A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER XV.

In the month of December, when the days were short and dark, and a black frost and biting east wind made winter hard to the young and unbearable to the old, Sir Hugh Grantley shuffled off this mortal coil and was buried in the family vault in Frierly churchyard by the side of all the Sir Hughs and Sir Johns and Sir Gregorys who had preceded him. He died as he had lived, unloved and unregretted. His selfishness stood him in good stead up to the last.

He was buried with all becoming pomp and ceremony, and Roy, his son, reigned in his stead. But poor Roy's reign was but a short and troubled one in the house of his fathers. Sir Hugh's affairs were found to be in greatest confusion. The property was heavily mortgaged, the farms had depreciated in value, the rents had been left overdue. Poverty stared the young heir in the face. Margaret, who had partly guessed at the state of things, stood by him, with her strong mind and good common sense, to help him through his calamities.

"There is nothing for it but to let the house. You cannot afford to live in it," she said to him.

'Let Frierly! Oh, Margaret!"

"It is the only thing to be done, Roy; face it like a man. If you let it well, you will be able to live comfortably as a bachelor in London, and when you marry, you must marry well, and then you will be able to come back to your own again, pay off mortgages, put the farms in repair, and start fresh again. You see how important a good marriage is for you."

"You mean a rich wife. I am afraid that I am not at all likely to restore the fallen fortunes of my family in that way. The only woman whom I could ever have married is lost to me."

"You are not, I suppose, going to remain a bachelor for ever because of a married woman!" cried Margaret, with real irritation. She could not believe it possible that he was still mourning over Kitten Laybourne—there are women to whom a steadfast faithfulness appears in the light of absolute stupidity. Was not Kitten married and safely got out of the way? What on earth possessed the boy to be thinking about her still?

"But, Roy, you are the last—the very last. It is your duty to marry. The baronetcy will become extinct if you do not!" cried Margaret in despair.

"Somebody must be last, I suppose, just as somebody else must be first. You are a wonderful woman at counting your chickens, Margaret; but, to begin with, where is the rich wife?"

"There is Felicia."

"I am not wicked enough for her," said Roy, with a little smile to himself over sundry speeches of his cousin's which still lingers in his memory.

Marfgaret looked indignant and severe.

"I really do not pretend to understand the character and manners of the young ladies of the present day. I am afraid that Felicia is becoming rather reckless in her conversation since her father has left her so much alone."

"Exactly, and I could not marry a person who was reckless, even for her money," laughed the young man.

"Well, there are plenty of rich girls to be picked up in London, and if we must let the Hall, we will go up to town and live there. My own money will enable me to take a small house; and you, of course, will live with me. You will be able then to live comfortably and suitably upon the remnant that can be saved out of the fire,. together with the rent of the house. You can have your horse and your brougham, and do everything that is fitting to your position. As to your food, that need never cost you a farthing. Whatever is mine is yours."

They went up to London, and Margaret installed herself and her household goods in a small house in Connaught Square. Here, too, Roy had his own rooms and his own belongings, and he stayed at home as much as he liked, and went away also as much as he felt inclined. Nobody, either, could have said of Sir Roy Grantley that he lived the life of a woe-begone and despairing lover. He had plenty of friends, and his friends took care to make his life pleasant to him.

One afternoon, in the month of May, Roy found himself in a certain tiny drawing room in Mayfair, where, in these days, he was always sure of a cordial welcome. The house altogether was of the most minute dimensions, and was as thoroughly dirty and dingy as "bijou" residences within a stone's throw of Park Lane have a habit of being. The very door, as it was opened by the tall footman, seemed narrower and lower than other people's front doors, and the footman himself, as he preceded the visitor up the narrow wooden staircase, looked too large for the house.

One end of the room was filled completely with a wide, low sofa, across which Eastern embroideries and pieces of Italian brocade—all rather dirty—were flung in careless confusion. At one end of this sofa invariably reclined a black poodle, at the other was his mistress. By Mrs. Talbot's side was a small table, upon which were arranged a hand looking glass set in silver, several bottles of perfumes of different kinds, the poodle's silk bag of French sweetmeats, and the photographs of her pet admirers. To these latter Roy had been lately added in a resplendent new frame of crimson plush.

Gertrude, in her white muslin draperies, lay back among her embroidered cushions and sniffed at her salts bottle. Felicia, who had found herself a small, low seat on the other side of the little table, had seized upon a Japanese fan and was agitating it violently. Roy, upon a footstool between the two ladies, was made much of by both of them, and seemed to be enjoying himself amazingly.

"Nothing makes one so hot as a fan," said Gertrude. "Do keep that thing still, Felicia; you set all my nerves on edge."

"It is deliciously cool and breezy out of doors," said Felicia. "You ought to go out, Gertrude. I wish I could drive you, but I have promised to call for papa."

"I am going out this very minute in a hansom," said Gertrude, jumping up. "Sir Roy, will you go with me? I am going to pay a call. I am going to see a charming, lovely, delightful little woman. Somebody quite young, quite unsophisticated; better than all, quite new."

"I wouldn't go with her if I were you, Roy," said Felicia, when the door had closed upon their hostess.

"Why not—will it create a scandal if I go in a hansom with the beautiful Gertrude?"

"Don't you know—cannot you guess, Roy, who it is she wants you to call upon? It is Mrs. Desmond."

"Kitten——" A pause. Felicia would not have lifted her eyes for the world; her glove buttons seemed to give her an infinity of trouble.

"How does she know her?" Roy asked presently, and she could hear that his voice was altered.

"Oh, it is very simple. Gertrude met Mr. Desmond in the park two days ago. I was with her, and he introduced us to his wife, and asked us to call on her. I—I would not go if I were you, Roy."

"Did she look—happy?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I suppose so; she was very well dressed. You have not got over it, I am afraid."

Mrs. Talbot came back gay and gushing; the hansom was summoned, and Felicia was driven away in her brougham.

"I—I don't think I'll come with you to-day," said the young man hesitatingly when he had helped Gertrude into the hansom.

"Oh, Roy"—She dropped the "Sir" when they were alone—"you promised; oh, do come."

"Well, I will go a little way, then," and he got into the cab. "You can drop me, you know."

"To Lowndes square," said Mrs. Talbot. She had no mind to drop Roy anywhere.

And Roy went with her. "I can't help myself," he said to himself; but it was the old story of the moth and the candle.

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Brian, on leaving his wife to go out alone, intended to wend his way to his club. Had he gone there straight from his own door, he would have received a certain note which had been waiting for him there all day, three hours earlier, and—so little does it take sometimes to alter the whole history of a man's life—had he done so, it is probable that most of the events which ensued would have so far been changed or modified that they would not have been fraught with certain important circumstances to himself and to others. But as he was strolling idly along he met an old college friend, who hailed him joyfully and linked his arm within his. So that it was just 7 o'clock when he turned leisurely up the steps of his own club.

The hall porter gave him a letter as he entered. He stood with it in his hand without looking at it for several minutes, talking to an acquaintance whom he met in the hall. Then Brian looked down at his letter, turning it round as he did so.

And suddenly he recognized the handwriting! It was years since he had seen it. A whole century of new thoughts and feelings seemed to divide him like a yawning gulf from that other far away life, in which those even rounded characters had played so important a part. It was like an electric shock to Brian Desmond to see it once more—to hold a letter from her once again in his hands.

A letter from Rosamond! An unstamped letter, too—sent not by post, but by hand. What could it mean? He had thought of her vaguely, dimly, as a something dear, yet dangerous to his peace of mind, that was on the other side of the world. She had been to him but a distant memory of a past which was over forever, a something which he had hoped and prayed might never again cross the new life he had built up for himself. Often he had thought of her thus, in misty dreams, thinking that he and she had drifted apart forever, and would meet no more, save in that other world where those who have loved and despaired shall meet again under other conditions, and be perchance at last—happy!

And lo! she was here—at his very doors—in London—alive, and writing to him! He tore open the letter and read:

"I have come home, and am longing to see you. I arrived late last night, and am at the Langham Hotel. Come to me as soon as you receive this. I shall not leave the house until I hear from you or see you. ROSAMOND."

He glanced quickly up at the clock. It was ten minutes past seven. He tore upstairs three steps at a time into the writing room, and wrote two lines to his wife.

"Do not wait dinner for me. I shall not be back."

This he gave to a club messenger to take to Lowndes Square, and springing into a hansom, drove rapidly away to the Langham Hotel. He had given himself no time to think or reflect. He did not consider whether it was a wise or an unwise thing he was doing. A wild joy possessed him. Rosamond was back, and he was going to see her! He could think of nothing else. After all the long, black, empty years they were to meet again.

She was very tired of the desolate hotel sitting room by this time—tired and weary. She had almost given him up by now.

"He cannot be in town!" she said to herself, in despair. "I wish, now, that I had written before from Alexandria. Does he have his letters forwarded, I wonder—and will he get my note in the course of time? How can I find out?"

All at once her quick ears caught the sound of approaching footsteps along the corridor. She sprang to her feet; her hands, womanlike, went instinctively up to smooth her ruffled hair; her eyes shone, her lips parted and her heart beat. How wildly her heart beat! For he had come at last!

Through a mist she seemed to see him, a mist of her own glad tears. The love of her life, whom she had loved and had forsaken, but to whom her faithful heart had clung, through all absence and time, he stood before her at last! She reached out her hands to him; she felt the strong grip of his as he grasped them, one in each of his. He only spoke her name hoarsely and huskily:

"Rosamond."

And she—she it was who spoke first—who found the words, poor, weak, trembling words—that shook with the greatness of her joy.

"Yes; it is I—Rosamond—come back to you at last—my Brian—my only love—my heart's delight—never, never to be parted from you again. For I am free, and I am yours for ever."

Oh, why—why then did he not clasp her in his arms? Why did he not draw her to his heart, and rain such kisses upon her eager lips as she had dreamed of and thirsted for so long? Why did he stand so, and look upon her with that awful look of deepening horror and woe in his eyes? Why did his cold hands slacken thus their eager hold, and fall away at last, nerveless and helpless from out of hers?

"Brian! Brian!" she cried, with the sharp ring of a nameless terror; "do you not hear me? Do you not understand? I am free!"

"You—are—free?" he repeated slowly and painfully, bringing out each word separately with a sort of labor, as though each one hurt him to utter. "Your—husband—is he dead?"

"Yes, yes—do you not see my clothes? I am a widow. Heaven forgive me if I am too glad, but how can I help my joy, when, from the day that he died, I knew that I might love you once more? I did my duty. I was a good wife to him, but, oh, how I suffered! But now it is all over and I have come back to you, and—Brian! Brian!" she broke out wildly, for still he stood there blanched to the very lips, and stared at her with those horror-stricken eyes. "Are you not glad? Speak to me, for heaven's sake! What is it? Why do you look at me so?"

"When did he die?" was all he said in a number, dreary voice.

"Eight months ago."

And then he flung up both arms wildly, with an exceeding bitter cry of anguish.

"Ah, it was my wedding day!" and fell prostrate before her upon his knees, burying his face in his outstretched arms.

Rosamond spoke never a word. She stood erect and stiff, cold as ice, and motionless as marble; not a word broke the stillness of her agony, save those awful choked sobs from the bowed form at her feet. Afterward she could not recall what she had felt and thought in those first moments—only that in some vague fashion Fate was revenged upon her. Once long ago she had ruined this man's life, and now—now it was he who ruined hers!

(To be continued.)

Can You Solve This?

How much greater than three-fourths is four-fourths?

At first sight it seems an easy question, but put it to your arithmetical friends and you will probably find that it will divide them into two parties, one contending that the answer is one-fourth and the other as positively affirming that it is one-third, while both will be ready to prove the accuracy of their respective solutions.

The party of the first part (to use a legal phrase) may argue their point in this way:

Five shillings is the fourth part of a pound. If you have 15 shillings, or three-fourths of a pound, and somebody gives you another fourth part you have a sovereign—ergo, your four-fourths is one-fourth greater than three-fourths.

But this will not suit the other party at all, and they will proceed scornfully to point out that the argument is all wrong, since if you have 15 shillings and somebody is generous enough to add 5 shillings to it the donor is only giving you one-third of the amount you already possess (5 times 3 equals 15), therefore your sovereign is only one-third more than your 15 shillings.

It is a pretty problem, and expert accountants have been known to wrangle over it for hours.—London Answers.

Counting the Buttons.

"Yes," said the tailor, "Councilman Crookit ordered a four-button cutaway, but he changed it to a three-button."

"Is the three-button more stylish?" asked the other.

"Oh, no. But as he was going out he saw some children on my doorstep playing that old game, 'Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Logical Deduction.

"Ah, my friend," said the passenger with the unbarbered hair, "what can be more delicious than clear, cold water in the early morn, fresh from the pump."

"Water," rejoined the hardware drummer, "is certainly a good thing. By the way, are you in the milk business?"

Caution.

Bill—Why didn't the author of the piece come out and show himself when the audience called for him?

Jill—Well, you see, he'd just been getting married, and he's got light eyes. If he went home with black eyes, he was afraid his wife wouldn't know him.—Yonkers Statesman.

One Woman's Wisdom.

"Alas!" groaned the discouraged husband. "I am unable to find work, and there isn't a thing in the house to eat. What are we to do?"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed his wife, who had a short-order inspiration. "We'll take in boarders."

Case of Self-Love.

"Woe is me!" sighed the egotistical youth who had been handed the icy mitt. "There's no one to love me."

"Sir," rejoined the heartless maid, "you seem to forget yourself."

His Real Love.

Eva—The count is going to marry the Montana heiress.

Edna (in surprise)—For the love of goodness!

Eva—No, for the love of money.

BOBBIE'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

"Dod b'ess all the family dear;
Dod b'ess mamma, papa, too;
Dod b'ess 'ittle sister Fan—
An' bring me a sled, nice an' new.

"Dod b'ess all the chil'ren poor,
An' make all the sick folks well;
An' dear Dod, p'ease don't forget
To send a pony, big an' swell.

"Dod be gracious to your lambs,
An' keep sin out of my life;

Dod b'ess all my 'little frien's—
An' p'ease don't forget a fire.

"An' Dod b'ess ole Santa Claus,
He is such a sprendid man!
An' tell him to not forget
To bring a gun, too, if he can.

"An' a box of marbles, too,
An' a lot of picture books—
An' a toolchest full of tools,
Wif tacks, nails, screws, an' hooks.

"An' dear Dod, some other fings
To fill in corners wif, you know,
Ginger cakes an' nuts an' figs
An' a lot of candy, too.

"An' I wouldn't mind some skates,
(I'll give my ole ones to some frien')
An' I reckon dis is all—
So dood night, dear Dod, amen."

—Detroit Free Press.

Talbot's Christmas

BY FRANCIS HART.

JAMES," said Gerry Talbot suddenly, looking up from the letter he had just received, "you needn't mind about the rest. The dinner will not come off, after all."

The decorated end of the big, sumptuous studio looked oddly distasteful to Gerry Talbot since the reading of Miss Wakefield's telegram, which had shattered his enthusiastic plans. He had invited her—and her brother and his wife—to a Christmas studio dinner which he meant to make as festive as possible. Of course, her rejection at the last hour had been a gentle invention prepared to avert a greater disappointment, for he had let her know unmistakably how it was with him, and he had been so hopeful of success that he had selected a ring for her Christmas gift—a little golden circlet set with a clear white solitaire.

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The streets were thronged with bustling Christmas shoppers, glad of heart, with merry, expectant faces, and here and there a wistful one, too, looking on, but not buying. Talbot noticed two little girls gazing wistfully into a confectioner's window.

"Yes, Min, I would. I'd do it fust thing," said the taller of the two. "Oh, my, wouldn't it be nice to be rich an' invite all your friends to a big turkey an' ice cream dinner!"

They were very poorly clad, thin-featured and ill-nourished, but not unpleasant to look at. Talbot was conscious, all at once, of an inexplicable impulse to gratify the child's wish.

"So you would really like to give your friends a Christmas dinner!" said he, smiling down at her astonished eyes. "I have a great mind to let you have your wish."

"Oh, dear me, Min!" gasped Lou. "I can't hardly believe it, can you? It sounds just like a make-believe thing. Won't Mis' Posey be s'prised! An' Jonas an' Meg an' Tom. Oh, won't they be jest too pleased!"

"How many shall you invite?" Talbot asked gravely, taking out his notebook.

"Well, there's Aunt Katie an' Uncle Tim an' the baby. Mis' Posey, Jonas Boggs, Meg an' Pat Fooley—Min, can you think of anyone else?"

"Lame Betsy an' Moll."

"How many's that?" asked Lou.

"Twelve, counting us three."

"Don't you think it would be nice to have a little present beside each plate?" asked Talbot.

Both girls gasped, but looked immensely pleased.

"Suppose you two go round with me and pick out what you consider suitable for each of your guests, because I should not know what to select."

When Lou appeared at the studio on the following morning she was a very different looking girl, and any one would have known by the pure joy of her voice that some great and festive event was at hand. Talbot had finished the decorations which had been so harshly interrupted by Miss Wakefield's message, and the result was extremely gratifying, especially after Lou's rapturous acclamations.

At precisely 12 o'clock the bell rang for the first time to announce the arrival of Aunt Katie and Tim and the baby, all polished and prinked to the verge of painfulness. Next came Mis' Posey, a little, faded, bowed, ancient woman in rusty black, with long gold loops in her wrinkled ears. Lame Betty thumped in on her crutches, closely followed by Moll, in borrowed finery, of various sizes. Meg brought blind Jonas, and a merry little wraith of a man called Tom Doom.

Talbot shook hands all around with a "Merry Christmas!" after which they all took their places at the beautiful table, the like of which none of that humble party had ever looked upon. But it was a kindly madness that possessed the host of that bountiful dinner, for his stories were of the pleasantest and his watchful care was unflagging. His guests rewarded his efforts by a spontaneous enjoyment of all that was set before them. It was good to see them wait upon blind Jonas, who could not help himself, and upon lame Betty, whose crippled hands made difficult the use of knife and fork.

Talbot rose to replenish a half-emptied plate as the hall bell thrilled merrily. There was a pause; then James' quiet, well-trained voice said: "Yes, madam; he is at dinner in the studio."

The door swung inward. Talbot knew that he was not dreaming when she came toward him with outstretched hands and a ripple of explanation of which he heard not one word. Indeed, to him one isolated fact filled the world—that she was smiling up at him with a great promise in her eyes.

"A little friend of mine wanted to give her friends a Christmas dinner, and I persuaded her to let me share it," he explained jauntily. "It has been a great treat to me."

Miss Wakefield read the whole truth for herself as she looked into the good, homely faces that reflected their host's praises in every glance. She said nothing, but her eyes told what Talbot would have given all he possessed to hear from her lips. Then Mr. Wakefield and his wife ventured in, and Talbot bethought himself to ask if they had dined, which they had not.

Lou and Talbot made room for three plates here and there, and as there was a plenty of crullers and turkey and ice cream, all went well to the very end of the function, when the eleven originally invited guests rose and made their adieus with glad hearts and beaming faces.

Miss Wakefield stood before the grate while her brother and his wife examined a row of pictures half hidden behind the holly wreaths.

"I was so sorry to disappoint you yesterday," she said, "but poor Ted's telegram was so urgent that we were afraid he was worse, and hadn't the heart to refuse him. When I discovered that we could take an early train home I made up my mind to run in and wish you a Merry Christmas, anyway, and so we came, you see."

Talbot thought of the ring. He had taken it from its hiding place. "For a long while I have wanted to ask you to accept this—and what goes with it," he said simply, holding the glittering bauble toward her.

A red glow crept into her face. She made no audible answer, but when the young couple at the other end of the room sauntered toward them they were smiling.

CHRISTMAS TREE FIRES.

How the Danger of Parlor Conflagrations May Be Minimized.

Several accidents on Christmas eve and day each year recall the fact, apparent only on that day, that the Christmas tree is quite as dangerous as it is pretty, and that the proud father personating Santa Claus should take the precaution to equip himself with asbestos whiskers. About the usual number of fires are recorded in the country each year as a result of the inflammable nature of the Christmas tree and its decorations and their careless handling.

This warning always follows Christmas just as the outcry against toy pistols is raised after the Fourth of July. Of course no rose is free from thorns, and apparently no holiday can be observed in the conventional fashion without risk of accident to the merrymakers. Spluttering candles on a Christmas tree are a very real danger, and the same may be said of the trees themselves, the wreaths of evergreen and the mistletoe. After a day or two they become dry and inflammable to a high degree, and in the joy of the celebration risks are run and precautions neglected. A tree thus loaded down with presents and decorations may become in an instant a torch capable of starting a disastrous fire, as many cities discovered the other day, to their great cost and to the serious discomfort of their fire departments.

By taking preventive measures thousands of dollars will be saved every year. Trees should be bought late and kept out doors until used. In the case of fresh, green trees the risk will be minimized. Candles should not be too close together and should be constantly watched. Above all, a wet blanket should be at hand, also a sponge on a pole long enough to reach any point of the trees or ceiling. So, at least, say the fire fighters, who every year have their own Christmas spoiled by the neglect of these very obvious precautions.

Old Ideas About Christmas.

Even as late as 1753 there was some doubt as to the exact date of Christmas, the old count bringing it to the 5th of January, the new count giving us the 25th of December, which is "the day we celebrate." In Devonshire, England, it is believed that if the sun shines at noon on Christmas day a plentiful crop may be looked for in the following year.

The Thoughtful Giraffe.

The absurd and long-legged giraffe
Said: "Here is a thought makes me laugh.
If we giraffes should
Wear stockings, how could
Old Santa Claus even fill half?"

ORDERED OFF.

The New Year—You'll have to move on, old man.

1213—First regular English Parliament assembled at Oxford.

1499—Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the throne of England, executed at Tyburn.

1538—Proclamation issued by Henry VIII., declaring Thomas Becket not a saint.

1572—First Presbyterian meeting house in England opened.

1621—The little ship Fortune from England arrived at Plymouth, Mass.

1644—Henry McMahone executed at Tyburn for conspiring Irish massacre.

1650—Treaty of Lieban signed by Charles X. and the Great Elector.

1680—Treaty of alliance signed between Peter of Russia and Augustus II. of Poland.

1712—Duel between Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. Both killed.

1737—Queen Caroline of England died.

1772—Three hundred chests of tea thrown overboard at Boston because of the duty imposed by England.

1777—Articles of Confederation of the United States agreed to. . . . American Congress recalled Silas Deane from Paris and appointed John Adams. . . . Passage of the American forts on Delaware river by the British. Fort Lee, N. J., on the Hudson, opposite upper New York City, captured by the British.

1785—Sir David Wilkie, English painter, born; died 1841.

1789—North Carolina ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1796—Catherine II. (the Great), empress of Russia, died at St. Petersburg; born 1729.

1797—Thurlow Weed born.

1805—British and Russian forces land in Naples.

1806—Napoleon issued a decree declaring the British Isles in a state of blockade.

1811—Great riots at Nottingham, England. . . . John Bright, great English statesman, born.

1813—Battle of Leipsic.

1815—Second Peace of Paris.

1816—Bells of Notre Dame, Paris, baptised.

1834—Melbourne ministry dissolved.

1846—Cracow annexed to Austria.

1848—Assassination of Count Rossi, first minister to Pius IX. at Rome.

1849—Steamer Louisiana exploded at New Orleans. Nearly 100 killed.

1852—Labor islands difficulty between United States and Peru settled.

1857—Relief of Lucknow.

1862—Gen. Sumner demanded surrender of Fredericksburg, Va.

1864—Treaty of peace between Denmark, Prussia and Austria ratified. . . . Gen. Sherman began his march to the sea.

1866—First G. A. R. post instituted at Decatur, Ill.

1870—Duke of Aosta elected King of Spain.

1873—Encyclical letter issued by Pius IX. against Old Catholics.

1883—Standard time adopted in States east of the Rocky mountains. Four standards adjusted to be an hour apart and to differ by exact hours from Greenwich were adopted. The divisions are eastern time, central time, Rocky mountain time and Pacific time, being respectively 75 degrees, 90 degrees, 105 degrees and 120 degrees west of Greenwich.

1886—Chester Alan Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States, died in New York City; born 1830.

1888—Rear Admiral Charles H. Baldwin, Union naval veteran, died in New York City; born there 1822.

1891—Ex-King Milan of Servia renounced all rights to the throne.

1893—Town of Kuchan, province of Khorassan, Persia, destroyed by an earthquake; over 12,000 people killed.

1894—Jose Salvador, anarchist who threw bomb in Barcelona theater and killed many persons, garroted.

1897—President McKinley signed the treaty adopted by the Universal Postal Congress. . . . Rev. George Hendricks Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration (the Little Church Around the Corner), died in New York, aged 77.

1898—Michigan State Supreme Court declared boycotting illegal.

1899—Admiral Dewey transferred to his wife the Washington house given him by the American people. . . . Garrett A. Hobart, Vice President of the United States, died.

1901—James J. Jeffries defeated Gus Ruhlin in a battle for the world's pugilistic championship at San Francisco.

1903—A canal treaty with the new republic of Panama signed at Washington.

1904—King Edward VII. of England arrived in Portugal on a visit to King Carlos.