NEWS OF THE WEEK

General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

Lord Strathcona, high commissioner for Canada, is critically ill at his home in London.

The Delaware & Hudson railway strike has been settled and all union men are back at work.

English suffragettes declare they will have an audience with the king, or know the reason why.

The Japanese volcano Sakurajima awakens to new activity, and further outbursts seem imminent.

Unusually mild weather and large imports from New Zealand are bringing down the price of butter.

An Illinois man has confessed to murdering his wife, that he might marry his 15-year-old step-daughter.

San Francisco's municipal carline is declared to be paying all expenses and a good interest on every cent invested.

Smallpox has been found among the 1000 or more unemployed men quartered in the Gypsy Smith auditorium in Portland.

In a prison mutiny at McAlester, Okla., four officials and three convicts were killed and several others wounded, but none escaped.

The council of Portland is considering the licensing of all places where foodstuffs are sold, including every kind of hotel or restaurant.

Earthquakes in Japan loosened a wall of rock, at the base of which 300 volcano refugees had taken shelter, and it fell upon them, killing every one.

Captain Francis Inch, who commanded the burned steamer Volturno, will have command of a larger and better ship, which has just been launched.

In view of the loss of the submarine A 7, the British admiralty board has condemned all submarines of the A class, and they will likely go to the scrap heap.

A noted professor of the Rockefeller Institute has arrived at Pacific City, on the California coast, where he will try to create original animal life by the use of chemicals.

Continued blizzards, cold and deep snows in France amount to a national calamity, and the army is working full force to clear the roads and city streets and restore railway communication.

President Wilson rates trust question and rural credits as of equal importance.

Five members of the army of unemployed in San Francisco must face charges of rioting.

Wilson's position on the tariff was severely criticized by the National Woolgrowers' convention at Salt Lake City.

Investigations show the Japanese island recently torn by earthquake, to be thickly coated with melted sulphur and ashes.

Wheat prices are strong on account of the Japanese demand, occasioned by the failure of crops is that country.

Chairman Moon, of the house postoffice committee, defies the President in the matter of civil service practice.

South African strikers who had fortified themselves in their meeting hall finally surrendered to the militia and the strike is believed broken.

President Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, has been indicted for conspiring, with 37 other officers and members of the union.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 85½@86c; bluestem, 96c; forty-fold, 86@78c; red Russian 85c; valley, 86c.

Oats—No. 1 white, $24.50@25 ton.

Corn—Whole, $35; cracked, $36 ton.

Barley—Feed, $24@24.50 per ton; brewing, $25.50; rolled, $26.50@27.50.

Hay—No. 1 Eastern Oregon timothy, $16.50; mixed timothy, $14; alfalfa, $14; clover, 9@10; valley grain hay, $11@18.

Millfeed—Bran, $21@22 ton; shorts, $23@24; middlings, $29@30.

Onions—Oregon, $3.25 sack; buying price $2.75 f. o. b. shipping points.

Vegetables — Cabbage, 2c pound; cauliflower, 75c@$1.25 dozen; eggplant, 10@12½c pound; peppers, 6@7c pound; garlic, 12½@15c; sprouts, 12½c; artichokes, $2 dozen; squash, 1½@1½c; celery, $3.75 crate; hothouse lettuce, $1@1.25 box; spinach, 75@80c crate; turnips, $1.25 sack; carrots, $1.10; parsnips, $1.25; beets, $1.25.

Cucumbers—Hothouse, $1.50@2 per dozen.

Walnuts—Black, 5c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 16@16½c; springs, 16@16½c; turkeys, live, 20@22; dressed, choice, 25@27½c; ducks, 12@16c; geese, 12@14c.

Eggs—Oregon fresh ranch, 34@35c dozen.

Butter—Creamery prints, extras, 33@35c pound; cubes, 30c.

Pork—Fancy, 10½c pound.

Veal—Fancy, 11½c pound.

Hops—1913 crop, prime and choice, 21@22c; 1914 contracts, 16c.

Pelts—Dry, 10c; dry short wool, 7c; dry shearlings, 10c; green shearlings, 10c; salted lights, 60@75c; salted heavy, 75@90c.

Wool — Valley, 14@15c; Eastern Oregon, 10@15c; mohair, 1913 clip, 26c.

Cascara bark—Old and new, 5c per pound.

Cattle—Prime steers, $7.50@7.75; choice, $7.25@7.50; medium, $7@7.25; choice cows, $6.25@6.75; medium, $6@6.25; heifers, $6@7; light calves, $8@9; heavy, $6@7.75; bulls, $4@5.75; stags, $6@6.50.

Hogs — Light, $7.25@8.05; heavy, $6.50@7.05.

Sheep—Wethers, $5@5.75; ewes, $3.50@4.50; lambs, $5.50@6.35.

Mexican Refugee Army Reaches Railway Station

Marfa, Tex.—Footsore, ragged, almost famished from their three-day march on foot of 67 miles over a windswept mountain road, the 3300 Mexican federal soldiers and generals routed from Ojinaga, Mex., by the rebels, arrived within a few miles of Marfa, whence they are to be transported by train to Fort Bliss, at El Paso. With them are 1067 women and 300 children.

The ragged remnant of the Huerta army, which sought asylum in this country rather than face possible extermination by the rebels, will be formally interned at Fort Bliss, as wards of the government. They are to be held indefinitely on the footing of prisoners of war. It will be the first time the American army has been called on to shelter, feed, and clothe an entire division of a foreign army, which includes six disarmed generals.

None of those in this unique caravan which struggled for miles along the road was more visibly affected on coming within sight of Marfa than General Salvador Mercado, Huerta's former military chief, who ordered the evacuation of Ojinaga in face of the rebels' fire.

General Mercado, riding on a horse, his uniform covered with dust, was confessedly humiliated, not only at the defeat of his army and the necessity for his flight to foreign soil, but also because of a report from Mexico City that he would be court-martialed should he return to his native country. Besides General Mercado, who mingled with the United States cavalrymen who acted as guards, were the federal generals Castro, Aduna, Landa, Orpinal and Romero, all of them shorn of their swords but some still retaining on their uniforms bits of gold braid which had not been torn off or blown away in the flight from Ojinaga.

The picturesque march afoot through American territory of so many foreign soldiers and women with their baggage abounded with incident. The birth of a child, the death of several wounded soldiers, the search for water in the desert, the constant straggling away from the line of march, and the rounding up again of scores of the refugees were some of the difficulties with which the United States cavalrymen, commanded by Major McNamee, had to contend. The Mexicans, guarded virtually as prisoners, outnumbered the escorting American cavalrymen ten to one.

Since they were routed from Ojinaga by General Villa's rebel forces and compelled to cross the border into the United States at Presidio, Tex., ten days ago, the Mexican soldiers had had only scant food supplies. Their march of 67 miles to the nearest railway station after they had been disarmed and held prisoners by the American troops was made possible by the establishment of the three camps provided en route. These camps were supplied with limited rations because all foodstuffs and water had to be carried by wagon from Marfa. Many of the marchers were poorly clad and without blankets, so that their suffering at night was intense.

Hence the hopeful look that appeared in the faces of the dirt-begrimed men and women when they were told that the march was almost over.

It was particularly remraked by the American officers that of all the marchers the Mexican women were the best. There were instances of women yielding their places on horseback or on burros to men who found themselves tired out with the walk.

The marching column was stretched over a great distance to prevent confusion and to reduce as much as possible the suffering from the dust that rose in great clouds from the well-traveled road. All semblance of the uniform ranks of an army was gone. It was a curious mingling of people and animals, while in places the women with their red dresses and shawls gave a touch of brilliant color to the scene.

Rations for the refugees who are to be interned at El Paso have been ordered. The soldiers, generals and other officers of the defeated Huerta army will be sheltered in 1200 tents spread out on the reservation of Fort Bliss on a spur of the railroad. The monthly food supplies required for the self-invited guests will be 33,000 pounds of beef, 20,000 pounds of beans, 135,000 loaves of bread and several tons of coffee.

The women will do the cooking.

Wireless Site is Chosen.

Washington, D. C.—A special board of naval officers has selected as a site for a high-power radio station on the California coast a location on LaJolla Heights, about four miles east of San Diego and 11 miles from the seacoast. It is expected that a tract of land comprising 72 acres with an elevation of 450 feet above the sea level soon will be acquired by the government for about $15,000. As soon as title to the site has been acquired the department will begin the erection of a station with funds already authorized.

Two Die in Fight Over Posts.

Billings, Mont.—A double killing occurred at Pompey's Pillar, a small town in the Eastern part of Yellowstone county, as the result of a quarrel over cedar posts, which it is said had been stolen from the Crow Indian reservation. E. F. Gately, stockman and owner of several ranches, is said to have fired the first shot at Ed Williams, a cowboy employed on a neighboring ranch, wounding him slightly. Williams backed into the street, shooting and mortally wounding Gately, who, before he fell, killed Williams.

Submarine Is Not Found.

Plymouth, England. — A dozen torpedo boat destroyers and mine sweepers cruising up and down Whitesand bay for the past three days have failed to locate the submarine "A 7," which sank in the course of the recent maneuvers.

$50 Stolen; $30,000 is Left.

Berkeley, Cal. — Six old Roman coins, valued by the University of California at $5000 apiece, were overlooked by thieves who broke into the coincases at the university library. Other coins having a value of about $50 were stolen.

Ten Oregon Counties to Have Field Agents

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.—Ten Oregon counties have now made appropriations for the support of county agricultural agents, and a number of other counties have taken steps to put the county demonstration policy into effect. Thus approximately one-third of the counties of Oregon have now, or soon will have, county demonstration agents.

The counties that have already made appropriations for this work are Harney, Wallowa, Union, Grant, Klamath, Coos, Tillamook, Lane and Marion. Not all of these have been supplied with the field agents, but applications for the positions are being considered by Professor H. T. French, state leader of the county demonstration work, who announces that the positions will soon be filled.

In all of these counties the sum of money set aside for county demonstration work will be duplicated by the state. The U. S. department of agriculture also co-operates in furnishing resources for the work. Throughout the entire country there are about 200 such agents employed in the various states, some states working as high as 20 men in the field. The work is being extended very rapidly and results in most instances are high y gratifying.

The work of Floyd Rader, the Wallowa county agent, has shown the possibilities of expert agricultural supervision. Large savings were made by reducing the damage done field crops by smut, and a model pig house, designed by Mr. Rader, has resulted in a material saving of young pigs.

In Coos county Field Agent Smith is organizing the dairy industry. He is at present supervising an organization of cow-testing associations. This is a necessary step in scientific dairying, designed to improve the dairy herds.

County demonstration work is being organized very rapidly in the Northwest. A conference of the state leaders and county agents for Idaho, Oregon and Washington will be held at Pullman, Washington, January 26 to 29. The three state leaders and a number of county men will participate in this convention. There will be representatives from the agricultural colleges of the three states. The Oregon Agricultural college will be represented by Professor R. D. Hetzel, director of extension, and by Professor French.

The demonstration policy has received the hearty endorsement of the Union County Farmers' union. After hearing the plans explained by Professor French, the members promised to support and co-operate in carrying on the work in Union county.

Now Sell Apples Direct; No More Consignments

Hood River—Through the efforts of their president, H. F. Davidson, who has been passing the winter at New York, where he has charge of all of the eastern shipments of apples and the export trade, the North Pacific Fruit Distributors are bringing about a new order of things in the exports of Northwestern box apples.

Up to this year all Northwestern box apples have been consigned. Consignments have been taboo this year, and the merchants of the Continent and England have been making direct purchases of the fruit.

"The buyers find the new order of things to their advantage," says Wilmer Sieg, sales manager of the distributors. "I get daily wire communications and letters from Mr. Davidson, and the new method is bringing about a wider distribution of the fruit. We are receiving calls from points in Italy and Scandinavian cities.

"It is a possible thing," said Mr. Sieg, "that by the end of January few apples will be left in Hood River for sale. It is our policy to sell the fruit on a basis that will give the buyers the advantage of some speculation. When this system becomes thoroughly understood by European buyers it will be of inestimable benefit to the marketers in handling future crops."

Mr. Sieg says that growers have to learn lessons as to the handling of fruit. "Too much of the crop of the year is still in the hands of the growers. Many loads of apples are coming into the storage houses this week. This is too late to pack fruit," says Mr. Sieg. "Much of this tardiness is due to the carelessness of growers, but a system of co-operative packing-houses, where the smaller orchardists can haul their product and clean it up earlier in the season, will do much to eliminate the bad effects of having overripe apples go on the market."

Councilmen Are Recalled; Women Rally to Reforms

Medford — The recent city election resulted in a victory for the Citizens' ticket. Councilman Millar in the Third ward was recalled, Dr. Hargrave winning by a vote of 283 to 244, and Councilman Stewart, in the Second ward, was recalled, V. J. Emmerick winning 368 to 300. In a large field Elmer Foss, city recorder, was reelected by a large majority, and G. Samuels was re-elected city treasurer. The other members of the Citizens' ticket elected were T. W. Miles, F. V. Medynski and Col. H. H. Sargent, councilmen. The women lined up throughout the city for the reform ticket. The administration forces threaten to contest the result.

A strong effort will be made, however, to forestall this action.

Maniac Killed in Fight With Asylum Attendant

Salem—Frank E. Wallace, an inmate of the insane asylum, committed from Portland, who gave his occupation as sailor, soldier, salesman and editor, engaged in a battle to death with Oliver Whitney, an attendant. Wallace, it is said, frequently attacked attendants.

While he was polishing the floor in the day ward Whitney approached and asked him a question. Wallace jumped upon the attendant and a rough-and-tumble fight of several minutes resulted. Finally Wallace was thrown to the floor, his abdomen striking the polishing block which he had been using. Other attendants went to the assistance of Whitney, but their help was not required.

Wallace's groans indicated that he had been severely injured and a physician found that several of his ribs had been fractured and that he was injured internally. He lived about two hours.

Smallpox Cases Found.

Portland—Two cases of smallpox of the malignant type have been discovered in St. Johns, a suburb of this city. Considerable complaint has been made about the other alleged case, which is in the family of a Mr. Baker on Willamete boulevard. The son is reported to have smallpox, and the father is going to and from the house. For some time there have been several cases of mild varioloids in St. Johns, but so far they have escaped detection. It is said there are at least four or five cases of this form.

Class Invests In Stock.

Creswell — A new word in practical school spirit and education was spelled here last week when the graduating class of the Creswell high school bought seven shares of stock in the Creswell Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Co-operative association, instead of spending the money for the customary and time honored class pins and rings.

The purchase was made at the celebration of the association's first year of operation when the capital stock of the organization was increased.

Independent Company Complains.

Salem—The Home Independent Telephone company has complained to the State railroad commission that the Co-operative Telephone association had declined to interchange service with it over long distance lines. The Home company asks that the association be compelled to interchange calls and that it establish trunk lines leading to Summerville, Elgin and Cove.

Deputy Turns Trapper; Catches Many Varmints

Gold Hill—New and novel employment for the idle hours of state game wardens may be found in the example set by Deputy Warden Hammersley, stationed at Willow Flat, in a typical Oregon wilderness and hunters' paradise, 20-odd miles north of this city. This warden is adding to the efficacy of game protection by a trapping campaign against predatory animals during the dull winter months, and already has a long list of captured varmints to his credit.

Acting under instructions from State Game Warden Finley, the Willow Flat deputy outfitted with traps and lures last fall, established a 13-mile trap line, and began the campaign which he is now so successfully waging. Each pelt secured is carefully prepared for taxidermy purposes and is shipped to Portland, where it is mounted. These trophies will adorn the state biological collection.

Cheaper Fuel Forecast As Aid to Manufactures

J. C. Turney, of Burns, is of the opinion that the development of the oil prospects in Central Oregon and Harney county will prove a great factor in solving the problem of cheap fuel for factories in Oregon.

"Cheap fuel is the basis of the manufacturing industries, and will be the thing that will give manufacturing the biggest impulse in Oregon within the next few years," he says. "The oil prospects in Central Oregon have not yet been opened up, and thus far the work has been chiefly prospecting, but I am of the opinion that in these fields lies largely the source of the fuel supply from which the state must draw in future."

New Bridge Is Wanted.

Florence—Because the Lane County court will do nothing to replace the bridge through Acme, the people of that town held a mass meeting and adopted resolutions stating the conditions and applying for help from the court. The town is built over a slough and the only means of travel through it is by this bridge, which was built along the county survey by local residents in 1900, and has been maintained by them until the last two years. Now the court has forbidden travel over the walk.

Farmers Ask Police Power.

Eugene—Proposal to initiate a law to give farmers the right to arrest hunters trespassing on their farms was made at a meeting of the Lane County Farmers' Protective association. Members of several of the granges of the county were present at the meeting, and assured the farmers that the grange would be glad to assist. The association was formed for the purpose of getting joint action by the farmers against sportsmen who, without permission, tramp across cultivated ground, or who are careless.

Hoff to Request Fans.

Salem—Labor Commissioner Hoff has issued a ruling that where possible the owners of shingle mills must install ventilating fans in their plants for the removal of dust from air surrounding the operators of shingle machines. Mr. Hoff says that numerous complaints have been made to him by operators, and he has decided that the regulations relating to the machines shall be more rigidly enforced.

SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized phonograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the phonograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

It was growing dark when the rattle of wheels outside the ranch-house brought the occupants to the porch in time to see Nigger Mike halt his buckboard and two figures prepare to descend.

"It's Mr. Speed!" cried Miss Blake. Then she uttered a scream as the velvet darkness was rent by a dozen tongues of flame, while a shrill yelping arose, as of an Apache war-party.

"It's the boys," said Jean. "What on earth has possessed them?"

But Stover had planned no ordinary reception, and the pandemonium did not cease until the men had emptied their weapons.

Then Mr. J. Wallingford Speed came stumbling up the steps and into the arms of his friends, the tails of his dust-coat streaming.

"Really? This is more than I expected," he gasped; then turning, doffed his straw hat to the half-revealed figures beyond the light, and cried, gayly: "Thank you, gentlemen! Thank you for missing me!"

"Yow—ee!" responded the cowboys.

"How do you do, Miss Chapin!" Speed shook hands with his hostess, and in the radiance from the open doorway she saw that his face was round and boyish, and his smile peculiarly engaging.

She welcomed him appropriately; then said: "This reception is quite as startling to us as to you. You know, Mr. Speed, that we have with us a friend of yours." She slightly drew Helen forward. "And this is Mrs. Keap, who is looking after us a bit while mother is away. Roberta, may I present Mr. Covington's friend, and ask you to be good to him?"

"Don't forget me," said Fresno, pushing into the light.

"Mr. Berkeley Fresno, of Leland Stanford University."

"Hello, Frez!" Speed thrust out his hand warmly. Not so the Californian. He replied, with hauteur:

"Fresno! F-r-e-s-n-o;" and allowed the new-comer to grasp a limp, moist hand.

"Ah! Go to the head of the class! I'm sorry you broke your wrist, however." The eastern lad spoke lightly, and gave the palm a hearty sqeeze, then turned to Jean.

"I dare say you are all disappointed, Miss Chapin, that Culver didn't come with me, but he'll be along in a day or so. I simply couldn't wait."

"I did think when you drove up that might be Mr. Covington with you," Miss Chapin remarked, wistfully.

"Oh no, that's my man." Speed glanced around him. "And, by-the-way, where is he?"

The sound of angry voices came through the gloom, then out into the light came Still Bill Stover, Willie, and Carara, dragging between them a globular person who was rebelling loudly.

"Stover, what is this?" questioned Miss Chapin, stepping to the edge of the veranda.

"This gent stampedes in the midst

Had Planned No Ordinary Reception.

of our welcome," explained the foreman, "so we have to rope him before he gets away." It was seen now that Carara's lariat was tightly drawn about the new arrival's waist.

Then the valet broke into coherent speech, but he spoke a tongue not common to his profession.

"Nix on that welcome stuff," he burst forth, in husky, alcoholic accents; "that goes on the door-mat!" It was plain that he was very angry. "If that racket means welcome, I don't want it. Take that clothes-line off of me." Carara loosened the noose, and his captive rolled up the steps mopping his face with his handkerchief.

"What made you run away?" demanded Speed.

"Any time a bunch of bandits unhitch their gats, I'm on my way," sputtered the fat man. "I'm gun-shy, see? And when this hold-up comes off I beat it till that Cuban rummy with the medals on his dicer rides a live horse up my back."

"You don't appreciate the honor," explained his employer; then turning to the others, he announced: "Will you allow me to introduce Mr. Lawrence Glass? He isn't really a valet, you know, Miss Chapin, and he doesn't care for the west yet. It is his first trip."

"I have heard my brother speak of Larry Glass," said Jean, graciously.

Mr. Glass courtesied awkwardly, and swinging his right foot back of

Felt as if a Large Man Was Choking Him.

his left, tapped the floor with his toe.

"You were a trainer at Yale when Jack was there?"

"That's me," Mr. Glass wheezed. "I'm there with the big rub, too. Wally said he was going to train during vacation, so he staked me to a trip out here, and I came along to look after him."

"Come into the house," said Jean. "Stover will see to your baggage."

As they entered, Mr. Berkeley Fresno saw the late arrival bend over Helen Blake, and heard him murmur:

"The same unforgettable eyes of Italian blue."

And Mr. Fresno decided to dislike Wally Speed, even if it required an effort.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was on the following morning that Miss Blake made bold to request her favor from J. Wallingford Speed. They had succeeded in isolating themselves upon the vine-shaded gallery at the rear of the house, and the conversation had been largely of athletics, but this, judging from the rapt expression of the girl, was a subject of surpassing interest. Speed, quick to take a cue, plunged on.

"I would have made the Varsity basket-ball team myself if I hadn't been so tiny," said Helen. "I have always wanted to be tall, like Roberta."

"I shouldn't care for that," said the young man.

"You know she was a wonderful player?"

"So I've heard."

"Do you know," mused Helen, "I have never forgotten what you told me that first day we met. About your friendship for Mr. Covington. I think it is very unselfish of you."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," ventured the young man, vainly racking his brain. "Nobody could help liking Culver."

"Yes; but how many men would step aside and let their best friend win prize after prize and never undertake to compete against him?"

Speed blushed faintly, as any modest man might have done.

"Did I tell you that?" he inquired.

"Indeed you did."

"Then please don't speak of it to a mortal soul. I must have said a great deal that first day, but—"

"But I have spoken of it, and I said I thought it was fine of you."

"You have spoken of it?"

"Yes; I told Jean."

The Yale man undertook to change the conversation abruptly, but Miss Blake was a determined young lady. She continued:

"Of course, it was very magnanimous of you to always step aside in favor of your best friend; but it isn't fair to yourself—it really isn't. And so I have arranged a little plan whereby you can do something to prove your prowess, and still not interfere with Mr. Covington in the least."

Speed cleared his throat nervously.

"Tell me," he said, "what it is."

And Miss Blake told him the story of the shocking treachery of Humpy Joe, together with the miserable undoing of the Flying Heart. "Why, those poor fellows are broken-hearted," she concluded. "Their despair over losing that talking-machine would be if it were not so tragic. I told them you would win it back for them. And you will, won't you? Please!"

"I'll take ten chances," he said. "Where does the raffle come off?"

"Oh, it isn't a raffle, it's a foot-race. You must run with that Centipede cook."

"I! Run a race!" exclaimed the young college man, aghast.

"Yes, I've promised that you would. You see, this isn't like a college event, and Culver isn't here yet."

"But he'll be here in a day or so." Speed felt as if a very large man were choking him; he decided his collar was too tight.

"Oh, I've talked it all over with Jean. She doesn't want Culver to run, anyhow."

"Why not?" inquired he, suspiciously.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"If Miss Chapin doesn't want Culver to run, you surely wouldn't want me to."

"Not at all. If Mr. Covington knew the facts of the case, he would be only too happy to do it. And, you see, you know the facts."

Speed was about to shape a gracious but firm refusal of the proffered honor when Still Bill Stover appeared at the steps, doffed his faded Stetson, and bowed limply.

"Mornin', Miss Blake." To the rear Speed saw three other men—an Indian, tall, swart, and saturnine, who walked with a limp; a picturesque Mexican with a spangled hat and silver spurs, evidently the captor of Lawrence Glass on the evening previous; and an undersized little man with thick-rimmed spectacles and a heavy-hanging holster from which peeped a gun-butt. All were smiling pleasantly, and seemed a bit abashed.

"Good morning, Mr. Stover," said Helen, pleasantly. "This is Mr. Speed, of whom I spoke to you yesterday." Stover bowed again and mumbled something about the honor of this meeting, and Miss Blake cast her eyes over the other members of the group, saying, graciously: "I'm afraid I can't introduce your friends; I haven't met them."

The loquacious foreman came promptly to the rescue, rejoicing in an opportunity of displaying his oratorical gifts.

"Then I'll make you acquainted with the best brandin' outfit in these parts." He waved a long, bony arm at the Mexican, who flashed his white teeth. "This Greaser is Aurelio Maria Carara. Need I say he's Mex, and a preemeer roper?" Carara bowed, and swept the ground with his high-peaked head-piece. "The Maduro gent yonder is Mr. Cloudy. His mother being a Navajo squaw, named him accordin' to the rights and customs of her tribe, selecting the title of Cloudy-but-the-Sun-Shines, which same has proved a misnomer, him bein' a pessimist for fair."

Miss Blake and her companion smiled and nodded, at which Stover, encouraged beyond measure, elaborated.

"He's had a hist'ry, too. When he

"The Four-Eyed Gent Is Willie."

reaches man's real-estate the Injun agent ropes, throws, and hog-ties him, then sends him east to be cultivated. He spends four years kickin' a football—" Speed interrupted, with an exclamation of genuine interest.

"Oh, it's true as gospel," the foreman averred. "When he goes lame in his off leg they ship him back, and in spite of them handicaps he has become one rustlin' savage at a round-up."

"What college did you attend?" inquired Speed, politely. The question fell upon unresponsive ears.

"He don' talk none," Stover explained. "Conversation, which I esteem as a gift devine, is a lost art with him. I reckon he don't average a word a week. What language he did know he has forgot, and what he ain't forgot he distrusts."

Turning to the near-sighted man who had been staring at the college youth meanwhile, the spokesman took a deep breath, and said, simply yet proudly, as if describing the piece de resistance of this exhibition:

"The four-eyed gent is Willie, plain Willie, a born range rider, and the best hip shot this side of the Santa Fe trail!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN LATIN IS ABBREVIATED

Inscription on a Pension Check Proved Difficult to Translate, but Was Finally Solved.

A letter from Maj. William Grebe of Bonner Springs to the Kansas City Star some time ago inquired the meaning of the Latin inscription which adorns the seal on the new pension checks. The inscription runs, "Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil." The major, who has read Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, Horace and a number of other Roman authors, to say nothing of Herodotus and a few of the Greeks, admitted it was beyond him. And small wonder. It was also beyond two high school Latin teachers to whom it was propounded.

Finally a girl of sixteen dug out the meaning. The four Latin words signify "The Seal of the Treasury of North America." All the Latin words are abbreviated in the inscription, and "septent," which was the "sticking point" in the inscription, is not a verb, as one might very easily suppose, but an abbreviated and somewhat unusual adjective meaning north. The first two syllables are a changed form of the Latin word septem, meaning seven. The way "seven" happens to be in an adjective meaning "north" is that the ancients, who were great star gazers, associated the north with the seven stars forming the constellation of the Great Bear.

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