RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MUNYON'S RHEUMA-TISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, so at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the RHEUMA-TISM REMEDY. If it falls to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—Munyon Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or ether harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act. For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

TEXAS LAND BUYERS ATTENTION



SUPPLY ALWAYS KEPT UP.



If babies come down from heaven, mam-

There's one thing that's sure, I de-There's so many bables that come down

each day.

There can't be race suicide there.

Completely Pauperized. Albert W. Hebberd, New York's charity expert, said at a recent din-

"The great danger of charity is its pauperizing effect. This effect must

be avoided, or the recipients will all become Jack Hanches. 'Jack Hanch, on the score of bad health, never worked, and the pastor

of the Methodist church, a man whose heart sometimes outran his head, sent the idler and his family weekly gifts of food and clothing-supported the whole crew, in fact.

"A church visitor, after listening to

Jack's complaints one day, said: health, we know that; but one thing at least you ought to be thankful for, and that is our pastor's kindness in sending you all this bread and meat and jelly and blankets, and so on. Don't you think it is good of him to look after you so well?'

'Good of him?' said Jack, impatlently. 'Why, what's he for?' "

Easy for Her.

An extremely corpulent old lady was entertaining her grandchild at luncheon when she found occasion to reprimand the little girl for dropping some food on the tablecleth.

You don't see grandma dropping anything on the table," she said. "Of course not," replied the child; "God gave you something in front to

stop it. There are some rich men who have made their fortunes honestly. Also

you may have heard of the needle in

When it comes to giving uppercuts pugilists are not in it with barbers.

When It's "What for Breakfast?"

Try Post

Toasties Serve with cream or

milk and every member of the tamily will say 'ripping good. And don't be suro ised if they want a second helping.

'The flomens Lingers"

Portun Jereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

TAVERNAY A Tale of the Red Terror BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holladay Case," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc. Copyrighted, 1909, by Burton E. Stevenson.

CHAPTER XXII-(Continued.)

"Goodby," she called, "Goodby, You also have kept us safely. I shall always remember!"
I dared not look back. I felt that I dared not look back. I felt that I was forever leaving a spot more dear and sacred than home itself. So I strode blindly on, hurfiling myself savagely at the underbrush, until the very fary of my exertions served to exhaust the fire which raged within.

"Am I going too fast?" I asked, pausing and turning to her, for her footsteps told me that she was close at my heels.

"No," she said, "but you must be tiring yourself terribly, and to little useful purpose. I do not require a path so wide as the one you have been making."

naking.

"It was the brute fighting itself out," I explained; "exhausting itself by bruising and trampling down those

out," I explained; "exhausting fisch by bruising and trampling down those poor saplings."

"And is it quite exhausted?"

"I trust so. Do you never have an ampulse to destroy things—to rend them apart and shatter them to bits?"

"Sometimes," she admitted, laughing. "It's like a thunderstorm, isn't it—all fire and fury while it lasts, but leaving one cleansed and purified. Oh, I am far from perfect," she added, laughing again as she caught my glance, "as you would have seen for yourself long ere this had you been of an observing turn. Is this as far as we go through this thicket?"

"No," I answered, checking the words which rose to my lips, and I set off again, nor paused until the village had sunk from sight behind us. "Now, we can rest," I said, and sat down at the edge of the bushes. She sat beside me and leaned her chin upon her hand as she gazed down into the valley. The sun was sinking to the west and the road seemed the

to the walter. The sun was sinking to the west and the road seemed the merest yellow ribbon between its green hedges. Far ahead, I could see that the country again became more broken, and a low range of purple hills closed in the hortgen.

and a low range of purple hills closed in the horizen.

As we sat there silent, a cloud of dust appeared far down the road, and we moved deeper into the cover of the bushes, fearing that it was another regiment which approached. But it was only a flock of sheep driven by three shepherds.

"Food for the enemy," I remarked.

"That explains why there are no longer any flocks in these pastures. The republic has swallowed them, as it has swallowed so many other things."

things."

We watched them until they passed from sight on the horizon behind a cloud of dust, which rose and rose until it covered the sun's face.

"Yonder behind that cloud lies Thouars," I said.

"And a league beyond is Coulanges—and our friends," she added.

"Always thinking of that!" I rejoined bitterly.

"Yes—of safety and home! How I shall delight to be there once again."

"Home! And I do not even know where that is! Why is it, madmoiselle, that you have told me nothing of yourself? Do you mistrust me?"
"Mistrust you?" she repeated. "What an absurd question. But there is so little to tell."

"And you refuse to tell me even that? I know nothing of you except your name. How am I to find you again, if fate is indeed kind to me? Where

that the spirit of mischief had sprung terly.

spark."
"If that is your opinion, mademoiselle." I returned bitterly, "there is nothing more to be said."
"And I am quite certain," she added, smiling strangely, "that you will one day accept that invitation. My father will insist upon it."
"Let him!" I retorted. "Are you hungry?"

"No." I. This hamper, then, we will leave here, as we shall reach Coulanges tonight. It is time we were setting I had listened with bowed head and

off."
She arose without a word and followed me down the slope. Only when at last I glanced back, did I perceive that she was bearing the hamper.
"Why are you bringing that?" I demanded, wheeling sharp around.
"Food is not plentiful enough in France to be wasted in that way" she

France to be wasted in that way," she answered evenly.
"What do you propose to do with

"I propose to leave it at the door of the first hut we reach," and she made a motion as though to pass me. I selzed the hamper roughly and strode on through the dusk, marvel-ing at the inconsistencies of a heart which could be at the same time so

CHAPTER XXIII.

cruel and so tender.

FORTUNE FROWNS.

We gained the road again and turned westward along it, walking for some time in silence. I confess I was in bad humor. I was not altruist enough to have willingly burdened myself with that hamper, and more than once I was tempted to fling it into the ditch at the roadside, especially as minute followed minute and no house minute followed minute and no house appeared. But at last, at a turn of the road, we came upon a miserable hovel, supported by a pile of stone, without which it must inevitably have collapsed. I thought, for an instant, that the hut was empty, but as we drew near, a child's thin wall came to us through the open door. I set the hamper down, knocked and passed on, and I doubt not that in that family

minute followed minute and no house the open my eyes to my real self. Believe me, I shall be brave enough to look at it steadily."

She held out her hand with a quick gesture.

"Isn't the water blue, today?"

"It's shameful, said the man hot blush, 'it's perfectly shame a better woman for having known a better woman for having known you."

Again I kissed her hand—humbly as produce.

there still survives the legend of a

heavenly visitation.

My spirit cleared after that, perhaps as the reward of a good action, perhaps because I was rid of the hamper; at any rate, I could lift my Lead and look about me and take joy in the beauty of the night. There were only the stars to light us, for the moon had not yet risen. They looked down upon us from the high heavens, and it seemed to me that there was kindness seemed to me that there was kindness and sympathy in their gaze—that they blessed us and wished us well. The road was much smoother than the one we have traversed the night before, and we got forward at a speed which warranted our reaching Coulanges in good time, if nothing happened to delay us. We were both well rested and I had us. We were both well rested and I had already had good reason to know and

endurance. I glanced down at her and saw that she was staring straight ahead at the road unrolling before us. How near we were to the moment of parting! With where I must leave her. Even should I survive my pilgrimage of vengeance, it seemed most unlikely that I should see her again—certainly, we should never be thrown together in this sweet, intimate, personal reletion, and would I mate, personal relation. And would I wish to see her in any other way? To gaze at her from a distance, to find her fenced about, to stand slient while some other gallant whispered in her ear-would not all that be as the rubbing of

wonder at my companion's powers of

would not all that be as the rubbing of salt into an open wound?

Indeed, she had already applied that torture with that mocking invitation to Chambray! Why was it that I had so failed to touch a responsive chord in her; or, rather, why, at the very moment I fancied I had touched it, should she draw back and deal me a cruel blow? Perhaps she fancied there was kindness in this cruelty; perhaps she was trying to save me from sinking too deeply into the quicksand which entangled me. Alas! I felt that I was already past all hope of rescue. So a real kindness would have been to make my last moments as happy as might be, ere the sands closed over me and divided us fore er!

I shook the thought away. Nothing

rete the sands closed over me and divided us fore-cer!

I shook the thought away. Nothing
on earth should so divide us. Honor
compelled no man to wreck his life
beyond redemption. But as I turned
the problem over in my mind, I confess my heart sank. So long as Mdlle,
de Benseval lived, just so long was I
bound to her. That was the final
statement to which the tangle reduced
itself, and I reflected bitterly upon the
folly of parents who disposed of their
children without asking their consent,
or, indeed, before they were old enough
to know to what they were consenting.
A boy of 10 will blithely promise to
marry anyone, or will bind himself indifferently with a vow of cellbacy, for
what does he know of either? Only
when he comes to look at the world
and the women in it with a man's
eyes does he understand. Then he asks
himself the question, "Am I bound by
a vow taken in ignorance? Must I

himself the question, "Am I bound by a vow taken in ignorance? Must I stagger on till death under this burden innocently assumed? Must I permit my life to be wrecked in these rapids into which another hand propelled me?"

"What is it, Sir Sorrowful?" asked my companion at last. "The old prob-lem?"

"The old problem." I answered. "Why ponder it? You have already am I to look for you?"

"A perfect lover would have trusted his heart to lead him," she retorted.
"I am going to escape mine, if it is

that the spirit of mischief had so to life again.

"We shall be very glad to welcome you, my father and I," she said, without permitting me to finish. "Perhaps we can even persuade you to bring your betrothed with you. Why not spend your honeymoon at Chambray, monsieur?"

"I should like to spend it there,"
I retorted, "but with another woman."

It was her turn to redden, and she did so in good earnest.

"Do you think fortune will favor me that far, mademoiselle?" I persisted.

Then she armed herself and struck me a savage blow.

"No," she answered, quickly; "I think fortune will hold you to your promise and that you will soon forget to rail at her. Your heart is exceedingly inflammable and will burn none the less ardently whether it be I or or your betrothed who applies the spark."

"If that is your opinion, mademoiselle," I returned bitterly, "there is less and unattractive boy, perhaps she also has seen some one whom she fancies she could love better, perhaps it is some one who is really better worth loving. Yet she is awaiting you, stifling her misgivings in her bosom, ready to keep her oath, although an oath is not the same thing to a woman as to a man. Nor is marriage the same thing. To a man it is an episode; to a woman it is her whole life. Do you think the woman to whom you are bethrethed does not realize all this? Be sure she does—and trembles at it. And you propose to make her task more difficult still. You will come to her with a sour and downmake her task more difficult still. You will come to her with a sour and down-cast face; you will say to her as plainly as if you spoke the words, "I do not love you; I take you because I must; if I were free I would not look at you a second time; I am making a martyr of myself by marrying you.' Which do you think will be the greater marter monsieur, you or she? You

quivering nerves. Every word burnt into me as a white-not iron.

"You are right,' I said hoarsely, when she had finished. "I am a coward—a cur. I am not really a man of heror"

of honor.' "You are only a boy," she said, and her tone was more tender. "You have

been too long in your mother's lead-ing strings. But you have in you the making of a man, my friend, and I know that I shall live to be proud of I caught her hand and kissed it-

a kiss not of love, but of gratitude. I swear that at that moment passion was as dead in me as though it had

never been.

We went on in silence after that. I had my bitter draught to swallow and swallow it I did without flinching. All pretty euphemism had been stripped away. I saw that I had been dishonaway. I saw that I had been dishon-orable in thought, if not in deed. I had befouled myself, and, worse than all, I had tried to drag another—the one person that I loved—down into the ire with me.
"Mademoiselle," I said at last, "I hope

"Mademoiselle," I said at last, "I hope that in time you will pardon me. And I thank you from the bottom of my heart that you had the courage to speak as you did just now. It was the only way to open my eyes to my real self. Believe me, I shall be brave enough to look at it steadily."

a slave might-and again we went on silence. The moon rose and threw shadows far before us along the our shadows far before us along the road; we came at last to the rough and uneven ground I had seen from the hillside, and here we found the way more difficult, for the road grew narrow and rutted, with high untrimmed hedges closing it in on either hand and sometimes even meeting overhead, so that we seemed to be stumbling forward in a tunnel into which no ray of light could penetrate. I aided her as well as I could, but even then it was disheartening and exhausting work, and her labored breathing denoted her fatigue.

"We must rest," I said. "We must rest," and I led her to a seat in the shadow of the hedge.

"I shall recover in a moment," she protested. "We must reach Coulanges tonight. I have set my heart on it. Remember, we burnt our ships behind us when we abandoned our provisions.

"We shall reach Coulanges," I said confidently. "At the next house I will inquire the way."

"Come," she said, starting to her feet. "Let us go. I am quite rested."

She was a few paces ahead of me, and I let her keep the place for a moment that I might admire her erect and graceful figure, when suddenly she shrank back against me with a little cry of fright.

"What is it?" I asked. "You are not

hurt?"

"No, no!" she whispered. "But yon-der-creep forward and look." der—creep forward and look."

There was a sharp turn in the road, and as I went forward cautiously and look around it, my heart stood still. For there, not 200 yards distant, was encamped a regiment of infantry—the same, perhaps, that we had seen pass that afternoon. I contemplated the camp in silence for a moment, noting how it lay in the little valley, then I drew back and rejoined my comrade. "There is no danger," I said. "We drew back and rejoined my comrade. "There is no danger," I said. "We must made a wide detour and avoid these fellows."

I searched along the hedge until I found a place where I could break through, and in a moment we were together in the field on the other side. Cautiously we crept away up the hill-side until the lights of the camp gleamed faint behind us, then we went forward past them. There was no danger of our being seen, despite the brightness of the moonlight, for the field was full of sheep—the same we had seen pass, no doubt—and at a distance, so low we crept, we could not be distinguished from them. We came to another hedge and broke through it, and I was just turning back toward the road, when a low moan brought me sharp around.

"What is it?" I asked again, and I searched along the hedge until I

sharp around.

"What is it?" I asked again, and stretched out my arms and caught her, or she would have fallen.

"My ankle," she gasped, her lips white to the very edge, "I turned it back yonder. I though I could walk on it, but—Oh!" and she shivered and hit my face against my shoulder.

I placed her gently on the grass and with trembling finger undid the laces of her shoe. She shivered again with

her shoe. She shivered again with agony at my touch and closed her eyes. I felt that her ankle was already swel-ling, and the sweat poured down my face as I realized what anguish she was 'I must get aid," I said thickly. "I

must get you to some house."
She was clutching wildly at my sleeve, her face convulsed, her eyes bright with suffering.
"Leave me," she said, pulling me down to her. "Leave me. It is no more than I deserve. Save yourself. Only," she added softly, "kiss me first."

For answer, I bent and lifted her tenderly in my arms, and pressed her close against my heart, and kissed her quivering lips and shining eyes and r quivering lips and shining eyes and fragrant hair "I love you!" I whispered. "More than ever I love you!" Oh, I shall never be able to tell you how I love

you!"

She clung to me desperately and I held her close, close, trembling with

a great happiness.

"Tell me," I whispered. "I know it now—but tell me." She lifted her face to mine, no longer

She lifted her face to mine, no longer pinched with suffering, but radiant with joy.

"I love you!" she said. "Oh, why should I deny it? I love you!"

Again I kissed her; then I set off down the hill, while she dropped her head upon my shoulder and sobbed silently—but I knew that it was not with pain. She was mine—mine! Nothing could alter that! Not all the oaths of heaven and hell could alter that. Not the scorn of the living nor the memory of the dead could alter that. I had happiness within my hand and I would hold it fast; there should be no paltering with it, no looking back, no question of this or that. How foolish all such questions seemed, now that the die was cast.

the die was cast. At last I reached the road, and for an instant hesitated, looking up and down. To ask aid of the Blues would be to court the guillotine, and yet I might blunder along the road for hours without coming to a house where help could be secured. Had I the right to condemn her to that suf-fering? Then I remembered Goujon. Better a sprained ankle than that infamy-better any suffering than that! And resolutely I set my face westward.

(Continued Next Week.)

Four Taste Qualities.

From the Chicago Tribune. Only four distinct taste qualities are iscoverable by the human tongue is he announcement of a scientist. Sweets and salts, two of the taste qualities, are observable at the tip of the tongue, and in determining whether the white crystals be salt or sweet the tip of the tongue unconsciously is used. Sour and bitter flavors are the other strictly tongue tastes, and can be determined only upon their being carried back upon the tongue toward its root, when the sensations will be interpreted to the brain by the edges of that or-

gan.

Dry substances that remain dry cannot be tasted, and many things remain tasteless to us, not because they are tasteless but because they are not soluble in water. Again, spices are differentiated through the correlative sense of smell. Holding the nose and chewing a raw onion and a raw apple by turns the gustatory nerves will show little or no difference in the flavor of the two. vor of the two.

He Took the Blame.

From the Washington Star. August Herrmann, the new grand ex-alted ruler of the Elks, said at an Elks'

banquet in Detroit:
'The guilty man always gives himself away, for, like the chap who bought the away, for, 40-cent bathing suit, he can't hide his guilwater at Atlantic City in a 40-cent suit of

blue flannel. As he splashed about he was joined by a girl friend. The girl flashed her bright eyes over the tumbling expanse of sea, and then, with a sigh of delight, "'Isn't the water blue, today?'
"'Is's shameful,' said the man, with a
not blush, 'it's perfectly shameful how

Five Michigan towns turn out three-fourths of this country's automobile

JULIA WARD HOWE CALLED BY DEATH

Author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Passes Away at Advanced Age.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 20.-Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," died at her home at Middleton this morning. She was nearly 92 years of age.

Julia Ward Howe was born in New York, May 27, 1819, and was the daugh? ter of Samuel and Julia Rush Ward. ter or Samuel and Julia Rush Ward.
She was educated privately. Miss Ward
married Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, philanthropist, in 1843. She was the mother of Henry Marion Howe, Florence
Marion Howe-Hall, Laura Elizabeth
Richards and Maud Howe Elliott.
With her husband Mrs. Howe conducted the Boston Commonwealth, an
anti-slavery paper, prior to the civil



JULIA WARD HOWF

war. After the slavery question was settled, she became active in the causes of woman's suffrage, prison reform and international peace. She was a preacher, lecturer and writer. In religion, Mrs. Howe was a Unitarian, and was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters,

Arts and Letters,
Her publications included "Passion Flowers," "Words for the Hour," "A Trip to Cuba," "The World's Own," "From the Oak to the Olive," "Later Lyrics," "Sex and Education," "Memoir of S. G. Howe," "Life of Margaret Fuller," "Modern Society," "Is Polite Society Polite?" "From Sunset Ridge," "Reminiscences," and "Sketches of Representative Women of New England." England.

WELLMAN SAILING OUT OF REACH OF WIRELESS ASHORE

Boston, Oct. 20.—Walter Wellman's airship America had not communicated with ships so far as known up to 8 p'clock this morning since sending his last reassuring dispatch at 12:49 p. m. yesterday. Following the trans-Atlan-tic steamer line, the great dirigible bal-lon passed through the night and morning hours about 300 or 400 miles from the New England shore, heading for Sable Island, N. S.

It was expected the wireless station there would be able to communicate with the America before noon.

New York, Oct. 20.—Wireless stations along the coast heard from at 8:30 a. m. today had nothing to report as to the progress of Walter Wellman's dirigible balloon America in its attempted flight across the Atlantic, Shortly after near veget reday the America Shortly after noon yesterday the Amer-ica passed out of wireless touch with the Marconi station at Siasconsett and since then no word has come from Wellman, who in the absence of other Information is assumed to be continu-ing his northeastward flight along the Atlantic steamer lane with the Brit-ish isles as his destination.

GERMANS ARE SKEPTICAL. Berlin, Oct. 20.—The cross-Atlantic venture of Walter Wellman and his companions in the dirigible balloon America occupies pages in today's newspapers. Major Von Tschudi and newspapers. Major Von Tschudi and Professor Verson, the aviation experts, regard it as most probable that the trip will end in a catastrophe.

PACKERS WRATHY AT SENATE COMMITTEE

Say Investigation as to Cost of Living Wasn't Made in Good Faith.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—The report of the executive committee of the National Meat Packers association, which met in Meat Packers association, which met in annual convention here today, intimates that the select committee of the United States Senate, when it met to investigate the high cost of living, did not act in the best faith in examining the packers.

The report says that while there have the corresponding of the usual

been some repetitions of the usual sturs and unfounded charges against the packers, they have lacked the venom of previous years, and the opinion is expressed that a belief is grow-ing with the public that the packers as a class are doing a legitimate busi-

President Charles Rohe, of the association, in his address said that the last year in many respects had been unsatisfactory to packers, owing to the high price of live stock.

"It is undoubtedly a fact, he declared, "that all packers and meat dealers have been doing business without profit during the year."

PHILIPPINE LEGISLATURE. Manila, Oct. 20.—The hilippine leg-islature was convened today. In his message, Governor General Forbes message, Government on the results of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and says that the finances of the Philippines are satisfactory. The fiscal year closes with a surplus in excess of \$1,000,000.

TY COBB AWARDED AUTO FOR LEADING IN HITS

Chicago, Oct. 20.—Tyrus Cobb, of De-troit, by verdict of President Johnson Saturday was the leading batsman of the American league for 1910, with a winning percentage over Larry Lajole, of Cleveland, of 001. As the National league leaders dropped out of the contest some time ago, President Johnson's announcement means that Cobb is the champion hitter of the country.

CUBA STRUCK BY **GREAT HURRICANE**

Enormous Damage Is Done, and Fierce Tropical Storm Shows No Sign of Abatement.

Havana, Oct. 18 .- 10 a. m .- The cyclone that struck the island yesterday is increasing. Its velocity is appalling. Beyond doubt it is more serious than the hurricane of 1906 which cost many lives and damage to the amount of millions of dollars.

The custom house ware houses are flooded and the roof of the main building has been blown away. The national observatory reports that the disturbance is only beginning and will last probably 24 hours.

Interior Is Isolated.

Wire communication with the interior is cut off and the situation outside this city is in doubt. The town of Batabano is said to be under water to a depth of many feet. Many lives have been lost there according to reports. A report from Regia, across the Harbor, was that many pareaus have been

report from Regla, across the Harbor, says that many persons have been killed there. It is rumored that a great number of sailors and longshoremen have been drowned in the harbor. It is probable the most fatalities and the greatest monetary damage has been done in Pinar Del Rio, where the destruction of Thursday and Friday has been added to greatly since last night, it is believed. The sugar cane crop is thought to have suffered severely. The gale came today from the southwest with a violence not experienced.

west with a violence not experienced before in a long time. Rain fell in torrents throughout the night, but let up somewhat at daybreak though the wind held as strong as ever held as strong as ever.

All traffic in this city and in the harbor was suspended today. Scores of lighters and other small craft had been swamped or wrecked against the bulk-

All vessels in the port are double anchored. The steamers are under steam. The Ward line steamer Saratoga, which was due to sail on Sat-urday, remained stormbound.

STORM IS APPROACHING

SOUTH COAST OF FLORIDA SOUTH COAST OF FLORIDA
Maimi, Fla., Oct. 17.—Weather bulletins were posted here this morning
announcing the approach of a hurrificane and all vessels along the Atlantic
coast have been warned to prepare for
severe weather. No trains have arrived
here since Saturday over the Florida
East Coast railroad, being held up at
West Jupiter on account of a serious
washout. Relief trains have been sent
from Miami and Jacksonville. Continuous rains have fallen for the last three
flays and the entire country is flooded.

FRENCH STRIKERS GET HIGHER PAY

Railroad Men Who Walked Out and Tied Up Traffic, Win Main Contention.

Cormeilles, France, Oct. 15.-Twhundred strikers held up three trains, including the expresses from Paris and Dieppe here today, dragged off and assaulted the crews, insulted the passengers and uncoupled and damaged the cars.

Paris, Oct. 15.—The directors of the railroads involved in the strike agreed today to grant a minimum wage of \$1 a day to the employes of all lines running out of Paris.

ning out of Paris.

The new scale will go into effect January 1 and constitutes the chief concession demanded by the men.

This action was decided on at a concession. ference of directors in which M. Miller and minister of public works, posts and telegraphs, took part and was communicated to the strikers this after-

The decision of the directors came at The decision of the directors came at a particularly fortunate time as it was becoming evident that the strikers were beaten and resort to violence on a wide scale was anticipated. Today the ministry of the interior discovered the existence of an organization with headquarters in Paris and branches in the provinces, the purpose of which was the destruction of rolling stock. The government is pursuing an investigation and the instigators of the lawlessness will be dealt with sternly.

GIRL REVIVALIST AND HER CONVERT ELOPE

Reautiful Evangelist and Young Farmer Run Away Together and Marry.

Hopkinsville, Ky. Oct. 15.—Misa Susie Hawkins, an 18-year-old Louis-ville girl, who has been conducting very successful revivals at Cerulean Springs. successful revivals at Cerulean Springs, King's chapel and other churches in Trigg county, eloped to Clarksville the other night with Garnett Hammonds, a prominent young farmer of the Montgomery neighborhood, in Trigg county, where they were married. Hammonds was a recent convert.

The young woman is said to be very beautiful and wherever she held meetings widespread interest was aroused. She did the preaching herself and was unusually eloquent and forcible in her arguments, the result being that many professed religion each meeting.

STARKVILLE, COLO.-All of the STARRYILLE, COLO.—All of the 56 bodies of miners entombed in the local coal mine of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company by an explosion on October 8 have been recovered. Twenty-seven were buried Sunday, seven of the bodies being taken to the cemetery in hearses. The others were transported on a big yan Many of the provided on a big yan Many of the several coal and ported on a big van. Many of them were not identified. The last eight bodies recovered will be burled today. Mine officials hope to have the mine in working order by November 1.

WASHINGTON. — Accusing Post-master General Hitchcock of attempt-ing to hasten the final award of large contract for the printing of stamped envelopes in order to defeat the proposed legislation which would make its letting impossible, a joint committee, representing a number of printers and publishers throughout the country, has filed a vigorous protest with the president against his action. RENO, NEV. — Virginia Harned Sothern, the actress, was granted a de-cree of divorce from Edward H. Soth-

ern, the actor, here Saturday on the grounds of desertion and nonsupport. The suit was not contested.