

LOCAL LODGE DIRECTORY.

oup City Lodge No. 33, A. O. U. W.—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month.
 Friendship Lodge No. 19, D. of H.—1st and 3rd Thursday of each month.
 Loup City Council No. 136, L. M. L. A.—1st and 3rd Monday of each month.
 Matoland Castle, No. 162, Royal Highlanders.—2nd and 4th Monday of each month.
 Excelsior Lodge, No. 165, I. O. O. F.—1st and 3rd Saturday of each month.
 Marlinton Lodge, No. 111, K. of P.—2nd and 4th Wednesday of each month.
 Loup City Camp, No. 636, M. W. A.—1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month.
 Loup City Camp No. 827, R. N. A.—2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.
 Porter Lodge, No. 105, A. F. & A. M.—Tuesday or before full moon and 2nd Tuesday thereafter.
 Joppa Chapter, No. 52, B. A. M.—1st Monday of each month.
 Oriental Chapter, No. 78—1st and 3rd Saturday of each month.
 L. of G. A. R.—2nd and 4th Saturday of each month, at 2 o'clock p. m.

A Mongolian Tragedy

By Josephine Edwards-Capwell.

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Quong Lung Yek was a Chinese maiden. Quong Lung Yek was a prize of love.

She had learned perfectly the power of her eyes to ensnare the hearts of men, and her lips were ever ready for kisses and sweet speeches. In all the alleys of Chinatown there was none so fair, so winsome, so bewitching, so tender, nor—so fickle.

Many loved and many sought the little temptress' favor. She encouraged them all, and therein was the fatal error that caused her undoing.

Pretty Quong Lung Yek was only eighteen years old—too young to try the arts of the coquette, and make mad the hearts of reckless men. Women are not fitted, until they have arrived at years of discretion, for the dangerous pastime of alluring and deceiving men, although as a rule when that time comes, the occasions for the exercise of discretion have long gone by.

It was the night of the feast at Hong Fa Low's restaurant—a night of revelry arranged and paid for by the favored lover of the hour, in Quong Lung Yek's honor, but the guests were bidden thereto by Quong Lung Yek, herself.

One ardent swain, she had not asked. He had been discarded with little mercy, jilted for the newer lover, and when he sought an interview, had been flouted and told to go his way. She wanted none of him now, why weary her with his persistency? Those luscious lips, while made for kisses and sweet speeches, could be very scornful and utter words that wounded beyond measure.

But he loved her with a passion that would brook no rival, and when she told him she had never cared for him, he raved and cursed, and swore direst vengeance upon her head, but she only laughed at him.

On her way to the feast, by chance, they met. Again he pleaded, raved and cursed, and vowed revenge. With a contemptuous shrug of her graceful shoulders, she laughed at his display of grief and despair.

The laugh of a woman has often nerved the wavering heart of a desperate man to the perpetration of awful crime, and the laugh of this woman was all that was needed to rouse the fiend in this love-crazed man who barred her way, his face distorted from suffering and rage. This woman who had burned her image into his heart would regret to her dying day that she ever laughed at his misery. The beauty that lured so many lovers, if not for him, he would forever spoil for the desire of any other man. With sudden change of manner, repression of emotion that might have warned her of her peril, he stepped aside and let her pass. Laughing still, she left him and went on up the street to her waiting guests, while he rushed savagely away in the opposite direction.

As the hour grew late, the man went back and lay in wait for his faithless sweetheart. He had not long to wait before she came, the heartless fair one, and as she approached him, skulking in the shielding blackness of an open doorway, her laugh proved her fearless and all unconscious of her fate.

She was laughing yet when she



Quong Lung Yek was a Chinese maiden.

reached the place where he was concealed—laughing as women laugh when they are heartless and indifferent, and when they have forgotten the lovers of whom they are tired. If the man in the shadow weakened in his resolve when he saw her approaching in all the winsomeness of her exquisite presence, chattering gaily with her companions, the ringing laugh from her lips seemed so like the scornful laugh of that other meeting, that he was goaded on to strength again. He waited, unhesitating, with ready hand, for the devilish deed.

It was now but a step to her side.

He softly spoke her name, "Quong Lung Yek." She turned to look at him, the laugh on her lips. Ah, that lovely, laughing face. It was a mark as fair as any that was ever doomed for the branding.

An arm uplifted with lightning-like rapidity, a trickle of fiery drops, a splash like the drip of dew on a rose-leaf, a shriek that only agony utters, and the score was even between the man and the woman; and while the woman shrieked it was the man who mockingly laughed as he fled into the impenetrable darkness of the night.

When the police arrived upon the scene and could grasp the situation through the excited words of her comrades, they asked her who had done this awful thing, but she would not answer, and the others—the deed was so quickly done—did not know, nor had they seen.

Still suffering, she steadily refuses to tell the name of the man who has so cruelly marked her for his own keeping, if perchance, he shall care to come some future day and claim who no other man will have, now that the crowning glory of Quong Lung Yek is gone forever.

And the police must search the hid-



Quong Lung Yek turned to look at him, the laugh on her lips. In places of the Chinese quarter unaided, without a clue, for these yellow men and women are loath to give one of their race to the "white devils"—the police.

Somewhere in Chinatown's dark, unfathomed caves, a man crouches and quakes with fear at the sound of every approaching footfall, cowed in his vengeance dealing, cowed in his fear of vengeance to be dealt. He is afraid of the shadows that come and go in the recesses or his hiding place, because he does not know that the woman whom he loved, and whom, as he so puts it in excuse thereof, he punished he will not realize until he sees her again—has not betrayed him to the police, who would hunt him down. When he knows, he will come out of his rat-hole retreat and mingle with his people in the clearer light of the alleys, where the police only loiter and are never ready for the chase. Not till then will he know that if the woman's lips are closed, the woman whose beauty was an irresistible snare before the hiding fugitive drenched it with sulphuric acid and made it hideous in the eyes of all men—that no other will speak for his capture, and he will fear only the woman he loved and whom he hated.

If she is silent, he is safe. Aye, and the woman will surely keep silent—it is the way of women of her kind, first to hurt her lover and then to shield when hurt by him—a queer anomaly, woman, for the man who spoiled her is now the only one who can possibly love her, and such women as Quong Lung Yek cannot live without love. The avenger, when the police have ceased to hunt him, will come pleading, cringing, and when he sees her face, all seared with vitriol of the foreign devil's invention, he will be satisfied with his success even while he pleads; he may even love her again, and if that time comes, Quong Lung Yek may woe or kill him. Only a woman may say what this woman may do, but as yet the man is afraid and is hiding from the police in the dark and secret places of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco.

Seatho.

The leprechaun out in the haggard
 Is mending his little red shoon;
 And wee, fairy folk in the meadow
 Dance light 'neath the sheen of the moon.
 The brown throated birdlings are dream-
 ing
 Of love, on the low laurel bough,
 And elfin craft sailing the river
 Have fire pennants flung from the prow.

Then sleep, my heart's birdling, my dar-
 ling!
 The brown-throated mother and I
 Together keep watch o'er our loved ones,
 Shuheenshu, shoho, lullaby.

The silver mist curl in the valley,
 And red lilies bend in the dew.
 The drolleen sings out in the hedgerow,
 The drolleen, he sings love for you,
 The white powdered wings of the night
 moth
 Flit down to the half-opened rose,
 And mother will kiss your dear eyelids,
 And seal them with love when they
 close.

Then sleep, my heart's flower, my dar-
 ling!
 The moon o'er the mountain hangs low,
 And brown-throated peep in their dream-
 ing:
 "Shuheenshu, shuheenshu shoho!"
 —Mar' Grant / Sheridan.

Drawing.

An artist draws a picture, an equine
 draws a dray; the man who marries
 draws a blank sometimes, we've heard
 them say; a thirsty man draws water;
 a blossom draws the bee. If I
 can only draw my pay that's good
 enough for me.—Chicago News.

Deadly Serpents.

Recent statistics show that serpents
 kill more persons in India than in any
 other country. During 1901 the num-
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 mated that almost, if not quite, as
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