

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Six more persons in Chicago die from heat.

A father at Pendleton, Or., is accused of burning his babe.

California commerce commission orders reforms in Pullman car service.

Bandon, Or., has a \$300,000 fire which destroys three business blocks.

Three hundred and fifty Spanish war veterans are in session at Aberdeen, Wash.

The mayor of Everett, Wash., was recalled in a recent election by 271 to 233 votes.

An aeronaut's parachute failed to open at Richmond, Ind., and he fell 2000 feet to his death.

Fifteen hundred men have gone to work on the Willamette Pacific railroad near Eugene, Or.

Four balloons started in the national race from Portland, Or. They took a southeasterly direction.

Three convicts escaped from the Oregon state penitentiary were captured after several days' liberty.

Two women and three babies are hurled into the Umpqua river when their boat upsets. All were rescued.

Northern Pacific Stockholders approve directors' plan to place \$600,000,000 blanket mortgage on its property.

The steamship Victoria, of Seattle, carrying 650 passengers, is unable to land at Nome, Alaska, on account of ice floes.

A tombstone has arrived in San Francisco to mark the grave of a youthful singer, the dying gift of Mme. Nordica.

From Halifax, N. S., it is reported that the government steamer Montmagny is missing. It is feared all on board are dead.

Supreme court in Washington upheld the long sentence of Peter Miller, perjurer, which is from 20 to 40 years in the penitentiary.

One of the balloons in the national race encountered an electrical storm and was compelled to land 22 miles south of Portland, Or.

Women nominees for the legislature in California, who marry between primary and general election are asked to retain their maiden names.

A highwayman shot and killed a baggage agent at Oshkosh, Wis., who had stepped into the ticket office, where the robber had just rifled the money drawer.

Suffragettes in London staged one of the most dramatic acts of their campaign when they exploded a bomb in Westminster Abbey at the moment that Right Honorable Reginald McKenna, secretary of state for home affairs, was delivering an optimistic speech in the house of commons near by, regarding the government's method of dealing with the "wild women."

Counsel for Harry K. Thaw and William Travers Jerome, counsel for the state of New York, announced that it had been agreed to allow Thaw, who is now in New Hampshire, to go to Pittsburg to testify in litigation affecting his father's estate.

Damaged and weather-beaten until they are no longer considered safe, the two aeroplanes which have been used by General Funston for scouting work along the outskirts of Vera Cruz have been ordered with their crews back to the aeronautic headquarters at Pensacola, Fla., for repairs.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 85c per bushel; bluestem, 88c; forty-fold, 86c; red Russian, 84c; valley, 85c. Millfeed—Bran, \$23.50/24 per ton; shorts, \$23.50/27; middlings, \$32/33. Hay—Choice timothy, \$16/17 per ton; mixed timothy, \$12/15; valley grain hay, \$11/18; alfalfa, \$11/12.50. Barley—Feed, \$20/21 per ton; brewing, \$21.50/22.

Vegetables—Cucumbers, \$1 @ 1.25 per box; eggplant, 15c per pound; peppers, 20c/25c; radishes, 15c/17c per dozen; head lettuce, \$1.75 per crate; artichokes, 65c/75c per dozen; celery, \$3.50/4 per crate; tomatoes, \$1.50/4.50; spinach, 5c per pound; horseradish, 10c/12c; rhubarb, 2c/3c; cabbage, 1c; asparagus, \$1/1.50 per dozen; peas, 5c/7c per pound; beans, 7c/12c; corn, 40c/50c doz.

Green Fruit—Apples, \$1.50/2 per box; strawberries, 75c/85c; per crate; cherries, 4c/10c per pound; apricots, \$1.25 per box; cantaloupes, \$1.50/2.25 per crate; peaches, \$1.25 per box; plums, \$1.35; watermelons, 24c/2c per pound; loganberries, 75c per crate. Potatoes—Oregon, 90c/81c per cwt.; Sack Vegetables—Turnips, new California, \$1.25; carrots, \$1.50; beets, \$1.50.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, case count, 21c/22c per dozen; candled, 23c/25c.

Poultry—Hens, 13c/14c per pound; broilers, 18c; turkeys, live, 20c/21c; dressed, choice, 25c/26c; ducks, 10c; geese, 8c/9c.

Butter—Creamery prints, extra, 27c per pound; cubes, 22c/24c.

Pork—Fancy, 10c/10c per pound. Veal—Fancy, 12c/12c per pound.

Hops—1913 crop, prime and choice, 14c/16c per pound; 1914 contracts, 14c/15c.

Wool—Valley, 20c/23c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 16c/20c; mohair, 1914 clip, 27c/28c.

Cattle—Prime steers, \$7.75/8.25; choice cows, \$6.50/7.25; medium, \$6.25/6.75; heifers, \$6.50/7.25; calves, \$7.00/8.00; bulls, \$4.00/6.25; stags, \$5.00/6.75.

Hogs—Light, \$7.50/8.50, heavy, 6.50/7.00.

Sheep—Wethers, \$4.20/4.80; ewes, \$3.25/4.25; yearling lambs, \$4.50/6.00; spring lambs, \$5.00/6.00.

Federation Women's Clubs Hear Expert's Plain Talk

Chicago—George J. Kneeland did some plain talking to delegates to the General Federation of Women's Clubs in convention here.

Mr. Kneeland is director of the department of investigation of the American Social Hygiene association. His remarks were based on statistics gathered by his investigators. He found that a prolific source of supply to commercialized vice comes from girls between the ages of 15 and 18 years, the dangerous age of the development of the sex instinct, and that a startling minority of these come from homes other than those of poverty and ignorance.

Mr. Kneeland's agents in the last year have gathered complete histories of 300 girls not yet professionally immoral, but well started on the downward path.

Contrary to the general impression and the reports of some investigators that a majority of these girls were feeble-minded or subnormal, Mr. Kneeland said that the majority of the girls were intelligent.

"Some of them," he asserted, "come from such homes as yours; some live at home in idleness and ease. We have letters from them showing marked intelligence and facility of expression. You will agree with me that they are typical American girls, daughters of respectable and prosperous parents.

"But it is only fair to say that the majority are poor, coarse and ignorant, with a wide knowledge of evil and little conception of good."

Alaska's Greatest Mount in Alarming Eruption

Seward, Alaska—A light fall of sulphur dust here Wednesday night has caused the belief that Mount Katmai, the greatest volcano on the Alaskan peninsula, 300 miles west of here, is again in eruption.

The fall of sulphur dust followed an unusually dark day, during which the sky was overcast with heavy clouds high in the air. Reports from Valdez say a severe earthquake was felt there but no seismic disturbance was noticed here.

No reports from Kodiak or other points in the vicinity of Mount Katmai have been received, and whether the volcano is in violent eruption or has merely discharged a large volume of sulphur-laden smoke is not known. Two years ago last Thursday Mount Katmai burst forth in violent eruption covering Kodiak and adjacent islands and the mainland within a radius of 100 miles of the volcano with a deep layer of volcanic ash.

Eight Hours' Rain Storm in Paris Brings Death to 8

Paris—The death toll from Tuesday's tempest stands at eight. Eight other persons as far as is known, have disappeared and 70 were injured through the collapse of sections of the Paris streets.

One of the finest quarters of Paris can hardly be recognized, so extensive was the wreckage caused by the storm. Police keep back the curious spectators, for the wood pavement for yards around the great cavities caused by the flood undulates under the pressure of the moving earth underneath.

Police, firemen, soldiers and laborers are clearing away the debris in search of bodies, but the work is slow.

Public opinion has been aroused by the disaster and the press is unanimous in its attacks on the authorities, who, it is pointed out, have permitted the capital to be honeycombed by subways, electric, water and gas mains, without a semblance of supervision.

Three additional cave-ins occurred at the Rue Gluck, the Place de Rome and at the Saint Lazare station and at the Place d'Iena. At one of these points a telephone junction box was destroyed, cutting off 3000 subscribers.

At Troyes lightning struck a military tent, killing a soldier and injuring several others.

Boy Keeps Long Vigil

Tacoma, Wash.—Terror stricken, 8-year-old Stanley Gilmore stood a lone death watch for eight hours Wednesday over the lifeless body of his 4-year-old brother, Hubert, who accidentally shot himself while their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Gilmore, of Wilkeson, were in Tacoma. When the mother and father returned home they found little Stanley lying on the floor by the side of the bed, on which he had lifted his brother, whom he found dead at noon. He was in a nervous collapse.

Rebellion Mere "Rehearsal"

Rome—Those responsible for the revolutionary movement in Romagna, which includes the provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and Forli, now declare that the events of the past week, now temporarily subsided, have only been a general rehearsal and that the first presentation of the revolutionary drama will be given soon and will "go" better. The press generally reviewing the uprisings concludes that these were not due merely to excitement of the moment, but constituted a planned political revolution.

No Man's Land Fended.

Washington, D. C.—An international conference, unique in history, convened in Christiania when delegates from the United States and Russia, Norway and other Northern European countries met to frame a government for the world's only country without a flag—the Spitzbergen Islands—commonly called No Man's Land. No Man's Land, lying on the edge of the Arctic circle, north of Norway, was recently found to hold valuable coal deposits. It is devoid of vegetation and has little or no animal life.

Sheep Die Mysteriously.

Pendleton, Or.—About 400 sheep running on the range in the mountains near Meacham, in the eastern part of Umatilla county, have died mysteriously in the last few days, according to reports received here by Al and William Slusher, who have a large flock in that district. Al Slusher hurried to the mountains with a crew of men to investigate. It is reported that the sheep apparently died of poisoning.

Oregon Will Insist On Law of Compensation Act

Salem—"The state has faith in its own medicine," said C. D. Babcock, of the State Industrial Accident commission. "The Tumalo project now being built by Project Engineer Laur-

ings, under the direction of the Desert Land board, will be completed under the workmen's compensation act, the board having ordered the liability insurance discontinued on July 1. Three hundred and twenty-five men are employed on the project at the present time.

"Major Bowly, state highway engineer, is looking into the matter with a view of having all state-aided roads built under the protection of the compensation act. Ledoux & Ledoux, contractors, engaged in the construction of several large buildings on the state fair grounds, will drop their liability insurance and complete the work under the compensation act.

Apple Shipment to Be Aided When Canal Opens

Eugene—German beer will prove a tremendous boon to the fruitgrowers of the Pacific Coast, according to H. Sampson, secretary of the North Pacific Fruit Distributors' association, who spoke to the Lane county fruitgrowers here Wednesday. He declares that, upon the opening of the Panama canal, the German vessels that have brought large cargoes of beer, which, he says, Germany expects to ship to this coast, will have empty bottoms in which to carry back Oregon and Washington fruit. The rate to Europe, he states, will be half what it is at present. Apples can be shipped to Germany for 50 cents a box and be sold there as cheaply as in New York.

Mr. Sampson bases these statements upon a series of conferences with the managers of principal Eastern steamship companies. He states that he has been working 18 months and has traveled 19,000 miles to determine how the Northwest is going to market 12,500 carloads of apples which new orchards in the Northwest are about to produce. The railroads, he says, have not refrigerator equipment sufficient to handle this business.

Effective organization of growers in the Northwest and the opening of the canal, with the immediate development of a European market, are the factors to solve this problem, he declares.

"When I went east I realized that the canal means everything to the fruitgrowers of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Eastern Montana," he added.

The Hawaiian-American line has six big steamers, the Grace lines, the Hamburg line, the North German-Lloyd lines, all will have empty bottoms in which to carry refrigerated fruit from the Pacific Northwest to Europe. The Eugene fruitgrowers at their meeting agreed to send a representative to Portland when the two new branches of the North Pacific Fruit Distributors' association will be formed, with headquarters in Portland.

O. A. C. Holds Forty-Fifth Annual Commencement

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The Forty-fifth Annual Commencement at the Agricultural college concluded Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, when diplomas were awarded the largest class in the history of the school. This commencement was noted not merely for the large number in the graduating class, but because of the many among them who have already secured important positions in various parts of this state and others, some of whom have already entered upon their duties. The class of students who took major work in horticulture have almost without exception secured important and profitable positions in orchard work in Oregon and other Northwestern states.

In addition to the students taking the regular bachelor degree, six special students graduated in the musical course, two in voice, and four on the piano. There were also three students who took advanced post-graduate work in agriculture, majoring in horticulture, who were granted master's degrees.

Pioneers of Lane County Hold Big Celebration

Eugene—For more than a third of a century Lane county pioneers living near Pleasant Hill have held annual picnic and reunion. Approximately 1500 from a radius of 20 miles Wednesday participated in the huge celebration, the largest affair of its kind ever held in Lane county.

The morning was devoted to an open-air program, which consisted of music, song and an address by H. E. Slattery, Eugene attorney. At noon all participated in a bountiful dinner, and later the younger folks watched an exciting ball game between local teams while the older ones "reminisced."

The Donna grange, 16 miles from Eugene, also held a picnic in which 500 participated. L. H. Bingham, of Eugene, delivered the address. A dinner was held at noon, followed by a baseball game. A dance was held which began at 4 o'clock and lasted until midnight. Both picnics had band music.

State Has Land for Sale.

Salem—Governor West said Wednesday that water would be turned on two units of the Tumalo irrigation project at once and about 2000 acres of fine land would be offered for sale by the state. The units comprise about 10,000 acres, but much of the land has been settled.

"It is a rare opportunity for home-seekers to obtain fine land at about \$40 an acre," said the governor. "All home-seekers interested should communicate with O. Laurgaard, project engineer of the Tumalo work."

Stenographic Tests Set.

Astoria—The Stenographic League of Astoria is planning to have a speed contest in this city. A silver loving cup is to be given by the leading business men to the speediest typist; a watch for the second best typist; a gold watch for the third best typist; and a large box of candy will be given the person attaining the second highest speed. A short musical program will be rendered in connection with the contest.

Council Votes Town Dry.

Copquille—Although the city of Copquille is a wet town in the eyes of the local option law, the city council voted five to one against granting licenses to the four saloons after July 1. The council took this action after considering a petition signed by 445 citizens asking that the saloons be closed. The liquor interests will contest the city council's right to refuse licenses to the saloons, which are operating under the law.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Ed Courtland's interest in her. Multitudinarily, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamohakia the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is acquainted.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

There was a minute wrinkle above the unknown's nose; the shadow of a frown. "She is very beautiful."

"Bah! Did she send you after me? Give me her address. I have come all the way from Burma to see Flora Desimone."

"To see her?" She unguardedly clothed the question with contempt, but she instantly forced a smile to neutralize the effect. Concerned with her own defined conclusions, she lost the fine ironic bitterness that was in the man's voice.

"Aye, indeed, to see her! Beautiful as Venus, as alluring as Phryne, I want nothing so much as to see her, to look into her eyes, to hear her voice!"

"Is it jealousy? I hear the tragic note." The certainty of her ground became as morass again. In his turn he was puzzling her.

"Tragedy? I am an American. We do not kill opera singers. We turn them over to the critics. I wish to see the beautiful Flora, to ask her a few questions. If she has sent you after me, her address, my dear young lady, her address." His eyes burned.

"I am afraid." And she was so. This wasn't the tone of a man madly in love. It was wild anger.

"I will give you a hundred francs." He produced a crisp note. "Do you want it?"

She did not answer at once. Presently she opened her purse, found a stubby pencil and a slip of paper, and wrote. "There it is, monsieur." She held out her hand for the banknote which, with a sense of bafflement, he gave her. She folded the note and stowed it away with the pencil.

"Thank you," said Courtland. "Odd paper, though." He turned it over. "Ah, I understand. You copy music."

"Yes, monsieur."

This time the nervous flicker of her eyes did not escape him. "You are studying for the opera, perhaps?"

"Yes, that is it."

"Good night." He rose.

"Monsieur is not gallant."

"I was in my youth," he replied, putting on his hat.

The bald rudeness of his departure did not disturb her. She laughed softly and relievedly. Indeed, there was in the laughter an essence of mischief. However, if he carried away a mystery, he left one behind.

The young woman waited five or ten minutes, and making sure that Courtland had been driven off, left the restaurant. Round the corner she encountered a carriage. So that was Edward Courtland? She lived his face; she had not a weak line in it, unless stubbornness could be called such. But to stay away for two years! To hide himself in jungles, to be heard of only by his harebrained exploits! "Follow him; see where he goes!" had been the command. For a moment she had rebelled, but her curiosity was not to be denied. Besides, of what use was friendship if not to be tried? She knew nothing of the riddle, she had never asked a question openly. She had accidentally seen a photograph one day, in a trunk tray, with this man's name scrawled across it, and upon this flimsy base she had built a dozen romances, each of which she had ruthlessly torn down to make room for another; but still the riddle lay unsolved. She had thrown the name into the conversation many a time, as one might throw a bomb into a crowd which had no chance to escape.

Fizzled! The man had been calmly discussed and calmly dismissed. At odd times an article in the newspapers gave her an opportunity; still the frank discussion, still the calm dismissal. She had learned that the man was rich, irresponsible, vacillating, a picturesque sort of fool. But two years? What had kept him away that long? A weak man, in love, would not have made so tame a surrender. Perhaps he had not surrendered; perhaps neither of them had.

And yet, he sought the Calabrian. Here was another blind alley out of which she had to retrace her steps. Both! That Puck of Shakespeare was right: What fools these mortals be! She was very glad that she possessed a true sense of humor, spiced with harmless audacity. What a dreary world it must be to those who did not know how and when to laugh! They talked of the daring of the American woman; who but a Frenchwoman would have dared what she had done this night? The taxicab! She laughed. And this man was wax in the hands of any pretty woman who came along! Go rumor had it. But she knew that rumor was only the attenuated ghost of Ananias, doomed forever to remain on earth for the propagation of inaccurate whispers. Wax! Why, she would have trusted herself in any situation with a man with those eyes and that angle of jaw. It was all very satisfying. "Follow him; see where

he goes." The frank discussion, then, and the calm dismissal were but a woman's dissimulation. And he had gone to Flora Desimone's.

The carriage stopped before a handsome apartment house in the Avenue de Wagram. The unknown got out, gave the driver his fare, and rang the concierge's bell. The sleepy guardian opened the door, touched his gold-braided cap in recognition, and led the way to the small electric lift.

The young woman entered and familiarly pushed the button. The apartment in which she lived was on the second floor; and there was luxury everywhere, but luxury subdued and charmed by taste.

She threw aside her hat and wraps with that manner of incoherence which distinguishes the artistic temperament from the thrifty one, and passed on into the cozy dining room.

The maid had arranged some sandwiches and a bottle of light wine. She ate and drank, while intermittent smiles played across her merry face. Having satisfied her hunger, she opened her purse and extracted the banknote. She smoothed it out and laughed aloud.

"Oh, if only he had taken me for a ride in the taxicab!" She bubbled again with merriment.

Suddenly she sprang up, as if inspired, and dashed into another room, a study. She came back with pen and ink, and with a velocity that came of long practice, drew five straight lines across the faint violet face of the banknote. Within these lines she made little dots at the top and bottom of study perpendicular strokes, and strange interlinear hieroglyphics, and sweeping curves, all of which would have puzzled an Egyptologist if he were unused to the ways of musicians. Carefully she dried the composition, and then put the note away. Some day she would confound him by returning it.

A little later her fingers were moving softly over the piano keys; melodies in minor, sad and haunting and elusive, melodies that had never been put on paper and would always be her own; in them she might leap from comedy to tragedy, from laughter to tears, and only she would know. The midnight adventure was forgotten, and the hero of it, too. With her eyes closed and her little body awaying gently, she let the old weary pain in her heart take hold again.

CHAPTER III.

The Beautiful Tigress.

Flora Desimone had been born in a Calabrian peasant's hut, and she had rolled in the dust outside, yelling vigorously at all times. Specialists declare that the reason for all great singers coming from every clime is found in this early development of the throat. Parents of means employ nurses or sedatives to suppress or at least to smother these infantile protests against being thrust inconsiderately into the turmoil of human beings. Flora yelled or slept, as the case might be; her parents were equally indifferent. They were too busily concerned with the getting of bread and wine. Moreover, Flora was one among many. The gods are always playing with the Calabrian peninsula, leaving it up here or throwing it down there; it terremoto, the earthquake, the terror. Here nature tinkers vicariously with souls; and she seldom has time to complete her work. Constant communion with death makes for callousity of feeling; and the Calabrians and the Sicilians are the cruelest among the civilized peoples. Flora was ruthless.

She lived amazingly well in the premier of an apartment-house in the Champs-Elysees. In England and America she had amassed a fortune. Given the warm beauty of the southern Italian, the passion, the temperament, the love of mischief, the natural cruelty, the inordinate craving for attention and flattery, she envied the nations with her affairs. And she never put a single beat of her heart into any of them. That is why her voice is still splendid and her beauty unchanging. She did not dissipate; calculation always barred her inclination; rather, she loitered about the Forbidden Tree and played that she had plucked the Apple. She had an example to follow; Eve had none.

Men scattered fortunes at her feet as foolish Greeks scattered floral offerings at the feet of their marble gods—without provoking the sense of reciprocity or generosity or mercy. She had worked, ah, no one would ever know how hard. She had been crushed, beaten, cursed, starved. That she had risen to the heights in spite of these bruising verbs in no manner enlarged her pity, but dulled and vitiated the little there was of it. Her mental attitude toward humanity was childish; as, when the parent strikes, the child blindly strikes back. She was determined to play, to enjoy life, to give back blow for blow, nor caring where she struck. She was going to press the juice from every grape. A thousand odd years ago, she would have led the cry in Rome—"Bread and the circus!" or "To the lions!" She would have disturbed Nero's complacency, and he would have played an obligato instead of a solo at the burning. And she was malice incarnate. They came from all climes—her lovers—with rubles and lire and francs and shillings and dollars; and those who finally escaped her enchantment did so involuntarily, for lack of further funds. They called her *villas Circe's* tides. She bated but two things in the world; the man she could love and the woman she could not surpass.

Some one was at the speaking-tube. The singer crossed the room impatiently. "What is it?" she asked in French.

The voice below answered with a query in English. "Is this the Signorina Desimone?"

"Yes. And now that my identity is established, who are you and what do you want at this time of night?"

"I am Edward Courtland."

"Well, what is it you wish?" amiably. "You once did me an ill turn, came up the tube. I desire that you make some reparation."

"Sainted Mother! But it has taken you a long time to find out that I have injured you," she mocked.

"Will you give me her address, please?" Your messenger gave me your address, inferring that you wished to see me."

"If there was no impeaching her astonishment."

"Yes, madame."

"My dear Mr. Courtland, you are the last man in all the wide world I wish to see. And I do not quite like the way you are making your request."

"Do you not think, madame, that you owe me something?"

"No. What I owe I pay. Think, Mr. Courtland; think well."

"I do not understand," impatiently. "Eh, eh, I owe you nothing. Once I heard you say—I do not like to see you with the Calabrian; she is—well, you know. I stood behind you at another time when you said that I was a fool."

"Madame, I do not forget that, that is pure invention. You are mistaken."

"No. You were. I am no fool." A light laugh drifted down the tube.

"Madame, I begin to see."

"Ah!"

"You believe what you wish to believe."

"I think not."

"I never even noticed you," carelessly.

"It is easy to forget," cried the diva, furiously. "It is easy for you to forget, but not for me."

"Madame, I do not forget that you entered my room that night. . . ."

"I shall give you her address," interrupted the diva, hastily. The play had gone far enough, much as she would have liked to continue it. This was going deeper than she cared to go. She gave the address and added: "Tonight she sings at the Austrian ambassador's. I give you this information gladly because I know that it will be of no use to you."

"Then I shall dispense with the formality of thanking you. I add that I wish you two-fold the misery you have carelessly and gratuitously cost me. Good night!" Click! went the little covering of the tube.

With the same inward bitterness that attends the mental processes of a performing tiger on being sent back to its cage, Courtland returned to his taxi-cab. He wanted to roar and lash and devour something. Instead, he could only twist the ends of his moustache savagely. It did not seem possible that any woman could be so full of malice. He simply could not understand. It was essentially the Italian spirit; doubtless, till she heard his voice, she had forgotten all about the episode that had foudered his ship of happiness.

Her statement as to the primal cause was purely inventive. There was not a grain of truth in it. He could not possibly have been so rude. He had been too indifferent. Too indifferent! The repetition of the phrase made him



The Beautiful Tigress.

sit straighter. Pahaw! It could not be that. He possessed a little vanity; if he had not, his history would not have been worth a scrawl. But he deeded the possession vehemently, as men are wont to do.

Too indifferent! Was it possible that he had roused her enmity simply because he had made it evident that her charms did not interest him? Beyond lifting his hat to her, perhaps exchanging a comment on the weather, his courtesies had not been extended. Courtland was peculiar in some respects. A woman attracted him, or she did not. In the one case he was affable, winning, pleasant, full of those agreeable little surprises that in turn attract a woman. In the other case, he passed on, for his impressions were instant and did not require the usual skrimishing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poisoning by Flowers.

It seems incredible that the handling of that pretty and apparently innocent flower, the primrose, should poison anybody, but it is a fact that certain persons are susceptible to this extent. A charming lady in a western city has just been ill for weeks with a painful and disgusting rash upon her hands, arms and face, and after trying several physicians who could not diagnose her case, discovered at last that her favorite primroses, fresh bunches of which were placed about her house every day during the season, were to blame for it. A girl in her florist shop suffers every year from the same trouble. It is like the strawberry and sea