

NEWS OF THE WEEK

General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

Slight earthquake shocks continue in Sicily.

All Americans who will go are now out of Tampico, Mex.

Three thousand Shriners met in annual convocation at Atlanta, Ga.

More railroads are joining the general protest against the anti-trust bill.

Mexican mobs drill in the streets of Mexico City, and try to capture only American left in the city.

Huerta's representatives sailed for Niagara Falls, Canada, to represent Mexico in the peace negotiations.

A tornado killed three persons and did immense damage to crops and farm buildings in Wisconsin and Illinois.

A miniature tidal wave, caused by a storm on Lake Michigan, did much damage along the Chicago lake front.

It is reported that the South American exploring party of Baron Nordenskjold, has been killed by Indians.

The steamer Isthmian has left San Francisco with a cargo for Atlantic ports, and is expected to be allowed to pass through the Panama canal.

A general lockout has been ordered by the Building Trades Employers' association of San Francisco, and 25,000 men will be thrown out of work.

Three thousand miners returned to work in the Illinois coal fields, under a new wage agreement, and 50,000 more are expected to return within a week.

A train robber was shot and captured by detectives on a San Francisco train, after having robbed the passengers of the parlor car of \$500 in money and \$1000 worth of jewelry.

The Supreme Court of the United States has set aside the verdict against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, labor leaders, for contempt of court, declaring the case was outlawed by the statute of limitations.

The Chicago Record-Herald and the Inter-Ocean have been sold and will be merged into one publication.

The interests of the Mexican rebels are being considered in the mediation program, despite their own indifference in the matter.

Roosevelt says he will not be a candidate for anything this fall, but he has nothing to say as to the presidential nomination for 1916.

Roosevelt severely arraigns the Wilson policy on canal tolls and Colombian matter.

Senator Bristow severely criticizes Britain for her stand on the canal tolls question.

More than 700 Methodist pastors will be engaged in a prohibition campaign in California, Oregon and Washington.

General Villa pleads for the lifting of the American embargo on arms as the swiftest, surest and most effective means of ending the revolution.

The Crown Mills, of Portland, installed a dozen hens to pick up the waste about the place, and one of them has already laid a four-ounce egg.

Two persons were killed in Mississippi, a number of others injured and thousands of dollars' damage done to growing crops by storms that swept several Southern states.

American occupation of Vera Cruz has set for the Mexican people an example of sanitation and humanity which they little dreamed of, and has won the hearts of everyone.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 90c; bluestem, 95c; forty-fold, 91c; red Russian, 89c; valley, 90c.

Barley—Feed, \$20.50@21 per ton; brewing, \$22; rolled, \$24@25.

Oats—No. 1 white milling, \$23@23.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$34; cracked, \$35 ton.

Hay—No. 1 Eastern Oregon timothy, \$16@17; mixed hay timothy, \$14@15; valley grain hay, \$12.50@14; alfalfa, \$12@13.50.

Milkfeed—Bran, \$24@24.50 per ton; shorts, \$26.50@27; middlings, \$32@33.

Vegetables—Peppers, 30c per pound; radishes, 17c per dozen; artichokes, 55c@65c per dozen; celery, \$3.75@4.25 crate; spinach, 5c per pound; horse-radish, 50@10c; rhubarb, 14c; asparagus, \$1@1.25 cabbage, 20@21c; peas, 64@66c per pound; beans, 12c; turnips, new, \$1.50 carrots, \$1; parsnips, \$1; beets, \$1.

Green Fruit—Apples, \$1@2.50 per box; strawberries, Oregon, \$2.50@3 per crate.

Potatoes—Oregon, 75c per hundred; buying prices, 60c@60c at shipping points; sweet potatoes, \$2.75@3 per crate; new California, 50c@6c per pound.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, case count, 19c@20c per dozen; candled, 20c.

Poultry—Hens, 17@17c; broilers, 30c; turkeys, live, 19@20c; dressed, choice, 26@27c; ducks, 15@17c; geese, 10@12c.

Butter—Creamery prints, extra, 25c per pound; cubes, 22c.

Pork—Fancy, 10@11c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12@12c per pound.

Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 15@16c per pound; 1914 contracts, 14@15c.

Wool—Valley, 18@20c; Eastern Oregon, 14@19c; mohair, 1914 clip, 27@28c.

Cattle—Prime steers, \$7.50@8.25; choice, \$7.75@8.25; medium, \$7@7.25; choice cows, \$6.50@7; medium, \$6@6.25; heifers, \$6@7.25; light calves, \$8@8.50; heavy, \$6@7.50; bulls, \$6@6.25; stags, \$6@7.50.

Hogs—Light, \$8@8.50; heavy, \$7@7.50.

Sheep—Lamb, wool, \$6@6.50; lambs, sheared, \$5.75@6; wethers, wool, \$5.75@6; wethers, sheared, \$5.25@5.50; ewes, wool, \$4.75@5; ewes, sheared, \$4.25@4.50.

Suffragists by Thousands Bear Petitions to Congress

Washington, D. C.—Several thousand women from practically every state in the Union and representing millions of their sisters, paraded along Pennsylvania avenue from the White House to the Capitol, and presenting to members of congress petitions adopted at meetings all over the country a week ago, made plain their desire that the right to vote be given them.

Five hundred and thirty-one of the marchers carried these petitions, one for each member of the senate and house, and asking the adoption of the Bristol-Mondell resolution, amending the constitution so as to enfranchise women.

The scene after the pageant reached the East steps of the Capitol was impressive. Massing themselves on the plaza steps, and with several bands and a chorus of 100 girls at the entrance to the building, the enthusiastic paraders sang "The March of the Women," by Dr. Ethel Smyth, of England, and heard only once before in this country. The spectacular feature of the demonstration was witnessed by thousands of persons who filled the immense plaza.

The bands then struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and the 531 petition-bearers filed up the steps into the rotunda of the Capitol, where a special committee of congress received them. In the line were Senators La Follette, Thomas, Thompson, Owen, Bristow, Foinsterer and Brady, and Representatives Madden, Sabath, Falconer, Stone, Knowland, Raker, Moss, of West Virginia, Roberts, of Nevada, Helvering, Keating and Bryan, who shook hands with each of their callers. Many of the women then entered the galleries of the senate and house and watched the proceedings.

Crowds assembled along the line of march early and suffrage colors were conspicuous in evidence. The police, desiring to avoid scenes such as marred the demonstration the day before the inauguration of President Wilson, last year, roped off Pennsylvania avenue and kept the crowds orderly. Several hundred policemen walked beside the paraders.

Mexican Peace Impossible Without American Forces

Portland—"Peace in Mexico is impossible," says A. E. Palm, who has just returned from Tampico, "unless the United States steps in and takes complete charge of the country, the same as it did in Cuba and in the Philippines."

"General Huerta would be able to handle the Mexican situation alone if the United States would let him. He is a man of force of character, ability and determination, and contrary to the general understanding in this country—of education. Indeed, he is a well-educated man."

"He is a man of much the same caliber as Porfirio Diaz was."

"It is true that he drinks considerably, but that does not discount his ability. Let him alone a year and he will control the Mexican situation."

Mr. Palm declares that complete self-government cannot be attempted in Mexico until the people are educated up to it. Of the 15,000,000 inhabitants, fully 11,000,000 are illiterate.

"As for Villa," he says, "he is a mere bandit. He is not fit to have charge of the Mexican government or of any part of it."

Two Are Burned to Death Underneath Wrecked Auto

Portland—George Betz, 697 Williams avenue, and Martin McNichols, of 514 Albin avenue, burned to death at 8:30 o'clock Sunday night on the Canyon road west of this city, one mile beyond Sylvan, when an automobile driven by Betz caught fire after plunging over a bank, pinning the two men under the front seat. Howard Franklin and Walter James, a colored porter, who were riding in the back seat, crawled from beneath the wreck before the flames reached them.

Returning from a trip to Vancouver, Wash., Betz met the others in a barber shop. The party started on a ride around town and then out the Canyon road. Tracks at the scene of the accident showed that the car had swerved sharply and shot into a ditch at the left of the road. The overturned car was wedged against a fence and was held by a tree.

Betz and McNichols screamed several minutes before they lost consciousness. The tail light is thought to have caused the fire.

Island Lighthouse Seized.

Mexico City—Foreign Minister Ruiz has telegraphed the South American mediators in Washington that several United States torpedoboats with a transport and tender appeared off the Island of Lobos, on the east coast of Mexico, between Vera Cruz and Tampico, landed a party and arrested the lighthouse tenders, who were released after they had turned over instruments and apparatus. The mediators were asked to make representations to the United States in connection with the armistice.

Nation Charters Three Ships.

New York—On orders received late Monday afternoon from Washington, work was begun to prepare three 5000-ton steamships, chartered by the War department, to transport troops and livestock, presumably for service in the Mexican situation. The vessels are the City of Macon and the City of Memphis, of the Savannah line, and the Minnesota, of the Hawaiian line. The understanding was that the two first named were to be made ready immediately for the transportation of troops.

American Guns Seized at Dublin.

Dublin—The customs authorities seized 20 cases of arms on the steamer Lord Charlemont, from Baltimore. The contents of the cases were described in the invoice as fowling pieces manufactured in the United States.

War Aeroplanes on Way West.

San Diego—Three new war aeroplanes are en route from Eastern aeroplane factories to be put in shape for service with the second detachment of the First Aero corps at North Island.

Potato Crop Is Becoming Important Oregon Product

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—From 500,000 bushels in 1869, the potato crop of Oregon has grown to almost nine millions in 1914. The heaviest increase occurred during the last five years, averaging more than a half million bushels per year. The money value of the crop grew from \$200,000 in 1869 to almost \$8,000,000 last year. The market for good potatoes has held fairly steady and there has been but one really disastrous year, and that was 1912, according to Professor H. D. Scudder, who has issued a new bulletin on growing the potato crop.

A comparison between the average yield in Oregon and the yield of the best potato states in the United States as drawn by the writer of the bulletin, shows Oregon's possibilities in this industry to very great advantage.

While there are a few states that produce a higher yield per acre than Oregon, this fact is attributed to the greater care given the crop in those states. The average yield per acre in the United States was in 1912, 113 bushels per acre, and in Oregon it was 125 bushels per acre. Yields as high as 700 bushels per acre have been obtained in Oregon, and a yield of less than 200 bushels per acre is not considered creditable, except in dry farming.

The factors of soil, climate, culture and seed selection are dealt with in a most helpful manner in the potato bulletin—Extension series 2, No. 16—and farmers who grow potatoes should send to R. D. Hetzel, director of Extension, O. A. C. Corvallis, for a copy.

Eighteen Cattle Suffering From Hydrophobia Killed

Baker—Reports of hydrophobia among cattle on Lower Burnt river, more serious than any which have yet been received, were brought here by Elton Sisley, a rancher near Weatherby, who says that in the last few days farmers have been forced to destroy 18 cattle infected with rabies.

So serious is the condition, Mr. Sisley said, that those driving through the Lower Burnt river canyon hesitate about doing so without being armed, as infuriated cattle encountered on the narrow road make travel dangerous. One valuable bull belonging to Albert Hindman was killed Sunday. The animal was first found attacking a thorn bush. It tried to drink, and finally got its head down to the water, and finally dashed madly at a sand bank. It was frothing at the mouth when killed, and on its flanks were found the imprint of a bite from a coyote or dog.

A rancher driving through the canyon Sunday met a cow which dashed at the team, causing the horses to run away.

Mr. Sisley says none of the farmers in that section believe the malady is anything other than hydrophobia.

State Survey Will Be Big Help in Marketing

University of Oregon, Eugene—A survey of industrial and commercial conditions in Oregon is about to be undertaken by the State University.

This vast and important work has been assigned to the University by the board of higher curriculum, and will be done under the school of commerce, which will be opened in connection with the State University next September.

Harry B. Miller, of Portland, former consul general to China, will be chairman of a board of nine advisers, composed of prominent Oregon business men, who will make suggestions for this survey. The nine advisers follow:

Rail Project Meets Aid From Coos Bay Citizens

Roseburg—J. W. Perkins, chairman of the Roseburg Railroad committee, has received assurances that the Coos Bay citizens would back up the Roseburg project to construct a railroad from Roseburg to tidewater on Coos Bay.

This aid from Coos county will be substantial, for they promise, if Roseburg will raise \$300,000, that the three Coos county towns will raise \$400,000. This will make a grand total of \$700,000, and the remainder of the money needed will be sought by sale of bonds in the East.

A transcontinental road could connect with the proposed Roseburg-Coos Bay line by building from Eastern Oregon through the Diamond Lake pass. This pass, 80 miles from here, is by far the lowest in the Cascades, and is open to the North Umpqua river, which heads in Diamond Lake.

May 1st Crop Report, Oregon and United States

	Oregon	U. S.
Winter Wheat—Planted area, 1914, pr. ct.	23	3.1
Remaining to harvest, acres	622,000	35,400,000
Condition May 1, 1914, pr. ct.	96	95.9
Condition May 1, 1913, pr. ct.	96	95.5
Forecast from report, bush.	12,300,000	63,000,000
Estimated yield, 1913, bush.	12,300,000	63,000,000

By—
Condition May 1, 1914, pr. ct. 99 89.4
Condition May 1, 1913, pr. ct. 99 89.4
Middling (for hay) 99 90.9
Condition May 1, 1914, pr. ct. 96 88.1
Condition May 1, 1913, pr. ct. 96 88.1
Pastures—
Condition May 1, 1914, pr. ct. 100 88.3
Condition May 1, 1913, pr. ct. 95 85.6
Barnyard—
Per cent done May 1, 1914, pr. ct. 87 70.9
Per cent done May 1, 1913, pr. ct. 82 66.6
Sheep—
Per cent done May 1, 1914, pr. ct. 75 56.4
Per cent done May 1, 1913, pr. ct. 79 54.6

Tons old crop May 1, 1914, pr. ct. 173,000 7,830,000
Tons old crop May 1, 1913, pr. ct. 200,000 8,200,000
Tons old crop May 1, 1912, pr. ct. 192,000 7,474,000

Bridge Pier Borings On.

Vancouver, Wash.—Borings for the foundations for the piers for the interstate bridge have begun in the Columbia slough, the work being completed in Oregon slough. There had already been found at a depth of 109 feet on the north side and 112 feet on the south side. The bedrock was found at 35 feet on the Washington side and 30 feet on the Oregon side, and as deep as 115 feet on the Oregon side, where the sand had been carried by the water below the jetty at the head of Hayden Island.

Shearing Season Opens.

Baker—Sheep shearing has started on a large scale in the John Day country. The season is somewhat earlier than usual, because of the mild spring. The Sels & Ashford shearing plant at John Day started operations to shear 20,000 sheep. A. R. Buchanan, who has been buying in that district, has acquired several large flocks and will take 25,000 sheep to John Day for shearing.

Other sheeps in Grant county all expect to be shearing within a few days.

Roseburg Plans Railway.

Roseburg—A resolution was adopted at a mass meeting of 500 citizens sanctioning the authorization of \$300,000 city bonds to build a railroad to the Coast, Coos Bay preferably. R. C. Smith, of Grants Pass, was chief speaker, and from his experience at Grants Pass, advised Roseburg to follow in the steps of the Southern city. He favored the city building the railroad.

Wasco Voters Total 4695.

The Dalles—The total registration in Wasco county is 4695, compared with 3219 in 1912. The Republicans lead the Democrats slightly better than two to one, 2964 to 1317. The total registration by parties follows: Republicans, 2964; Democrats, 1317; Progressives, 72; Independents, 106; Prohibitionists, 149; Socialists, 87. Total, 4695.

Linn Registration Is 8393.

Albany—The total registration of Linn county for the primaries is 8393. The voters registered are divided among the various political parties as follows: Republican, 4241; Democratic, 2733; Prohibition, 709; Socialist, 253; Progressives, 92; Independent or no party, 325; miscellaneous, 9; refused to give political affiliations, 18.

Bayer to Sell Cattle in Alaska.

La Grande—J. D. McKennon, a horse and cattle buyer, is buying cattle and horses which he will market in Alaska. This is the first time that a local buyer has undertaken the marketing of his own purchases directly to their consumers, and the undertaking will be watched with interest.

GOING SOME



A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION BY REX BEACH SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG Illustrated by Edgar Bert Smith

Copyright 1910 by Harper & Brothers

SYNOPSIS. Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot race with the Centipede ranch. A loose party is on at the Flying Heart, and the Centipede cowboy, inter-collegiate champion runner, at the expense of his own health, induces Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't give her the photo, she will induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't give her the photo, she will induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Say, what is all this fuss about? I don't want to be smuggled anywhere, thank you."

"I may not be able to square my men," Chapin reiterated. "It may have gone too far."

"Square! Square! Why should you do any squaring? I'm not going to run away." Miss Blake clasped her hands and breathed a sigh. "I've got to stay here and run a footrace to-morrow."

"Don't be a fool, Wally!" Covington added his voice to the others. "I've squared myself. I don't need your advice—convict!" The champion hobbled instantly out of range. "I know what I'm doing. I'm going to run to-morrow, and I stand a good chance to win."

Mr. Fresno, if he had been a girl, would have been said to have giggled. "All right, dearie! I'll bet you five hundred dollars—no, as there emerged from the darkness, when they had approached unseen, Stover, and behind him the other men."

"Evening! What's all the excitement?" greeted the leader, softly.

The master of the ranch stepped forward.

"See here, Bill, I'm sorry, but I won't stand for this footrace."

"Why not?" queried the foreman.

"I just won't, that's all. You'll have to let it off."

"I'm sorry, too."

"You refuse?" The owner spoke ominously.

"You bet he does!" Wally pushed himself forward. "This footrace is ordained, and it comes off on time. I make bold to inquire if you're talkin' for our runner?"

"Gentlemen, I can only say to you that for myself I want to run!" declared Speed.

"Then you'll run."

"I refuse to allow it," Chapin declared, and instantly there was an angry murmur; but before it could take definite shape, Speed spoke up with equal decisiveness.

"You can't refuse to let me run. Jack, there are reasons"—he searched Miss Blake's countenance—"why I must run—and win. And win I shall!"

Turning, he stalked away into the darkness, and there followed him a shout of approbation from the ranchmen.

Jack Chapin threw up his hands.

"I've done my best."

"The man's mad!" cried Covington, but Fresno was nearer the truth.

"Nothing of the sort," he remarked, and struck a match; "he's bluffing!"

As for Helen Blake, she shook her fair head and smiled into the night.

"You are all wrong," she said. "I know!"

CHAPTER XVI.

HE day of the race dawned bright and fair, without a cloud to mar its splendor. As the golden morning wore on, a gradual excitement became apparent among the cowboys, increasing as the hours passed, and as they prepared with joy to invade their rival's territory; nevertheless, the vigilant watch upon their champion did not relax.

It was some time after midnight that Lawrence Glass had been the denizens of the ranch out in night apparel. Jack Chapin, awakened by a cry for help, had found him in the hands of Carara and Cloudy, who had

been doing night duty in accordance with Stover's orders. What with the trainer's loud complaints, the excited words of his captors, and the confusion resulting when the bunk-house emptied itself of men half clad, it had taken the ranch-owner some time to discover that Glass had been surprised in the act of escaping. It seemed that the sentries, seeing a figure skulking past the white adobe walls of the house, had called upon it to halt. There had been a dash for liberty, then a furious struggle before the intruder's identity became clear, and but for Chapin's prompt arrival upon the scene violence would inevitably have resulted.

"I tell you, I'm walkin' in my sleep," declared Glass for the twentieth time, "Caramba! You try for get away," stormed the Mexican. "Pigt!"

"Not a bit like it! I've been a nonambulator ever since I'm a baby."

"Why didn't you answer when we called?" Cloudy demanded.

"How can I talk when I'm sound asleep?"

"If you couldn't hear us call, why did you run?"

"Now have a little sense, pal. A sleep-walker don't know what he's doin'."

"Since there's no harm done, you'd better all go back to bed," Chapin advised. "Mr. Glass has the liberty of the ranch, boys, night or day, asleep or awake."

"Looks to me like he was tryin' to 'clap some,'" Stover balanced upon one bare foot, and undertook to remove a sand-burr from the other. In the darkness he seemed supernatural tall, so that Glass hastened to strengthen his story.

"I was walkin' in my sleep as nice as you please when those rummies 'ep' on me. Say! You know that's dangerous; you can kill a guy walkin' him up so sudden."

"There's easier ways than that," spoke Wille from the gloom.

"It's a yep trick just the same. I was in the middle of a swell dream, too."

"Come, come, Stover, get your boys back to bed! We'll have the whole ranch up with this noise."

Chapin himself led Glass around the house, while that gentleman made no offer to explain the dream which had prompted him to pack his suitcase before letting himself out of the training quarters. Once safely back in the gymnasium, he sat up till

Over at the Centipede there was a great activity and yet a certain idleness also, as if it had been a holiday. The men hung about in groups listening to the peripatetic photographer. A dozen or more outsiders had ridden over from the post-office to witness the contest. Out by the corral, which stood close to the first break of the foothills, Skinner was superintending the laying out of a course, selecting a stretch of level ground worn smooth and hard by the tread of countless hoofs.

"Makes a pretty good track, eh?" he said to Gallagher. "I wonder how fast this fellow is? Ever heard?"

"They seem to think he's a whirlin' ball of fire, but that don't worry you none, does it?" Gallagher bent his leaden eyes upon the cock, who shrugged carelessly and Gallagher smiled; he was forced to admit that his man did not appear to be one easily frightened. Skinner's face was hard, his lips thin, his jaw was not that of a weakling. He had dressed early, then wrapped a horse-blanket about his shoulders, and now, casting this aside, sprinted down the dirt track for a few yards to test the footing, while Gallagher watched him with satisfaction—a thing of steel and wire, as tough, as agile, and as spirited as a range-raised cow-pony. He was unshaven, his running-trunks were cut from a pair of overalls, held up at the waist by a section of window-cord, and his chest was scantily covered by an undershirt from which the sleeves had been pulled. But when he returned to pick up his blanket Gallagher noted approvingly that he was not even breathing heavily. With a knowledge confined mainly to livestock, the foreman inquired:

"How's your legs? I like to see 'em hairy, that-way; it's a sign of strength. I bet this collier boy is as pink as a maiden's palm! He don't look to me like he could run."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daily Thought.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Richard.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts! Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

shall I do about them? I can see what they want to say, and yet I daren't let either speak a word."

"Mrs. Keap, are you sure Culver loves you?"

"Horribly! And he suspects the truth. I saw him change the moment he found me here." Roberta began to weep; two limpid tears stole down her cheeks, she groped for a chair, and Wally hastened to her assistance. As he supported her, she gave way completely and bowed her head upon his shoulder.

It was in perfect keeping with the luck of things that Miss Blake should enter at the moment. She had come with Jack and his sister to inquire regarding the fitness of her champion and to nerve him for the contest, and stood agape. Chapin stepped forward with a look of suspicion, inquiring:

"What's going on here?"

Miss Blake spoke brightly, tinkling like ice in her voice.

"There's no necessity for an explanation is there? It seems time for congratulations."

"Oh, see here now! Mrs. Keap's really engaged to Culver, you know."

"Culver!"

Both the young ranchman and his sister stared at the chaperon with growing horror, while she undertook to explain; but the blow had fallen so swiftly that her words were incoherent, and in the midst of them her hostess turned and fled from the room.

"Now don't begin to aviate until you understand the truth," Speed continued. "While she's engaged to that broken-toed serpent, she doesn't love him, do you see?" He smiled.

"It was simply a habit Mrs. Keap had got into—I should say it was an impulsive engagement that she has repented of."

"Why don't you see she was repenting when we interrupted you," said Miss Blake, bitterly.

Then Chapin added, helplessly: "But Culver is engaged to my sister Jean!"

"Jean!" Mrs. Keap exposed her tragic face. "Then—he deceived me! Oh—! What wretches men are! The widow commenced to sob.

Outside came Miss Chapin's voice: "So here you are, Mr. Covington!" And the next moment she reappeared, dragging the crippled champion behind her. Thrusting him toward Roberta, she pouted: "There, Mrs. Keap! I give him back to you."

"Perhaps you'd better go on with your explanation," Chapin suggested, coldly, to Speed.

"How can I when you won't listen to me? Hear ye! Hear ye! Culver was engaged to marry Mrs. Keap, but she discovered what a reprobate he is—"