

..The Filibusters of Venezuela..

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued).

It was also related to him that Don Juan, the sole surviving member of the royalist band in authority, had returned to the Castle of Salvezar, taking the entire party of Englishmen with him, and had issued a public proclamation announcing the death of Philip and the end of the royal occupation. He had also forwarded to Caracas a full report and confession, and was now waiting to turn the castle over to General Salvezar whenever he should return.

Bursting with all this news, he hurried back to the Cheerway.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he shouted, much to the amazement of all on board. "Philip is dead, Gomez is dead, Francisco, Mattazudo and the entire royal army are dead or scattered. The Castle of Salvezar is now occupied by an English party under Lord Chugmough himself, and Don Juan Garza and his daughter are with them."

"Don Juan's daughter!" gasped Jacinta. "She is dead!"

"No, she is alive," answered Medworth, his voice trembling with his great emotion. "It was all a mistake—a conspiracy."

Then he proceeded to relate to his astounded audience all that he had learned at Bolivar.

"Then my duty is clear," said Captain Glover. "This Castle of Salvezar, you say, is on the Coronel River—that one just below here?"

"Yes," said Medworth.

"Is the Coronel navigable?"

"That I can't say," said Arthur. "We navigated it on a flatboat under circumstances that I hope never to meet again, but whether the Cheerway could ascend the river or not, I could not say."

"Bless you, I had no idea of taking the Cheerway into unknown waters," said Captain Glover. "It's the launch I'm thinking of."

"That could do it, I'm sure," said Medworth.

"Then that settles it," said the Captain. "The Cheerway will drop down to the mouth of the Coronel and the launch will take you up to the castle."

All of which occurred just as Captain Glover promised.

Lord Chugmough, Don Juan and Lola were sitting on the veranda of the castle in the afternoon, chatting over past events, when the Englishman pointed to the river.

"I flatter myself," he said, "that I am at present the only man in Venezuela who possesses an electric launch. As the craft approaching is nothing else, it is probably mine. It has ladies aboard, too, I see. I fancy we are about to receive a call."

Sir Galloping Grace and others came out to see the launch; and Lola, whose young eyes had not been dimmed by her unpleasant experiences, uttered a loud "Arthur! Arthur!" and rushed to the river landing, where the passengers from the launch were shaking themselves out on the wharf.

In another moment Don Juan had the doubtful pleasure of seeing his daughter clasped in the arms of the young man he had spurned in happier days in New York.

Dona Maria wept a little at being received so graciously, and welcomed back to her own house by Don Juan, who, in his proud, Spanish way, looked still the conqueror, notwithstanding he was the only one left.

Jacinta felt a hot, jealous pang when she saw Lola being kissed by Medworth, and had there been no relief for her sore and tender heart, it would, perhaps, have been my unpleasant duty to describe another tragedy. But when she saw that he had lost Arthur, she suddenly remembered Lord Chugmough and his enormous wealth; and when she saw the stalwart frame and stern, handsome face of the Englishman, she smiled again.

But it is not my purpose to dwell upon the flirtation between Jacinta and Lord Chugmough, or to make another story of the tame events that followed the restoration of Castle Salvezar to its proper owners. It would not be interesting to make a long tale of the fact that General Salvezar did not receive the news of Philip's fall because he was already on his way home with two war ships and an army large enough to storm his castle, and that when at last he marched at the head of his column up to his own door, he found his wife and daughter surrounded by friends, and that he was severely reprimanded at Caracas for making so much stir about a little uprising that really amounted to nothing, and wore itself out in his absence.

Nor would it be particularly fascinating to read how Lord Chugmough offered the hospitality of his yacht to Don Juan, Lola and Medworth, and promised to convey them safely to New York.

The Cheerway sailed and in due time arrived at New York, where Don Juan, Lola and Medworth left her. She then proceeded across the Atlantic with her English passengers.

Don Juan lived up to the promise he had made to Lola at the ruined temple, and Medworth and Lola were married soon after their return.

Shortly after their marriage Medworth received a letter from Lord Chugmough, which provoked a quiet smile on his handsome face; but up

to this time he has not divulged its contents to a living soul.

THE END.

Her Husband's Relations.

By Amy Randolph.

"It is your own fault, Clara," said Walter May.

"Of course it is," cried out Clara, passionately stamping her foot on the carpet. "Do you suppose I don't know it perfectly well? And that is what makes it so hard—oh, so cruelly hard to bear!"

The fact was that Mr. and Mrs. Walter May had begun life at the wrong end.

Clara Calthorpe was a pretty young girl, just out of the hotbed atmosphere of a fashionable boarding school. Walter May was a bank clerk who had not the least doubt but that he should ultimately make his fortune out of stocks and bonds.

"Clara," he said to his young wife while the golden circle of the honeymoon was yet overshadowing their lives, "would you like a country life?"

"Oh, dear no!" said Clara involuntarily, recoiling.

"Because," said Walter somewhat wistfully, "my father and mother are alone on the farm and I think they would like to have us come and live with them."

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Clara. "And mamma says no young bride should ever settle down among her husband's relations."

Mr. May frowned a little, but Mrs. Clara had a pretty positive way of her own, and he remonstrated no further.

But at the year's end Walter May had lost his situation, the clouds of debt had gathered darkly around them and all the pretty, new furniture, East-lake cabinets, china dragons, proof engravings and hot house plants were sold under the red flag. They had made a complete failure of the house-keeping business, and now, in the fourth story of a third-rate hotel, Mr. and Mrs. May were looking their future in the face.

Clara had been extravagant. There was no sort of doubt about that. She had given "recherche" little parties, which she couldn't afford, to people who didn't care for her. She had patterned her tiny establishment after models which were far beyond her reach, and now they were ruined.

She had sent a tear-besprinkled letter to her mother who was in Washington trying to ensnare a rich husband for her younger daughter, but Mrs. Calthorpe had hastily written back that it was quite impossible for her to be in New York at that time of year and still more impossible to receive Mrs. Walter May at the monster hotel where she was boarding.

And Clara, who had always had a vague idea that her mother was selfish, was quite certain of it now.

"There is but one thing left for you, Clara," said Walter sadly.

"And that—"

"Is to go back to the old farm. I have no longer a home to offer you, but you will be sure of a warm welcome from my father and mother. I shall remain here and do my best to obtain some new situation which will enable me to earn our daily bread."

Clara burst into tears.

"Go to my husband's relations?" she sobbed. "Oh, Walter, I cannot!"

"You will have to," he said doggedly, "or else starve."

So Mrs. May packed up her trunk and obeyed. All the way to Hazel-crope Farm she cried behind her veil and pictured to herself a stony-faced old man with a virago of a wife, who would set her to doing menial tasks and overwhelm her with reproaches for having ruined "poor, dear Walter."

As for the farmhouse itself, she was quite sure it was a desolate place, with corn and potatoes growing under the very windows, and the road in front filled with plows and pigs and harrows and broken cart wheels. But in the midst of her tears and desolation the driver called out:

"Hazel-crope Farm! Mr. Noah May's! Here's th' 'ouse, ma'am."

A long low gray stone mansion, all garlanded with ivy, its windows bright with geranium blossoms and the scarlet autumn leaves raining down on the velvet-smooth lawn in front. Clara could just see how erroneous had been all her preconceived ideas, when she found herself clasped in the arms of the sweetest and most motherly of old ladies.

"My poor dear!" said old Mrs. May, caressingly.

"You are welcome as the sunshine, daughter," said a smiling old gentleman in spectacles.

And Clara was established in the easy chair in front of a great fire of pine logs, and tea was brought in and the two old people cosseted and petted her as if she had been a three-year-old child just recovering from the measles.

There was not a word of reproach—not a questioning look, not a sidelong glance—all welcome, and tenderness and loving commiseration. And when Clara went to sleep that night, with

a wood fire glancing and glimmering softly over the crimson hangings of the "best chamber," she began to think that perhaps she had been mistaken in some of her ideas.

The next day she had a long, confidential talk with her father-in-law, while Mrs. May was making mince pies in the kitchen.

"But there's one thing I haven't dared to tell Walter about," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"What is that, my dear?" said the old gentleman.

"My dressmaker's bill," said Clara. "It came the night before I left New York—oh, such a dreadful bill. I hadn't any idea it could amount up so fearfully."

"How much was it?" said Mr. Noah May, patting her hand.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said Clara, hanging down her head.

"Don't fret, my dear, don't fret," said the old gentleman. "Walter need never know anything about it. I'll settle the bill and there shall be an end of the matter."

"Oh, sir, will you really?"

"My dear," said old Mr. May, "I'd do much more than that to buy the color back to your cheeks and the smile to your lips."

And that same afternoon, when Mrs. May had been talking to Clara in the kindest and most motherly way, the girl burst into tears and hid her face on the old lady's shoulder.

"Oh," cried she, "how good you all are! And I had an idea that a father and mother-in-law were such terrible personages! Oh, please, please forgive me for all the wicked things I have thought about you!"

"It was natural enough, my dear," said Mrs. May, smiling, "but you are wiser now and you will not be afraid of any longer."

When Saturday night arrived Walter May came out to the old farmhouse, dejected and sad at heart. He had discovered that situations do not grow like blackberries, on every bush; he had met with more than one cruel rebuff, and he was hopelessly discouraged as to the future. Moreover he fully expected to be met with tears and complaints by his wife.

But to his infinite amazement and relief Clara greeted him on the doorstep with radiant smiles.

"Tell me, dear," said she, "have you got a new situation?"

He shook his head sadly.

"I'm glad of it," said Clara brightly, "for we've got a place—papa and mamma and I."

"It's all Clara's plan," said old Noah May.

"But it has our hearty approval," added the smiling old lady.

"We're all going to live here together," said Clara. "And you are to manage the farm, because papa says he is getting too old and lazy," with a merry glance at the old gentleman, who stood by beaming on his daughter-in-law, as if he were ready to subscribe to one and all of her opinions, "and I am to keep house and take all the care of mamma's hands. And, oh! it is so pleasant here, and I do love the country so dearly! So if you're willing, dear—"

"Willing!" cried out Walter May, ecstatically, "I'm more than willing. It's the only thing I have always longed for. Good-bye to city walls and hearts of stone; good-bye to hollow appearances and grinding wretchedness! Why, Clara, I shall be the happiest man alive. But—"

"There," said Clara, putting up both hands as if to ward off all possible objections, "I was sure there would be a 'but.'"

"I thought, my dear," said Walter, "that you didn't like the idea of living with your husband's relations."

Clara looked lovingly up into her mother-in-law's sweet old face, while she silently pressed Mr. Noah May's kindly hands.

"I am a deal wiser than I was a week ago," said she. "And, oh, so much happier!"

"So am I!" said Walter.

"Hennery Eggs."

On the front of a retail establishment not far from the Boston public library, is a sign that reads, "Hennery Eggs." This is not the name of the proprietor. No. They don't spell "Hennery" with two "n's" and an extra "e" in Boston, you know. It is merely an intimation that eggs of the genuine sort are for sale within. They are not incubator eggs, nor storage eggs, nor eggs for campaign purposes. They are just good old hennery eggs. They're the kind of eggs that you have pawed around in the haymow to find and felt like cackling when you found them. They are hennery eggs with an eloquent accent on the hen, and yet, who knows? All eggs are more or less a mystery. You can't depend on signs. Even a Boston "hennery egg" may not be all it's cracked up to be.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Nerves and Her Hats.

A writer in a medical journal has lately advanced the theory that women's heavy hats are responsible for women's jangling nerves and proverbial quick temper. The popular impression has been that the man who paid for the hats was the one whose temper suffered; but it seems that large hats weigh too heavily upon the fragile feminine cranium and affect the blood vessels and nerves, and through them the brain. Moreover, according to the writer, the effort to keep large and heavy hats at the right angle impose a paralytic strain upon the nerves of the wearers. The theory is advanced in all seriousness, but the chances are that it will not induce any normal woman to cut off her hat supply.—New York Sun.

ELEPHANTS IN AFRICA.

On the Lake Rudolf Country Hunters Encounter Elephant Herd.

On December 19 we reached the much-talked-of Hawash river, a fine, broad stream of ninety yards in width, deep, with a fast-flowing current; this river is another which is said to run out and disappear some seventy miles further northeast; such a volume of water, one could hardly believe it, says a writer in the Geographical Journal.

Here our Berthon boat became decidedly popular, especially as crocodiles abounded. We found at this camp our first fresh elephant spoor, and, being keen to procure some ivory to take up as a present to the emperor, we all separated and entered a three-mile patch of dense African jungle, huge prickly aloes, enormous cactus with long, sharp points, and a tall, feathery plant like privet made up a safe asylum from ordinary animals. Very few minutes sufficed to turn hunters into hunted. No. 1, a cow, charged down on us. Jumping aside, I killed her as she rushed on my shikaree, not four feet from him. Hardly had we struck the spoor of another lot when a young bull suddenly bore down on me; however, a lucky forehead shot laid him low. While skinning one of these heads, the whole place seemed alive with elephant crashing toward us. Seizing my rifle, I ran ahead to try and cut off the troop, when suddenly a line of over forty elephants broke cover, about twenty-five in the first line jammed together like a cavalry regiment charging. Being over twenty yards from me when they appeared, with the center bearing directly down on me, I own to feeling they had the best of me. I saw my only chance was killing the flank one. In a second I dropped the left-hand one, which, falling inwardly, inclined the whole troop a little to the right. Within ten yards I fired my remaining barrel, dropping another, causing still further defection to the right; another second the flank one on the left rushed past, almost knocking me down. I felt thankful for such a lucky escape, and blessed my new .450 cordite rifle by Rigby, which had done such good work. Five elephants in six shots unquestionably proving its value. I found, on returning to camp, Whitehouse and Butler had both undergone similar experiences, and I felt bound to apologize for introducing them to their first elephant—such elephants, and in such a jungle.

A \$7,000,000 BABY.

Inheritor of Estate of Lady William Beresford's First Husband.

James Hooker Hamersley, for many years a prominent figure in the fashionable life of the city, died of heart failure recently at his country home at Carr's-on-the-Hudson. Mr. Hamersley was the cousin of Louis C. Hamersley, the first husband of Lady William Beresford. Lady Beresford's second husband was the Duke of Marlborough. She is now a widow. Louis C. Hamersley left an extraordinary will when he died in February, 1883. He provided that his widow should have the income of his estate during her life, but upon her death the whole property, valued at \$7,000,000, was to go to the male issue of his cousin J. Hooker Hamersley. In event of the latter having no male issue the estate was to go to such charities as his widow should name in her will. At the time of Louis C. Hamersley's death J. Hooker Hamersley was regarded as a confirmed bachelor. But soon after he married Miss Catherine Chisholm a noted southern beauty. One baby daughter and then another baby daughter was born to the couple. But on July 2, 1892, a baby boy was born, and since then he has been called "the \$7,000,000 Hamersley baby," although he is now a sturdy boy of nine years. The boy is named Louis Gordon Hamersley, and his health has been guarded as carefully as if he were the heir to a kingdom.—New York World.

Leather Made from Scraps.

Consul General Hughes writes from Coburg that, according to the German press, fibrolexin, a new artificial leather, has just been invented by a Frenchman. It consists of pieces of refuse skins and hides, cut exceedingly small, which are put into a vat filled with an intensely alkaline solution. After the mass has become pulpy, it is taken out of the vat, placed in a specially constructed machine, and, after undergoing treatment therein, is again taken out and put through a paper making machine. The resulting paper like substance is cut into large sheets, which are laid one upon another, in lots of 100 to 1,000, and put in a hydraulic press to remove all moisture. The article is strong and pliable and can be pressed or moulded into all kinds of shapes and patterns.

Need For Free Public Baths.

A bathtub in every tenement is an idle dream; they cost too much and run very good chances of being used for coal. A public bath around the corner is another matter and seems in reason. Many doubts were expressed as to whether public baths would be used until the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor tried the experiment. Last year 130,000 people paid 5 cents for soap and towel and the privilege of using the People's bath at Center Market place, New York.—Scribner's Magazine.

First Modern Woman Missionary.

The first of all women missionaries in modern times was Hannah Marshall. She was born in England in 1767, and spent forty-seven years in missionary work in India.

IS PAT CROWE COMING

Doubt Cast Upon Authenticity of His Alleged Letter.

SCHEPTICS ARE HINTING AT A HOAX

And Cling to the Belief that the Letters Are Clever Forgeries—Sugar Plant at Fairbury—Blair Boys in the Navy—Miscellaneous Nebraska Matters.

OMAHA, Oct. 23.—Nothing that has occurred recently in Omaha has occasioned as much perplexity as the receipt of the letters that purport to have come from Pat Crowe, in which he is represented to be ambitious to come in and give himself up. The published reports have given rise to all kinds of speculation. While the chief of police and public officials generally seem to entertain no doubt that the letters came from Crowe and that he really does contemplate coming in to give himself up to stand trial for the Cudahy kidnapping, there are hundreds who cling to the conviction that the communications are clever forgeries and that Crowe has no more inclination to give himself up now than at any time during the long period that has elapsed since the abduction of Eddie Cudahy. Among those who profess to think that Crowe never wrote the letters is James Callahan, who was arrested as an accomplice of Crowe in the abduction, was acquitted of the charge, and has since been held on the charge that he perjured himself at the trial. Callahan is quoted as having said that Crowe could never write such a letter as the one which is alleged to have come to the World-Herald, and that "it sounded more as if it had been written by Bill Bryan."

That Chief Donahue has never doubted the authenticity of the letters is attested by the haste with which he advised E. A. Cudahy and the city officials to withdraw the big rewards and the readiness with which they complied with his request. Mr. Cudahy very succinctly stated, however, that he did it in response to the request of the chief of police and upon that official's judgment. Judge D. M. Vinsonhaler of the county court declined to adhere to the program marked out by the outlaw. He would not agree that in case Crowe gave himself up he would be liberated on a bond of \$500, which was one of the conditions imposed in the letters alleged to have come from the fugitive.

Wymore Library Closed.

WYMORE, Neb., Oct. 23.—The public library which was opened in this city two years ago was closed last week by order of the board of directors, the incoming revenue not being sufficient to pay running expenses. The library consisted of 400 volumes of standard books, besides hundreds of papers and magazines. The books are being held for a time in order to give the citizens an opportunity of reorganizing.

New Elevator at Beatrice.

BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 23.—The new 60,000-bushel elevator built on South Sixth street by M. T. Cummings is nearly ready for business. The first test of the new machinery has been made, and it will be adjusted soon. The elevator is equipped with a fifteen-horse-power gasoline engine. The increase in business so far this season has compelled the Dempster Mill Manufacturing company again to enlarge its plant.

Baby's Horrible Death.

HAYNNIS, Neb., Oct. 23.—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ashley suffered a sad and horrible death at the Carter hotel. Another child of 2 years happened to get hold of a bottle of carbolic acid and poured the acid into the baby's mouth. Medical assistance could accomplish nothing and the child suffered untold agony until death came to its relief a few hours later.

Hotel at Harrison Burned.

HARRISON, Neb., Oct. 23.—The Commercial hotel, owned by W. B. Wright, was destroyed by fire Saturday night. Only by hard work was the rest of the town saved. The owner had no insurance, as he was building an addition and intended to wait until that was finished before insuring. He is left without a dollar.

"It is reported in Teheran," says a dispatch to the London Daily Mail from the Persian capital, "that Great Britain has declared a protectorate over Kowloon."

Sugar Beets Yield Well.

FREMONT, Neb., Oct. 23.—While the acreage of sugar beets raised in this part of the country was smaller this year than last, some who put in beets are feeling satisfied with the results. A syndicate with A. S. Griswold at its head, put in sixty-five acres. The beets tested well and yielded an average of ten tons to the acre of high grade beets. The best yield on any one acre was fifteen tons. It was the last acre harvested.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—This was one of the big days of the season so far as cattle receipts are concerned. Both packers and speculators, however, started out in good season and cattle began to change hands at an early hour. Considering the size of the run, the market was in exceptionally good condition and right around steady prices were paid for the more desirable grades. There were about fifteen cars of corn-fed steers on the market this morning and steady to strong prices were paid for the good to choice grades. As high as \$6.25 was paid for a bunch of heifers and steers, which is not only the high price for today, but the top for the season. Bulls, calves and stags did not show much change from yesterday. Stockers and feeders were in liberal receipt, but the heavyweights showing quality sold fully to strong prices. The common kinds and medium weights were a little slow and perhaps 50c lower. The liberal receipts the last two days made buyers a little cautious about getting too many cattle on hand. Western beef steers were in good demand today at steady to strong prices where the quality was good, but they were a little slow where the quality was common. Cow stuff sold all the way from steady to 5c or 10c lower. Good, heavy feeders were fully steady and others sold mostly 50c lower.

Hogs—Receipts of hogs today were the heaviest in some little time, and packers made a desperate effort to sound the market down in line with Chicago. The bulk at Chicago was reported at \$5.85 to \$6.05, and while this market did not go that low by a big margin, prices did break 20c to 25c, which made the bulk sell at \$6.00 to \$6.10. A half dozen loads or so sold early at \$6.10 and \$6.15, but packers would not bid that much on the others, and as a result it was very late before much of anything was done.

Sheep—These quotations were given: Choice yearlings, \$3.50 to \$3.65; fair to good, \$3.30 to \$3.45; choice wethers, \$3.00 to \$3.15; fair to good wethers, \$2.75 to \$2.90; choice ewes, \$2.50 to \$2.65; fair to good ewes, \$2.25 to \$2.40; good spring lambs, \$4.25 to \$4.50; feeder wethers, \$2.00 to \$2.25; feeder lambs, \$2.25 to \$2.50.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Corn-fed steers, steady to 10c higher; other cattle were steady to 10c lower; choice export and dressed beef steers, \$5.85 to \$6.05; fair to good, \$4.65 to \$5.75; stockers and feeders, \$2.75 to \$4.00; western range steers, \$2.25 to \$4.75; Texans and Indians, \$2.75 to \$3.25; Texas cows, \$2.10 to \$2.90; native cows, \$2.00 to \$4.00; heifers, \$1.90 to \$3.75; calves, \$1.75 to \$2.65; bulls, \$2.25 to \$3.75; calves, \$2.00 to \$3.25.

Hogs—Market 10c lower; top, \$6.37 1/2; bulk, \$5.90 to \$6.25; heavy, \$6.30 to \$6.50; heavy, fine, \$6.35 to \$6.75; mixed packers, \$6.10 to \$6.35; light, \$5.75 to \$6.25; pigs, \$6.00 to \$6.50.

Sheep and Lambs—Market 10c higher; native lambs, \$4.00 to \$4.75; western lambs, \$3.75 to \$4.00; native wethers, \$3.25 to \$3.75; western wethers, \$3.25 to \$3.50; ewes, \$2.75 to \$3.25; feeders, \$2.50 to \$3.25; stockers, \$1.50 to \$2.75.

MAKING CONVERTS IN CHINA

Mission Reports One Hundred Eleven During the Year.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—The report of the committee on Chinese work was read at today's session of the American Missionary association at Oak Park. The report was prepared by Rev. James W. Bixler of New London, Conn., but as Mr. Bixler was not present owing to an injured ankle, the summary was read by Secretary C. J. Rider. During the year the report shows 111 Chinese converts were added to the roll of the Congregational Association of Christian Chinese. This is the greatest number ever converted in any year through the efforts of the organization. "We are not unmindful," runs the report, "of the great value of the educational work being carried on by the twenty-one missions, but at the same time we would not have it forgotten that all the instruction in languages and in other branches of knowledge is auxiliary to the gospel work, and is merely bait."

NO CLUE TO STAMP THIEVES

Police Force Completely at Sea in Chicago Postoffice Case.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Detectives admit that they have no possible clue from which they can hope to trace the identity of the men who committed the stamp robbery at the Chicago postoffice. Nothing of the slightest value has been found up to the present time, although over thirty detectives and inspectors are working diligently on the case. All the known safe-breakers of prominence are under surveillance and secret service men and police in all the large cities are aiding the local force in its work.

Brooker Washington There.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 24.—Mr. Booker T. Washington, who is here attending the Yale bi-centennial celebration, gave the following statement to the Associated Press tonight:

"I understand that some papers in certain parts of the country are printing alleged interviews with me. I want to state as emphatically as I can that I have given no interview and have refrained from any discussion of what occurred at Washington, although persistent efforts have been made to put words into my mouth."

Northeast Quits in June.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 24.—Lieutenant Governor Northcott of Illinois announces that he has resigned as head consul of the Modern Woodmen, to take effect on June 15, 1902. "It is from purely personal motives," said Mr. Northcott, "as my health has not been good for some time and I find the duties of field work too arduous. I have only the friendliest feelings for the order. I am deeply interested in its future welfare."