

NEWS OF THE WEEK

General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

A Portland bank firm will erect a \$1,000,000 building.

Three political parties in Idaho have adopted Prohibition planks.

A Seattle firm receives 3000 bags of corn from Japan at a low price.

Workmen's compensation law became effective in Iowa July 1st.

The senate will not adjourn until Wilson's trust program is finished.

"Before I resign, half of Mexico City dies," declares General Huerta.

The cause of bubonic plague which is prevalent in New Orleans, is traced to fleas.

The chief justice of the Supreme court of Idaho has resigned to campaign for U. S. senatorship.

"Better pay for teachers" is the slogan of the National Education association, in session in St. Paul.

Captain Bojorgro, a Russian army aviator, was killed when his monoplane collapsed and fell from a great height.

Mount Lassen, in California, for the fourteenth time is spouting smoke and ashes, the latter being found 13 miles distant.

It is declared by a member of the mediation congress that war between Mexico and the United States has been averted.

Women suffragettes are determined to wage their fight before congress, in spite of President Wilson's refusal to lend aid.

James T. Dubois, ex-minister to Colombia, denies that the pending treaty with that country contains any "apology."

One thousand and thirty-six "Oregon dry" petitions bearing 35,032 names, have been filed with the secretary of state.

Masked robbers hold up eight automobiles near Marshfield, Ore., and secure several hundred dollars in money and jewelry.

An autograph letter of Sir Walter Scott's dated April 23, 1813, was found by a Seattle man in a book purchased at a second-hand store.

An Albany, Ore., calf ate a cloth sign and died. The owner seeks \$35 damages from the firm who put the advertisement on his barn.

According to reports Marconi, the wireless wizard, contemplates talking by wireless phone, from Wales to New York before the close of this year.

Walter and Fred Davis, brothers, wealthy cattle men of Peabody, Kan., were found dead in a field after a severe storm had passed. It is believed they were killed by lightning.

Announcing that the rearmament policy put into effect some months ago had been terminated, the Santa Fe railroad has increased the working hours of 1000 men in the shops at San Bernardino, Cal., from 40 to 45 a week.

The city controller of Tacoma, Wash., defies the mayor in a dispute over the payment of \$50,000 in salaries.

The drought that has prevailed in Missouri since May 29 has been broken by a rain that amounted to 66 one-hundredths of an inch. Rain was general.

Butte, Mont., is declared to be an unsafe place for President Meyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, and the mayor has requested his absence.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: New club, 77c@78c per bushel; new forty-fold, 79c; new bluestem, 82c; old club, 86c, nominal.

Milled—Bran, \$23 per ton; shorts, \$25; middlings, \$28.

Barley—Feed, \$20@21 per ton; brewing, \$21.50@22; rolled, \$23.50.

Hay—Choice timothy, \$16@17 per ton; mixed timothy, \$12@15; valley grain hay, \$10@12; alfalfa, \$10@11.

Oats—No. 1 white milling, \$22@22.25 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36.

Vegetables—Cauliflowers, 75c@1.10 per pound; eggplants, 15c per pound; peppers, 20c; radishes, 15c@17c per dozen; head lettuce, \$1.75 per crate; artichokes, 85c per dozen; celery, \$1.50; tomatoes, 75c@1.50 per crate; spinach, 5c@7c per pound; rhubarb, 2c@3c; cabbage, 1c; asparagus, 10c@1.50 per dozen; peas, 4c@5c per pound; beans, 6c@7c; corn, 30c@35c per dozen.

Onions—Red, \$3.25; yellow, \$3.25 per sack; Walla Walla, \$2.50@2.75.

Green Fruits—Apples, old, \$1.50@2 box; new, \$1@1.25 per box; cherries, 3c@8c per pound; apricots, \$1.50 box; cantaloupes, \$1.25@2 crate; peaches, 50c@1 box; plums, 10c@1.25; watermelons, 10c@2c per pound; loganberries, \$1@1.15; black caps, \$1 @1.25; casabas, \$2.25 per dozen; potatoes, Oregon, new, 10c@2c per pound; turnips, new, \$1.25; carrots, \$1.50; beets, \$1.50.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, case count, 22c@23c; candled, 25c@26c.

Poultry—Hens, 15c; turkeys, 18c@20c; fryers, 20c@22c; broilers, live, 20c@22c; dressed, choice, 25c@26c; ducks, 10c; geese, 5c@9c.

Butter—Creamery prints, extra, 27c per pound; cubes, 22c@23c.

Pork—Fancy, 10c@10.25 per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12c@13c per pound.

Cattle—Prime steers, \$7.25@7.50; choice, \$7@7.25; medium, \$6.75@7; choice cows, \$5.25@6.50; medium, \$4 @5.25; heifers, \$4.25@6.75; calves, \$6@8.50; bulla, \$3@5; stags, \$5@6.25.

Hogs—Light, \$7.25@8.05; heavy, \$6.25@7.25.

Sheep—Wethers, \$4.20@4.75; ewes, \$3.25@4.25; yearling lambs, \$4.50@4.75; spring lambs, \$5.50@6.

Wool—Valley, 20c@23c; Eastern Oregon, 16c@21c; mohair, 19c clip, 27c@28c.

Train Robbers Captured; Full Confession Is Made

Pendleton, Or.—Albert Meadows and Clarence Stoner, two of the three train robbers who held up O.-W. R. & N. train No. 5 near Meacham the morning of July 2, were arrested Monday night by Deputy Sheriff Batchelor, of La Grande.

The leader of the gang, who was shot and killed by Deputy Sheriff McDuffy at the time of the holdup is Charles Manning, a professional gambler and not Hugh Whitney, the notorious outlaw. All three of the robbers were from Cokeville, Wyo. Manning has a wife and four children in Cokeville. He was a close personal friend of both Hugh and Charles Whitney, while Stoner is a cousin of the Whitney boys.

When arrested the two train robbers were walking along the railroad track in the direction of La Grande and less than 20 miles from the scene of the holdup. Neither man was armed and they offered no resistance when placed under arrest. They had \$385 in cash and the \$700 diamond ring taken from H. B. Royce, the Walla Walla brewer, who was a passenger on the train, and a smaller diamond, but the diamonds were thrown away when they were arrested to prevent their being used to connect them with the holdup.

In conjunction with other officers, Batchelor had been watching the railroad track in the vicinity of La Grande ever since the holdup. When he saw these two men coming down the track he stopped them and not being satisfied with their explanations as to their presence there, took them into La Grande.

Both men confessed to the robbery.

Royalty Funeral Marked By Irreverent Scenes

Vienna—Now that the bodies of the murdered Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, repose beneath the castle chapel at Arstetten, a bitter controversy is raging over the manner in which the funeral was conducted. Moderate opinion inclines to the belief that the court officials made the ceremonial too painfully correct, while the friends of the duchess are indignant at the emphasis laid on her inferior birth.

According to reports in the leading Vienna papers, the reception of the bodies at Poehchlarn, was attended by scandalous proceedings. A violent thunder storm upset all prearranged ceremony and the coffins were hurriedly carried to the waiting-room of the station, where they were placed on the stone-paved floor and remained there two hours or more.

Meanwhile the volunteer firemen who were supposed to be assisting the local gendarmes in controlling the arrangements, were drinking beer and eating sausages, while the more important officials strolled smoking cigars in close proximity to the coffin containing the body of the late heir to the throne.

The torrential rain drove everybody into the waiting-room, and, says one account, "all the ordinary rules of behavior seemed to have been forgotten and the scene might be described as resembling the turmoil and noise of a country fair."

Exploded Bomb Intended for Rockefeller, Is Believed

New York—In the ruins of the tenement wrecked Sunday by the explosion of a bomb, which it is believed was intended for use against John D. Rockefeller or his son, the authorities found evidence that Arthur Caron, who was killed with three others, had used his apartment as a center for the distribution of inflammatory literature, and that it was filled with death-dealing explosives. A small printing press, revolutionary pamphlets and circulars, an electric dynamo, two electric batteries, cartridges and bits of steel were among the articles uncovered, which tend in the opinion of the police, to show an anarchist plot. That the demonstration, halted by the bungling of some one who was preparing an infernal machine for its mission, was planned against the Rockefeller family in Tarrytown, is the theory on which the authorities are working.

Oregon's Flag Is Raised.

San Francisco—The immense flag provided by the people of Oregon for the gigantic tree that is to do service as a flagpole in front of the Oregon building at the exposition was raised Saturday, the ceremony being the principal feature of the Fourth of July celebration on the exposition grounds. The flag was raised by Miss Lillian Veatch, formerly of Oregon, and as the vast expanse of stars and stripes fluttered from the top of the pole the National salute was fired and the colors were raised throughout the grounds.

Reprimand Awaited Evans.

Philadelphia—Brigadier General Evans, former commander of the department of the East, will be privately reprimanded by the President in consequence of a speech at a recent banquet in New York in which General Evans is said to have made indiscreet references to the foreign policy of the United States.

Flag Wearing Criticized.

Mexico City—For the first time since the Spanish-American war no public celebration of the Fourth of July was held in this city. The American residents spent the day quietly. Several of them appeared in the streets wearing American flags in their coat lapels. They were not molested, but their action was adversely criticized by a majority of the American colony, who deemed it unwise and likely to precipitate trouble.

Car Shortage Hoped to Be Avoided by Commission

Salem—Announcement has been made by the State Railroad commission that it would in a few days send to shippers and railroad managements and suggestions designed to minimize the threatened car shortage coming fall. A similar set of rules and suggestions was issued by the commission last year and, as a result, the crops were handled more expeditiously than in previous years.

Work Is Being Pushed on New Willamette Railway

Mapleton—The Willamette Pacific railway crosses the Umpqua a short distance above Gardiner, the north end of the approach being just west of Smith river. This bridge will have a draw span. The span and the steel arches at each end will be only about 300 feet long. The trestle, approaches and fills will measure 1250 feet. Two miles north of the Umpqua the road will swing to the west, leaving Smith river and following up Jack Franz creek. The work of Engineer F. D. Brown stops at the mouth of that creek and that of Engineer M. H. Bedford begins. From the creek the road passes through a tunnel, designated as tunnel No. 6, over to a small draw and down that a half mile or so to Lake Takenitch. This tunnel is 1554 feet long, or will be when done. Work is just under way.

Jackson County to Build Highway by Contract

Medford—Members of the County court have tired of criticisms that the county is wasting money by constructing the Central Point section of the Pacific Highway by day labor, and after a conference with State Highway Engineer Bowley, announced that the section of the highway between Talent and Ashland will be let by contract.

Bids will be called for the second week in July. No certain type of hard-surfaced pavement will be insisted upon. The contractor making the lowest bid on any standard type will be awarded the contract.

According to members of the County court, the Central Point road, now completed within half a mile of Medford, has cost less than it would have cost if let by contract, and will stand long after the street pavements of Medford, which cost two and three times as much a square yard, have worn out. The first section of the road out of Central Point is in use. The road will be completed by July 15, and the last section will have to "settle" 30 days before the highway is entirely thrown open to traffic.

Polk County Completes Oiling All Main Roads

Dallas—Oiling of all the main roads of Polk county was completed last week. The road oiling began when the two and one-half mile stretch out of Monmouth was oiled last year.

Realizing the value of this work, the County court offered to put up dollar for dollar with any club, individual or community to oil the roads of this county.

The Dallas Commercial club took up the proposal and raised money to oil six miles east on the Salem road. Independence oiled six miles north to the point where the road meets the Salem-Dallas road. A committee of the Independence club met a committee from the Salem club and made arrangements to oil the remaining six miles to Salem. Since that time the main roads out of Dallas and Falls City have been oiled, the roads from Monmouth north and south have all been oiled.

Cherry Trees Recover.

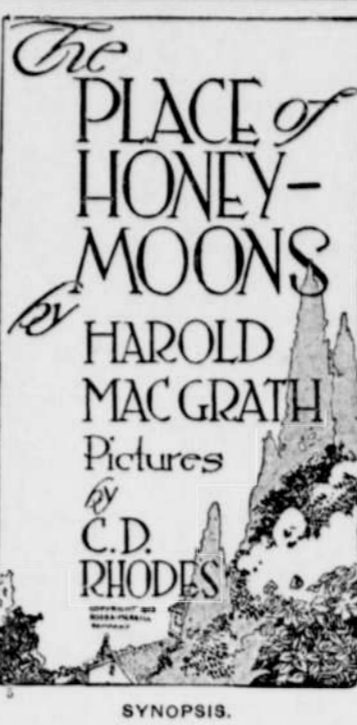
Monmouth—Trees in young cherry orchards about this vicinity, which last year were believed to be dying, have regained their foliage and now promise a rapid growth. In June and July last summer leaves on the trees in various parts of Polk county began to wither, and finally fell off. The cause was attributed to the slugs which appeared, and borers were believed to have operated in the ground. No pests are evident this year, and the orchards have a fine appearance. New grafts, placed in early spring, are growing well.

Water Mains Increased.

Springfield—Thirty men have been put to work digging trench for the half mile of pipe that is to be laid to improve the water supply. Permission to lay the pipe on the right-of-way was received from the Southern Pacific company, and the men were put to work at once. An order has been placed in Portland for 2600 feet of 15-inch wood stave pipe, and this will be here within a few days. Ten days to two weeks will be required to complete the work, which will take water from the canal above the present log booms.

Fish Violations Alleged.

Astoria—The state fisheries department officials who have been checking up the licenses issued in the Columbia river district have found a number of persons holding licenses who under the provisions of the state laws, are not eligible to fish for salmon. The packers employing these men have been allowed three days to get rid of them or complaints against the alleged violators of the law will be filed in the courts.



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CHAPTER IV—Continued. "There's the dusky princess peeping out again. The truth is, Abby, if I could hide myself for three or four years, long enough for people to forget me, I might reconsider. But it should be under another name. They envy us millionaires. Why, we are the loneliest sufferers now. We distrust every one; we fly when a woman approaches; we become monomaniacs; one thing obsesses us, everybody is after our money. We want friends, we want wives, but we want them to be attracted to us and not to our money-bags. Oh, pehaw! What plans have you made in regard to the search?"

Gloom settled upon the artist's face. "I've got to find out what's happened to her, Ted. This isn't any play. Why, she loves the part of Marguerite as she loves nothing else. She's been kidnaped, suddenly, without giving any reason. It has knocked me silly. I just came up from Komo, where she spends the summers now. I was going to take her and Fournier out to dinner."

"Who's Fournier?" "Mademoiselle Fournier, the composer. She goes with Nora on the very concert tours."

"Charming." "I see," thoughtfully. "What part of the lake; the Villa d'Este, Cadenabbia?"

"Bellaggio. Oh, it was ripping last summer. She was always singing when she's happy. When she sings out on the terrace, suddenly, without giving anyone warning, her voice is wonderful. No audience ever heard anything like it."

"I heard her Friday night. I dropped in at the opera without knowing what they were singing. I admit all you say in regard to her voice and looks; but I stick to the whim."

"But you can't fake that chap with the blond mustache," said the artist grimly. "Lord, I wish I had run into you any day but today. I'm all in. I can telephone to the Opera from a studio, and then we shall know for a certainty whether or not she will return for the performance tonight. If not, then I'm going in for a little detective work."

"Abby, it will turn out to be the sheep of Little Bo-Peep."

"Have your own way about it. When they arrived at the studio Abbott telephoned promptly. They were being heard. They were substituting another singer."

"Call up the Herald," suggested Courtland. "Abbott did so. And he had to answer innumerable questions, questions which worked him into a fine rage; who was he, where did he live, what did he know, how long had he been in Paris, and could he prove that he had arrived that morning? Abbott wanted to fling the receiver into the mouth of the transmitter, but his patience was presently rewarded. The singer had not yet been found, but the chauffeur of the mysterious car had turned up."

"In a hospital, and perhaps by night they would know everything. The chauffeur had had a bad accident; the car itself was a total wreck, in a ditch, not far from Versailles."

"There!" cried Abbott, slamming the receiver on the hook. "What do you say to that?"

"The chauffeur may have left her somewhere, got drunk afterward, and plunged into the ditch. Things have happened like that. Abby, don't make a camel's hair-shirt out of your paint-brushes. What a bother about a singer! If it had been a great inventor, a poet, an artist, there would have been nothing more than a two-line paragraph. But an opera singer, one who entertains us during our idle evenings—hat that's a different matter. Set instantly that great municipal machinery called the police in action; sell extra editions on the streets. What do!"

"What the devil makes you so bitter?" "Was I bitter? I thought I was philosophizing." Courtland consulted his watch. Half after four. "Come over to the Maurice and dine with me tomorrow night, that is, if you do not find your prima donna. I've an engagement at five-thirty, and must be off."

"I was about to ask you to dine with me tonight," disappointedly. "Can't; awfully sorry, Abby. It was only luck that I met you in the Luxembourg. Be over about seven. I was very glad to see you again."

Abbott kicked a broken eggshell into a corner. "All right. If anything turns up I'll let you know. You're at the Grand?"

"Yes. By-by."

The Place of Honey-Moons

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all had. Knowing that he was being watched and followed, he could not go to Versailles and compromise her, uselessly. The devil take the sleek demon of a woman who had prompted him to commit so base an act!

"You will at least," he said, "deliver that message which I have intrusted to your care."

"It shall reach Versailles tonight, your highness."

The young man reread the telegram which one of the two men had given him a moment since. It was a command which even he, willful and disobedient as he was, dared not ignore. He ripped it into shreds and flung them out of the window. He did not apologize to the man into whose face the pieces flew. That gentleman reddened perceptibly, but he held his tongue. The blare of a horn announced the time of departure. The train moved. The two men on the platform saluted, but the young man ignored the salutation. Not until the rear car disappeared in the hazy distance did the watchers stir. Then they left the station and got into the tonneau of a touring car, which shot away and did not stop until it drew up before that imposing embassy upon which the French will always look with more or less suspicion.

CHAPTER V. The Bird Behind Bars.

The most beautiful blue Irish eyes in the world gazed out at the dawn which turned night-blue into day-blue and paled the stars. Rosal lay the un-

"Not in the least. Only, I'm in a deuce of a mess," he frank and directly. "Innocently enough, I've stuck my head into the police net."

"Is it possible that now I can pay my debt to you?"

"Such as it is. Have you read the article in the newspapers regarding the disappearance of Signorina de Toscano, the singer?"

"Yes."

"I am the unknown blond. Tomorrow morning I want you to go with me to the prefecture and state that I was with you all of Saturday and Sunday; that on Monday you and your wife dined with me, that yesterday we went to the aviation meet, and later to the Odeon."

"In brief, an alibi?" smiling now.

"Exactly. I shall need one."

"And a perfectly good alibi. But I have your word that you are in no wise concerned? Pardon the question, but between us it is really necessary if I am to be of service to you."

"On my word as a gentleman."

"That is sufficient."

"In fact, I do not believe that she has been abducted at all. Will you let me use your pad and pen for a minute?"

"The other pushed over the required articles. Courtland scribbled a few words and passed back the pad.

"For me to read?"

"Yes," moodily.

The Frenchman read. Courtland watched him anxiously. There was not even a flicker of surprise in the official eye. Calmly he ripped off the sheet and tore it into bits, distributing the pieces into the various waste baskets yawning about his long flat desk. Next, still avoiding the younger man's eye, he arranged his papers neatly and locked them up in a huge safe which only the artillery of the German army could have forced. He then called for his hat and stick. He beckoned to Courtland to follow. Not a word was said until the car was humming on the road to Vincennes.

"Well!" said Courtland, finally. It was not possible for him to hold back the question any longer.

"My dear friend, I am taking you out to the villa for the night."

"But I have nothing..."

"And I have everything, even forethought. If you were arrested tonight it would cause you some inconvenience. I had blundered her perception.

"Oh, but he shall pay, he shall pay!" she murmured, striving to loosen the bars with her small, white, helpless hands. The cry seemed to be an aria, for through all these four maddening days she had voted it—now low and deadly with hate, now full-toned in burning anger, now broken by sobs of despair. "Will you never come, so that I may tell you how base and vile you are?" she further addressed the east.

She had waited for his appearance on Sunday. Late in the day one of the jailers had informed her that it was impossible for the gentleman to come before Monday. So she marshaled her army of phrases, of accusations, of denunciations ready to smother him with them the moment he came. But he came not Monday, nor Tuesday, nor Wednesday. The suspense was to her mind diabolical. She began to understand; he intended to keep her there till he was sure that her spirit was broken, then he would come. Break her spirit? She laughed wildly. He could break her spirit no more easily than she could break those bars. To bring her to Versailles upon an errand of mercy! Well, he was capable of anything!

She was not particularly distressed because she knew that it would not be possible for her to sing again until the following winter in New York. She had sobbed too much, with her face buried in the pillow. Had these sobs been born of weakness, all might have been well; but rage had maddened them, and thus her voice was in a very bad way. This morning she was noticeably hoarse, and there was a break in the aria. No, she did not fret over this side of the calamity. The sting of it all lay in the fact that she had been outraged in the matter of personal liberty, with no act of reprisal to ease her immediate longing to be avenged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Action Better Than Indecision. Sometimes we must simply do the thing we have to do and think about it afterward. Or it may be better not to think about it afterward. Action is the great solver of doubts, the great key to life's problems. Too much thinking and debating and discussing only confuse the issues.



"Oh, but He Shall Pay, He Shall Pay."

diluting horizon, presently to burst into living flame, transmuting the dull steel bars of the window into fairy gold, that trick of alchemy so fully sought by man. There was a window at the north and another at the south, likewise barred; but the Irish eyes never sought these two. It was from the east window only that they could see the long white road that led to Paris.

The nightingale was truly caged. But the wild heart of the eagle beat in this nightingale's breast, and the eyes burned as fiercely toward the east as the east burned toward the west. Sunday and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday, today; and that the five dawns were singular in beauty and that she had never in her life before witnessed the creation of five days, one after another, made no impression upon her sense of the beautiful, so delicate and receptive in ordinary times. She was conscious that within her the cup of wrath was overflowing. Of other things, such as eating and sleeping and moving about in her cage (more like an eagle indeed than a nightingale), recurrence had blurred her perception.