

## A GOLDEN RIDDLE.

The husbandman on golden morn  
A white seed dropped among the corn.  
Beneath the summer's mystic spell  
It burst ere long the prisoning shell.  
And 'twixt the brown loam's rifted crust  
Its emerald leaflets upward thrust.  
Through lengthening days of rain and shine  
Fast grew and thrived the generous vine.  
And 'neath the changing skies held up  
For sun and dew its golden cup.  
Till in its veins these forces fine  
Had wrought a mystery divine.  
And given to the world a boon  
Fair as the golden-hearted moon.  
The ruddy globe against the mild  
Outvied the faded crook of gold.  
Each day a ripper hue it gained,  
And while the season waxed and waned,  
Till knights with gleaming lance and sword  
Guarded with ceaseless watch and ward  
Through midnight hush and noontide heat  
The golden treasure at their feet.  
And when the crops were garnered in,  
And granary and barn and bin  
With wealth of goodlier gold were stored  
Than that which greedy misers hoard,  
When glad lips sang the harvest-home  
"Neath lowly roof and lordly dome,  
And kith and kin, from groat to leas,  
Had gathered for the harvest feast,  
Ah, richer than the rarest wine  
This yellow fruitage of the vine,  
Transmuted by the housewife's skill  
To golden disks in flaky filly.  
No fairer fruit the fields afford,  
No choicer viand decks the board,  
And grateful hearts their praises lift  
To Him who gives the golden gift."  
—Mary B. Slight, in Harper's Bazar.



## CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The fresh gurgling of the little Moon made music in her as she turned towards the village. She was happy, intensely happy in the strong hope and confidence of girlhood; the prospect of the journey and the beginning of city life did not dishearten her in the least. And yet she was conscious of a new and strange affection for everything that belonged to the life that she must leave behind. She felt herself clinging to the simplest and commonest things, looking lovingly at the cushions of velvet moss and bright little ferns that grew on the stones of the old bridge, watching the rush of the swift water with dimmed eyes.

The churchyard is lifted high above the hamlet, and a narrow path runs across it to the steep hill that towers, sentinel-like, above the church. It is a quiet place, free from all sound of active and stirring humanity, and the fresh April lights and delicate shadows fall tenderly on the gray stones and grass. The sun was just going down when Olive stood by Lucy's grave; it was a calm sunset, clear and golden; a soft wind scented with violets blew old and sweet from the west.

Standing there, and looking down upon the mound, she felt that she had never loved her friend better than she did at this moment, and yet she shed no tears. Death is not always disunion; there is a parting which seems to leave us with a deeper, more intimate knowledge of the one who has gone before. There are certain questions which are answered, or answer themselves, in silence and absence. Much of Lucy's history, now unknown to her, was yet to be revealed, but the influence of their long companionship was still a living influence in Olive's mind, and it was teaching her many things.

A great American writer has finely said that there are but two biographers who can tell the story of a man's or a woman's life. "One is the person himself or herself, the other is the recording angel. The autobiographer cannot be trusted to tell the whole truth, although he may tell nothing but the truth; and the recording angel never lets his book go out of his own hands." But Lucy had written her autobiography on the "fleshy tables" of a warm young heart, and had bequeathed, as it were, her own personality to the girl she had loved so well. And this had been done without saying many words about her life history.

"Good-by, Lucy," said Olive softly. "I am remembering you, dear, as you wished to be remembered. I am going to follow your counsel, and let your experience help me in the new path that I must tread. There is no need to stand here and say all this; but it makes me happier to say it. God bless you! I know He does bless you for ever and ever; and so good-by."

She slept that night, as she had done for many nights, in Lucy's little room. As yet there were no flowers twining round the lattice, but the ivy was as thick as ever, and the swallows had come back to their nests under the overhanging thatch. Their cheerful twittering filled the morning air when she awoke and realized that her last day in the village had verily come.

Afterwards, in looking back, she thought that this was the most confusing and bewildering day of her own life. So much was crowded into it, and yet so many things seemed to be left out. Jane went with her into the garden, and gathered a basketful of the best flowers that they could find—rich velvety pansies, delicate hincinths, jonquils, tulips, violets, all mingled with plumes of fresh green ferns. And while they lingered over the flowers, they talked again of Aaron, and looked forward hopefully to the meeting that should bring the long-desired explanation.

It was to Aaron's father—old Fenlake, of the "Boar's Head"—that Olive was indebted for her drive to Petersfield. His ostler was to convey her and her box to the railway station, and when the cart came up to the garden gate, Olive was waiting with a little group around her. Mrs. Hooper's farewell was the last.

"This is something that Lucy left for you, my dear," she whispered, putting a sealed envelope into her hand. "I was charged not to give it to you till you were setting off on your journey; and I've kept it all these months. Good-by, Olive; if you ever want a home, child, come back to me."

The cart moved off. Olive, seated on her box, looked back on the little group at the gate, and waved to them until a turn in the road hid them from her sight. Her driver was old and deaf, and did not talk to anyone but his horse, and she could open the sealed letter in peace. It contained a five-pound note and three words, written in a feeble hand: "With Lucy's love."

It was the last proof of her friend's thoughtful care. She kissed the written words and put the treasure in a safe place. The old horse jogged on; the old driver cheered him in a husky tone, and Olive sat silently watching a few white clouds traveling slowly across the fresh blue sky. Here and there, in a cottage garden, there was a cherry tree in full bloom, lifting up a dome of silver blossom; but the spring was advancing with tardy footsteps, and only a few flowers were scattered over the expectant earth.

They came at last to the railway station, and Olive watched for the train with a throbbing heart. The waiting was soon over, her seat was taken, and she was speeding on and on to her new life before she had quite realized that she had done with the old.

Some minutes went by before she was composed enough to observe her fellow travelers; but presently a baby, sitting on the lap of a rosy mother, gave a crowd of delight at the basket of flowers. Smiles and pleasant words followed, but Olive was in no mood for



OLIVE LOOKED BACK ON THE LITTLE GROUP.

conversation. The baby soon crowded itself to sleep, the mother dozed too, the other people were silent.

The quiet girl, sitting in the corner, lost herself in a blissful dream of her London life. It would all begin this very evening. She had not seen Michael for a whole year, and presently he would meet her with eager eyes and loving words, and take her under his protection. There would never be any more partings; and Jane, poor Jane, she must be made happy too. Olive felt that she and Michael were strong enough to manage the love affairs of half the kingdom, and bring them to a satisfactory ending. Surely, oh surely, the train was slow!

## CHAPTER V.—OLIVE'S WELCOME.

The journey seemed tedious and long to Olive, sitting in the corner of the third-class carriage with her basket of flowers in her lap. As the train drew near London she was seized with inward quaking and misgivings, and looked down upon the flowers as if they could give her comfort. But the breath of the hyacinths was sadly sweet, and reminded her of that grave on which she had laid her Easter wreath. Was it a gloomy omen that a thought of death should come to her, just as she was entering a new path in life?

And then she recalled her last walk with Michael, on that April Sunday evening that seemed so long ago. His earnest voice sounded in her ears once more; his eyes looked into hers with passionate tenderness; the memory was so sweet that it made her heart throb fast and flushed her cheek. She was going to be with him again—going to find the present richer in happiness than the past; what could there be to fear? Olive was too young and too ignorant to know that the anguish of a reunion is sometimes worse than the pain of a parting.

She remembered that Jane had gathered that bunch of dark velvet pansies, and the girl's words, spoken with a little sigh, came back to her at this moment:

"You have all the luck, Olive. I don't know why Michael Chase should have passed over us and chosen you, as father says. You won't be working long for yourself; Michael will get on and marry you out of hand and set you up like a lady. Some women get the crumb and others the crust."

Yes, it was strange indeed that she should be so fortunate. Michael had never shown the slightest preference for any other girl in Eastmoun, and when his choice was made he was perfectly constant. Olive's stepfather had been heard to say openly that he wished Michael Chase had taken a fancy to Peggy or Jane, and Mrs. Challock had been seen to smile with ill-suppressed triumph. And now Olive was drawing nearer and nearer to this wonderful hero of hers, and she scarcely dared to lift her eyes from the flowers, so overpowering was the sense of joy.

But when the train came slowly into the station she looked up with a sudden feeling of helplessness and fright. If he was not here—if by any accident he had been prevented from coming—what would be the fate of the ignorant country girl? How could she summon courage enough to get into a cab and be taken all alone through bewildering streets to her destination? Her fellow passengers got out of the carriage with all speed; the rosy young woman with the baby gave her a parting smile, and

Olive saw her greeted by a sturdy artisan who took the baby into his own keeping. Then she, too, got out, last of all, and stood disconsolately on the platform, ready to burst into tears.

"Olive," said a well-known voice. He was close to her and yet she had not seen his approach. Trembling, timid, happy beyond expression, she laid her hand on his arm in mute welcome, and lifted her sweet face to his. But he gave her no answering glance; with a hesitation that lasted perhaps half a second, he touched her forehead lightly with his lips; and Olive felt that she had made her first mistake in showing, too openly, her delight at seeing him.

"I was a little late," he said, rather stiffly. "And now I must look after your box. Stand here, Olive, and I will come back to you in a minute." He went, and she stood motionless as a statue, chilled to the very soul. A hopeless feeling of inferiority possessed her; a feeling that was new and strange and agonizing. He was so well dressed and fine, and she was such a poor impulsive little rustic, that it seemed impossible for her ever to be lifted to the height that he had gained.

A woman who is crushed does not generally look her best, and Olive's depression told upon her beauty. When Michael had claimed the box he came back to his sweetheart, and it struck him that the forlorn girl, standing drooping on the platform, was not as pretty as the Olive he had left at Eastmoun a year ago. Her face looked worn and faded; her eyes large and weary; and there was a tremulousness about her lips which would have touched a tender heart. But a man who is steadily devoted to self-interest is seldom tender. Michael had a great deal to think of, he was rising rapidly in the world, and he did not want his betrothed to be a clog to him. And there was something in her shabbiness and forlornness that irritated him instead of awakening a spirit of sympathy and protection. If you have to climb, you cannot spend time and strength in sympathizing and protecting. He hoped that Olive was not going to be helpless, and he was ashamed of the countrified bonnet and scanty gown.

"Come and get into a cab," he said, briskly. "The Wakes will give you something to eat; I dare say you are hungry and tired; and yet it wasn't a long journey. You are not growing delicate, I hope, Olive?"

Fancy a rising man hampered with a sickly wife! The very idea was intolerable. But Olive's answer reassured him; she had taken her first lesson in the art of self-control, and she now spoke calmly:

"No, Michael. I have not had a day's illness since you saw me last." "That's right," he said, in a tone of relief, as he helped her to seat herself in the cab and took his place by her side.

A hundred times she had pictured this first drive with him through the unknown streets of London. Always it had been strange and bewildering, yet bright with the sunshine of a wonderful happiness. But now the time had really come, with all the strangeness and all the bewilderment; but the happiness—why was that wanting? Was this carefully-dressed young man indeed Michael? And this tired girl sitting silently by his side, could she be the sunny confident Olive of old times? Surely not!

Poor Olive had, until now, seen herself under only one aspect. She had not realized that it is the lot of most people to behold a good many different selves before they have done with this life of changes, and she was startled, as the young always are, at the unfamiliar being she saw. If she could have shaken off this stupid dejected mood all might have been well, she thought. And presently it occurred to Michael to become affectionate, and he took her hand, eased in a worn thread glove, into his own.

"We ought to be very glad that we are together again," he said. "London confuses you at first, but you will soon get used to this noise and bustle and



SHE WAS CLINGING TO UNCLE WAKE.

find out all the advantages of living in a wide sphere. And you will have me to teach you everything."

Olive drew a long breath. She would have given anything for the power of glancing up into his face with her old frank smile—the smile that he had scared away. She could only murmur something which was drowned in the rattle of the cab, and he thought again how dull and commonplace she had grown.

It was well that the drive was not long, for it was becoming intolerable to them both. The clattering cab stopped at last in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, and Michael told her that this was the Strand and here was Uncle Wake's shop.

Out of the shop door bolted an eager lad, head foremost, and received Olive's box upon his willing back. She herself seemed to stumble blindly after him into a place that was a den of darkness; but from the gloom came a man's cheery voice, full and deep.

"So this is my niece, Olive," it said. "You are very welcome, my dear. We want somebody young here to keep us from getting old."

"She's come too late for that," sighed another voice, thin and melancholy. "We are old already, Samuel, and you know it well enough."

"I won't admit it for a moment," the first speaker replied. "Nothing ages people more than talking about their age."

"Oh, Samuel! We ought willingly to acknowledge the days of the years of our pilgrimage, even if we call them few and evil, as the patriarch Jacob did."

"Jacob was always fond of running himself down; but he feathered his nest well, and that's a thing that I never could do. Olive, my dear, your uncle can't feast you on the fat of the land, but he can give you plenty of love."

Never did any promise seem sweeter to a famished heart. In an instant Olive forgot her shyness and made straight for the large substantial figure which was now becoming visible. Her eyes were getting accustomed to the twilight of the room behind the shop, and she had returned Uncle Wake's hearty kiss and was clinging to him, when some one lighted a lamp. Then a bright clear light illumined the little parlor, and she saw the gray head and kindly face of the bookseller.

He was an ample man. Nature, when she fashioned him, had not been stinted for material; he had a large body, and his head and face were large, too. The thick gray hair looked like a mop of short curls, keen gray eyes twinkled good-humoredly under shaggy eyebrows, and the well-but mouth and chin denoted firmness and good sense. Any physiognomist would have said that it was the face of a man who was sure to succeed in life; but as regarded worldly gains, Samuel Wake was decidedly an unquestionable failure. He had had his chances and had been master of a shop and business of his own, and yet here he was at sixty-eight in the position of a servant, taking care of another man's shop and selling another man's goods. It was no wonder if Michael, in his energetic struggle to get to the front, looked back sometimes with quiet contempt on Samuel Wake.

"There's a look of my poor Ruth about you," he said; and the deep voice softened as old memories came back. "I know why they call you Olive, it was your grandmother's name. You never saw her, but I knew her well. I'm glad they have given her name to you, my child, for hers was a spirit of peace."

Mrs. Wake was a woman of fragile and shadowy aspect. When she was young she must have been fair and slender like an elfin maiden, with a kind of moonlight prettiness of her own; but now she was so white and wan that you almost expected her to vanish. She always wore a shawl and a large shawl cap, and there was never any touch of decided color about her dress. Even her voice was faint and thin and seemed to come from a long way off; and altogether she was such a shade that there was not enough of her to be loved. You might like her and regard her as a sort of harmless ghost, who wandered about the house and waited feebly over the shortcomings of humanity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## UTILIZING THE PHONOGRAPH.

New York Typewriters Take Advantage of Odd Time.

Typewriters in some of the downtown offices are learning a trick of trade that promises to fill many a spare moment with profit. The typewriting business is a variable one. There are many hours in it that are wholly idle, when time hangs. On busy days, on the other hand, callers are frequently turned away, so great is the rush of business. It happens in the majority of cases that men are not in so much of a hurry for typewritten copy as they are to dictate what they have in mind and be rid of it. They can wait a few hours or a day or more for the copy when once it is practically disposed of by dictation. Herein lies the office of the phonograph. A caller, finding the typewriter occupied, can step into a corner and talk at a phonograph what he wants to say. The operator takes out the sheet and lays it away for a leisure moment. When that moment arrives the phonograph repeats the dictation at a speed easily regulated. The device saves time to the one dictating, for the phonograph will take speech as fast as it can be uttered. It serves, also, to give the typewriters occupation in hours that would be otherwise idle, and no business need now be turned away. Those who are employing the device find that it works very well.—N. Y. Times.

## Whipping Balking Horses.

Notwithstanding the fact that the press continually admonishes whom it may concern that it does no good to whip or pound a balky horse, almost every owner or driver of one does it today. It is probably the greatest piece of horse folly in existence. It is not a remnant of barbarism, but it is a continual barbarism, and brings out what original and acquired sin there is in a man. The brain of a horse can retain but one idea at a time. If the idea is to sulk, whipping only intensifies it. A change of that idea, then, is the only successful method of management. This may be accomplished in scores of ways, a few of which will be named. Tie a handkerchief about his eyes; tie his tail tightly to the bellyband or backband; fasten a stick in his mouth; tie a cord tightly about his leg; necktie and pet him awhile; clasp his nostrils and shut his wind off until he wants to go; unhitch him from the vehicle and then hitch up again, or almost any way to get his mind on something else. Whipping or scolding always does harm. The treatment should ever be gentle. There are more balky drivers than horses.—National Stockman.

## A Scandal in Fairtown.

"What's this scandal about Bobotter and his wife?" "Why, didn't you hear? Just one week after their divorce they were seen at the theater together without a chaperone."—Judge.

## MINE HORROR.

### Awful Explosion in a Washington Coal Mine.

Forty-two Men Suddenly Harled to Their Death—Not One in the Fatal Trap Escaped—Complete List of the Dead.

ROSLYN, Wash., May 11.—Yesterday afternoon a terrible gas explosion occurred in the slope of mine No. 2 of the Northern Pacific Coal Co., at this point in which the loss of life has exceeded in number that of any other disaster that has ever been chronicled in the north-west.

Forty-two miners were killed in the explosion. The men were working on fourth level. Six bodies have already been taken out. The following is an authentic list of the men who were at work on the three levels that were affected and their conditions as to being single or married men: Thomas Holmes, married; John Foster, wife and baby; Philip Davies, large family; Thomas Rees, large family; John Pos; Will Robinson, wife and baby; Robert Graham, wife and two children; George Moses, leaves an orphan 10 years old; A. Polard (colored), married; Jack Gerguson, large family; George Brooks, family at Streator, Ill.; Joseph Ellsworth, Sr., large family; Joseph Ellsworth, Jr.; John Lafferty, single, aged 65, owner of considerable property; Dan McLellan, wife and three children; Richard Forsythe, family; George Forsythe, son of above, single; T. B. Cooper, married; Lisha Jackson (colored), married; Scott Giles (colored), married; Russ Living (colored), married; Andrew Erlander, wife and four children; Charles Palmer, wife and child; Mitchell Hald, single; Mitchell Roland, large family, brother of ex-Superintendent Roland; Winston Steele, family; Steele's son was working with his father, but came out on the last trip and escaped by jumping out; he was knocked down by the force of the explosion. William Cague, single, only support of mother and crippled sister; Eben Olisfer, large family; John Danks, Italian with family; Jake Weatherly, late mine boss at No. 3, large family; Joseph Brewell, family; Thomas Tienden, leaves a wife and nine children; Harry Campbell, single; James Houston, colored; Joseph Bennett, wife and two children; William Bennett, wife and three children in Europe; he had just gone in. Joseph Ismay, son-in-law of ex-Superintendent Roland; Will Penhals, married; Sidney Wright, brother of County Clerk Thomas Wright, family.

The exact nature of the explosion or circumstances that led to it will probably never be known, since it is believed that every miner who was at work in the mine at the time has perished. It is not definitely known how many men were in the vicinity of the disaster but it is believed that between forty-five and fifty were on the three levels that were affected by the explosion. Large relief forces are at work and at this time six bodies have been recovered. These men were working nearest to the opening and at some distance from the point where it is supposed the explosion occurred. Most of the men were 1,500 and 2,000 feet further in the slope and in the immediate vicinity of the accident. There is no doubt in the minds of miners or the company officials that every man was instantly killed. The Roslyn mine is one of the largest in the state, supplying the western divisions of the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads with coal, and has a capacity of 20,000 tons a day. The explosion occurred just as two gangs were shifting at 1:30 o'clock. The cause of it is unknown. The two boys who were in the tunnel escaped, but they are the only ones from either gang so far recovered. Reports so far received indicate that the explosion has closed up the shaft, that the mine is on fire and that it is impossible to recover the bodies. The company will forward forty coffins from Seattle by the midnight train. The larger portion of the probable victims leave large families. Work had been very scarce for the past few months and the men had just got to work steadily.

## THE RUSTLERS.

More Trouble Reported Among the Wyoming Cattlemen—Another Killing.

DENVER, Col., May 11.—The following brief dispatch to the News is significant of the breaking out of fresh trouble in Wyoming between the cattlemen and rustlers: George Welman, acting foreman of the Hoe Brand ranch, owned by a Mr. Blair, was shot and instantly killed on the public road yesterday morning, presumably by rustlers who are bent on revenge for the death of Champion and Ray, the victims of the recent invading party of cattlemen. Welman in company with an old man was en route from the ranch to this place, when about thirteen miles this side of the ranch was assassinated from an ambush. His companion at once rode to this town with the information.

DOUGLAS, Wyo., May 11.—William and Henry Ray, two brothers of one of the victims of the rustlers at the K. C. ranch during the recent invasion, arrived here direct from Austin, Texas. They are armed to the teeth and intimate that they are going to avenge the murder of their brother Nick. They left for Buffalo today.

## A Wildcat Whips a Bull-Dog.

ANDERSON, Ind., May 11.—Great excitement was created at Summitville, a small town near here, by a fight between a wildcat and a bull-dog. The wildcat was recently brought from Arkansas by James Clark. The dog belonged to Lou Burton, marshal of Summitville, and 500 spectators witnessed the battle, which came off near town. The animals became frantic with rage, chewing each other to pieces. Four fierce, bloody rounds were fought. The bull-dog gave in the fourth and will die. Several big bets were made on the result. The affair has created much talk.

## NO WHISKY WAREHOUSES.

Commissioner Mason Says the Government Has Never Built Warehouses for Distillers to Store Their Products.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—Some of the Farmers' Alliance men in the south and west who are advocating the warehouse system for adoption by the government have been met with the argument that it is not the province of the government to build warehouses for any class of producers, to which the advocates of the warehouse system have replied that if the government can build warehouses in which to store whisky, there ought to be no reasonable objection to the construction of warehouses for grain and other products for the farmers. Senator Cockrell, who believed this notion was an erroneous one, sent an inquiry to Internal Revenue Commissioner Mason and he has received the following reply:

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1902.—Hon. F. M. Cockrell, United States Senate: Sir—I am in receipt of your letter asking whether the United States government, out of government funds, has built any warehouses for the storage of liquor or distilled spirits, and, if so, the number of such warehouses, when built, the cost thereof, and under what authority of law they were constructed. If not, to explain why builds bonded warehouses for distillers, how they are bonded, and upon what terms the spirits are stored therein and the revenue collected thereon.

In reply I would say that the United States does not now and has never built any warehouses for distillers for the storage of their liquors and distilled spirits. There is no law authorizing the expenditure of the public money for this purpose. All distilled spirits, with the exception of brandy distilled from apples, peaches and grapes, are deposited in a warehouse provided by the distiller himself. Section 2771 of the revised statutes provides that "every distiller shall provide at his expense a warehouse, to be situated on and to constitute a part of his distillery premises, and to be used solely for the storage of distilled spirits of his own manufacture until the tax thereon shall have been paid."

Distillers of brandy from apples, peaches and grapes exclusively are exempt from the provisions of that statute. These distillers pay the tax upon the spirits as soon as produced or the spirits are deposited in a bonded warehouse erected by a private individual and stored there until the tax becomes due, but in no case is the government liable for any expenses incurred in the storage of distilled spirits of any kind. Before a distiller commences to operate his distillery he executes a bond, the condition of which, among other things, is for the payment of the tax upon the spirits produced by him. When the spirits are placed in the warehouse, which he is required to provide, an additional bond, known as the "warehouse bond," is executed for the payment of the tax upon said spirits. In addition to this, the distillery, premises and apparatus are liable for the tax, and the government has a first lien upon the spirits themselves for the tax due thereon.

Until the tax is paid the government has the custody of the spirits by its officers in these bonded warehouses. At the expiration of three years, or sooner, if the owner desires the use of the spirits, the internal revenue tax of 90c a gallon must be paid. Very respectfully yours, JOHN W. MASON, Commissioner.

## BLAINE IN EARNST.

When He Said He Was Not a Candidate He Meant It.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Postmaster Manley, of Augusta, Me., one of Secretary Blaine's most faithful followers, has been in Washington for several days and has held a number of consultations with Mr. Blaine. Before leaving for home he said: "There is nothing in this new talk about Mr. Blaine's presidency. When he wrote his letter of last February to Clarkson, in which he stated that his name would not go before the convention for nomination he meant it. He has not changed his mind since then. He says frankly to those who speak to him on the subject that he feels better than he has for a long time and he knows of no reason why he should not live for years, but he is conscious that he could not endure a great and unusual strain. He does not intend to place himself in a position where such a strain could not be avoided."

## INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

An Effort Being Made For the Regulation of the Sleeping Car Service.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Mr. Owen Scott, of Illinois, yesterday introduced a bill extending the provisions of the inter-state commerce law so as to make it apply to sleeping car companies doing an inter-state business. The sleeping car business is only second to the passenger business of the railroads themselves. So far the two great corporations, Pullman and Wagner, having almost an exclusive control of the sleeping car industry of the country, have been powerful enough to prevent regulation by either state or federal laws. Rates are adjusted regardless of distance traveled or the comfort of the public. If railroads should be under the provisions of federal statute, Mr. Scott thinks, there is little less reason why sleeping car monopolies also should not be controlled by federal law.

## DISTRESS IN OKLAHOMA.

Starvation Reported Among the Negro Colonists in the Neighborhood of Kingfisher.

WICHITA, Kan., May 11.—Colored people up from Kingfisher report a fearful state of destitution and starvation among the negro colonists scattered through the black jack country around Kingfisher. They assert that there are between 500 and 600 families with starvation staring them in the face.

From what can be learned it seems the negroes blame the men who organized the colonists in the south and charge them with misappropriating the funds which it was supposed would tide the immigrants over till they could raise a crop. An urgent appeal has been made to Gov. Seay through E. P. McCabe, the colored ex-auditor of this state, who was a prime mover in the attempt to make Oklahoma a negro state.

## No Corn Planted.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 11.—It has been raining in central Iowa since Sunday afternoon but seems increasing instead of abating. A large amount of water has fallen and the farming prospects are correspondingly gloomy. By May 10 not an acre of corn has been planted, hardly any plowing done. The only crop that is succeeding is grass and that is doing remarkably well. Wheat and oats, what little were planted, begin to look yellow on all the lower lands. Reports being received here all agree that the farmers are losing courage and unless there is a sudden change in the weather a great deal of the land will remain unplanted this year.