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.

Big German guns continue to hammer at Verdun.

The German reichstag has decided to continue its sea warfare unrestricted.

An investigation into the enormous increase in the price of gasoline has been ordered by the senate.

The municipal woodyard of Portland is short one thousand cords of wood, and no one seems to know what became of it.

Operation of the prohibition law since January 1 has increased the water bills of the various Seattle hotels from 15 to 35 per cent, according to hotel men.

Flood conditions along the Red River in North Dakota have been made worse by a heavy fall of snow and it is feared the floods of the spring of 1904 may be repeated.

Discovery in the Greek island of Corfu of an elaborate organization for providing information and supplies for submarines is reported in a Rome dispatch to the Paris Journal.

After killing every one of the 172 men in the garrison at Guerrero, Francisco Villa is said to have moved northward, according to unofficial information secured by General Funston.

All foot and mouth disease quarantines and restrictions on the shipment of livestock are removed by an order issued by the department of Agriculture, and the announcement is made that the country is now entirely free of the scourge.

Two masked robbers attempted to hold up a Seattle bank, but a young lady student of the University of Washington, who was the only customer in the bank at the time, argued and protested with the men until they had to flee or be captured.

Captain Hans Tauscher, husband of Johanna Gadski, the opera singer, and said to be an officer in the Germany navy, was arrested in New York on a warrant charging him with being concerned in an alleged conspiracy to blow up the Welland canal in Canada.

The Puget Sound navy yard has been informed that all large war vessels will carry aeroplanes and a place for launching them. Orders have been received to build launching ways on the storage room for five aeroplanes.

The Chinese government has signed an agreement permitting Russia to construct a railroad in Manchuria. The railroad will give Russia control in Northern Manchuria, in compensation for the railway rights granted Japan in Southern Manchuria. Japan has concurred in this agreement.

Outlining a general policy in complete accord with the doctrine of military training as the surest means of preparedness for national defense, officials of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company announce plans for the formation of a company of National Guardsmen and a division of Naval Militia made up exclusively of this corporation's employes.

Miss Catherine Prehm, editor and publisher of the Merrill, Ore., Record, was arrested in Klamath Falls on a charge of disturbing the peace by attempting to horsewhip George Bradnack, editor and publisher of the Merrill Times.

Twelve men at Kelly's Butte, a workhouse for Portland prisoners, escaped by sawing the bars of a cell. The exit was only 7 inches square, therefore a large number of heavyweight prisoners were detained. The break was not discovered until daylight.

Columbus, Ohio, residents are fleeing the lowlands because of the high water in the Scioto.

The senate bill designed to increase the number of cadets at West Point was ordered favorably reported by the house military committee, with a few minor changes.

Turkey has informed the United States it was not a submarine of the Ottoman government which sank the liner Persia in the Mediterranean last winter with loss of American life.

Villa is fleeing southward hoping to reach the Sierras, where, it is claimed, it will take many months to capture him.

The British infantry storms and take the first and second line German trenches along a front of 600 yards at St. Eloi. The British official communication gives this information.

R. C. Stoddard, of Vancouver, B. C., and two other passengers were seriously injured when the Wolverine Flyer, on the Michigan Central railway, jumped the track near Kalamazoo, Mich.

The rainfall at Portland for March reached 10.91 inches, 1.85 inches less than March, 1873, the highest figure on record.

Failure of senate Republicans to take any action at a conference on the Mexican situation leaves the administration unhampered in dealing with the problem.

The British steamer Manchester Engineer, from Philadelphia March 11 for Manchester, has been sunk, according to information received by Lloyds. The members of the crew were taken aboard a tug.

TWENTY-EIGHT KILLED IN AIR-FLEET RAID OVER ENGLAND

London — Two squadrons of Zeppelins, flying over England Sunday night in the most extensive air raid of the war, killed 28 persons and wounded 34 others in the discharge of at least 90 bombs.

One detached ship, making a raid over the northeast coast, was disabled by the fire of the anti-aircraft guns, which followed the searchlights playing on the raider. The craft was brought to earth and its crew, numbering 17, was captured by a British patrol boat in the estuary of the Thames. The members of the captured crew reported that they had drawn lots to determine who should remain with the disabled aircraft and destroy it after the others had been safely landed. The task fell to the junior officer, to whom it meant practically certain death. When the patrol boat approached the Zeppelin an explosion occurred, it is thought, in the motor room. The airship shortly afterward crumpled up.

ARCHDUKE FREDERICK

This is the most recent of the few photographs that have reached America of Archduke Frederick, commander in chief of the armies of Austria.

In addition to the 17 unwounded prisoners there were others captured who were suffering from injuries.

The Zeppelins remained at a great height in the raid, and their marksmanship, consequently, was poor. In one town 11 bombs were dropped without damage being done. Crowds on the streets watched the battle with the raiders and applaueded the land batteries.

Berlin Without Submarine Data; Washington Waits Investigation

Washington, D. C. — The German government has informed Ambassador Gerard that it is without official confirmation concerning the explosions which damaged the British channel steamer Sussex and sunk the British horse ship Englishman, both of which were carrying American citizens.

In a dispatch dated Thursday and reaching the State department Monday Mr. Gerard said the German government had only newspaper reports on the two cases and was making an investigation which might be concluded within three or four days. The Berlin foreign office promised to inform Mr. Gerard when the inquiry is completed. It is realized here it may be a week before all the German submarine commanders who might have been concerned have had opportunity to report.

Turks Will Accept Aid.

Washington, D. C.—The American Red Cross received word Monday that Turkey, for the first time, is ready to accept aid for a half-million of her citizens who face starvation. Hundreds, it was said, are dying for lack of food. Ten thousand dollars was cabled to fill immediate needs. A message from Red Cross agents in Turkey said the American organization would be permitted to help eliminate suffering throughout the country, particularly at Constantinople and suburbs, at Adrianople, Bruss and Smyrna.

New Harbor Item Beaten.

Washington, D. C.—The first effort to add new projects to the $40,000,000 rivers and harbors appropriation bill failed in the house Monday, when an amendment by Representative Teague to appropriate $400,000 for a 40-foot channel from President Roads at Boston to the sea was rejected overwhelmingly.

House leaders professed to see in the vote a forecast that the committee recommendation against new projects would be approved, and that it would pass virtually as reported.

38 Ships Sunk in March.

London—The Board of Trade's summary of casualties to British shipping reported in March shows that 19 steamers aggregating 44,609 tons and eight sailing vessels of 1865 tons were sunk by enemy warships. Ten steamers of 13,532 tons were sunk by mines. One steamer of 2131 tons was sunk either by an enemy warship or a mine. Forty-three lives were lost in the case of the steamers sunk by warships and 81 in steamers sunk by mines.

Germans Repulse French Near Vaux.

Berlin, via London—The German official statement issued Monday announces that Touton troops have cleared 1000 yards of French trenches northeast of Haucourt, in addition to the positions taken March 30.

The only mention of fighting around Verdun Sunday tells of the repulse of a French counter attack after a terrific artillery bombardment near Vaux. The Germans took 731 prisoners in this battle.

CARRANZA COLONEL REPORTED IN REVOLT

American Officers Credit Rumor That Cano Has Joined Villa.

TRAIL OF BANDIT LEADER IS LOST

Pershing Now Thought Deceived As to Villa's Injury — Systematic Search to Be Continued.

El Paso, Tex.—The question of the loyaty of the Carranza troops has again come very near to the fore here follilowing persistent reports that Col. Cano, the Carranza commander at Namiquipa, has joined Villa.

Andres Garcia, the Carranza consul here, has refused to credit these reports on the ground that Cano is a bitter personal enemy of Villa, but he admits that nothing has been heard from the Namiquipa commander for more than a week.

The only direct information that has come from Namiquipa since then has been a paragraph in a dispatch from Gen. Pershing in which it was stated that half the garrison at the town had disappeared and it was suspected some of them had joined Villa.

Americans who arrived here from Chihuahua City Sunday asserted that Col. Cano was with the Villistas defeated near Guerrero by Col. Dodd.

San Antonio, Tex. — Gen. Funston Sunday was in receipt of State department information in regard to conditions in Chihuahua and other parts of Mexico, but refused to make it public. It was stated at his headquarters, however, that there appeared to be reason to believe that Col. Cano, who was leading one of the heavier forces against Villa, had revolted against Carranza and had joined Villa.

San Antonio, Tex.—Unless Francisco Villa is definitely located within the next day or two it is believed here that Gen. Pershing will begin a dogged search for him in the mountains west and south of Guerrero. Since the defeat of Villa's forces March 29, in and near Guerrero, Gen. Pershing has had lightly equipped mobile detachments of cavalry sweeping whirling fashion through the district about the headwaters of the Santa Maria river, in efforts to locate the elusive bandit reported to have gone in that direction after being desperately wounded.

Gen. Pershing did not get a report through to Gen. Funston Sunday, but his chief of staff reported, indicating that the line of communication was maintained and no mention of the news of Villa was made. There is increasing belief that Gen. Pershing may have been deceived in regard to event concerning his injuries. Some reports indicated that he was not injured at all and instead of going northeast of Guerrero he had moved into the hills to the south and east, a direction American officers had expected him to take.

Band Members and Councilmen Mix Over License; Three Stabbed

Salem, Ore.—In a pitched battle on the streets of Turner Saturday night between members of the Turner band and members of the city council assisted by partisans of each faction, three men were stabbed, one probably fatally.

Half a score other residents of Turner suffered from bruised heads as a result of being struck by clubs and rocks which were used freely in the melee.

The trouble arose during a performance of a carnival company, which had been secured by the Turner band to give a benefit entertainment. The band assisted but was stopped by the city marshal on order of the council, because the carnival company had not paid the $3 license which is required of traveling shows. The bandmen protested the council's action and the bitter feelings resulted in a clash in front of the show grounds.

Jews Sent to Siberia.

New York — The Russian government has decreed that Jewish hostages from Lemberg and other Galician cities, who are now in Kiev, and those who have been expelled from Galicia, must be sent to Siberia, according to information obtained by the American Jewish committee. The decree of expulsion to Siberia is said to have been in response to the Jews' petitions for release from arrest and permission to return to their native country. Non-Jewish hostages may choose places of residence outside the military sphere.

King Donates £100,000.

London — King George has placed £100,000 at the disposal of the treasury. A letter accompanied the donation, saying:

"It is the King's wish that this sum which he gives in consequence of the war, should be applied in whatever manner is deemed best in the opinion of His Majesty's government."

The contribution is regarded by the newspapers as an effort on the part of the monarch to go hand in hand with the people in making a personal sacrifice for the carrying on of the war.

Smyrna Forts Destroyed.

London—Forts St. George and San Jak, as well as the other coastal defenses of Smyrna, were destroyed Friday in a three hours' bombardment by a British warship, says a dispatch to the Times from Salcniki. The Turks did not reply to the fire of the warships.

San Jak is the chief work commanding the entrance to Smyrna harbor. St. Geroge is about three miles to the southeast.

NEWS ITEMS

Of General Interest

About Oregon

Farmers' Week Is Plan at McMinnville June 21 to 24

McMinnville.—A West Side Farmers' week and picnic is to be held in McMinnville June 21 to 24, under the auspices of the McMinnville Grange. Other granges and farmers' unions as well as all other farmers' organizations are invited to participate.

Speakers of national standing as well as leading educators of the northwest will be invited. The agricultural college will be asked to hold a farmers' institute in connection with the week's program. The committee has been assured of the assistance of County Agriculturist M. S. Shrock, whose work is along similar lines.

Following are some of the speakers who will be invited: Secretary of Agriculture David F. Houston, Governor Withycombe, President W. J. Kerr and R. D. Hetzel, of the agricultural college; President P. L. Campbell, of the University of Oregon; J. Frederick Thorne, of the same institution; Dr. C. H. Chapman, of Portland; J. A. Churchill, superintendent of public instruction; L. R. Alderman, superintendent of Portland schools; "Farmer" Smith, of the O.-W. R. & N. Co.; Dr. Hector McPherson, of the bureau of markets and rural organizations of the Oregon agricultural college.

It is the intention of the committee to ask the candidates for president on the republican, democratic and prohibition parties to participate in the program.

Opposes Inviting Laborers to Oregon

University, of Oregon, Eugene—Letters that invite laboring men to come and settle in Oregon should not be sent by Oregonians to Eastern friends or Eastern newspapers. This admonition was given by O. P. Hoff, state labor commissioner, to students in the University school of commerce. "Oregon offers less opportunity for the laboring man than any state in the Union. A city the size of Portand has five times as hard work taking care of a surplus of 10,000 men as a city of the same size in Massachusetts has, because Portland does not have the great manufacturing establishments of the East," said Mr. Hoff.

The state labor commissioner thinks that as a partial remedy for winter unemployment the state should arrange to get needy men onto small tracts of stump land. "No man can make a profitable investment by buying such land and putting all his time on it," said Mr. Hoff, "but by using his idle time any man could build up a good home in a few years."

Mr. Hoff said compulsory safeguards would put an end to 50 per cent of all accidents in industrial plants in Oregon.

Electric Line Proposed.

Pendleton.—An electric road from Pendleton to Walla Walla and from Cold Springs Landing through Pendleton to Bingham Springs is an undertaking projected by an association of capitalists represented by C. W. Lefler, formerly a farmer in the Cold w. McComas, of Pendleton, is connected with the undetaking.

Mr. Lefler said there was plenty of money back of the venture. The plan is to lay the rails on concrete ties to reduce the cost of maintenance.

The route has been selected with an idea of tapping much of the freight-producing area of the country, as well as the area of passenger traffic. The line from here to Cold Springs Landing would be a feeder to the open river.

Mining Property Bought.

Baker.—One of the most important mining deals in the Sumpter district in many years has been consummated in the purchase of the Bald Mountain property by the Ibex Mining company. The Ibex mine has been idle several years because it was deemed unwise to run it until the Bald Mountain mine could be secured, and the acquisition of the latter will insure the operation of both properties within a short time.

A tunnel between the two has already been started, and with the use of a gravity system both mines can be operated in an economical manner. Reports say that the mine's equipment will be greatly augmented, and that both will be operated extensively this season. The price paid for the Bald Mountain mine has been kept secret.

Sack Offer Guaranteed.

Pendleton.—The first guaranteed sack delivery offer of the season was made this week to the Inland Empire grain-growers at their meeting in Pendleton by the Balfour-Guthrie company at 14 cents. Heretofore war clauses have been attached. Although no action was taken, it is probable the cotton sack investigated by H. W. Collins will receive a tryout in Umatilla county. The sentiment seems to be that a carload of 60,000 cotton sacks be purchased at 11 and 12 cents each. Wesley Harrah, John Mumm, Henry Hudeman and other farmers are building portable elevators to take care of the 1916 crop. The grain can be taken by the elevator from the field to the cars for loading.

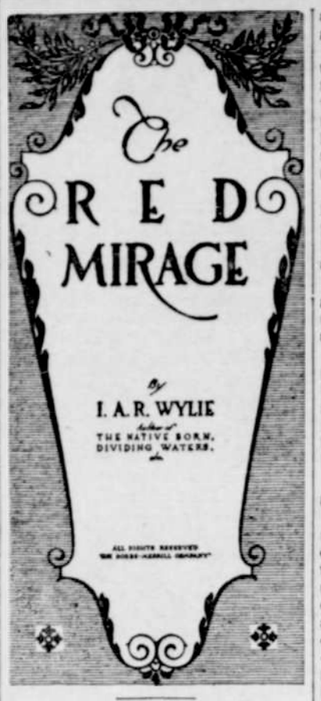
$50,000 Hotel Deal Made.

Dallas.—One of the most important deals in this city for the past several years was consummated on Saturday when, for a consideration approaching $50,000, Lew A. Cates, publisher of the Polk County Observer, and K. N. Wood, until recently one of the owners of the Dallas steam laundry, took over the Hotel Gail property, one of the leading hostelries of the Willamette valley, purchasing the furniture and fixtures and taking a lease upon the building for a term of 10 years. The new owners take charge at once.

Marshfield to Clean Up.

Marshfield.—Anticipating the big railroad celebration to be given on Coos Bay at the completion of the Willamette-Pacific railroad, now set for the last of July or the first of August, the city of Marshfield is urging citizens to clean up and make their premises presentable.

J. Albert Matson, chairman of the civic committee of the chamber of commerce, is leading the crusade against debris-strewn dooryards, alleys and vacant lots. He has enlisted the city council's aid.



The red mirage blinds Farquhar's eyes when he sacrifices himself to protect his father's memory, and to protect the girl he loves. Nameless in the Foreign Legion, going through worse than death at the hands of those who should have been his friends, the mirage still blinds him, and when the mirage dissolves in the love and sympathy of a real woman, it seems too late. But you must read the story to know how completely a "perfectly good" woman may ruin the life of an impulsive, chivalrous man, and how a sympathetic, loving one may help him to life and hope again.

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CHAPTER I.

Beginnings.

"And so you have really made up your mind, Richard?"

"With your consent, mother."

Mrs. Farquhar sighed and tapped an impatient tattoo on the fender with her small, well-shod foot.

"My share in the matter has not the slightest importance. You might have spared me the farce."

"It's not a farce; as it happens, I want your consent. It's true—I'll marry without it—but it will make all the difference to my happiness." He put his head a little to one side and looked at her whimsically. "Really, mother, you are the last person to blame me for falling in love. It was you who taught me to adore the sex."

She made no answer. But she glanced up at the tall Venetian mirror and her mouth relaxed. She undoubtedly possessed a charm which made it seem scarcely possible that the man before her could be her son. She was small but beautifully made. She possessed the nameless quality which excuses everything and has sent men in all ages from crime to great place and from great place to the gallows. Richard Farquhar bore her no resemblance, though it was conceivable that without the wig and the coating of powder she might have revealed a certain similarity of coloring. His face and broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped figure revealed race, also vigor and headstrong temperament, which a peculiar light in the eyes accentuated. At the moment his expression was gay, but it veiled excitement and something obstinately resolved.

"You are a vain old woman!" he said lightly. "I believe you expected me to be dancing at your apron strings in blind adoration all my life."

"I did nothing of the sort. I wanted you to marry—but not Sylvia Omney."

He looked at her in unconcealed surprise. Possibly her tone was new to him. It was sharp and irritable; it revealed her suddenly as an old woman.

"I think I must be rather like my father," he said thoughtfully. "I don't remember him, and I have never seen anything of his save an old letter to you. Here it is." From his breast pocket he took out an old letter covered with yellow, faded writing and unfolded it. "It gives me a queer feeling, too, when I read it," he went on slowly. "I might have written it myself—to the woman I loved. He must have loved you madly, mother. One feels in every line that you were a religion to him—that he would have sold himself, body and soul—"

"Don't!" she interrupted sharply, angrily. Then she gave a shrill, unsteady little laugh.

"My poor Richard! Yes, you are like him—very like him. But if it's the wrong woman—what then?"

"Of course, it must not be the wrong woman," he said slowly. "But my father chose rightly, as I know I have chosen. I have chosen a woman after his own heart—Sylvia is like you, mother."

"Sylvia is like me?" She lifted her faded, still beautiful eyes to his face. "Yes, I suppose she is—what men call a womanly woman. God help men from what they call womanly women. Well"—she turned away with a careless, almost contemptuous movement of the shoulders—"I can't save you. Take my blessing, Richard. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Thank you. I may bring Sylvia to see you?"

"Of course. Sylvia and I get on very well. Has anything been heard of the brother?"

"I don't think so. But I shall hear tonight."

"Cut his throat probably." She glanced back at him with a curious little smile on her colorless face. "All the same, Sylvia is lucky. I am rather proud of you myself, Richard. You are the only man I know who dresses to perfect taste without looking a vulgar noodle. Good night."

She kissed him hurriedly as he held the door open for her, and for an instant she looked up into his face with a curious half-tender, half-whimsical grimace. Then she was gone.

An hour later Richard Farquhar entered the Omneys' drawing room. He found his host by the fireside, a somewhat lone figure with the white, thin face of a man never wholly at rest. He greeted Farquhar eagerly and nervously. We—I expected you before—"

"I have been kept at Aldershot," Farquhar answered. "I came my first free evening. I can't tell you how keen I have been to see you both again—and to hear your news."

The elder man seemed to shrink together. He glanced nervously over his shoulder, and his face was gray and sunken.

"There is no news, Farquhar. We traced him to Marseilles, and then followed a wrong scent over to Oran and farther south. It all came to nothing—the wrong fellow all the time. It broke me up. I've lost hope—all hope, Farquhar."

"He will come back," the other suggested.

"No, no; he was reckless and obstinate and—a bit of a coward. He couldn't face the disgrace—he left that to us—and he couldn't face me. I dare say I was harsh—but I swear I didn't deserve this. And now I have to lie and pretend and play this confounded comedy. People—the few who believe—will tell you that my son is sheep farming in Australia. Farquhar, what in heaven's name possesses a man to want children? Mine have been a curse—"

"You have your daughter," was the sharp interruption.

The banker glanced at the man beside him. The thin, bronzed face was slightly flushed, and there was a fire in the passionate eyes which seemed to cause the observer a new emotion. He turned away, his thin features twisted into a wry smile.

"Yes—I have Sylvia—naturally she is a great comfort. But she is young—you must always remember that, and one must judge youth by other standards. We must not expect too much."

"One might expect everything of Sylvia," Farquhar responded gravely.

Again the swift, anxious glance swept over his face.

"Ah, yes, you are young yourself. Well, I suppose you want to see her; I won't detain you. You will find her in the library, looking out some old prints for a well-intentioned futurist. We have become artistic, you know."

If there was a covert sneer in the last words Farquhar was not in a position to notice it, for he had already begun to cross the room. One or two people spoke to him, but he answered absently, and they did not detain him. A pair of heavy tapestry curtains separated the so-called library from the drawing room. He pushed them softly aside and entered.

Sylvia Omney stood at the long table beneath the subdued cluster of electric light, her head bowed, her back toward him. She did not seem to hear his entrance, for she did not move, and he did not seek to call her attention. She was not looking at the great folio which lay spread out before her, but staring sightlessly into the shadows,

"Sylvia," He Said Brokenly.

her cheeks bathed in color, her lips parted in breathless anticipation. A moment later she lifted her hands to her face, and he saw that she trembled. He knew then that she was conscious of his presence, and that that same awe and dread of their dawning happiness held her as it had held him in paralyzed waiting.

"Sylvia," he said brokenly.

She did not turn. She looked up, and in the glass their eyes met. The color had fled, leaving her whiter than the dead purity of her dress; her jaw had dropped. For an instant it seemed to him that a veil had been torn from her face, leaving it piteously distorted.

"Sylvia!" he repeated in a changed tone.

She turned then with a little stifled gasp. Her hand with the lace handkerchief had flown to her lips in an instinctive effort at concealment.

"Oh," she said under her breath. "You! Oh, Richard!"

He strode across the room to her side. He seized her hands and kissed them in a stormy outbreak of passion which seemed terrify her. She shrank from him, vainly trying to free himself.

"Oh, Richard—don't—you must be more careful—we are not alone—there are people—"

He laughed up at her. His eyes were alight. The subdued flicker of recklessness, never wholly absent, blazed up in defiance of her white timidity.

"I know there are people—hundreds of them—somewhere down in that dull old world which we've left miles beneath. Yes, I dare say, I am a little mad. I feel it—I'm glad of it. It's good to be mad like this—" Suddenly her expression penetrated his intoxication. He stopped short. "Sylvia—you're not ill?" he said roughly.

She shook her head, half smiling, half tearful.

"You may not care what people think, but I do—all nice women do. We are not properly engaged. You forget that."

A story of great love and great hate. Heart-stirring interest in every chapter.

He nodded, his eyes fixed on her half-averted face.

"Perhaps you are right—women are different. In their love and in their religion they seek the outward, visible signs. I have brought the visible signs with me." He put his hand to his pocket and drew out a small case, which he opened and placed on the table before her. "That is my first gift," he said simply. As though drawn against her will, she turned. Her eyes rested on the ring in its cold, gray setting, and their pupils dilated with an amazed involuntary displeasure. It was a single, flawless emerald, square cut and set in a narrow band of sapphire.

Farquhar took it from its case and held it out to her.

"You don't understand. It can't be just now. It's as though we were rejoicing in the midst of a terrible grief. Surely you have heard?"

"I know that your brother has not been found," he answered earnestly. "I know that he was—is very dear to you. Why should that come between us now?"

"Because—" She made a little, feeble gesture of despair, and then went on breathlessly. "It's not for myself, Richard. There is my father to be considered. Robert's loss has broken his heart. He is ill—you must have seen that—I can't tell him that I am going to leave him—"

"I don't ask it of you. I shall be patient. I shall wait a year—two years, but you can't keep me on the outside of your life while I wait. You belong to me—you gave yourself to me. I don't claim more than you gave—I wouldn't claim that much if I saw it was not for your happiness—and now I hold you above my life, my honor—"

"Oh, hush! hush!" She looked at him with terrified, beseeching eyes. "Please don't say that—I don't want to hear it, Richard. It sounds so—wild and mad, and your eyes frighten me. Be reasonable and gentle—dear."

The hard lines of violence smoothed themselves from his face as if by a miracle. With an almost feminine tenderness he took her icy hand between his own and chafed it."

"Forgive me—I think I have a devil in me, Sylvia, a little black fiend that drives me—well, to the very devil, in fact." He stopped, his eyes narrowing as though at some vision which he could not fully face. "If I lost you—Sylvia, what is the matter?" He looked at her more intently, and then, with a sudden flash of perception. "Something has happened—out there in Algiers. What?"

She did not answer. She was not even looking at him. Following her glance, he turned slowly on his heel. A man who had stood hesitating on the threshold now came toward them, his hand extended.

"Forgive me, Miss Omney. I interrupted, but I understood that I should find you here, and I could not wait. You see, I am punctual to the hour and to the day."

He spoke in English, with a faint accent that was not displeasing. Richard Farquhar drew back. The vehemence had vanished from his manner, leaving him curiously at ease. Sylvia Omney glanced at him, swiftly, with an almost childish appeal and fear.

"Richard, this is Captain Arnaud. We met out in Algiers. Captain Arnaud—this is Mr. Farquhar."

Both men bowed. The Frenchman smiled with cordial recognition.

"I have heard your name often, Mr. Farquhar. You are what is called an old playfellow, are you not—a privileged position?"

For an instant Farquhar waited, his eyes fixed on the girl's white face. She did not look at him or speak.

"Indeed, most privileged."

He picked up the emerald ring and slipped it carelessly back into his pocket.

It is a pity that some persons lack the tact to break unhappy news inoffensively. Perhaps it is thoughtlessness that is responsible for a good deal of the sadness in the world—especially in the cases of spoiled women who play with the affections of men whose love is deep.

How much sorrow might have been saved if between Sylvia and Richard there had been really a mutual thoughtfulness and effort to spare heartbreak and soul-misery—than which there is no greater misery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Able to Defy Burglars.

The story of the strong room is nothing more than one long fight between the safemaker and the burglar. But at last the vault maker would appear to have won, and it is the boast of experts that many of the strong rooms found in the more up-to-date safe deposits, banks and other institutions are not only burglar-proof, but proof against attack by armed mobs and also from earthquake shocks. Their great steel walls are absolutely undrillable on account of the hardness of the metal employed, while by welding the plates together it is virtually impossible to burn through them.

Then, by means of time and combination locks, it is impossible to open the doors without a key and a knowledge of the combination, once they are closed. As a further precaution, many of these strong rooms are so designed that an electrical alarm is sounded should attack be made upon them, or the basement in which they are situated is flooded with water the moment their mechanism is tampered with.