"We shall take what supplies we need," the major continued, "but any officer or man who refuses to pay you a just price, you will report to me, and he will be punished. If you demand an unjust price, you will be punished."

"Yes m'sieu."

The subdued innkeeper had already started to leave the room when the officer's keen eye caught sight of something that immediately interested him. At his feet he noticed a hasp and padlock. And with characteristic German thoroughness he at once desired to solve the mystery.

"Wait! What's this?" he demanded.

"Only the entrance to the wine cellar!" Christophe told him.

"Open it!"

"Yes, m'sieu." Henri Christophe stooped and unlocked the heavy padlock. "Voila, m'sieu!" he exclaimed as he lifted the trapdoor.

"Good!" said the major as he peered into the dark cavern. "Later on you will bring up some wine. It will be excellent for tonight."

Christophe had started to close the trap when the major halted him again.

"Is there any outlet to the cellar save this?" he asked thoughtfully.

"None, m'sieu."

"Baum," said the major, "make sure he is telling the truth—that no one could escape that way."

Lieutenant Baum saluted, and, detaching a flashlight from his belt he descended the steps that led into the cellar.

"Now you may go cook dinner," the major told the innkeeper.

Once rid of preliminaries, Major von Brenig addressed himself to Larry Redmond, who all this time had been a silent onlooker to the proceedings.

"Ah! You must be Captain Karl," he said.

"Yes, Herr Major!" Larry answered. "I was told that you had only just reported—your papers said on some special mission. Can I be of assistance?"

"I thank you, major; but at the moment there is nothing," Larry told him.

"Perhaps you will dine with me?" Major von Brenig said. He was a hospitable man. And he understood that Captain Karl was held in high esteem by his superiors.

"I thank you, Herr Major. Auf wiedersehen!" Larry replied. And he walked to the door. He was not keen to dine with the German officer, and face his frankly scrutinizing eyes, and perhaps have embarrassing questions fired at him. But he saw no decent way of declining. And there was always the chance that such mingling with enemy officers might yield valuable information. If he should be caught—well! that was it! In the game.

Lieutenant Baum, returning from the wine cellar, announced that he had discovered no opening other than the one furnished by the trapdoor in the floor.

"Good!" the older officer said. "Now I shall go to my room and change my boots. I have not had them off for over a week."

"You have not questioned the French lady or the American," the lieutenant reminded him.

"I shall leave that to you and Sergeant Schmidt," the major replied.

It was only a few minutes before Lieutenant Baum had summoned Ethel before him. He asked her name.

"I am Madame de Lorde," she told him.

"A Frenchwoman?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'sieu."

He regarded her narrowly.

"You are perhaps a woman spy—they say the French have many spies. I must search you," he announced, to her consternation.

"Oh, monsieur, may I speak privately with you?" she begged him.

"Well, what is it?"

"Only I wish to show you something."

"What trick is this?" he asked with asperity.

But Ethel only smiled at his gruffness. Lieutenant Baum was a good-looking chap.

"Surely you are not afraid of me—one little woman!" she said archly.

"And a very pretty woman!" His hand sought his mustache again. "Well, what is it, madame?"

Ethel drew him slightly to one side. All but three of the infantrymen billeted upon Henri Christophe had withdrawn. But the remaining guard was all eyes and ears for this cross-examination of a possible spy.

Does it seem possible that Madame de Lorde can "put it over" on the German officers and get an opportunity to give the precious information she seeks to the French?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD NO USE FOR MAHOGANY

When First Introduced Into England Workmen Complained of the Hardness of the Wood.

Like the use of a great many of the factors connected with the arts and the sciences, the discovery of the beauty of the grain of mahogany for furniture was accidental, says a London contemporary. The story goes that a certain West Indian captain who had brought back to England some planks of mahogany as ballast, decided to give the wood to his brother, a Doctor Gibbons, then building a house on King street, Covent Garden. But the planks were so hard that the carpenters objected, and the plan for using them fell through.

Some time later Mrs. Gibbons wanted a small box made, and the doctor sent the mahogany to a cabinetmaker. In his turn the cabinetmaker objected to the hardness of the wood, but the doctor persisted so much in his request that the order was finally executed.

The finished box polished so nicely that the doctor ordered a bureau made of the same wood. The cabinetmaker displayed that in his shop window before delivering it. The duchess of Buckingham saw it and begged enough wood from the doctor to have it duplicated, and mahogany furniture soon after came into favor.—Building Age.

Electricity Vs. Courtship.

A prominent resident at East Main street in Muncie was much vexed by the repeated thefts of electric light bulbs from his porch. One night he kept watch and caught a well-known young man unscrewing the bulb from its socket.

The young man begged for lenity, and said the light interfered with his courtship of a young woman across the street. The prominent resident thereafter did not turn on the veranda light, and he was rewarded soon by the announcement of an engagement, followed by a June wedding.—Indianapolis News.

In a Sure Place.

First Undergraduate—Have you telegraphed to the old man for money?

Second Undergraduate—Yes.

"Got an answer?"

"Yes. I telegraphed the governor: 'Where is that money I wrote for?' and his answer reads, 'In my pocket.'"