

# NEWS OF THE WEEK

## General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

Oregon pioneers held their forty-second annual reunion in Portland.

Santa Clara, the first private ship, has passed through the Panama canal.

Pastors at St. Johns, Or., condemn the film depicting "The House of Bondage" story.

A new dance called "Lulufuro" has been introduced in New York. It is of Portuguese origin.

John F. Weyerhaeuser succeeds his father as president of the Weyerhaeuser Timber company.

The British steamer *Hypford* is ashore at Fregazpi, Philippine Islands, and is in dangerous condition.

Washington government officials characterize the Mexican mediation situation as extremely delicate.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo asks congress for more authority in seeking out income tax dodgers.

A Japanese aviator in Los Angeles, to avoid service of a lien on his machine, took to the air and escaped.

Colonel Roosevelt is attacked by a bad chill in England as a direct result of jungle fever contracted in the wilds of Brazil.

Frederick Augustus Heinze, copper man, once reported as multi-millionaire, is reported dying at his home in New York.

Harry C. Baseler, of St. Louis, expiating teller of the Third National bank, sentenced June 11, 1913, to five years' imprisonment for embezzling \$15,000 from the bank, has obtained his freedom.

General Carranza has advised Villa's agent at El Paso, Tex., that the difficulty between himself and Villa has been adjusted by Carranza giving his permission to Villa to proceed south to Mexico City.

Seven society women in Medford, Or., consented to give 150 square inches of skin from their bodies to save the life of Sarah Green, aged three years, who was severely burned while playing with matches.

Premier Asquith has consented to receive a delegation of militant suffragettes. Sylvia Pankhurst's attempt to begin a hunger strike on the steps of the house of commons is said to be the reason for the premier's acceptance of the demand.

Servia has warned the Porte that she would not be able to remain on friendly terms with Turkey in the event of a war with Greece.

Assertions by James Francis Galway, a quartermaster, that the Empress of Ireland did not steer well; that her wheel "jammed" only a few hours before the collision which sent her to the bottom of the St. Lawrence river, and a denial of these statements by officers of the lost Canadian Pacific liner, were the cardinal points in the testimony heard by the Dominion commission investigating the wreck.

Charges of cruelty to Indian children, misuse of money belonging to Indians and other severe complaints have been filed against Thomas B. Wilson, superintendent of the Round Valley Reservation Indian school, of Mendocino county, California.

A sweeping investigation of the relations between the Nicaraguan government and American bankers interested in that republic and the part the State department may have played in Nicaraguan affairs probably will be undertaken by the senate foreign relations committee in the near future.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 85c per bushel; bluestem, 88c; forty-fold, 86c; red Russian, 84c; valley, 85c.

Milled—Bran, \$23.50@24 per ton; shorts, \$23.50@27; middlings, \$32@33.

Hay—Choice timothy, \$16@17 per ton; mixed timothy, \$12@15; valley grain hay, \$11@13; alfalfa, \$11@12.50.

Barley—Feed, \$20@21 per ton; brewing, \$21.50@22.

Vegetables—Cucumbers, \$1 @ 1.25 per box; eggplant, 15c per pound; peppers, 20@25c; radishes, 15@17c per dozen; head lettuce, \$1.75 per crate; artichokes, 65@75c per dozen; celery, \$3.50@4 per crate; tomatoes, \$1.50@4.50; spinach, 5c per pound; horseradish, 10@12c; rhubarb, 2@3c; cabbage, 1c; asparagus, \$1@1.50 per dozen; peas, 5@7c per pound; beans, 7@12c; corn, 40@50c doz.

Green Fruits—Apples, \$1.50@2 per box; strawberries, 75@85c; per crate; cherries, 40@10c per pound; apricots, \$1.25 per box; cantaloupes, \$1.50@2.25 per crate; peaches, \$1.25 per box; plums, \$1.25; watermelons, 2@2.50 per pound; loganberries, 75c per crate.

Potatoes—Oregon, 90@91 per cwt; Sack Vegetables—Turnips, new California, \$1.25; carrots, \$1.50; beets, \$1.50.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, case count, 21@22 per dozen; candled, 23 @25c.

Poultry—Hens, 13@13.5c per pound; broilers, 18c; turkeys, live, 20@21c; dressed, choice, 25@26c; ducks, 10c; geese, 8@9c.

Butter—Creamery prints, extra, 27c per pound; cubes, 22@24c.

Pork—Fancy, 10@10.5c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12@12.5c per pound.

Hops—1913 crop, prime and choice, 14@16c per pound; 1914 contracts, 14 @15.5c.

Wool—Valley, 20@23.5c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 16@20c; mohair, 19.14 clip, 27@28c.

Cattle—Prime steers, \$7.75@8; choice, \$7.25@7.50; medium, 7@7.25; choice cows, \$6.50@7; medium, \$6@6.25; heifers, \$6.50@7.25; calves, \$7 @8; bulls, \$4@6.25; stags, \$5.50@7.

Hogs—Light, \$7.50@8.50, heavy, 6.50@7.05.

Sheep—Wethers, \$4.20@4.80; ewes, \$3.25@4.25; yearling lambs, \$4.50@5; spring lambs, \$5.50@6.

## Seceding Miners Have Launched New Union

Butte, Mont.—Seceders from the Western Federation of Miners Monday launched an independent miners' union, rejecting peace overtures of President Moyer and associates and electing as temporary president M. McDonald.

There is little hope of compromising the two factions, and with the issues sharply drawn an open breach is expected within a few days. Federation officials threaten to import miners to fulfill the contracts with the operating mining companies.

The mass meeting Sunday was attended by 5000 miners. All voting was done by acclamation, the officers addressing the assembly through megaphones. The report of the executive committee, in whose hands had been left the drafting of the insurgents' policy, was adopted without change. It provided for the eventual formation of a permanent organization. Temporary headquarters will be established and an assessment of 50 cents a month levied. The membership roll is open.

No official recognition was taken of the Western Federation. President Moyer had no representatives present to offer compromise and his apparent advances in asking for the resignation of all local Miners union officials did not win even consideration from the insurgents.

## Man Feeding Lions Is Virtually Torn to Pieces

Chicago—Emerson D. Dietrich, 26 years old, a graduate of Cornell university, was torn to shreds Monday by five lions, whose cage he had entered to feed them. They virtually ate him alive.

There were ten lions in the freight car on a sidetrack in the heart of the city. In the excitement, thousands of persons returning from a day's outing were thrown into panic by information that some of the lions had escaped and were being pursued by rifle squads from the nearby police stations and the Union stockyards.

Notwithstanding the danger, immense crowds surrounded the scene of the tragedy until driven to safety by the police, who had been hastily summoned from every direction.

While Dietrich was making his brief and losing fight for life in the teeth and claws of the ferocious beasts, five lion cubs each about the size of a young wolf hound, leaped from the car and tried to slip away. George McCord, keeper of the animals, realizing the peril to the crowds on every side, devoted all his energies to returning them to the car. This he accomplished.

## Colombian Lobby to Be Investigated by Congress

Washington, D. C.—Part of the opposition to the ratification of the treaty that proposes to apologize to Colombia and pay that nation \$25,000,000, besides making concessions as to rights in the Panama canal that the United States itself does not enjoy, will center around the recent activities of Consular General Escobar, of Colombia. Senator Borah, of Idaho, and Senator Smith, of Michigan, will be active in opposing the ratification of this treaty, have been supplied with copies of the literature being sent out to influence the press and with evidence of other lobbying work by the Colombian representatives.

## Thrift Congress Urged

Washington, D. C.—The American Society for Thrift has requested a hearing before the senate committee on appropriations for the purpose of explaining the need of an appropriation of \$50,000 for the holding of an international congress for thrift at San Francisco during the Panama-Pacific exposition. S. W. Straus, of Chicago, president of the society, will present the argument in behalf of the proposition. Great Britain already has expressed its determination to be represented at the meeting.

## Rocks Are Sold as Lava

Red Bluffs, Cal.—Young boys of Red Bluff have commercialized the keen interest in the volcanic disturbances at Mount Lassen on the part of travelers passing through here from Monday they sold small rocks from the Southern Pacific round-belted market "lava" as samples from the crater for 10 cents each.

A woman bought one boy's whole stock and asked for more. The lad scamped down the track, filled his pockets, told the woman they had just been obtained and received \$1.50.

## Letters to Be Printed

Tokio—Japan and the United States have arranged to publish simultaneously at Tokio and Washington some time in the near future the text of the correspondence bearing on the California anti-alien land act, according to announcement here. Foreign Minister Kato probably will speak on this subject at the special session of the diet. The diet will also take under discussion naval construction credits.

## Rose Reaches Far Alaska

Fairbanks, Alaska—Planting of an Oregon rose bush sent here by Queen Thelma, of the Portland festival, was the opening feature at midnight of the annual festival of the midnight sun. The midnight baseball game was played after the rose planting ceremony. The celebration will close with a masked parade, public entertainment and dance.

## Hope for 104 Men Gone

Hillcrest, Alberta—Although a large force of workers continued clearing away the debris in mine No. 20, where 195 miners were entombed by an explosion last Friday, no additional bodies have been recovered. Ninety-one bodies, corrected figures show, have been removed. Hope of rescuing alive any of the 104 miners still in the mine has been abandoned.

## Oregon Compensation Act Is Operative July First

Salem—When the workmen's compensation act becomes fully operative July 1, approximately 4000 employers and 40,000 workmen will come under its provisions, according to Commissioners Beckwith, Marshall and Babcock. It is estimated that this will be about 85 per cent of the employers of Oregon to which the act will be directly applicable, and a little more than 90 per cent of all the workmen engaged in industries subject to the act.

The daily mail of the State Industrial Accident Commission, which is charged with the administration of the law, during the past month has furnished evidence of the growth of favorable sentiment toward the measure, the commissioners say. About 400 employers who had previously rejected the act filed written notice of their intention to come under its protection July 1. The compensation law became effective after its indorsement by the people at the last general election, and the commission attempted to put it into immediate operation. In a test case the Supreme court held that the insurance features were not operative until July 1. The commission then started compiling a complete list of employers who would be affected. For several months two members of the commission and three auditors have been traveling throughout the state and to mistake stupidity in its offices in Salem a formidable list of industries with details regarding the location of plants, nature of business, number of men employed, average daily wage and other data.

Information regarding hospitals, location, capacity, number of nurses, physicians, equipment, etc., that will be necessary in the administration of the first-aid provisions also has been compiled.

After July 1 the accounting department will employ five persons—three bookkeepers, one general clerk and one stenographer—whose duties it will be to keep the accounts of all contributors to the industrial accident fund. It will be necessary, the commissioners say, to keep 4000 independent ledger records, showing the amounts of contributions by employer and workman, expenditures for first aid, time lost, and, in case of death, the amount set aside to guarantee payment of pensions.

## Loganberries Make Good Flavoring and Beverage

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Loganberries, that are now beginning to ripen on the vine, make one of the most excellent juices for beverage and flavoring purposes of any of the fruits and berries of the Coast. An extended series of experiments conducted by Professor C. I. Lewis, head of the Horticultural department, O. A. C., showed that there are several different methods that give very excellent results but that a few are decidedly superior to the others. Results secured in these experimental tests indicate that there are two ways by which the true flavor of the loganberry can best be preserved.

The first of these is by the use of small amounts of sugar in connection with heating the juice to a temperature of 200 degrees to 212 degrees F. While this temperature closely approximates the boiling point the juice should be allowed in no case to boil.

The second method secured excellent results by using varying amounts of sugar and varying degrees of heat. In both cases four or five pounds of sugar per gallon of juice gave the best results where flavor and appearance only were considered.

## Rate Cut Not Allowed by State Railway Commission

Eugene—Bonuses such as flat iron may be given away by the Oregon Power company to gain and hold customers, but it cannot be allowed to cut rates contrary to schedules filed in order to meet the competition of the municipal plant, providing the city will file, within ten days, that part of its schedule of rates which was not already filed with the commission as evidence. This was the decision of the State Railroad commission, rendered June 6, but not mailed to the parties involved until recently. Both parties express satisfaction with the decision.

## Public Market Favored

Oregon City—A public market here, to be held twice a week, looks to be a reasonable possibility, as the result of a meeting of the Board of Trade. The board includes the leading merchants of the city. All members favored the project, the grocers supporting it as heartily as the farmers who spoke. A committee will wait on the council and ask that a portion of some convenient street be set aside, where sheds may be erected to accommodate the supplies brought to the market. This request is expected to be granted.

## Hatchery Will Be Enlarged

Hood River—"The State Game and Fish commission will enlarge the Mackenzie River hatchery and establish a broodery for trout there," says B. E. Duncan, a member of the board, who returned from a two weeks' trip on the Mackenzie and Blue rivers.

"We have been failing to secure sufficient trout eggs for our restocking needs for several years past," says Mackenzie brood fish will be used for this purpose." Mr. Duncan declares the party failed to get any good fish on account of the stormy weather.

## Skin for Child Sought

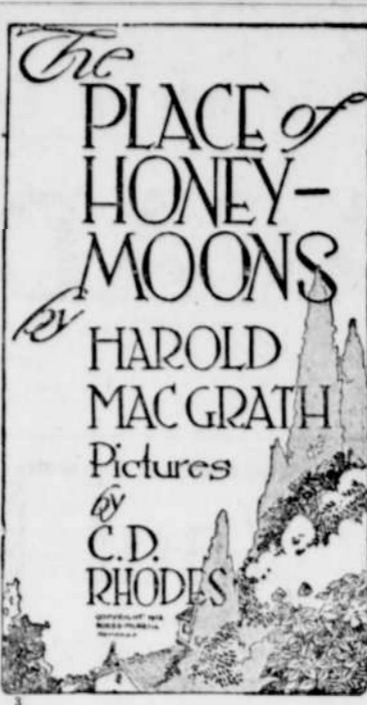
Medford—To save the life of Sarah Green, 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Green, of the 401 ranch, the physician in charge has asked for women volunteers to give small portions of skin to be grafted on the burned portions of the child's flesh. The child was burned badly a week ago while playing with matches and is in a precarious condition. Only a small portion of skin will be taken from each person.

## Deal Made for Buildings

Roseburg—A deal was consummated here Wednesday, when 39 local bondholders in the Provident Trust company of Portland took over the Umpqua hotel and three store buildings across the street from the hotel. The buildings were erected by the Provident Trust company a year ago at a cost of \$125,000. The deed for the hotel arrived here and is being held in trust pending the formation of a stock company.

## Two Outlaw Horses Captured

Pendleton—Two newly discovered and unriden-outlaw horses, captured on the range in the wilds of the John Day country, have been purchased by the Pendleton Roundup association and have been turned into the park to await the Roundup in September.



## CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Oh, stubborn Dutchman that he had been! Blind fool! To have run away instead of fighting to the last ditch for his happiness! The Desimone woman was right; it had taken him a long time to come to the conclusion that she done him an ill turn. His jaw set, and the pressure of his lips broke the sweep of his mustache, converting it into bristling tufts, warlike and resolute.

What of the pretty woman in the Tavern Royal? What about her? At whose bidding had she followed him? One or the other of them had not told the truth, and he was inclined to believe that the preparation had its source in the pomegranate lips of the Calabrian. To give the old barb one more twist, to learn if his venomous point still held and hurt; nothing would have afforded the diva more delight.

When the taxicab joined the long line of carriages and automobiles opposite the Austrian ambassador's, Courtlandt awoke to the dismal and disquieting fact that he had formulated no plan of action. He had done no more than to give the driver his directions; and now that he had arrived, he had the choice of two alternatives. He could wait to see her come out or return at once to his hotel, which, as subsequent events affirmed, would have been the more sensible course. He would have been confronted with small difficulty in gaining admission to the house. He knew enough of these general receptions; the announcing of his name would have conveyed nothing to the host, who knew perhaps a third of his guests, and many of these but slightly. But such an adventure was distasteful to Courtlandt. He could not overstep certain recognized boundaries of convention, and to enter a man's house unasked was colossal impudence. Beyond this, he realized that he could have accomplished nothing; the advantage would have been hers. Nor could he meet her as she came out, for again the odds would have been largely in her favor. No, the encounter must be what they were alone. She must be surprised. She must have no time to use her ready wit. An idea presented itself. It appeared to him at that moment as quite clever and feasible.

"Wait!" he called to the driver.

He divined among the carriages and cars, and presently he found what he sought—her limousine. He had taken the number into his mind too keenly to be mistaken. He saw the end of his difficulties; and he went about the affair with his usual directness. It was only at rare times that he ran his head into a cul-de-sac. If her chauffeur was regularly employed in her service, he would be a Frenchman; there was hope. Every man is said to have his price, and a French chauffeur might prove no notable exception to the rule.

"Are you driver for Madame de Toscana?" Courtlandt asked of the man lounging in the forward seat.

"The chauffeur looked hard at his questioner, and on finding that he satisfied the requirements of a gentleman, grumbled an affirmative. The limousine was well known in Paris, and he was growing weary of these endless inquiries.

"Are you in her employ directly, or do you come from the garage?"

"I am from the garage, but I drive mademoiselle's car most of the time, especially at night. It is not madame but mademoiselle, monsieur."

"My mistake. A slight pause. It was rather a difficult moment for Courtlandt. The chauffeur waited wonderingly. "Would you like to make five hundred francs?"

"How, monsieur?"

Courtlandt should have been warned by the tone, which contained no unusual interest or eagerness.

"Permit me to remain in mademoiselle's car till she comes. I wish to ride with her to her apartment."

The chauffeur laughed. He stretched his legs. "Thanks, monsieur. It is very dull waiting. Monsieur knows a good joke."

And to Courtlandt's dismay he realized that his proposal had truly been acceded to as a jest.

"I am not joking. I am in earnest. Five hundred francs. On the word of a gentleman I mean mademoiselle no harm. I am known to her. All she has to do is to appeal to you, and you can stop the car and summon the police."

The chauffeur drew in his legs and leaned toward his tempter. "Monsieur, if you are not jesting, then you are a madman. Who are you? What do I know about you? I never saw you before, and for two seasons I have driven mademoiselle in Paris. She wears beautiful jewels tonight. How do I know that you are not a gentlemanly

thief? Ride home with mademoiselle! You are crazy. Make yourself scarce, monsieur; in one minute I shall call the police."

"Blockhead!"

English of this order the Frenchman perfectly understood. "La, la!" he cried, rising to execute his threat.

Courtlandt was furious, but his fury was directed at himself as much as at the trustworthy young man getting down from the limousine. His eagerness had led him to mistake stupidity for cleverness. He had gone about the affair with all the clumsiness of a boy who was making his first appearance at the stage entrance. It was mightily disconcerting, too, to have found an honest man when he was in desperate need of a dishonest one. He had faced with fine courage all sorts of dangerous wild animals; but at this moment he hadn't the courage to face a policeman and endeavor to explain, in a foreign tongue, a situation at once so delicate and so singularly open to misconception. So, for the second time in his life he took to his heels.

At the first time, more anon. He scrambled back to his own car, slammed the door, and told the driver to drop him at the Grand. However, he did not return to the hotel.

Mademoiselle da Toscana's chauffeur scratched his chin in perplexity. In frightening off his tempter he recognized that now he would never be able to find out who he was. He should have played with him until mademoiselle came out. She would have known instantly. That would have been the time for the police. To hide in the car! What the devil! Only a madman would have offered such a proposition. The man had been either an American or an Englishman, for all his accuracy in the tongue. Bah! Perhaps he had heard her sing that night, and had come away from the Opera, moonstruck. It was not an isolated case. The fools were always pestering him, but no one had ever offered so uncommon a bribe; five hundred francs. Mademoiselle might not believe that part of the tale. Mademoiselle was clever. There was a standing agreement between them that she would always give him half of whatever was offered him in the way of bribes. It paid. It was easier to sell his loyalty to her for two hundred and fifty francs than to betray her for five hundred. She had yet to find him untruthful, and tonight he would be as frank as he had always been.

But who was this fellow in the Bavarian hat, who patrolled the sidewalk? He had been watching him when the madman approached. For an hour or more he had walked up and down, never going twenty feet beyond the limousine. He couldn't see the face. The long dark coat had a military cut about the hips and shoulders. From time to time he saw him glance up at the lighted windows. Eh, well; there were other women in the world besides mademoiselle, several others.

He had to wait only half an hour for her appearance. He opened the door and saw to it that she was comfortably seated; then he paused by the window, touching his cap.

"What is it, Francois?"

"A gentleman offered me five hundred francs, mademoiselle, if I would permit him to hide in the car."

"Five hundred francs? To hide in the car? Why didn't you call the police?"

"I started to, mademoiselle, but he ran away."

"Oh! What was he like?"

The prima donna dropped the bunch of roses on the seat beside her.

"Oh, he looked well enough. He had the air of a gentleman. He was tall, with light hair and mustache. But as I had never seen him before, and as mademoiselle wore some fine jewels, I had him be off."

"Would you know him again?"

"Surely mademoiselle."

"The next time anyone bothers you, call the police. You have done well, and I shall remember it. Home."

The man in the Bavarian hat hurried back to the third car from the limousine, and followed at a reasonable safe distance.

She shut off the light and closed her eyes. She reclined against the cushion once more, striving not to think. Never, her hands shut tightly. Never, never! She pressed down the burning thoughts by recalling the bright

scenery at the ambassador's, the real generous applause that had followed her two songs. Ah, how that mad Paderewski played! They two had cost the ambassador, eight thousand francs. Fame and fortune! Fortune she could understand; but fame! What was it? Upon a time she believed she had known what fame was; but that had been when she was striving for it. A glowing article in a newspaper, a portrait in a magazine, rows upon rows of curious eyes and a patter of hands upon hands; that was all; and for this she had given the best of her life, and she was only twenty-five.

The limousine stopped at last. The man in the Bavarian hat saw her alight. His car turned and disappeared.

"Leave the Room, or I Will Shoot!"

never knew how long the interval of silence was. She stirred slowly.

"Yes, it is I!" said the man.

Instantly she turned again to the mantel and picked up a magazine revolver. She leveled it at him.

"Leave this room, or I will shoot!"

Courtlandt advanced toward her slowly. "Do so," she said. "I should much prefer a bullet to that look."

"I am in earnest." She was very white, but her hand was steady.

He continued to advance. There followed a crash. The smell of burning powder filled the room. The Burmese gong clanged shrilly and whirled wildly. Courtlandt felt his hair stir in terror.

"You must hate me indeed," he said quietly, as the sense of terror died away. He folded his arms. "Try again; there ought to be half a dozen bullets left. No? Then, good-by!"

He left the apartment without another word or look, and as the door closed behind him there was a kind of finality in the clicking of the latch.

The revolver clattered to the floor, and the woman who had fired it leaned heavily against the mantel, covering her eyes.

"Nora, Nora!" cried a startled voice from a bedroom adjoining. "What has happened? Mon Dieu, what is it?" A pretty, sleepy-eyed young woman, in a night-dress, rushed into the room. She flung her arms about the singer.

"Nora, my dear, my dear!"

"He forced his way in. I thought to frighten him. It went off accidentally. Oh, Celeste, Celeste, I might have killed him!"

"The other drew her head down on her shoulder, and listened. She could hear voices in the lower hall, a shout of warning, a patter of steps; then the hall-door slammed. After that, silence, save for the faint mellowing vibrations of the Burmese gong.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Did Literary Work at Night

Mrs. Catherine Gore, who wrote 70 novels between 1824 and 1861, worked on a strange plan. When J. R. Planché visited Paris in 1837 he found Mrs. Gore living in the Place Vendome writing novels, plays, articles for magazines—literary work of all kinds. She was sitting at her desk at midnight. He says: "How do you manage it? I asked her. I receive, as you know, a few friends at dinner every evening. They leave me at 10 or 11, when I retire to my room and write till 7 or 8 in the morning. Then I go to bed till noon, when I breakfast, after which I drive out and pay visits, returning at 4 to dress for dinner. As soon as my friends have departed I go to work all night again."

Appetites.

Sir John Lubbock and the duke of Queensberry ("Old Q.") once laid a wager for £1,000 on who should produce a man to eat the most at one sitting. The duke could not attend the contest, but his representative wrote: "I have no time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple pie." What must they have eaten!—London Chronicle.

It had taken him a week to discover where she lived. His lodgings were on the other side of the Seine. After reaching them he gave strict orders to the driver, who set his machine off at top speed. The man in the Bavarian hat entered his room and lighted the gas. The room was bare and cheaply furnished. He took off his coat but retained his hat, pulling it down still farther over his eyes. His face was always in shadow. A round chin, two full red lips, scantily covered by a blond mustache were all that could be seen. He began to walk the floor impatiently, stopping and listening whenever he heard a sound. He waited less than an hour for the return of the car. It brought two men. They were well-dressed, smoothly-shaven, with keen eyes and intelligent faces. Their host, who had never seen either of his guests before, carelessly waved his hand toward the table where there were two chairs. He himself took his stand by the window and looked out as he talked. In another hour the room was dark and the street deserted.

In the meantime the prima donna gave a sigh of relief. She was home, and it was nearly two o'clock. She would sleep till noon, and Saturday and Sunday would be hers. She went up the stairs instead of taking the lift, and though the hall was dark, she knew her way. She unlocked the door of the apartment and entered, swinging the door behind her. As she act was mechanical, her thoughts being otherwise engaged, she did not notice that the lock failed to click. The ferrule of a cane had prevented that.

She flung her wraps on the divan and put the roses in an empty bowl. The door opened softly, without noise. Next, she stopped before the mirror over the mantel, touched her hair lightly, detached the tiara of emeralds, and became as inanimate as marble. She saw another face. She



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Mrs. Catherine Gore, who wrote 70 novels between 1824 and 1861, worked on a strange plan. When J. R. Planché visited Paris in 1837 he found Mrs. Gore living in the Place Vendome writing novels, plays, articles for magazines—literary work of all kinds. She was sitting at her desk at midnight. He says: "How do you manage it? I asked her. I receive, as you know, a few friends at dinner every evening. They leave me at 10 or 11, when I retire to my room and write till 7 or 8 in the morning. Then I go to bed till noon, when I breakfast, after which I drive out and pay visits, returning at 4 to dress for dinner. As soon as my friends have departed I go to work all night again."

Appetites.

Sir John Lubbock and the duke of Queensberry ("Old Q.") once laid a wager for £1,000 on who should produce a man to eat the most at one sitting. The duke could not attend the contest, but his representative wrote: "I have no time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple pie." What must they have eaten!—London Chronicle.