

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XXVI (Continued).
"So they went to India and took up their residence in the hills. One daughter was born to them, named Narcisse. Capt. De L'Enclos died the following year. When Narcisse was only eighteen she was married to Harold Harcourt, whom she had met while on a visit to Calcutta. He was a personable fellow, of good family and my aunt thought her only child was making a good match. The resemblance between these four women—my Aunt Marie, and her daughter Narcisse, whom you know as Mrs. Harold Harcourt, my mother and her daughter, Cerise Wayne, my sister, was appalling. They all had the same coloring, the same features almost to the fraction of an inch, and the same remarkably exquisite coloring. Yet I am sure that not until to-day has Mrs. Harcourt known that Cerise Wayne and she were full-blooded cousins, as Aunt Marie brought her daughter up in ignorance of the relatives in Africa. Aunt Marie's idea in this was to protect my mother from my father's wrath, as he had forbidden mother to tell us of our aunt, and indeed we were so young when Aunt Marie departed that we soon forgot her. Mother and Aunt Marie never had any communication after Aunt Marie left for India. My mother died when I was about nine, and Cerise not quite eight years old. Cerise had always been father's favorite and after my mother's death home would have been unbearable to me except for Tyoga. We had excellent tutors in the house, and later father sent Benoni and me to Europe to study. I took a doctor's degree in Heidelberg at a remarkably early age, thanks to the previous instruction I had received from my father, who was an exceptionally brilliant man. Benoni studied with me, for while father had subordinated Tyoga and her child, my mother had dealt fairly with them in the matter of wealth.

"I was at Heidelberg when Aunt Marie came to visit me. It was the year that Narcisse was married, and three years after Cerise's madcap girl of seventeen, had been sent home in disgrace from a French convent after a flirtation with Hackley, who had followed her to Africa and married her there.

"Aunt Marie had gone to Africa in search of her sister. With her daughter my aunt felt she could safely seek out her twin sister after the lapse of all these years. She was grief-stricken over the news of her sister's death, and unwillingly left before my father that in the Thougley region were some extremely valuable diamond fields, the secret of whose location had been made known to her husband, Capt. De L'Enclos, by an Arabian servant of his. Aunt Marie's fortune was felt the touch of years, and she had made a joint reason for her African journey an attempt to locate and work these mines. Father, his avarice all stirred again, strove to force her to tell him where they were. Aunt Marie knew him of old and refused. Learning I was at Heidelberg, she proceeded there, and stopped with Benoni and me for over a year, giving me the only happiness I had known since my mother's death. She spoke freely to me of my young cousin Narcisse Harcourt in India, asked me to befriend her if ever she needed it, and showed me her miniature, so like that of my sister Cerise that I could but gasp.

"I went home that summer and left Aunt Marie planning to return to India in the early fall. Late the news came that she had perished in a horrible conflagration at a charity bazaar. This was a severe blow to me, for I had loved my aunt, and my heart went out to the unknown cousin.

"Cerise had the heart of a fiend. Hackley had taught her that she was the most beautiful human existent. A whim of hers was to fancy herself the reincarnation of Venus herself. Cerise did not take kindly to the news of her equally exquisite cousin across seas, especially since her children, of whom by now she had two, were, with all due respect to their father, whom they resembled, not particularly comely.

"To satisfy herself Cerise made a flying trip to India in disguise, and there began the tragedy end.

"Father at this time became cognizant that I knew how to reach the Thougley mines. Aunt Marie had brought me with her farewell breath to keep this intelligence from him. I kept my faith with her. And as a penalty for that faith my father subjected me to the most cruel tortures that forty floggings might have devised. He began in the castle and ended with them in the jungle. And when I was nearly dead from pain and distortion, he realized that I was telling and the secret with me. There he put forth all his cunning and exceptional surgical skill, and dragged me back to life—but such a life—such a living death—for no being so deformed and taunted out of human shape as I ever before walked the earth.

"Cerise went to India. She saw Narcisse and hated her on sight. Narcisse had a child, too, by then, and her one baby was as lovely as Cerise's two had been plain. What in more, Cerise became violently infatuated with Harold Harcourt's husband. She made herself known to him one day as he walked beneath the trees in the garden, while Narcisse sat in the house and rocked her baby to sleep. After the first start Harcourt became interested. I know not what wiles Cerise used, but this Cerise soon had Harcourt bound hand and foot. Narcisse was ousted from her husband's heart. Cerise had forgotten her home and children.

"Both Cerise and Harcourt stopped at actual murder. They began to play a royal game. The resemblance between Cerise and Narcisse made this easy. They kept Narcisse under the influence of the love blossoms—drugged her poor mind almost to imbecility. When Narcisse lay stupefied from the deadly powders Cerise paraded before the world as Mrs. Harcourt. Cerise was always jealous of her child, the little Harold, Jr., fell by accident into the lily pond. The poor drug-

ged mother was watching him at the time and sat by the window too stupefied to move or rescue him. Harcourt tried, but he was too far away at a distant corner of the garden. Harold died, he decided it would be best to leave India. Hackley and father were growing suspicious of Cerise's rising aloofness, and Mrs. Harcourt's friends in India were becoming unduly exercised over the changes that apparently had come over her, for of course this strange exchange of personalities was known to none. So Harcourt gave out that he was to travel for his wife's health. In my pitiable shape I could do little to protect my cousin, but I tried to travel closely enough in their wake to prevent their ever killing her. For my affliction Cerise felt no pity. She loathed the sight of me, and her evident hatred soon drove me to ally myself in spirit with my sadly injured brother-in-law and cousin, Harcourt and Cerise had planned to spend the summer here. She was to go to live in lodgings till she could find a home in which to remove with his wife, and then Cerise would join them and the same old faces would have been renewed. To that end Harcourt leased the Flanders house.

A distinct "Ah!" ran through the court room and Harcourt simultaneously uttered a denial.

"To that end," continued Le Malheureux, "Harcourt leased the Flanders house. For some whim or other he took it under the name of Hamley Hackley. I think Harcourt had intended to make an end of Narcisse there, for he knew that Hackley was close on the trail. Then Cerise was to have stepped into her cousin's shoes and Hackley would have believed that it was his wife who had died. Cerise took rooms at the Desterie's and almost immediately a secret doorway was cut through. I tracked Harcourt to the house at 94 Briarwood place the night of the murder. I waited till I had a chance and secreted myself in the room. I saw him remove the plaque and climb into my sister's room. I followed, hiding in the closet.

"Cerise and he quarreled nearly all evening. Cerise in one of her petulant moods was provoking him beyond endurance. She was becoming wearied with him. The letter that was found on the floor urging her to live up to the demands of womanhood and to return to 'H' had been recently received by her from Harcourt, and she made it the pivot on which to turn many a joke and jest. Finally she told him she was tired of him, and thought she would go back to her husband. They squabbled and wrangled till finally Cerise made ready for bed. Harcourt started to go home, but at length, fully dressed, threw himself down on the bed and began to smoke, at the same time chiding Cerise for using so many cigarettes. Then she asked him for money, claiming that her losses at the races had, as she termed it, 'kaid' him. He said he had no money, and then she turned on him with reproaches of an over-fondness for roulette. They bickered about money till nearly daylight and till Harcourt would not talk any more. Cerise dropped off to sleep, but Harcourt lay there smoking in moody silence. Cerise roused and asked him to get her a drink of water. He refused at first, but she kept at him. Finally he got up, went over to the stand, fumbled for a glass, and came back with water, and said, 'Never ask me for a drink again.'

"Cerise lay back on her pillows, and apparently fell into slumber again. Harcourt resumed his place by her side. I was about to go, wishing to make my way back home before the dawn broke, when suddenly Harcourt turned over on his elbow and moaned like a whipped lioness.

"What have I done, what have I done?" he cried over and over again. "My temper, my temper! My awful jealousy! Cerise, I have killed you, killed you!"

"He kissed her again and again, and wept and dug his nails into his flesh. The sunlight came in at the window and the breakfast gong clanged in the hall. Reality came back to him. He cautiously slipped from the bed and made his way back into the house. He knew that safety lay in flight.

"Handicapped by deformity, I knew I could do nothing, but I relied on Hackley. Together I thought we might take the boat away with us, and then that trap door. I went over to the bed and assured myself that Cerise was quite dead. I smelted of the glass and from the lack of odor and the condition of Cerise's body guessed that Harcourt had depended upon his friend, the loco plant, to end her life. Perhaps he had given her the dose meant originally for Narcisse.

"Then I went in search for Hackley. It took me longer to find him than I thought, for it was very late, nearly noon, when we returned to the room. I had not told him she was dead. He was fearfully shocked. We had just entered and were figuring how we could get the body away, when we heard the trap door fastened behind us. Evidently Harcourt had come in and noticed it open and, fearing he had forgotten to close it in his wild flight of the morning, made haste to remedy the oversight. There we were, Hackley and I, locked in the room with the dead body of my wife and my sister. Five minutes later Mrs. Desterie burst in from the door. There was time to get out, as Hackley has said, while they carried Mrs. Desterie to her room.

"I was in the hotel perched on the fire-escape above the room occupied by Mrs. Lancy and Mrs. Morris, that same night. I was keeping guard over Mrs. Harcourt. I did not know but that in an after rage Harcourt might not destroy her, too. I did not know what the papers were, but feared they might react on my cousin's safety. I followed Mrs. Morris to Mrs. Harcourt's room and ran into her as she was rounding the corner on her return. She struggled to free herself, but I held her fast. I wanted to discover what she had done, and to see if she had the stolen papers hidden about her, and if so, what they were. In the

contest her waist was torn off and her nose began to bleed. Then she fainted from fright. I carried her from the hotel to Hackley's rooms, intending to take her to her home in the morning. She grew steadily worse and by morning was having convulsions. I hold high European degrees as a physician, and as I knew the cause of her malady felt the only way to the girl would be to treat her myself. Together with Tyoga and Hackley I got her to San Francisco and took her to Africa with me. I had to do it. There was no other way. My only safety lay in flight. Her only chance of recovery lay in the medication I could give her, for I alone knew the cause of her complete mental prostration. The later complications of her journey I had not foreseen, but she is here now, safe and well, and, may I not say it? all the happier for her trip."

Harcourt had risen and staggered from his feet toward Francis Wayne. Harcourt walked like a drunken man, and quicker than anyone could divine the purpose he had unveiled the shrinking figure of Le Malheureux.

Shrieks rose from all sides of the court room. Before them stood—The Man-Aperilla!

High and clear rang Narcisse Harcourt's voice:

"My poor cousin! My poor, poor cousin!"

CHAPTER XXVII.
They changed Harcourt within the month. And the British government did not interfere. It was glad to shift the burdens of such a human pest on Uncle Sam. Hackley went back to England to be with his children, and patch out the rest of his life as best he could. Narcisse Harcourt and Philip Hartley married.

The papers Francis Wayne produced bore out his story, which was further attested by the old French Cure, and by Benoni. They also told of the frightful treatment Francis Wayne had suffered at the hands of his unnatural father, and how he really a perverted triumph of science. For old John Wayne out there in the African jungle had forestalled all continental research in the graft of body on body. When through his tortures his son lay before him scarcely more than a heart and a brain, John Wayne had grafted to him bodily the huge gorilla the jungle furnished. The human brain and heart and soul still beat in kinship, and the beast's body thrived and made for the mortal soul within it a torture.

After the trial Le Malheureux, disdaining the pleadings of a hundred scientists, went back to Africa with Meta and Benoni. There he has sunk his identity in a wonderful laboratory for electrical research, from which annually issue bulletins that delight and astonish the scientific world. Before Le Malheureux sailed he said, in self-justification:

"Only once have I let the inclination of the beast that is part of me overtook me—only once permitted its physical characteristics to conquer my immortal soul. That was the time when, penned in the death-chamber of my sister, with the trap-door locked behind me, and when Harcourt said Hackley took, barred from me because of my unmerited affliction, and when I knew no one would believe my story, that I might keep free for my cousin's sake, hunted and sore, I jibbered and fought and plied the beast I look."

(The End.)

COST OF LIVING IN SOUTH.

Good Accommodations Much Higher at Hotels Than in the North.

In the Mobile Register of Feb. 7 appears a news item from Washington to the effect that as shown by sworn statements the expenses of the traveling employes of the department of agriculture average between \$1 and \$2.50 a day.

This is absurd, says Traveler in the New York Sun. First class accommodations cannot be secured as cheaply in the south as in other parts of the country. I am a native of New York city and have traveled in all of the Atlantic seaboard states during the last eight years, and I am of the opinion that I know something about the traveling proposition.

The minimum rate of a country hotel in the south is \$2 a day, and within the last two years where there is no competition many of them have gone up to \$2.50, and the food you get at most of them beggars description. If you had supper in Jessup, Ga., and by an airship route could breakfast in China Grove, N. C., you would get the same meal.

There are places where accommodations can be secured at \$1 a day, and no doubt the prices of such places are worthy people, but I was never aware that a government employe ate such "humble pie." I know quite a few personally.

I have put up at some country hotels in New England, and—well, comparisons are odious. However, it is sufficient to say that there is little more to be desired for \$2 a day.

Then again, please consider that the South has to import much of what it eats, from sections of the country which, according to forsworn government employes, are more expensive to live in.

In a first class hotel in a large city in the South, a hotel which ranks with a second class hotel in the East, you cannot secure complete accommodations for much less than \$5 a day.

By way of comparison, you could get more for \$5 a day in Boston than in Atlanta. In a pinch you could live very comfortably in Boston for \$4 a day, much better than you could in Birmingham, Ala.

A family in charge of housekeeping in a moderate distance of Boston, New York or Philadelphia on the same amount of money as would be spent under the same circumstances on the outskirts of Atlanta. The most economical city in the country, by the way, is Baltimore.

These figures from the sworn statements of government employes do not constitute a proper commentary on the differences in cost of living in hotels in different sections of the country. They jump from a dollar a day backwoods hotel, where hog and hominy is the cuisine, to a first class hotel in Boston, where you can get Parker house rolls and real buckwheat cakes and real maple sirup for breakfast. As they stand the figures are valueless and misleading.

Some people are so fond of ill luck that they run half way to meet it—Douglas Jerrold.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

TEN MILE LAKES POPULAR. ENGINEERS START SURVEYS.

Trout Fishing Ideal Sport in Isolated Mountain Streams.

Marshallfield—Ten-Mile lakes, near Coos bay, is a locality which affords as much real sport in the way of trout fishing as any part of the country. The place is more popular this year than ever before. With better connections with the outside, the lake country will doubtless be one of the most famous resorts in Oregon.

The lakes are not far from the ocean, are hidden in the mountains, and have their outlets through Ten-Mile creek, which empties directly into the ocean. The trip to the lakes from Coos Bay is a novel one for a person who has never taken it.

Gasoline launches run from the bay cities to the head of navigation on North Inlet. These passengers must leave the boat and ride on the stage about 10 miles over the mountains to the head of the lakes, where there is a settlement called Lakeside. Here is located a creamery, stage stables, two boarding houses and a store and post-office. Lakeside has been platted into town lots, and quite a number of summer cottages have been built there.

Along the banks of the lakes are many attractive cottages. Mayor L. J. Simpson, of North Bend, has the most elaborate summer home on the lakes, his house being quite a large one and commanding a beautiful view. Some of the ranchers live on the lake, but it will not be many years until all of the lake frontage is taken up by summer homes.

CHANGE NATRON CUTOFF.

S. P. to Bar Junction With Oregon Trunk at Crescent in Plan.

Crescent—Revision of the Natron cutoff of the Southern Pacific line is now in progress near here, two engineering crews under Engineer Knowlton being in the field. One party is near the summit west of lakes Odell and Crescent, the other 12 miles west of here and working toward Crescent. A pack train of 35 animals is used to convey the outfit for the Summit crew. The revision is in conformity with the change in the line determined upon by the company some time ago. The line at present passes a mile and a half south of Crescent, but the new line will swing into the town, it is understood, to form a junction point with the Oregon Trunk.

DRAW 260 FEET IN LENGTH.

Albany Has Longest Wooden Span in Whole World.

Albany—Work has begun on the construction of a new draw span on the Corvallis & Eastern railroad bridge spanning the Willamette river at this city. A draw 260 feet long will be built, replacing one of similar length and new pivot pier constructed beneath it. This pier will be 22 feet in diameter at the top and 34 feet in diameter at the bed of the river. [This 260-foot draw is the longest wooden draw span in the world. Local railroad men say there is no other draw in existence so long as this one which is not constructed of steel. For many years the local bridge has held this record. The next longest wooden draw span, which was 240 feet in length, was on a wagon bridge in California, which has recently been replaced with steel, so now the local bridge has by far the longest swinging wooden span on earth.]

Sawmill to Cut 50,000 Feet.

Corvallis—The McCredie mill on the Mary's river flat will be in full operation in a short time. A dam across Mary's river has been completed, giving ideal conditions for handling logs. The water is raised four feet a half mile above the dam. The river is full of logs, and the Carver road is bringing in more every day, so that continuous operation at full capacity will be possible. At full capacity this mill ought to cut 50,000 feet of lumber daily and employ from 25 to 50 men.

High School Ready by Autumn.

Dallas—The work of constructing the new high school is progressing rapidly. The cement foundations have been laid and the building will probably be completed within two months, making it possible for school to commence at the usual time. The new schoolhouse will be thoroughly modern and well equipped. It will cost \$40,000. The contractors are rushing street improvement work along at a lively rate. Several blocks have been macadamized and before the summer is over many more will be improved.

McKenzie River Trip Popular.

Eugene—The trip up the McKenzie river is becoming so popular that it has been necessary to double and sometimes treble the service on the run. Each stage carries 12 people and two and three times as many are sent up daily during the past week, besides many private parties going by team and automobiles. The road is in perfect condition, except that it is dusty in spots clear through to the base of the Three Sisters.

New Town Springs Up.

Vale—Brogan, the new town of the Willow River irrigation project, now has train connections with Vale. The last rail in the Brogan yards having been placed. Temporary service is being maintained by the construction train. Less than a year ago the town-site of Brogan was a wilderness of sagebrush land, but now it is a town of several hundred people and has six modern white pressed brick buildings.

Big Field of Beets.

Nyssa—Probably the largest sugar beet field in Oregon is located three miles north of Nyssa and contains 500 acres of sugar beets on land owned by Frank J. Kiesel, of Ogden.

ASTORIA & COLUMBIA RIVER RAILROAD WILL CONSTRUCT CUT-OFF.

Astoria—A force of Astoria & Columbia River railroad engineers has arrived from Portland and are making detailed surveys for the proposed cut-off at Tongue Point.

The cutoff is to start at the commencement of the big curve a short distance west of the John Day river and run through the bluff several hundred feet above the present track. It will then follow the short line back of the Hammond Lumber company's mill and continuing along on solid ground to a point about 200 feet west of the Astoria Box company's plant, where it will connect with the existing trestle.

The main object in making the change is to do away with the heavy curves at Tongue Point, as well as with a long stretch of trestle that is expensive to keep in repair.

A cut is to be made through the bluff at the point and the earth secured there will be utilized to fill in the grounds at the depot.

APPLE CROP TO BE SAVED.

Court Appoints a Receiver to Care for Hood River Orchard.

Hood River—In order that a \$15,000 apple crop on a 30-acre Hood River orchard, the title to which is in litigation, may not be wasted, C. H. Sproul has been appointed receiver on behalf of the United States court.

The property was formerly owned by Oscar Vanderbilt, who sold to Minette Thullen, Bishop and Joseph Thullen. Differences as to the payment of the purchase price caused the matter to be brought to the attention of the courts.

Since the suit was started the apples have begun to ripen and it was shown the court that the value of the product to be harvested is at least \$500 per acre. The bond of the receiver was fixed at \$5,000.

Nehalem Jetty Work On.

Astoria—L. Houston is sending a number of men to Nehalem to begin work on the construction of the jetty on the south side of the entrance to the bay, for which he was awarded the contract a short time ago. He has also engaged several of the men who were working for the Lyle road and Mr. Stark, who has had charge of the building of the railroad between Tillamook and Nehalem, will be Mr. Houston's superintendent of construction. The first work is the opening of the rock quarry near Garibaldi.

Coos Bay Prepares for Carnival.

Marshfield—The Carnival association has appropriated about \$3,000 for the carnival to be held on Coos Bay one week, beginning August 15. The association will spend \$1,200 illuminating Marshfield and North Bend and has so far laid sufficient money to order good prizes for boat races. Boat owners from Astoria will enter the races here and an effort will be made to secure the fastest speed boats on the Coast for the regatta.

Fire Destroys Mill Flume.

Eugene—Fire has broken out anew on the logged-off land of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company above Wendling and has destroyed about 1,750 feet of log chutes. All the company's employes, numbering 300 in that section, are again at work in an effort to keep the fire out of the standing timber.

Mile of Cement Walk to Be Laid.

Jacksonville—More than a mile of new cement walk will be laid in Jacksonville this summer. Surveys have been completed on Oregon, California and Fifth streets and work has begun. The council will endeavor to rush the work to completion this summer.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 94@95c; club, 86@87c; red Russian, 85c; valley, 86@87c.

Hay—Feed and breeding, \$24 ton.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 33c; fancy outside creamery, 31c@32c per pound; store, 23c; butter fat, 35c.

Eggs—Oregon candler, 26 1/2@27c; Eastern, 24@25 1/2c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 17@18c; springs, 19@20c; ducks, 15c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, live, 18@20c; dressed 22 1/2@25c; squabs, 3c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 12 1/2@13c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12@12 1/2c per pound.

Green Fruits—Apples, new, 11.25@12.00 per box; Lambert cherries, 12@15c per pound; apricots, 50@60¢ per box; plums, 50@60¢ per box; peaches, 40¢ per box; loganberries, \$1.00 per crate; blackberries, \$1.40 per 1.50 per box; watermelons, \$1.25@1.50 per hundred; cantaloupes, \$2.75@3.50 per crate.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60¢@75c per dozen; beans, 30¢@50c per dozen; cabbage, 2 1/2@2 1/2c; cauliflower, \$1.50 per dozen; celery, 90c; cucumbers, 50c per box; egg plant, 12 1/2c per pound; green onions, 15c per dozen; peas, 5c per pound; peppers, 10@12 1/2c; radishes, 15¢@20¢ per dozen; carrots, 1¢@1.25 per sack; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, 1¢@1.25; turnips, 1¢.

Potatoes—New, 1 1/2c per pound.

Onions—Walla Walla, \$2.50 per sack; Hood River, \$2.25 per sack.

Cattle—Beef steers, good to choice, \$5.25@6; fair to medium, \$4.25@4.75; cows, and heifers, good to choice, \$4.25@4.50; fair to medium, \$3.50@4; bulls, \$3@3.75; stags, \$2.50@4.50; calves, light, \$5.75@6.75; heavy, \$3.50@5.50.

Hogs—Top, \$10@10.25; fair to medium, \$8.60@8.75.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3@3.50; best ewes, \$3@3.50; lambs, choice, \$5@6; fair, \$4.75@5.25.

Crops—1909 crop, 10@13c; old, nominal; 1910 contracts, 13c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 13¢@17¢ per pound; valley, 15¢@18¢; mohair, choice, \$32@33c.

MOTHER DROWNS CHILDREN.

Driven Insane by Lonesome Surroundings and Fear.

Antioch, Cal.—One after another, four little children were drowned in a tub by their mother. Two older children tried to prevent the murders, but the woman went about the work in a strange calm and strength, as though she had been called upon to make sacrifice to some unknown power. She took her arrest in the same quiet spirit, gazing calmly at her husband as he struggled with his agony on coming home from work to find his babies dead.

The woman, Mrs. Joseph Mello, wife of a ranchman, said she was tired of looking forever at the brown hills that shut in their home. She said she was afraid that she was losing her mind and feared her children would inherit her insanity. After her husband left home in the morning, she set about her task. She filled a large washtub with water and gathered the children into the kitchen.

They were Ramona, 4 years old; Leona, 2 years old; and Bernal and Vernal, 5 months old twins. These put up their arms to their mother trustfully, and were sent away with

HEAT AGAIN HITS CHICAGO

Torrid Weather Extends From Atlantic to Rockies

Five Dead, Others Dying—Mad Dogs Bite Three—Authorities Work to Save the Babies.

Chicago—Notwithstanding cool weather in Chicago because of a stiff breeze off the lake, five persons died Wednesday, many were prostrated, of whom four will probably die, and three were bitten by rabid dogs.

All the country from the Rocky mountains to the Atlantic seaboard swelters under a veritable blanket of heat and many cases of suffering are reported from various cities. Weather forecasters say there is no relief in sight and that the temperature will go higher. In some sections of the country special services were held in the churches, at which prayers were offered for rain and cooler weather.

The focus of the heat wave seems to be slowly moving east, although it has been centered two days in Kansas and Oklahoma. Thermometers in Kansas registered 100 and higher. Southern cities report unusual heat, accompanied by fitful showers which are quickly reduced to steam, making breathing difficult and painful.

In Chicago the great fight by health officers and charity organizations is centered in saving the thousands of babies, who suffer more from improper care than from the torridity. Agents of all the organizations are working night and day in the Ghetto and other congested districts warning parents about overfeeding and neglecting to bathe their children and keep their houses clean.

In these districts the population is chiefly sleeping on fire escapes and doorways and in any open spot where a breath of air may be obtained. Extra precautions are being taken, to muzzle dogs and to slay all without license, because of the large number of them going mad from the heat.

At the bathing beaches hundreds stood in line patiently waiting for stools. All the beaches keep open nights, to give exhausted humanity an opportunity to cool off in preparation for the morrow's siege.

A terrific electrical and hail storm swept over the Michigan fruit belt. Thousands of acres of corn and oats were riddled and the damage to the fruit cannot be estimated, but will be very heavy.

Nebraska reports the hottest weather on record, with fierce hot winds shriveling everything. In Northern Missouri a temperature of 105 is reported, with no rain since June 8.

Divorce Not to Be Easy.

Bellingham, Wash.—Seventeen Superior court judgments of the state of Washington, assembled here for the first regular meeting in 13 years, revised the rules of court procedure so that it will be more difficult to obtain snap divorce judgments. The new rules provide that divorce cases must be filed at least 30 days before trial and that in default cases the papers shall be served on the county attorney at least 20 days before trial.

The new rules become effective on November 1, 1910.

3,000,000 Band Under Way.

Raleigh, N. C.—Three million farmers are to band together to attempt to defeat the members of congress and other officials deaf to the demands of agriculturists for laws advancing their interests, according to Charles S. Barrett, president of the Farmers' Union. Mr. Barrett said the organization was working on a list of such legislators which will be known as the "Doomsday book," to be issued before the next November elections.

Young "Ted" at Bay City.

San Francisco—With peeled noses and decided casts of tan giving evidence of a much out-of-door honeymoon in the sunny clime of Santa Barbara, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and his wife arrived in San Francisco and are registered at a local fashionable hotel.



King Alfonso and Queen Ena, of Spain, whose throne is threatened by revolutionists.

little struggle.

The two other children became frightened, the oldest, a 14-year old boy, breaking out of the house and calling wildly for help. There was a 6-year old girl, too, who got away. While these two were screaming in the yard the 2-year old baby was quickly drowned and laid out in the row with the twins. Then the struggle with Ramona began.

While this was going on, Sheriff R. R. Neale, who was passing in a buggy, heard the screams and drove up to the house.

"Mother is killing the children," the oldest boy told him. The sheriff ran into the kitchen and found the mother struggle just about over. He tore the little girl from her mother and sought in every way to restore life, but, after working on her for some time, saw that the child was dead.

The mother stood and looked quietly at the sheriff. Then the husband came home to his rangely quiet house, and Mrs. Mello was taken away to the Martinez jail, talking on the way about ordinary things. She never before had given any signs of insanity.

Prehistoric Find Made.

Auburn, Cal.—The bones of two prehistoric humans with low brows and heavy jaw bones have been found in an ancient cave on the limestone property that is being opened up near Cool, Eldorado county. The company owning the ground gave to Dr. Sawyer, of Auburn, permission to open and explore the cave and recover any curious it might possess. In one chamber were found portions of two human skeletons. They are believed to be those of members of a race that inhabited this country long before the Indians lived here.

Ohio Regiment Wrecked.

Cleveland, O.—The first section of the Caldwell and Marietta train, carrying the Fourth militia regiment from Marietta to Columbus, was wrecked Sunday night near Belle Valley. Several are reported seriously hurt. Details are meager. The train, it is reported, ran into an open switch. The Cleveland and Marietta railroad is operated by the Pennsylvania railroad. There is strong evidence the wreck was the result of a plot on the part of strike sympathizers. The switch lock had been broken off and thrown away.

Strike May Soon Be Ended.

Montreal—Conferences between W. L. MacKenzie, King, and both sides in the Grand Trunk strike continue, and while no definite statement is obtainable, it is said that the situation has been clarified. The negotiations will be carried to a settlement if possible. Reports from towns and villages entirely dependent upon the Grand Trunk state that failure to receive freight is causing the closing of factories and in some points coal famines are imminent.

Loss by Storm is Heavy.

Lexington, Ky.—One thousand acres of tobacco, nearly as much wheat, and more than 500 acres of corn were destroyed by a cloudburst in Lincoln, Boyle and Mercer counties. A number of buildings and flocks of sheep were washed away.

Young "Ted" at Bay City.

San Francisco—With peeled noses and decided casts of tan giving evidence of a much out-of-door honeymoon in the sunny clime of Santa Barbara, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and his wife arrived in San Francisco and are registered at a local fashionable hotel.