WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of All Nations and Pacific Northwest Condensed for Our Busy Readers.

Mining men have ordered their employes out of Mexico.

Five hundred negro troops loot tenderloin districts of Honolulu.

The cruiser Marblehead is to be located at Portland for use by the naval militia.

Another consignment of 50,000 shoes has been sent to the war sufferers of Belgium.

Later reports show the number of Americans massacred by Mexican bandits is 19.

Snow in the streets of Portland is being dumped into the sewers by many unemployed.

Serious rioting against Mexicans at El Paso has caused the city to be put under martial law.

An Italian liner is torpedoed near where the Lusitania went down, but is taken into a nearby port.

The thermometer registers all the way from 78 above at Tampa, Fla., to 48 below at Prince Albert, Sask.

Montenegro army is held in the grip of the Austrians, and it is believed the little nation's last struggle has been made.

Count Okuma, Japanese premier, barely misses being hit by a bomb thrown by a would-be assassin in Tokio.

Queen Sophie, of Greece, sister of the kaiser, has been called to the latter's bedside, because of the seriousness of his illness.

A student at the University of Oregon dons a bathing suit and takes a plunge in a millrace, when the temperature is below freezing.

Report states that one of the ringleaders of the Mexican bandits who murdered 19 Americans has been captured and promptly shot.

Philadelphia hat makers are experimenting with Eastern Oregon rabbit fur. The inability to import felt from Germany is the cause of the venture.

American airmen have devised means of torpedo control by radio. The missile can be directed against a ship's hull from any height and with wonderful accuracy.

Carranza's ambassador at Washington says the de facto government will take "efficient action" in the case where 19 Americans were slain by Mexican bandits.

Pilgrims of the Ford peace party have selected a permanent board who will have headquarters at The Hague and at the expense of the philanthropic auto manufacturer.

General Victoriano Huerta, former provisional president of Mexico, died at his home in El Paso, Tex., at 8:35 o'clock Thursday night. General Victoriano Huerta, who succeeded General Francsico I. Madero in executive power in Mexico City, and later left Mexico, died of sclerosis of the ilver. He was surrounded by his family and servants when the end came. It is believed an effort will be made to arrange for his burial in Mexico.

The Tube mill strike at Youngstown, Ohio, which resulted in the death of several persons and property damage of over a million dollars, is declared off and the city has quieted own.

Plans to strengthen the National guard instead of establishing a continental army as contemplated by the War department were proposed to President Wilson by Chairman Hay of the house military committee. Mr. Hay did not reveal how his suggestion was received by the President.

Irish Nationalists have abandoned their fight against conscription by the British government.

Jane Addams declares Europe is ready for peace and the end of the war is up to the neutrals.

Good authority declares that England and France are preparing a vigorous note in answer to the United States' arguments and demands concerning the neutral trade policy between these countries.

Eastern Washington is in the grip of zero weather. The thermometer at Spokane stood at 6 below; Waterville, 24 below; Endicott, 23.

Sixteen travelers were taken from a train in Mexico by bandits, stripped of their clothing, then shot. Most of the victims were American citizens.

Fire caused $25,000 damage to the Daly Hotel at Great Falls, Mont., and of the 50 persons in the hotel, four, including a woman, escaped scantily clad by sliding down a rope fire escape. The temperature at the time was 30 degrees below zero.

The first 11 days' receipts at the Portland postoffice are $10,912 more than for the same period last year.

Fire in the film cutting room of a moving picture company at Santa Monica, Cal., caused $80,000 damage.

The English government, in the interest of national economy, has notified all trade unions in the country that in view of the pressing emergency no further advances in wages should be considered except those arising automatically from existing agreements and necessary adjustments of local conditions.

ONE KILLED, TWO BADLY INJURED IN CHURCH FACTION BATTLE

Scranton, Pa.—Rioting between rival factions at the church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Dupont, near here Sunday resulted in the death of one man, the probable fatal wounding of two others and the serious injury of at least a dozen more. Knives, revolvers and clubs played a prominent part in the riot, 11 state troopers being among the wounded.

George Greizor, the dead man, was shot through the thigh, the bullet severing the artery. Trooper Rois Sumner, of Pottsville, sustained a fracture at the base of the skull and Joseph Tinh, of Dupont, was shot through the lungs. Neither is expected to live.

This church has been the scene of half a dozen riots in as many weeks, one faction objecting to the authority exercised by Bishop M. J. Hoban, of the Catholic diocese of Scranton, and the other supporting him.

Every time a newly appointed priest has sought to hold services he has been prevented from entering the church by the opposing faction, but Sunday arrangements had been made to say mass under the protection of the sheriff who called on the state police.

A detail of a dozen troopers was on hand when services were to have opened, but so forbidding was the attitude of the crowd that a call was sent in for more and 24 responded.

Before the reinforcements arrived the mob had attacked the first detachment and when the second reached the scene most of the damage had been done. A second riot ensued, in which the fighting was spectacular.

When Father Kurkowski, surrounded by state troopers, reached the church a crowd of 500 men and women already had gathered. The sheriff pleaded with the mob to disperse and permit the priest to enter the church. The mob ignored him and began to throw red pepper and mustard into the faces of the sheriff and troopers.

Then the church bell began to toll. As if this were a pre-arranged signal, the mob charged the sheriff and the troopers. Captain Pitcher, who stood beside the sheriff, was struck on the head with a heavy club. As he staggered back one of the rioters hit him with a stone. He fell unconscious into the arms of one of his men and was carried through the crowd to a house near by.

Then the call was sent for reinforcements. Eighteen troopers hurried from the local barracks to the scene. Riot sticks were brought into action in an effort to disperse the mob. The women fled in terror. The men stood their ground and one after another fell.

Trooper Hummer was in the thick of the fight when a burly man crept up behind him and struck him on the head with a heavy club. Hummer dropped. In another moment his assailant was stretched out beside him by a fellow trooper.

Troopers made wholesale arrests of the ringleaders. These were taken into the basement of the church and placed under guard.

ADMIRAL DE FOURNET

Admiral d'Artigue de Fournet, the new commander in chief of the French navy.

Chinese Rebels Victors.

San Francisco—Sixty thousand revolutionary troops have defeated the forces of Yuan Shi Kai, in the province of Sze Chuen, according to a cablegram received here from Shanghai by Tong King Chong, president of the Chinese Republic association. The battle ended with the capture and occupation of Tsue Chow Fu by revolutionary forces, who, the cable said, were also threatening Cheng Tu, capital of the province of Sze Chuen. The losses in killed and wounded, the cablegram said, were about 1000.

Villa Colonels Executed.

Juarez, Mex.—Two Villa officers, Colonel Valles and Lieutenant Colonel Cisneros, were executed at Guzman, Chihuahua, Sunday, according to advices received here from Casas Grandes by the Carranza commandant here. Two Villa generals with small bands have sought amnesty. Colonel Valles was the leader of bandits who terrorized Durango and Chihuahua state before the Madero revolt. It was he who also had charge of the executions which followed the capture of Juarez by Villa two years ago.

Peace Meetings Stormed.

London—A peace meeting arranged for Sunday evening at the Brotherhood church in a northern suburb was stopped by a group of civilians and soldiers. The platform was stormed; blows were exchanged; the piano was overturned and the peace banners were torn down. The police closed the building after the disturbance had continued for an hour. Anit-compulsion meetings in Manchester, Crews and other cities resulted in lively scenes.

OIL AND STEEL TO FORM BIG MERGER

Giant Industries With Capital of $350,000,000 in Combine.

DEFINITE PLANS SEEM FULLY REACHED

Pacific Coast Interests Are Involved in Deal and Mexican Oil Properties Also Are Included.

Chicago — Announcement of the formation of two great corporations—one a steel merger, with $200,000,000 capital, and the other an oil combine, capitalized at about $150,000,000—are expected this week. Negotiations, which have now reached the stage in both projects where the transactions are in definite shape.

In the steel deal the consolidation of the Youngstown Sheet & Steel Tube company and the Cambria and Lackawanna Steel companies, the Repogle syndicate and the Drexel firm, of Philadelphia, are back of the new enterprise, and National City Bank of New York interests are associated with the negotiations.

In the oil deal bankers are working with Pacific Coast oil men in bringing about the merger.

The best information obtainable so far regarding the steel merger is that the capital will consist of only one class of stock.

The capital stock of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube company is $20,000,000 common and $10,000,000 7 per cent cumulative preferred, of which $34,750,000 common and a small lot of the preferred are in the hands of the public. The company also has about $41,000,000 bonds outstanding, including those of certain of its subsidiaries.

Cambria Steel has outstanding capital stock of $45,000,000, and has no bonded debt.

The total of the outstanding stock and bonds of the three companies mentioned as being parties to the merger is approximately $150,000,000. Besides this, several other companies, among them the Inland Steel company, have been mentioned as possible parties to the consolidation.

In the proposed combination of Mexican and California oil properties by banking interests, the names of the Associated Oil company and Union Oil company have figured conspicuously. The Associated Oil company is controlled by the Southern Pacific railroad, through ownership of $20,069,000 of its $40,000,000 capital stock. The Associated company has a stock interest in 13 companies, 11 of which it controls by a 50 per cent holding or more of stock. It owns 12 steamers and operates two pipe lines, and also owns interests in two other pipe lines. It also owns its own rolling stock.

Peace Pilgrims Appeal to Berlin for Permission to Cross Germany

The Hague, via London—Dr. Charles F. Aked, Mme. Rosika Schwimmer and other members of the Ford peace board, after having vainly appealed to the German minister at The Hague for permission for the Scandinavian peace delegates to return home through Germany, telegraphed Monday to Berlin for the desired permits. Recent efforts of members of the Ford party to cross Germany have been blocked by the German military authorities, with the explanation that the delegates are undesirables.

Twenty-five subjects of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, who came here with the peace expedition, are desirous of returning to their homes, which they are unable to do unless by way of the North sea. This route is regarded unsafe. Included in those marooned here is Paul Lyndhagen, mayor of Stockholm, who says he may lose his office unless he returns soon.

Mme. Schwimmer, who is a Hungarian, telegraphed authorities at Berlin that the blockade against the returning delegates is proving a great inconvenience to the expedition and urged the lifting of the embargo.

Blackmail Profit Big.

New York—Blackmailing operations carried on at the summer resorts, which are said to have netted more than $250,000, were revealed by two arrests here. Men who posed as government agents, aided by women confederates, are declared to have extorted money from many persons, by threatening them with exposure under the Mann act. On complaint of the Philadelphia office of the department of Justice, Robert A. Tourbillion was held in $50,000 bail on a charge of conspiracy to extort money.

Striking Ruin Is Found.

Washington, D. C.—The most striking ruin yet unearthed by archaeologists in America has been found by Dr. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, who has made his report to the Interior department. The mound, the largest of any thus far found, was in Mesa Verde National Park in New Mexico, and apparently was built for religious rites and ceremonials. It has been named Sun Temple. There are 25 rooms, and the walls, which total more than 1000 feet in length, average four feet thick.

Big Naval Corps Asked.

Washington, D. C.—Immediate action by congress to authorize an increase in the corps of midshpmen at Annapolis is urged by Secretary Daniels in a letter to Chairman Padgett, of the house naval committee.

The letter says that if a full number of vacancies be made available for appointments by members of congress before March, the academy will be able to handle a much larger class next year.

NEWS ITEMS

Of General Interest About Oregon

Oregon State Fair Fund Shows Balance of $8208

Salem — A balance of $8208.08 is shown to the credit of the Oregon State Fair fund for the fiscal year ended November 30 last, according to the annual report of W. Al Jones, secretary of the Fair board. On December 1, 1914, the State Fair fund had a balance of $5982.14. Receips for 1915 were $50,377.19, and expenses $48,151.25.

In the last 12 months many improvements of a permanent character were made at the fair grounds, the most important being the paving of the road from the Southern Pacific railroad track to the entrance of the grounds. A total of 4345 square yards of bitulithic and concrete work was done, at a cost of $2818.11.

"This I feel is only a starter, and a small part of what should be done on the grounds in the near future," says Secretary Jones in his report.

Completion of the men's rest cottage on the grounds, at a cost of $1684.53, Secretary Jones points out, proved a great convenience. The removal of the livestock department to the rest cottage relieved the congestion in the offices of the administration building. Among the other improvements made during the year was construction of a water tower at a cost of $403.90; tower equipment, $605.73; repairing poultry house, $102.85; fencing, $284.98; repairing race horse barns, $165.20; improving new exhibition building, $1139.14, and permanently wiring the camp grounds, $318.96.

From the fair grounds farm but 565.5 bushels of poor quality oats, 80 tons of clover hay, 22 tons of cheat hay and 3700 pounds of red clover seed were obtained. The clover seed was extra good quality and sold for 18.5 cents a pound net. Mr. Jones advises the board that at present all the clover is killed by the midge and plowing should be done in the spring.

Speaking of the exhibits at the fair last year, Secretary Jones calls attention to the fact that the new pavilion's lower floor was filled with agricultural exhibits from 18 counties, which were the best ever shown. The excellence of other classes of exhibits was commented on.

That more attention be given by the board to the race events next year is recommended. It is suggested that the track either be cut to half a mile or more entries be required.

In the livestock department the report shows that 1507 animals were exhibited, as follows: Horses, 254; cattle 562; sheep 265, and swine 426.

College Plans to Extend.

Albany—In connection with the celebration of the semi-centennial of its organization, next June, Albany College hopes to lay the corner stone for its first building on its new campus. Several months ago the college purchased a 48-acre tract southwest of this city and has developed extensive plans for a complement to new buildings there.

No progress has been made toward new buildings yet, for the reason that the college was bending all its energies to complete its endowment fund. The recent gift of $50,000 from James J. Hill, which was made upon the condition that the college raise an additional $200,000 first, has given Albany college an endowment fund of more than $250,000.

Apple Export Has Spurt.

Hood River—While space on transAtlantic liners has been reserved on dates as late as the middle of March, it is likely that all the Hood River crop of 300 carloads of Newtown apples will be cleaned up before that time.

The Apple Growers' association had made a record this year for the excellent condition in which fruit has been delivered. Out of the approximate 450,000 boxes that have so far been handled not a single box has reached the purchaser in poor condition.

Drainage Work Proposed.

Eugene — A drainage project embracing many thousands of acres, which, if reclaimed, will prove among the most valuable land in the state, has been investigated by Professor E. L. Power, of the Oregon Agricultural college. He advises that the landowners procure the services of United States government engineers in the development of the proposed project. In the Long Tom and Coyote bottoms are between 50,000 and 100,000 acres, now little fit for culivattion. Various drainage projects are contemplated.

Levies in Marion Listed.

Salem — Tax levies of the cities in Marion county and the special road district and school district levies were announced by the County court. The different municipal levies are: Salem, .014; Aumsville, .008; Hubbard, .008; Jefferson, .008; Mount Angel, .01; St. Paul, .012; Silverton, .0085; Stayton, .005; Sublimity, .003; Turner, .005, and Woodburn, .0133. The county levy was fixed at .0051; general road levy at .004; county school and library levy, .0027; state and county outside Salem, high school districts, .0145.

Gaston Girls to Be Cooks.

Gaston—At a meeting Saturday the school directors of the Gaston district decided to add domestic science and manual training to the high school course. Miss Rhoda Enschede, of Forest Grove, will teach domestic science and Omer Moore, of the same place, will have charge of the manual training. The formal opening of the new $12,000 school building will be next week, and arrangements have been made for an interesting program.

Sons Give Flag to Court.

Pendleton—In the presence of a number of school children, the Umatilla County Circuit court Wednesday received a beautiful silk flag from the Oregon Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

By ERNEST W. HORNUNG

Author of The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

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SYNOPSIS.

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Cazalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, cries out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the daily papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Cazalet's dream second sight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Cazalet's old home. Toye hears from Cazalet that Scruton, who had been Cazalet's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Toye looked disconcerted and distressed, but at the same time frankly puzzled. He apologized none the less readily, with almost ingenuous courtesy and fullness, but he ended by explaining himself in a single sentence, and that told more than the rest of his straightforward eloquence put together.

"If a man had done you down like that, wouldn't you want to kill him the very moment you came out, Cazalet?"

The creature of impulse was off at a tangent. "I'd forgive him if he did it, too!" he exclaimed. "I'd move heaven and earth to save him, guilty or not guilty. Wouldn't you in my place?"

"I don't know," said Hilton Toye. "It depends on the place you're in, I guess!" And the keen dark eyes came drilling into Cazalet's skull like augers.

"I thought I told you," he explained impatiently. "We were in the office together; he was good to me, winked at the business hours I was inclined to keep, let me down lighter in every way than I deserved. You may say it was part of his game. But I take people as I find them. And then, as I told you, Scruton was ten thousand times more sinned against than sinning."

"Are you sure? If you knew it at the time—"

"I didn't. I told you so the last night."

Well, I mustn't ask questions," said Hilton Toye, and began folding up his newspaper with even more than his usual deliberation.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" cried Cazalet ungraciously. "It's my own fault for telling you so much. It was in a letter from Scruton himself that I heard the whole thing. I'd written to him—toward the end—suggesting things. He managed to get an answer through that would never have passed the prison authorities. And—and that's why I came home just when I did," concluded Cazalet; "that's why I didn't wait till after shearing. He's been through about enough, and I've had more luck than I deserved. I meant to take him back with me, to keep the books on our station, if you want to know!" The brusk voice trembled.

Toye let his newspaper slide to the floor. "But that was fine!" he exclaimed simply. "That's as fine an action as I've heard of in a long time."

"If it comes off," said Cazalet in a gloomy voice.

"Don't you worry. It'll come off. Is he out yet, for sure? I mean, do you know that he is?"

"Scruton? Yes—since you press it—he wrote to tell me that he was coming out even sooner than he expected."

"Then he can stop out for me," said Hilton Toye. "I guess I'm not running for that reward!"

CHAPTER IV.

Down the River.

At Waterloo the two men parted, with a fair exchange of fitting speeches, none of which rang really false. And yet Cazalet found himself emphatically unable to make any plans at all for the next few days; also, he seemed in two minds now about a Jermyn Street hotel previously mentioned as his immediate destination; and his step was indubitably lighter as he went off first of all to the loop-line, to make sure of some train or other that he might have to take before the day was out.

In the event he did not take that train or any other; for the new miracle of the new traffic, the new smell of the horseless streets, and the newer joys of the newest of new taxicabs, all worked together and so swiftly upon Cazalet's organism that he had a little colloquy with his smart young driver instead of paying him in Jermyn Street. He nearly did pay him off, and with something more than his usual impetuosity, as either a liar or a fool with no sense of time or space.

"But that's as quick as the train, my good fellow!" blustered Cazalet.

"Quicker," said the smart young fellow without dipping his cigarette, "if you were going by the old Southwestern!"

The very man, and especially the manners that made or marred him, was entirely new to Cazalet as a product of the old country. But he had come from the bush, and he felt as though he might have been back there but for the smell of petrol and the cry of the motor-horn from end to end of those teeming gullies of bricks and mortar.

He had accompanied his baggage just as far as the bureau of the Jermyn Street hotel. Any room they liked, and he would be back some time before midnight; that was his card, they could enter his name for themselves. He departed, pipe in mouth, open knife in one hand, plug tobacco in the other; and remarks were passed in Jermyn Street as the taxi bounced out west in ballast.

But indeed it was too fine a morning to waste another minute indoors, even to change one's clothes, if Cazalet had possessed any better than the ones he wore and did not rather glory in his rude attire. He was simply and comfortably drunk with the delight of being back. He had never dreamed of its getting into his head like this; at the time he did not realize that it had. That was the beauty of his bout. He knew well enough what he was doing and seeing, but inwardly he was literally blind. Yesterday was left behind and forgotten like the Albert Memorial, and to-morrow was still as distant as the sea, if there were such things as to-morrow and the sea.

Meanwhile what vivid miles of dazzling life, what a subtle autumn flavor in the air; how cool in the shadows, how warm in the sun; what a sparkling old river it was, to be sure; and yet, if those weren't the first of the autumn tints on the trees in Castlenau.

There went a funeral, on its way to Mortlake! The taxi overhauled it at a callous speed. Cazalet just had time to tear off his great soft hat. It was actually the first funeral he had seen since his own father's; no wonder his radiance suffered a brief eclipse. But in another moment he was out on Barnes' Common.

It had been the bicycle age when he went away; now it was the motor age, and the novelty and contrast were endless to a simple mind under the influence of forgotten yet increasingly familiar scenes. But nothing was lost on Cazalet that great morning; even a milk-float entranced him, itself enchanted, with its tall can turned to gold and silver in the sun. But now he was on all but holy ground. It was not so holy with these infernal electric trams; still he knew every inch

A Young Woman Had Appeared In One of the Wooden Porticoes.

of it; and now, thank goodness, he was off the lines at last.

"Slower!" he shouted to his smart young man. He could not say that no notice was taken of the command. But a wrought-iron gate on the left, with a covered way leading up to the house, was past and gone in a veritable twinkling.

Five or six minutes later the smart young man was driving really slowly along a narrow road between patent wealth and blatant semi-gentility; on the left good grounds, shaded by cedar and chestnut, and on the right a row of hideous little houses, as pretentious as any that ever let for forty pounds within forty minutes of Waterloo.

"This can't be it!" shouted Cazalet. "It can't be here—stop! Stop! I tell you!"

A young woman had appeared in one of the overpowering wooden porticoes; two or three swinging strides were bringing her down the silly little path to the wicket-gate with the idiotic name; there was no time to open it before Cazalet blundered up, and shot his hand across to get a grasp as firm and friendly as he gave.

"Blanchie!"

"Sweep!"

They were their two nursery names, hers no improvement on the proper monosyllable, and his a rather dubious token of pristine proclivities. But out both came as if they were children still, and children who had been just long enough apart to start with a good honest mutual stare.

"You aren't a bit altered," declared the man of thirty-three, with a note not entirely tactful in his admiring voice. But his old chum only laughed.

"Fiddle!" she cried. "But you're not altered enough. Sweep, I'm disappointed in you. Where's your beard?"

"I had it off the other day. I always meant to," he explained, "before the end of the voyage. I wasn't going to land like a wild man of the woods, you know!"

"Weren't you! I call it mean."

Her scrutiny became severe, but softened again at the sight of his clutched wide-awake and curiously characterless, shapeless suit.

"You may well look!" he cried, delighted that she should. "They're awful old duds, I know, but you would think them a wonder if you saw where they came from—"

"I'm sorry to interrupt," said Blanche, laughing, "but there's your taxi ticking up twopence every quarter of an hour, and I can't let it go on without warning you. Where have you come from?"

He told her with a grin, was roundly reprimanded for his extravagance, but brazened it out by giving the smart young man a sovereign before her eyes. After that, she said he had better come in before the neighbors came out and mobbed him for a millionaire. And he followed her indoors and up-stairs, into a little new den crowded with some of the big old things he could remember in a very different setting. But if the room was small it had a balcony that was hardly any smaller, on top of that unduly imposing porch; and out there, overlooking the fine grounds opposite, were basket chairs and a table, hot with the Indian summer sun.

"I hope you are not shocked at my abode," said Blanche. "I'm afraid I can't help it if you are. It's just big enough for Martha and me; you remember old Martha, don't you? You'll have to come and see her, but she'll be horribly disappointed about your beard!"

Coming through the room, stopping to greet a picture and a bookcase (filling a wall each) as old friends, Cazalet had descried a photograph of himself with that appendage. He had threatened to take the beastly thing away, and Blanche had told him he had better not. But it did not occur to Cazalet that it was the photograph to which Hilton Toye had referred, or that Toye must have been in this very room to see it. In these few hours he had forgotten the man's existence, at least in so far as it associated itself with Blanche Macnair.

"The others all wanted me to live near them," she continued, "but as no two of them are in the same county it would have meant a caravan. Besides, I wasn't going to be transplanted at my age. Here one has everybody one ever knew, except those who escape by emigrating, simply at one's mercy on a bicycle. There's more golf and tennis than I can find time to play; and I still keep the old boat in the old boat-house at Littleford, because it hasn't let or sold yet, I'm sorry to say."

"So I saw as I passed," said Cazalet. "That hit me hard!"

"The place being empty hits me harder," rejoined the last of the Macnairs. "It's going down in value every day like all the other property about here, except this sort. Mind where you throw that match, Sweep! I don't want you to set fire to my pampas-grass; it's the only tree I've got!"

Cazalet laughed; she was making him laugh quite often. But the pampas-grass, like the rest of the ridiculous little garden in front, was obscured if not overhung by the balcony on which they sat. And the subject seemed one to change.

"It was simply glorious coming down," he said. "I wouldn't swap that three-quarters of an hour for a bale of wool. You can't think how every mortal thing on the way appealed to me. The only blot was a funeral at Barnes; it seemed such a sin to be buried on a day like this, and a fellow like me coming home to enjoy himself!"

He had turned grave, but not graver than at the actual moment coming down. Indeed, he was simply coming down again, for her benefit and his own, without an ulterior trouble until Blanche took him up with a long face of her own.

"We've had a funeral here. I suppose you know?"

"Yes. I know."

Her chair creaked as she leaned forward with an enthusiastic solemnity that would have made her shriek if she had seen herself; but it had no such effect on Cazalet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hats and Faces.

A Boston man went down to Hartford and said to the Motherhood club of that city, "If you have a 29-cent face don't wear a $30 hat."

Of course, the Boston man didn't make it clear to the ladies with Hartford faces just what the hat-and-face ratio should be. Even a 29-cent face might hesitate over wearing a 29-cent hat. On the other hand a woman with a $50 face could scarcely be expected to don a $50 hat.

No, the Boston man is wading into deep water. He quite overlooks the eternal law of compensation.

Let the 29-cent face wear a $30 hat. It may distract attention.

As for the woman with the $50 face, she doesn't need any hat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Woes of an Author.

"How's your new book coming on?"

"Passably well. The demand isn't what it should be. I mean among purchasers. And, of course, if people don't buy the book there's nothing in it for me."

"I see. By the way, I'm reading it now. Binks loaned me a copy that Tompkins borrowed from Bradley. Pretty fair story."

INCOME OF A STREET BEGGAR

Curious Resident on Opposite Side of Thoroughfare Places Contributions at $1,000 Yearly.

There was a certain Bartimeus who was wont to take his seat at the side of a crowded city street, with a well fed dog at the side sitting on a mat provided by his master, to protect his hinder-quarters from the cold stone. The dog held a tin money box attached to his collar. The man had a few lead pencils which he pretended were for sale.

The man simply sat, and the money rolled in. A curious resident on the opposite side of the street took lengthy observations, and then drew up a calculation based on the assumption that one cent was given every time a contribution was made, though frequently silver and sometimes a quarter was seen to descend into the tin, and taking into consideration the average number of absences in a given time due to inclement weather, the probable income amounted to about $1,000 a year.

The estimate may not be very exact, but it is nearer the truth than the ordinary passerby thinks, or the stream of coin would not be so copious. As he is no longer at the receipt of custom, the inference is that he has retired to live in the country on the proceeds.

Equally Useless.

Faith without works is about as useless as a watch without wheels.