

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Oregon naval reserves destroyed the target in practice at Fort Canby.

A submarine collided with a small steamer at Norfolk, Va., sinking the latter.

More than 500 Huerta troops were left dead on the field after the battle at Guaymas.

Discovery of ancient manuscripts in Egypt gives additional light on doings of Bible days.

Taft refers to the Progressive recall plan as a "hair-trigger" reform leading to anarchy.

Collapsing of a burning church tower at Stratford, Ont., killed the fire chief and a policeman.

Roosevelt at a Progressive dinner dinner assails both Republican and Democratic parties.

Representative Pepper has introduced a bill making it unlawful for any employer to try to influence his employees in politics.

Plans are made for a big peace celebration next December, which is the centennial anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Ghent.

President Farrell, of the United States Steel corporation, says the association was not organized to control local trade, but to develop foreign business.

Dynamite was found on the track of the Monongahela railroad just before an express train was due. The train carried money to pay a large number of miners.

It is announced that naval authorities have decided to use the battleships Oregon, Indiana and Massachusetts as targets for the more modern vessels of the navy to practice on.

A valuable gold hand-bag disappeared at a fashionable bridge party in Portland, and as no servants were in the room at the time it seems certain that a guest must have taken it.

President Wilson, unsolicited, gave a check for \$300 to a fund for an emergency hospital in Washington.

Ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew acted as guide in showing a party of visitors about the capitol at Washington.

The California senate has a bill for a state moving-picture censor.

Montana water users want larger farms allowed under the reclamation act.

Government reports indicate a record breaking winter wheat crop.

Colonel George P. Harvey says J. P. Morgan was a thoroughly patriotic American.

A Portland woman is suing her divorced husband for breach of promise to re-marry her.

Protestant churches of New York plan a world-wide conference in the interest of church unity.

A Chicago University professor says the fads of women are largely responsible for the high cost of living.

A farmers' pool of 40,000 bushels of bluestem wheat on the Washington Central sold for considerable more than the prevailing market price.

On account of suffragist activity, Windsor Castle, London Tower, and many public museums and other places will be closed during the summer season.

A minister heads Portland's committee of 100, who will scrutinize and report upon candidates at the first election under the commission form of government.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 90c; bluestem, 86c@99c; forty-fold, 92c; red Russian, 87c@88c; valley, 90c.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$31.32 per ton.
Corn—Whole, \$28.50; cracked, \$29.50 per ton.
Middlings—Bran, \$24.25 per ton; shorts, \$26.27 per ton; middlings, \$31 per ton.
Barley—Feed, \$26.50@27 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$27.50@28.50.
Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, choice, \$17.61@18; alfalfa, \$13@14; straw, \$6@7.
Vegetables—Artichokes, 75c per dozen; asparagus, Oregon, 75c@81c per dozen; beans, 12c@15c per pound; cabbage, 2 1/2c@3c; cauliflower, 35c@41c per dozen; celery, 34c per crate; eggplant, 25c per pound; head lettuce, \$2.50 per crate; peppers, 35c@40c per pound; radishes, 10c@12c per dozen; rhubarb, 10c@24c per pound; spinach, 75c per box; turnips, 85c per sack; parsnips, 85c; carrots, 85c.
Onions—Oregon, \$1.25 per sack; Bermuda, \$1.50@2.25 per crate.
Potatoes—Burbank, 40c@50c per hundred; new, 3c per pound; sweet, 4c per pound.
Poultry—Hens, 16c; broilers, 25c@30c; turkeys, live, 19c@20c; dressed, choice, 25c; ducks, 17c@25c; geese, young, 15c@17c.
Eggs—Oregon ranch, case count, 18c per dozen; candied, 19c@20c.
Butter—City creamery butter cubes, 25c per pound; prints, 29c@29 1/2c per pound.
Pork—Fancy, 11c@12c per pound.
Veal—Fancy, 14c@14 1/2c per pound.
Hops—1912 crop, 10c@15c per pound; 1913 contracts, 13c@14c.
Wool—Eastern Oregon, 10c@16c; valley, 14c@17c; mohair, 1913 clip, 30c@35c per pound.
Cattle—Choice steers, \$8.50@9; good, \$7.75@8.25; medium, \$7.25@7.75; choice cows, \$7.75@8.50; good \$6.50@7; medium, \$6@6.50; choice calves, \$8@9; good heavy calves, \$6.50@7.50; bulls, \$5.85@6.25.
Hogs—Light, \$8.50@8.65; heavy, \$7.45@7.55.
Sheep—Yearling wethers, \$6.25@7.50; ewes, \$5.25@6.75; lambs, \$7@8.

LEATHER FILLED WITH SALTS

Department Says 12,000,000 Pounds of Adulterants Used Yearly.

Washington, D. C. — Americans, with the possible exception of the barefoot boy, are walking around on not less than 12,000,000 pounds of glucose and Epsom salts, which constitute adulterants in sole leather. The ascertainment is made by the department of Agriculture, which has just concluded investigations of the leather industry, and has issued a bulletin entitled, "The Composition of Some Sole Leathers." The adulterants add nothing to the wearing value of the leather, says the department, and where present in large quantities may shorten the life of the leather.

"Sixty-three per cent of the leathers examined were weighted with glucose, with Epsom salts, or with both," according to the findings of the department's experts. "The quantity of loading varied from 1 to 7.3 per cent of Epsom salts, with an average of 3 per cent. The maximum quantity of glucose in the loaded leathers was 10.4 per cent, and the average 5.5 per cent. The maximum amount of these loading materials found in any leather was 16 per cent and the average where both were present was 8 per cent. The results obtained indicate that not less than 12,000,000 pounds of glucose and Epsom salts are sold annually to the American people as leather."

The "loading" is done to increase the marketable weight of the leather.

NAVY SECRETS ARE STOLEN

Not Especially Valuable, But Serious Leak Is Indicated.

Washington, D. C. —Special agents of the department of Justice, officers of a nationally-known detective agency and the local police have been called in by the Navy department to investigate a "leak" through which, during the last four months, several relatively unimportant plans of battleships and also minor documents have disappeared.

The first losses were discovered the night of March 4. Some minor structural plans of the dreadnaught Pennsylvania, now building, and other ships were among them. Documents not especially secret also disappeared.

Navy officials say they are not so much concerned over the importance of what already has been lost as they are to find the leak and prevent further losses. Each battleship has several sets of plans, which are sometimes widely distributed among the bureau and contractors. The general plan is never much of a secret.

GREEKS EXPEL MISSIONARY

Relief of Distress Causes Suspicion of Americans.

Boston—The Board of Commissioners for foreign missions has received a cable dispatch from the United States consul at Saloniki saying the American missionaries, Rev. P. B. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, have been expelled from their station in Kortha, Southern Albania, by Greeks and now are in Saloniki.

Secretary Barton, of the board, said Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were sent to Kortha six years ago and have been conducting a school for Albanian girls there. They were in the city when the Greeks took possession.

"Mr. Kennedy, and Mrs. Barton added, 'has given himself fully to the work of relieving the great distress prevailing in the city and in the neighboring villages. In the last letters received from him he reported that apparently the Greek officials were suspicious of this, as a guard was placed in front of his house and the names of all those who came to the house were kept.'"

Beef at New High Record.

Portland—Following the sharp advance in cattle prices at the stockyards, packers have announced an advance in the wholesale price of dressed beef to 14 1/2 cents a pound. This is the highest price ever quoted to butchers here. It is possible that prices will advance still further before the supply of grass cattle is sufficient to check the rise. The wholesale price of dressed beef has not been changed, but hams are half a cent higher, and bacon has advanced a full cent, as it usually does at the opening of summer.

Babe Hurlled Into Tree.

Los Angeles—Mrs. Willard Spruce, of Altadena, is in a state of collapse as the result of an ordeal she suffered when her 11-months-old daughter was thrown from an automobile over the edge of a precipice, only to be caught by a protruding limb, where the child was held fast by her clothing until rescued an hour later by her father. Spruce noticed the baby swinging from a limb and hurried to the home of a rancher and obtained aid. He descended on the end of a rope and rescued the child.

Powers Occupy Scutari.

London—An international naval force has occupied Scutari and the Montenegrins have already begun the evacuation of the town. Official figures of the Bulgarian losses in the war, published at Sofia recently, give the following estimate: Killed, 330 officers and 29,711 men; wounded, 950 officers and 62,550 men; missing, 3193. A conference of the Austrian and Hungarian ministers will be held to arrange for further demobilization.

"Bad" News Is Set Aside.

St. Paul—"Never read bad news before breakfast," remarked J. D. Halvey, an insurance agent, at an early hour one morning, after he had been called from his bed to receipt for a cablegram. He left the unwelcome message unopened and returned to bed. When he read the cable after breakfast he discovered that a fortune of \$100,000 had been left him by the will of a relative in London.

Butter Record Is Broken.

Utica, N. Y.—It is announced that Spring Farm Pontiac Lass, a cow owned by F. M. Jones, of Clinton, has broken the world's butter record. The previous record was a fraction over 288 pounds in 60 days, and the world-beating cow has exceeded this by 20 pounds, giving 308.877 pounds.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

General News of the Industrial and Educational Development and Progress of Rural Communities, Public Institutions, Etc.

CONFERENCE ON COMMONWEALTH BEAUTIFY RURAL CENTERS

University of Oregon Arranges to Entertain Many Guests.

University of Oregon, Eugene—Students and faculty at the University of Oregon have completed arrangements for the entertainment of more than 500 guests from all parts of the state who will attend the Commonwealth conferences Friday and Saturday.

Unlike the merry throng of high school students who descended upon Eugene last week for the interscholastic athletic contests, and for social visiting with the university students while making their arrangements to enter as freshmen in the autumn, this week's delegations are composed of adults who are coming for the purpose of dealing in a serious way with problems of the greatest importance to the state of Oregon. Leaders in all lines of sociological, political and business activity will be present, both as speakers and audience.

Friday morning is to be devoted to Legislative and Administrative Efficiency, the afternoon to Co-operation and Credit, the evening to City Planning and State Planning.

Saturday morning, educators of national reputation will discuss the reorganization of the school system. At noon, the Oregon Society of Engineers will pour several hundred visitors into the campus from its special train.

After luncheon served by the young women students and alumnae, there will be two sessions, one by the editors of Oregon in the rooms of the department of Journalism, and one by the women guests of the university, at which more than a score of club women and working women will deliver five-minute addresses.

At four o'clock all meetings will adjourn, and the students will entertain the visitors with pageantry and scenes from Peer Gynt and Midsummer Night's Dream, given by students in costume under the trees of the campus.

In the evening the visiting editors will be the guests of the student journalists honor society, Sigma Delta Chi, at a banquet.

A rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip is effective on all roads, and all persons interested are invited to attend.

Farm Data Being Printed.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—"The Oregon Farmer" is the title of a state booklet just sent to press by Dean J. A. Bexell, director of the Oregon Statistical Bureau, which conducted a preliminary agricultural survey of the state for the purpose of compiling accurate data on the results being obtained by agriculturists in the state. It is expected that C. C. Chapman, state immigration agent, who has charge of the publication of the 200-page book, will have it ready for distribution by the middle of June.

Besides the statistical data, the report will contain 14 leading articles by different authors, dealing with phases of the work in which each is especially interested. This is based on facts.

School Uniforms Advocated.

Albany—That all children attending public schools should wear uniforms while at school, the uniforms to be furnished by the state, is a proposal made in a resolution adopted by the Lincoln county council of the Grange in a session at the Sand Ridge Grange hall, J. H. Scott, president of the council, was instructed to present the resolution to the State Grange, at its next meeting in Albany.

Besides proposing uniforms for all public school children the resolution proposes free text books and the furnishing of warm noonday lunches to all students.

Hot Water Helps Aplants.

Hood River—With a continuation for a few days of the warm sunshine that is prevailing, the orchards of the entire district will be in blossom. For a week or more the unusually cold weather retarded the blooms of the lower valley.

Predictions as to the apple crop for the coming season vary. However, all experts seem to be agreed on the point that the Spitzenberg yield will be heavy. The indications in many orchards are that the Yellow Newtown crop will be light.

Work on Cut-Off Begins.

Work is now being done on the Natron-Klamath cut-off, which will provide the Southern Pacific with a new main line between Natron, Or., and Weed, Cal., shorten the distance between Portland and San Francisco and reduce the running time by about four hours. However, no new contracts are being let on that line. The worst part of the work yet remains to be done. It consists of about 80 miles through a rough country, and will cost more than \$7,000,000—nearly \$100,000 a mile.

Water Permits Total 114.

Salem—During the past quarter 114 permits to appropriate water have been issued by the state engineer, under which it is proposed to irrigate 49,071 acres and develop 1551 horsepower for domestic and municipal use. These permits also include 11 for the construction of reservoirs. The permits cover some large irrigation projects, the most important perhaps being that filed by the Oregon Land Corporation, of Portland, which covers about 20,000 acres on the headwaters of the Deschutes river, near Crescent.

School Tax Opinion Given.

Salem—According to an opinion by Assistant Attorney General DeLong a union high school district giving a high school course will not be subject to a tax to maintain a county high school. The opinion was rendered at the request of the clerk for school district No. 15 in Harney county.

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON
Co-Author with H. Conan Doyle of 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' etc.
Copyright by W. G. Conner

THE TRAGEDY OF THOMAS HEARNE

(Continued.)

"I saw you by the cairn and circle above the Black brook this afternoon," he went on. "Is that to be the scene of your present investigations?" "I have no definite plan at present," I said with a snarl.

He took a long look at me and stopped his questions. I left the table as soon as I could do so decently, rounded off the landlaid and engaged a private room. I had had enough of taking meals with a neolithic expert.

It was blowing hard next day, a fierce northwester that cleaned the clouds out of the sky like a sponge washes a slate.

Just after eleven I started out to make a further examination of the position. I wasn't such a fool as to march up to the cairn with old Hearne and a warder or two, as it might be, spying on me from another hillock, so I went down the high road that lay as white and clear as the gray moor as a streak of paint, until I had left the place some distance behind me. No one, so far as I could see, was in sight, and presently I turned off the road along a disused cart track that seemed to lead in the direction I wanted. Its ancient ruts were filled with sprouting heather, and the short moor turf had covered up the hoof-marks with a velvet surface.

I had walked a good quarter of a mile, when, rounding a curve of the hill, I found the old road explained in the ruins of a small farm, one of those melancholy memorials of a time when frozen meat was unknown, and it paid a man to breed cattle and sheep and cultivate a wheat field or two, even on Dartmoor. The roof had fallen in, and the woodwork had been carried away, but the stone walls of the house and outbuildings still remained undefeated by a hundred years of storm. A weather-beaten cherry tree was pushing out its spring leafage before the door.

Leaving the farm, I began to climb the cairn hill, as I must do for want of a better name, which sheltered the farm from the north and west.

It was rough walking, for the heath was set thick with granite boulders. At last I reached the top, skirted the mound set about with stones where the prehistoric chief lay sleeping—and very nearly stepped upon the body of that old fellow, Thomas Hearne.

Luckily for me he never turned his head. The wind on the face of the hill was blowing in great gusts like the firing of a cannon, and my footsteps had been drowned in its thunder. I crept back behind a heap of tumbled rocks and dropped on my hands and knees, watching him lay flat on his chest, while he covered the gang at work in the new ground below with a small telescope.

It might be curiosity, of course, for many men regard a convict as something abnormal, something that is as pleasant to stare at as it is to be the cannibal king of a fair. And yet that seemed a weak explanation. Was he in with the police? Had they got news that an attempt at rescue was to be made? If so, I stood the best chance in the world of finding myself in the county jail within the week.

There was nothing to be gained by imagining bad luck. I walked back to the inn, and sat down to a study of the district with maps I had brought with me. There was only one railroad within my miles, and that was the single track that ran up from Plymouth to Princetown village. At the first signal that a convict had escaped the station would be full of warders; so that outlet was barred. South of the moor, fifteen miles away, ran another branch line ending at Ashburton. But I was determined to leave the railroad alone. The stations would be the first places to be watched by the police. Torquay, some thirty miles away, might easily be reached by a good horse and trap within the day. I could hire one for a month through the landlaid, with the excuse that I wanted it for my exploring expeditions amongst the stone remains. It would surprise no one if it were seen off the roads with a luncheon-basket prominently displayed. So I decided.

I questioned the girl who brought the meal to my sitting-room as to old Hearne, but she could give me little information. He had arrived at the inn a couple of days before I appeared, and had spent most of his time in long walks on the moors. She might be a friend amongst the prison officials, for she had twice seen him coming out of the great gates down the street. That was all—and it left me more anxious about him than before. It was becoming very plain that before I took any decided step towards the escape, I must have sure of this man's business on my feet.

After dinner I walked into the inn to buy a smoke, and found Hearne with his back to the fire, talking to the landlaid. As I entered, he both dropped into an uneasy frown. I was certain they had been discussing me, but I didn't want to let them know it, and so began to talk big about the scenery. I stayed down for about half an hour, and then allowed that I would get back to some writing I had to do.

"I'm glad you admire the moor, Mr. Kingsley," said the landlaid, holding back the door for me. "Nothing quite like it in the states, I should think." Upon my soul, I was as near as

may be to owning I had never been there. But I remembered that I was Abel Kingsley, of Memphis, just in time.

"No," I said, "it's something quite unique."

"It's a wild place, sir," he went on. "Very wild and desolate. You should take a walk one night when the moon is full, as it is now. Then you would understand how the stories of ghost hounds and headless riders and devils in the mires first started. Mr. Hearne here is going to take my advice."

"Tonight?" I asked, turning to the old fellow.

"No, Mr. Kingsley, I am too tired to think of it tonight," he said. "Tomorrow or the next day, perhaps."

I wished them a good evening and tramped up the stairs to my sitting-room, which looked over the moors at the back of the inn. It was certainly a splendid night, with a great searchlight of a moon drawing the strange tors—as they call the granite caps of the hills—in black silhouette upon the luminous skyline. I lit a pipe and sat there in the shadows, thinking, thinking. It was pleasant to be decent man again, to wear clean linen and boots with real soles; to wash and shave and brush myself daily. I was back in my Eden days before the fall, when six hunters were in my stable, and men and women were glad to know Jack Henderson of Lowood Hall in the best of counties; yes, I was away from Princetown village in the midst of happy memories when I came to my senses with the sound of a soft tapping upon my boots and ran down the stairs. The landlaid was looking up for the night as I came to the front door.

"I'm going to take your advice," I said with a laugh.

"Very good, sir; I will sit up for you."

"No, no, give me the key. Has Mr. Hearne gone to bed?"

"Yes, sir, about ten minutes ago."

"His room is on the first floor, isn't it?"

"No, sir; he chose one on the ground floor. He preferred it. The wiser man, thought I. He needed no door when he had but to open his window and step out.

When I got to the back of the inn Hearne was a good four hundred yards away, climbing a low ridge. As he disappeared over its edge I set off running at top speed, for I saw that in so broken and rugged a place I should have to keep close to his heels or I should lose him altogether. It was well I did so, for when I reached the crest of the rise he had vanished.

Presently, however, I caught sight of him again, walking very fast down a hollow at right angles to the line he first took. It led in the direction of the cairn hill.

It was hard work, that two miles' stalk across the moor. Sometimes I ran, sometimes crawled, sometimes lay flat on my chest with my head buried in the heather like an ostrich. Once I tried to cut a corner across what seemed a plot of level turf and struggled back, panting, from the grasp of the bog with the black slime almost to my waist. But I took great credit for my performance since the old man tramped steadily forward, showing no sign of having seen me.

He did not climb the cairn hill as I had half expected, but skirted along the base until he came to the track which led to the ruined farm. Down this he walked quickly and passed through the doorway of the main building. I remained upon the slope of the hill, waiting for him to reappear. Five, ten minutes went by, and then my curiosity got the better of my prudence. I determined to go down and see what he was about.

The place was sheltered from the gale, but I could hear it yelping and humming in the rocks above, now and again a gust came curling up the valley, setting the heather whispering around me. I crept forward over the soft turf of the cart track, reached the gap where the door had been, hesitated, listened, and then stuck in my head.

I had been a boxer in my time, or that would have been the end of me. As I ducked, the heavy stick flicked off my cap and crashed into the wall with a nasty thud. I jumped back, and he came storming out through the doorway like a madman. I never

was pronounced against the remaining thirty-two in terms ranging from seventeen years to two years eight months. In all, 279 years of prison service was dealt out, to say nothing of the twenty-five unfortunates who were deported. And all this behind closed doors.

Remembered by Their Deeds. Who thinks of Milton as blind or of Beethoven as deaf or of Darwin as an invalid? What they accomplished was so great that their personal infirmities are for the moment forgotten in the sense of their achievements.—The Christian Register.

saw more beastly fury in a man's eyes. I side-stepped, and he missed me again—it was a knife this time. Then I woke up and let him have it with my right under the ear. He staggered, dropping the knife. As he stooped to pick it up, I jumped for him and in ten seconds more was sitting on his chest, pegging out his arms on the turf. He tried a struggle or two; but he soon saw that I was far the stronger man, and so lay panting, with a hopeless despair in his face, that, in a man of his age was shocking to witness. He had tried to kill me, but, on my honor, I felt sorry for him.

"Well, Mr. Hearne," I said, "and what does this mean?"

"Too old," he gasped. "Twenty years ago—different. How did you suspect? It was justice—nothing but bare justice, by Heaven!"

"Now, what in the world do you think I am?" I asked him, in great surprise.

"A detective. You couldn't deceive me."

I got to my feet with a curse at the muddle I had made of it, and he sat up staring at me as if he thought I had gone clean crazy of a sudden.

"I'm no detective," I said angrily, "though I was fool enough to believe you were one."

"Then why did you follow me tonight?" he asked, with a quick suspicion.

"Why did you try to kill me?" I said. "The truth is, Mr. Hearne, you and I are playing a risky game. Is it to be cards on the table, or are we to separate and say no more about it?"

He sat watching me for a time with a puzzled look. Plainly he was in great uncertainty of mind.

"Perhaps I have nothing to tell," he said at last.

"A man does not attempt to murder detectives unless he has a crime to conceal."

"That is true," he said, nodding his head; "very just and true."

There was nothing to be gained by a long bargaining of secrets with him. Whatever his business, he could speedily discover mine if he chose. If I were honest with him he might return the confidence.

"I am arranging for the escape of Julius Craig, now doing his time in the prison yard," I told him.

"Julius Craig?" he echoed, with wild eyes. "The escape of Julius Craig?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

He burst into a scream of hysterical laughter, swaying his body and fro, and pressing his hands to his sides as if trying to crush the unseen merryment out of him; and then, before I guessed what he was about, the old fellow was upon me, with his arms about my neck in mad embrace.

"Welcome, comrade," he cried. "I, too, have come to find a way out of Princetown jail for Julius Craig."

It took a good five minutes and a pull out of a flask to get him back to hard sense. Then he told me his story sitting on a fallen stone under the old cherry tree.

Craig was dearer to him than his brother, he said, with a burst of open sincerity. There was that between them that he could never forget while life remained to him. He had heard how the man had come under prison discipline, and had come to help him escape if that were humanly possible. Of me or my London employers he knew nothing whatever.

He had been shown over the prison, having obtained a pass from an influential friend, and while there had learned the place where Craig was daily employed. Yesterday from the cairn hill he had satisfied himself that the convict was working in the gang.

He had crept out this evening to examine the stream and hedge which divided the new enclosure from the moor. When he saw me on his track, his suspicions as to my business were confirmed. Either he must give up his project or my mouth must be stopped. So he tempted me into the ruined farm. The rest I knew.

He spoke in an easy, pleasant voice, with a perfect frankness and good humor. It never seemed to occur to him that he had done anything unreasonable, anything to which a level-headed man could object. I stared at him in growing amazement.

There seemed, indeed, only one solution before me—that he had become partially insane.

"You must understand my position, Mr. Kingsley," he concluded. "I am not a lunatic, but I have made up my mind in this matter of Julius Craig. Any one who is foolish enough to come between us must stand aside or take the consequences. Towards yourself, for example, I had no ill will. In fact, I rather liked you. But you must admit that, as a detective, your presence was excessively inconvenient. Now that I know the truth, I welcome you as a most valuable ally. I am prepared to trust you absolutely. Come, what are your plans?"

I told him as we walked back to the inn. He expressed himself an admirer of my simplicity as we parted for the night. Mad or not, I had found an assistant who would be of great help to me. So I let it stay at that and slept like a rock till nine next morning.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW THEY DO IN RUSSIA

Sixty-Seven Persons Are Tried Behind Closed Doors and Given Prison Sentences.

"They do things in a strange way in Russia," says a letter in the Russische Korrespondenz from a correspondent in Warsaw. "Behind closed doors sixty-seven members of the Polish Socialist party were tried. After a session of ten days it became known that ten of the accused were dismissed, twenty-five of the remaining fifty-seven were sentenced to deportation and prison sentences."