

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

Reports from the English and California hop fields are sending up prices.

President Taft will again veto the amended legislative, executive and judicial bill.

Carson D. Boren, the last survivor of the party that founded the city of Seattle, is dead.

Lawyers for Darrow are making a strong effort to have all remaining charges against him dismissed.

Eastern women are busy organizing the campaign work of all the national political parties among women.

General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army, died at his home in London, England.

While watching a blast at a distance of 900 feet, a Cottage Grove, Or., man was instantly killed by a flying rock.

Reports of the secretary show that the Progressive convention at Chicago cost \$19,403, and a balance of \$474.63 was left on hand.

A special committee appointed by Governor Harmon, of Ohio, has recommended a pension system for widows with children under 14 years of age.

A bill has been passed by the house authorizing the sale of 10,800 acres of rich farming land in Oklahoma belonging to the Five Civilized Indian tribes.

Blondy, the pet dog of the late financier John W. Gates, will have an imposing funeral, his body being taken from New York to Port Arthur, Texas, for interment in the family cemetery.

The Chinese general assembly has demanded that Yuan Shi Kai explain the recent execution of Generals Chang Chen Wu and Aeng Wei, who were loyal supporters of Dr. Sun Yat Sen's progressive party.

Roosevelt begins speech-making tour of Eastern states.

General Orozco evacuates Juarez, with Federals advancing.

The first American-built submarine boat was launched at Philadelphia.

The Senate passed a bill placing at the disposal of Luther Burbank 12 sections of land in California, New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada for the propagation of spinless cacti.

London firm sends representative to this coast to investigate conditions.

One hundred and forty-three fishermen were drowned off the coast of Spain during a gale.

Steamer City of Seattle, which was grounded in Alaskan waters recently, is freed by high tide.

A prominent Oregon lumberman fought a Frenchman on board the liner Olympic over a card game.

American marines were ordered by the War Department to stop the bombardment of the Nicaraguan capital.

The express messenger was locked in the chest from which \$3000 were taken by robbers on a train in North Carolina.

Nat Goodwin, comedian, was seriously injured when he attempted to deliver a note in a small boat to an Indian, a few miles off shore, near Los Angeles. His craft was dashed on the rocks.

Albert H. Young, a law student at the University of Washington, who is a subject of the German Emperor, cannot become a citizen of the United States because his mother is a Japanese.

Smugglers Reap Rich Harvest on Oriental Steamers

Honolulu—Smugglers of opium in their efforts to circumvent the customs authorities at American ports have been using United States mail bags as carriers of the contraband drug and evidently have succeeded in bringing many thousands of dollars' worth of opium into island and possibly mainland ports.

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Furnes of Asphalt Fatal.

San Francisco—Risking his own life to save three employes, Joseph Sinclair, superintendent of the Pacific Roofing & Refining company, descended into a vat of molten asphalt still in this city and brought them out alive. Raymond Giovanni and Louis Pruzzo entered the vat to clean it. Both were overcome. Rudolph Strang, a fellow workman, went down after them. As he was carrying their inert bodies to a manhole he, too, collapsed. Sinclair managed to get out all three. Giovanni died on the way to a hospital.

Shingle Prices Soaring.

Seattle—So brisk is the demand for Washington red cedar shingles and so limited is the supply that the price is jumping by leaps and bounds. The price of Shingles has advanced to \$2 at the mills, with a few wholesalers offering as high as \$2.05. These are the highest prices paid for shingles since 1907. In September, 1907, the price of Stars touched \$2.50, and the average price for the year was \$2.39. In 1907 special brands of both Stars and Clears sold at substantial premiums. Cedar lumber is scarce.

Bridge Work is Rushed.

Junction City—Work is being rushed on the five-span steel bridge of the Oregon Electric over the Willamette near Junction City. The temporary wood bridge has been completed and the rails laid so that work trains can cross. Excavation for four of the concrete piers has been completed to a depth of 40 feet below the surface of the river. These four solid concrete piers are now nearly completed. Excavations for these piers had to be made under air pressure, three shifts working below the surface.

Big Umattilla Wheat Yield.

Freewater—The yield of wheat in this part of the valley is said to be enormous. At the state line Sam and E. P. Ingle are farming 530 acres and have a yield of 25,000 bushels of wheat, making 40 bushels to the acre. The Peacock Mill company has purchased several thousand bushels of the club variety for 70 cents a bushel and the rest is being hauled to the warehouse.

Washington Farmer May Get Aid.

Spokane—Governor May declares that he will send to the next legislature a message recommending a constitutional amendment permitting the state to lend to farmers at easy rates of interest the \$9,750,000 which has accumulated from the sale of school and public lands.

Wheat—Track prices—New, 77c; 76c; bluestem, 79c; forty-four, 77c; valley, 78c.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$25 ton; shorts, \$28; middlings, \$32; rolled barley, \$29.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$15; valley timothy, \$12@13; alfalfa, \$11@12; clover, \$10; oats and vetch, \$10@11; grain hay, \$10@11.

Corn—Whole, \$39; cracked, \$40 ton.

Oats—Spot, \$26 ton.

Fresh fruits—Apples, new, \$1@1.75 box; peaches, 35¢@75¢ box; plums, 75¢@1.10 box; pears, \$1.20@1.50 box; apricots, \$1.25 box; grapes, 65¢@1.75 crate; blackberries, 50¢@1 crate.

Melons—Cantaloupes, 50¢@1.50 per crate; watermelons, \$1@1.50 per ewt.

Onions—Walla Walla, 90¢@1 sack.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, new, 60¢@90¢ per hundred.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 65¢@75¢ dozen; beans, 2¢ pound; cabbage, 16¢ 1¢; cauliflower, \$1@1.25 dozen; celery, 75¢@85¢; corn, 15¢@25¢; cucumbers, 50¢ box; eggplant, 7¢@10¢ pound; head lettuce, 20¢@25¢ dozen; peas, 8¢@9¢ pound; peppers, 8¢@10¢; radishes, 16¢@20¢ dozen; tomatoes, 50¢@75¢ box; garlic, 8¢@10¢ pound.

Eggs—Case count, 23¢ dozen; candled 25¢; extras 27¢.

Butter—Oregon creamy butter, cubed 31¢ pound; prints 32¢.

Pork—Fancy 11¢ pound.

Veal—Fancy 14¢ pound.

Poultry—Hens, 13¢@13½¢ pound; broilers, 15¢@16¢; ducks, young, 11¢ 12¢; geese, 10¢@11¢; turkeys, live, 18¢ 20¢; dressed, 24¢@25¢.

Hops—1912 contracts, 19¢@20¢; 1911 crop, nominal.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$6.75@7; good, \$6.65; medium, \$5.75@6; choice cows, \$5.75@6; good, \$5.50@6; 5.75; medium, \$5.25@5.50; choice calves, \$7@8.50 good heavy calves, \$6@6.50; bulls, \$3.50@5; stags, \$4.75@6.

Hogs—Light, \$5@9; heavy, \$6.25@7.50.

Sheep—Yearlings, \$3@4; wethers, \$3@4.50; ewes, \$2.85@3.75; lambs, \$4@6.25.

REBELS MASSACRE CAPTIVES.

Garrison of Leon, Nicaragua, Butchered by Insurgents.

Managua, Nicaragua—Nearly the entire detachment of 500 Nicaraguan troops, comprising the garrison of the City of Leon, to the north of Managua, was massacred by a force of insurgents, according to reports which reached the capital.

On Friday news was received by the government that the Liberals at Leon had risen in revolt and General Chomorra dispatched troops to suppress the movement and to reinforce the garrison of the city.

The government troops on reaching Leon camped on the plaza in the center of the town. The insurgents, who were outnumbered by the government force, attacked the city Saturday and after a fierce engagement the garrison surrendered. Instead of holding their captives prisoners of war it is reported that the rebels slaughtered them. Out of a force of 500 all except 70 were killed.

After the repulse of the insurgents last Wednesday night after a four days' battle at Managua, in which American marines and bluejackets played a prominent part as defenders of the capital, the insurgents retired, ostensibly to their headquarters at Masaya. The insurgents, however, had sent large quantities of arms and ammunition from Masaya to Leon through the mountain passes and were hurriedly concentrating their forces at the northern town.

General Mens, the deposed secretary of war, and leader of the insurrection, whose health has been greatly impaired, was in Leon directing the operations of the men.

GENERAL BOOTH IS DEAD.

Venerable Commander of Salvation Army Yields to Old Age.

London—General William Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, is dead at his home in this city. He was born in Nottingham in 1829, being 83 years old at the time of his death.

The veteran Salvation Army leader was unconscious for 48 hours before he died. The medical bulletins had not revealed the seriousness of the general's condition, which for a week, it is now admitted, was hopeless.

Twelve weeks ago General Booth underwent an operation for the removal of a cataract in his left eye. For two days after the operation indications gave hope of his recovery. Then septic poisoning set in, and from that time, with the exception of occasional rallies, the patient's health steadily declined.

The general recognized that the end was near and often spoke of his work as being finished.

Throughout the commander-in-chief's illness his son, Bramwell Booth, chief of staff of the army, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, gave their unremitting attentions to him.

The evangelist died in his residence, the Rockstone Hadley Wood, eight miles from London, where he had been confined to his bed since the operation.

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INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

PREMIUM LIST GROWING. CHILDREN WILL CONTEST.

Many Donations Made to Help Land Products Show.

Portland—Fifteen thousand fruit trees, the number of donations to the premium list for the Pacific Northwest Land Products show [which were predicted by Manager G. E. A. Bond, have already been offered by nurseries of the Pacific Coast.

"The total number of trees that will be available for premiums will far exceed my first estimate," said Mr. Bond, "and may come nearer 20,000 than 15,000, judging from present indications.

To the 8,000 trees offered by different nurseries more than a month ago have lately been added 7500 by other nurseries in Chico, Woodburn, Salem, Milton, Carlton, Toppenish, Hood River, Sunnyside, Washington, Louisiana, Missouri and Roy, Utah.

In addition to the trees offered, implement companies and companies dealing in fruitgrowers' accessories are sending daily to Mr. Bond offers of their materials for use in the compilation of his premium list.

Ten of the prominent fruitgrowers' periodicals of the Northwest and the Middle West have each offered 50 annual subscriptions to the commercial club winning prizes for community exhibits at the Land Products show.

The premium list in its final form will be published during the first week in September. In the meantime Mr. Bond is sending out thousands of circulars to agriculturalists in all parts of the Northwest, acquainting them with the purposes and scope of the show.

TRESPASS HEARING HIGHER.

Assistant U. S. Commissioner Next to Get Bunting Case.

Klamath Falls—The testimony in the case of the United States vs. C. A. Bunting, of Merrill, Ore., for trespass on the lateral ditches claimed by the Government, is being taken before Assistant U. S. Commissioner Ferguson.

The Government bought from the owners a canal and laterals called the Adams Canal, but the owners had not objected until the rights-of-way. To guard against trouble there was retained from the purchase price \$5,000. One of the laterals in question, called the Stukel lateral, was built by the Stukels, who then owned the land. The rights-of-way passed to the Government and teams used in the work, with the understanding, so they claim, that the lateral should be the property of the canal company, when finished, but the Stukels passed the lateral to the land to Bunting, who has claimed the ownership of the lateral in question. If the case is decided in his favor, the owners of the canal will have to settle with him. If he loses his case he will have to pay damages to pay.

SEASON BEST IN TEN YEARS.

All Morrow Crops Are Promising Well.

Heppner—Never in the history of Morrow county have the crop prospects been as good as they are this year.

The largest wheat crop ever harvested in the county is now being garnered and the hay crop is immense, while all kinds of vegetables are making a better yield than for several seasons. This is especially true in regard to potatoes. The yield in all probability is more potatoes raised in this county this year than there have been for a number of years.

All kinds of fruit promise a bountiful crop, and in fact everything seems to be as favorable as could be wished for.

Prices for wheat are fairly good. Weather conditions have been favorable for the harvest so far, and if the present weather holds for another two weeks the major part of the crop will be in the stack where headers are used and in the sack where combines are used.

As compared with former years the season of 1912 is the best and will show a larger yield of grain, hay, fruit and vegetables than any season for the past ten years.

COST OF LIVING BOUGHT.

Labor Commissioner Would Know of Working Girls' Conditions.

Salem—To ascertain the cost of living among working girls in Portland and other cities of Oregon, Labor Commissioner Hoff has started an investigation as to conditions. He will issue blanks to the various employers of girls and secure information through the girls themselves, to be incorporated in his biennial report.

Among other things he will ask for the wages paid, the cost of rent, carfare, food, laundry, clothing, physician, recreation, including vacation, church dues, lodge dues, insurance, education, such as newspapers, books and other features, and any other expenditures which the girls may see fit to give.

The girls are not required to give their names in connection with the answers, the object being to determine as accurately as possible just the cost of living among the average wage-earning girls.

Compare Systems of Printing.

Salem—Declaring that his office is receiving many inquiries as to the relative merits of the old fee system and the proposed flat salary system, the Oregon State Printing plant, Governor West has made a formal request of State Printing Expert R. A. Harris that he furnish a report showing the cost of operating the plant under the present fee system, wherein it appears the state is paying excessive charges, and what saving will be made under the new law if approved by the people at the next election.

Roseburg Wants Elks' Home.

Roseburg—Roseburg is an applicant for the new National home projected by the Grand Lodge of Elks at its recent convention in Portland. A resolution setting forth the climatic and other advantages of this city has been adopted by Lodge No. 226 of Roseburg and will be forwarded at once to the committee appointed at the Grand Lodge reunion to investigate and report on the plan for the new home at the next annual meeting. If such an institution is established it will probably be west of the Rocky Mountains, it is believed.

Klamath Gets New Train Service.

Klamath Falls—The new train between this city and Red Bluff, Cal., is proving a great convenience to the traveling public. It leaves Klamath Falls at 8 o'clock a. m. and arrives at Red Bluff at 5:15 p. m., where it connects with a train for Sacramento. The return train leaves Red Bluff at 10:35 a. m. and arrives at Klamath Falls at 8:40 p. m.



STANTON WINS

Author of 'The Game and the Candle' 'The Flying Mercury' etc.

Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURGH

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, young, the machine drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a strange woman, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he gives to her. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and the two together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

There was a bad turn. His eyes on the machine in front, Stanton rounded the banked curve at a pace which sent the shrieking crowd of spectators recoiling from the danger-line and sprayed yellow soil high into the air. As the Mercury lurched into the straight stretch beyond, as Floyd was in the act of turning to examine the rear tires, there came a sharp explosion and an appalling crash. The car as a rear casing blew out, wrenched itself bodily from the wheel and rolled like a hoop into a field a hundred yards away.

The machine tottered to the edge of the road, stopping under the powerful brakes. Floyd sprang out, dragging loose one of the extra tires carried, while Stanton reached for the tool-box. They had no need of time for conversation, as they worked people from all directions flocking around in a pushing, eager circle to watch the proceedings.

The two worked well together. Floyd's deft swiftness balanced by Stanton's strength. When the task was finished, the driver first regained his place.

"Get in," he ordered crisply. "Are you going to take all day, or am I going to catch that Atlanta?"

Floyd obeyed first and retorted second; an invaluable habit. "If you're going to catch anything but a smash, I'd suggest a slow-down for that turn," he countered, in the blurred accent so softly deceptive. "No tire built is goin' to stick on a wheel under such roughin'."

Stanton shot a glance askant out of the corner of a stormy black-blue eye. He was irritated by the last time, he felt more ill than he could have been brought to admit, and interference pricked him like a spur.

"I'll give you a lesson in driving," he cast across his shoulder, and bent over the wheel.

It was Stanton at his worst and best who made the next two circuits of the long course. Other racers, warned by their mechanics of the thunderbolt bearing down upon them, drew prudently to one side, preferring the chance of later regaining the advantage. From every angle and curve the people fed, at sight of the gray car followed by its whirlwind of dust and carrying the huge "5" on its hood.

Twice the Mercury rushed past the grand-stand, to a tumult of cheers drowned by the car's own roar. The second time, the two men glimpsed an official rising, megaphone in hand, and rightly guessed that they had made the fastest circuit of the day.

And Floyd had received the promised lesson, for Stanton had safely negotiated the turn that before cost them a tire, at a pace equally fast.

Safely, once; but, not content, he came around the second time driving as furiously, with unslackened speed. Down upon the turn they swept again, Stanton unerringly repeating his exquisite feat of skill and twisting the Mercury round on the two inside wheels; then the predicted time came while they were on the bend, instantly echoed by the bursting of its mate from the opposite wheel; the car tore itself from control under the double shock and shot off the course into the field beyond, plowing deep furrows in the soft earth until it overturned with a final crash.

Partly held by his steering-wheel, Stanton was flung out on the meadow grass as the car upset, it upset, then so much checked that he escaped scarcely bruised. Floyd, unprotected, had been hurled from his seat by the first shock and lay half-stunned near the edge of the course.

From far and near came the people's cries of horror and shouts for aid. But before the first man reached them, Stanton was up and at the side of his mechanic.

"Floyd!" he panted. "Floyd!"

"Floyd" was already risen to one knee; gasping for breath, soiled with dust and grass-stains, and with the blood welling from a jagged rent in his left arm, but with his attention only fixed on Stanton.

"You're—all right!" he articulated. "It's yes. A fool always is. You—"

But he could see for himself that the mechanic was not seriously injured, without Floyd's reassuring nod. "Call me what you like, Stanton permitted, between clenched teeth, as he dragged out his handkerchief to bandage the slender arm.

The appalled crowd was upon them. With a spluttering roar the Duplex machine rounded the turn and sped down the straight stretch, its mechanic staring back over his shoulder at the wreck. But Floyd brushed the girlish curls off his forehead and staggered erect, helpless laughter shaking him.

"Call you? I think you've got the best disposition and the worst temper I ever saw! The this up at we'll right the car. We've got to be movin' on."

There were plenty of sympathetic helpers. Incredible to the witnesses, but as Floyd had foreseen, the Mercury had not materially suffered. The big car was righted by fifty hands; and Stanton and Floyd—unaided, accord-



People From All Directions Flocking Around.

to a superior will; like a man, there were no small reservations in his yielding.

There was a taxicab waiting; to it Stanton led the way.

The destination was one of the large hotels of the city, and neither of the companions were dressed for the public dining-room. In the guest-room Stanton paused to order dinner sent to his own apartment, perfectly indifferent to the sensation caused by their entrance.

"You are unwell, sir?" the clerk ventured, regarding him wide-eyed.

"No," he denied laconically.

But he looked far more fatigued than his comparatively frail mechanic, nevertheless. Fatigued, and ill.

"You didn't hurt yourself in our upset, I hope," Floyd said with anxiety, when they were alone in the stiff, impersonal hotel room.

"No. I had a bad night of it," Stanton explained. He sat down in an arm-chair, resting his head against the cushioned back. "Make yourself comfortable as you can, Floyd. There is nothing the matter with me—there can't be, I never was sick a day since I can remember. Probably I need feeding; I've eaten nothing since that confounded dinner last evening, and it is nearly six o'clock now."

But, after six, when the food was brought, Stanton could eat none of it; although he maintained a pretense of doing so, which forbade his companion to comment upon the fact.

"Were you feeling ill yesterday?" Floyd inquired, when the last course was removed and they were left to themselves. His own bearing was less assured than usual, his gaity subdued to quietness almost avowing of timidity.

"Not until evening, after dinner." The mechanic looked at him, started to speak, checked himself, and at last impulsively put the indiscreet question:

"Do you mind telling me where you dined?"

"Of course not," Stanton returned, without a trace of hesitation. "With Mr. Carlisle of the tire company, and his daughter. They are here for the races. He wanted to talk tires to me. Heaven knows why. We didn't get very far; after Miss Carlisle left I began to feel so sick that I excused myself and got away to the nearest doctor."

Floyd turned his head, and caught his breath in a brief, quick sigh. When he looked back at his host, his candid eyes were clearer and more gentle than they had been since the assistant manager had given the account of Stanton's amazing disappearance.

"Acute indigestion, your doctor called your attack?"

"Something like it."

"Miss Carlisle doesn't seem to be a lucky companion," Floyd observed dryly. "She made you miss your train here, you came near breaking your wrist with her car, and her dinner seems to have poisoned you. What did she give you, lobster and ice-cream?"

"No—I hardly know. I never care what I eat." He passed his hand impatiently across his forehead, suddenly giddy.

Floyd leaned nearer.

"Stanton, how did you feel? What? Tell me; I'm not just curious."

"Nausea, violent successive attacks of seasickness that left me too weak to stand. I've got the headache yet."

His voice died out; he had a vague impression of Floyd starting up and coming toward him.

"I had to make the doctor steady me with some drug so I could race," he resumed abruptly. "I'm brute enough without that in me, Floyd."

"Hush, try to rest," urged his mechanic's earnest young voice across the mist.

"I'm tired," he conceded.

It seemed to him a long time afterward that a sensation of exquisite coolness extinguished the flame-like pain binding his temples, although the rich sunset glow was still in the room when he opened his eyes. Floyd was bending over him, bathing his forehead with light. "Drink this," Stanton the savage irritability of a strong man.

"What a position for you and me! What will you do for me—the engine is shaking loose from the chassis, by the feeling? Get your tools."

"Don't try to talk. I have sent for a doctor," soothed Floyd. "You are all right. Here, a glass was slipped behind his head, a hand of water held to his lips. "Drink this."

"You might have been a nurse," Stanton wandered dreamily. "Your sister couldn't do better. And you're so sensationally good-looking! Floyd," the feverishly brilliant eyes flashed wide, "what is your sister's name?"

"Jessica."

"Jesse—Jessica?"

"We are twins; I told you that. They named us purposely."

The heavy white bandage encircling his mechanic's left arm caught the patient's falling attention.

"You've had a bad day; go home and rest," gasped Stanton the brute, before things slipped from his ken.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHREWD IDEA OF DIPLOMAT

Where Russian Officer of Embassy Proved More Than a Match for Abdul Hamid.

Diplomatists abroad tell how a distinguished member of the Russian corps diplomatique cleverly outwitted Abdul Hamid, the late Sultan of Turkey. The Russian displayed a curious ingenuity in introducing the business of his country in the guise of personal pleasure.

It appears that the Sultan had absolutely refused to grant an audience to any member of the diplomatic body at Constantinople and that during the period in question Abdul Hamid spent the greater part of his time in cock-fighting, an amusement whereof he was passionately fond.

The Russian heard that his imperial majesty stood in need of fresh birds to supply the place of those killed in fight, whereupon the wily Muscovite procured a fine-looking white fowl of the barnyard species, caused it to be trimmed and spurred to resemble a gamecock, and sent it in a richly decorated cage to the Sultan.

The ruse was successful, but the Sultan, at first delighted with the gift, soon sent for the diplomatist to explain, if he could, why his bird had shown no inclination to fight. The Russian went, examined the bird in the presence of Abdul Hamid, and with great astonishment and regret acknowledged that it was quite unable to cope with the royal gamecocks, which were undoubtedly of a superior breed.

A conference followed on the subject of gamecocks in general; and when this was finished the Muscovite succeeded in drawing the Sultan in a mood for conversation of a different character, and in time adroitly introduced the political matter he had so long awaited an opportunity to discuss.

After a long interview he returned to his embassy triumphant over his colleagues.—Harper's Weekly.

The Deadly Dust.

Out of every thousand of those whose occupations call for constant work in dusty quarters, five die of consumption, according to German official figures; whereas among those who are not exposed to the action of dust only two out of a thousand die of the disease named.

The Worst of It.

"My wife always tears her hair when I come home late." "Which makes you feel mean, eh?" "Yes; and which also makes it necessary for me to buy more hair."—Boston Record.