It was all over. We had loved this young man, the rising author of the time, we had wept over his books, we wept over his untimely death, in the orthodox big railway accident just outside Southampton, "at the early age of 36;" and we talked of "deathless fame" and said, "whom the gods love die young," and then changed the subject. Bo we went on with the world and left Martin Arthur behind. Miss Roupell stood before the mirror in her bedroom, leaning her hands on the toilet table, with its adornings of crystal and ivory, and looked at her face in the glass.

"Isn't it written there?" she said aloud. And then she laughed, the aw-ful laugh of a woman who is bur-

acquaintances had gradually realized that the touches of color which had of late begun to lighten the widow's weeds, had again faded into black as before, and that the strange heartwearing, heart-sickening time of mourning seemed to have gone back a step, and resumed its old haggard un-

for Maria Roupell was a widow, and no widow. Her husband was dead—so said ordinary surmise, so said humble probability, so said the newspapers, which gave an account of the sinking of the Atlantic liner Ramadan, with all hands but two, in the bay three years before. There was only one years before. There was only one thing lacking—positive, incontroverti-ble proof; and that thing tarried.

She had been passionately in love with Martin Arthur. In the old days of racking uncertainty as to her hus-band's fate, she had met the rising band's fate, she had met the rising author whose name was then appearing above fame's horizon, as the edge of the sun's disc looks over into the world. He became deeply interested in her. She was a handsome woman of the night-dark Spanish type, a creature of the strong emotions, distracted with suspense, torn this way and that by hopes and fears.

When a woman is suffering through her love for one man, another may wrap himself inextricably in the flying threads of her life and become more

wrap himself inextricably in the flying threads of her life and become more near, more dear to her than she has any knowledge of, by standing silent but ever in readiness at her right hand. She will turn to him for help. And when a woman goes to a man for help, those feeble hands so piteously outstretched hold in their open palms the link of a chain which binds lives together—loosely, it may be, but there is a bond nevertheless, and "the bands of love are sair to loose."

bands of love are sair to loose."

Martin Arthur and Maria Roupell

Martin Arthur and Maria Roupell found their lines laid side by side, felt the fetters that stretched lightly from wrist to wrist were necessary to each other, and knew that it was so.

Three years passed and George Roupell did not return, and out of the life of his widow his memory was slowly, softly, irresistibly shouldered by the filmy, insidious ghost of the personality of another man. One day the ghost put on immortality, and the likeness of put on immortality, and the likeness of God's own image and Maria Roupell found the cold, intangible shape en-dowed with fiesh and blood—eyes that dowed with flesh and blood—eyes that looked into her very soul, strong arms that held her against a broad breast, lips that spoke words of passion like a flame of fire, that took their answer from her and would not be denied, and behold! she awoke and there was no friend any more, but a lover in deed

perate fear struggling for the supremacy in her beautiful dark face, "if I knew!—oh, God! if I knew! But I do not. I may not be a widow at all—I may be his wife still, and in that case—"

ame, and nothing can alter it, "You have no proofs? Then proofs shall be obtained, if we have to search every inch of the Atlantic. Do you think I mean to let you go—to let a shadow separate us? Dearest woman in the world, the thing has got to be done and I will do it."

done, and I will do it."

"Dorinda, you are looking very ill, 'I'm realy quite well, only-but pe

haps it's a mercy to be thought ill when one is merely miserable. when one is merely miserable.
Girls are fools, Mrs. Roupell! And do
they always leave off folly when they
become women? Oh, forgive me! I
am talking nonsense—I've got into the
habit of it because it is easier than
saying nothing and feeling a great
black curtain coming slowly, slowly down-down-down, directly one stops to thing. . . Your mourning, I envy you! What am I saying? But I wish I had an excuse for wearing it. "For whom?" Maria Roupell was not the sort of

person to ask a tactless question as a rule, and with such blank directness, but there was something in the girl's face that reminded her of her own as had seen it in the mirror that

morning.

Dorinds Carson moved nervously in her chair, hesitated, and then spoke quickly, and in a low voice, with her face averted from her friend's sight.

"O! for—for some one I knew—who has died lately—some one I had no right to be fond of. Mrs. Roupell—Maria—I must speak—may 1? You will understand, and nobody else

And the girl was on her knees by Ma ria's chair, clasping the hands which lay on her lap, and bowing the golden head till it almost touched them. "Dear heaven, everything has go

into such a ghastly knot! I've nobody to blame but myself; I've taken my happiness in both hands and thrown it

listener involuntarily wondered The listener involuntarily wondered what it felt like to have happiness def-initely within one's grasp for a little

while.

Dorinds Carson paused, panted for breath, and went on, with an effort:

"I have been engaged to the best man in the world for over a year, and we are to be—we are to be married. In March. The best man in the world!"—with a bitter little laugh—"the dearest to me, and the hardest. And there are others more superficially fascinating—sometimes. When Egbert was in the state this autumn I saw a good deal of—of that other. I only looked on him as a friend, of course. . But one night at a dance he was charming. He turned my head, He made love to my lover. O, I wanted to be! I was not; but I wrote to him once or twice, and after his death my letters were found in a packet directed to Egbert. Fool, fool, worse than fool; I was to have written them, and to such a man as Martin Arthur." And she clung to the kind hands and sobbed piteously.

God or the devil helped Maria Roupell through the next three minutes.

Then she bent over the miserable child and said softly: "Thank you for telling me all this. I will write a letter to Egbert, and I think he will lis—

WIDOW OR WIFE.

It was all over. We had loved this young man, the rising author of the time, we had wept over his books, we

wrote to Eghert Trevanion, simply and quietly she asked her forgiveness for "an old woman's interference."

That Mr. Trevanion paused, thought That Mr. Trevanion paused, thought it over, relented (being a sensible fellow), and married Dorinda Carson in March, has nothing to do with this story. The gods are good to fools.

Mrs. Roupell put the letter into its envelope and rang the bell. "I want this to go at once," she raid to the housemaid who answered it. "But where is Thompson?"

where is Thompson?"

"I believe he is at the front door, ma'am," was the reply. "There's a gentleman calling," and the girl left

ful laugh of a woman who is ourlesquing her own real emotion, which
has its source in the very foundations
of a deep nature, and which will die
when it dies, or kill it; there is no
other way.

Three people had asked her that day
why she was in mourning. The friends am not at home this afternoon. There was no answer. George Rou-pell stood on the threshold, drinking

in with starved senses the sight before him, every detail of the well-loved, well-remembered figure of his beautiful wife, with all his soul in his eyes as she raised her bowed head and looked certainty.

For Maria Roupell was a widow, and there.

The inky Squid Fish.

The squid belongs to a class called Teuthidae, the members of which are distinguished by the horny shell or "pen" found inside of them. This "pen" contains "ink," and ink it is of a very fine quality.

Incredible though it may seem, this

ink endures for thousands of years. There was a prehistoric species of squid fish, hundreds of times larger than the fish we see today. One of them was dug up by members of the great fossil-hunting expedition led into the fossil beds of Wyoming last July by Prof. Wilber C. Knight, president of the University of Wyoming. The ink was still preserved, and members of the expedition wrote their names with it. Concerning the strange fish Rev. John

G. Wood, the great naturalist, says in his Popular Natural History:
"Our present example of this family is the little squid, or sepiola, of which genus six species are known, inhabiting most parts of the world, and living on our own shores."

our own shores.
"The celebrated 'ink' of the creatures from which the valuable color called 'sepia' was formerly obtained, deserves

a brief notice.
"This substance is liquid, and is se "This substance is liquid, and is secreted in a sac popularly termed, from its office, the 'ink-bag.' The sac is filled with a spongy kind of matter, in which the in kiles, and from which it can be forcibly expelled at the will of the animal. The ink-bag is not always in the same position, but some species have it in the liver, others near the slphon and others among the viscera. There is a communication between the ink-bag and the siphon, so that when the ink is ejected it is forcibly drawn out, together with the water. Thus the out, together with the water. Thus the very effort for escape serves the double purpose of urging the creature away from danger and discoloring the water

in which it swims.

"The animal can eject the ink with such force that it has been known to dedecorate a naval officer's white duck trousers with its liquid missile, the aggrieved individual always asserting that it took a deliberate aim for that

"Generally the animal throws out its "Martin, Martin," she said, looking ink on the least alarm, a circumstance up at him with a great love and a desof some importance in geology. It was discovered by Dr. Buckland that in where the fear struggling for the supremined in the supreminer of with water. A drawing was actually made by Sir F. Chantrey, with a por-tion of 'sepia' taken from a fossil spe-cies, and the substance proved to be of such excellent quality that an artist to whom the sketch was shown, was desirous of learning the name of the colorman who prepared the tint."

Had a Hunch. A middle-aged Maryland farmer, who

picked the right ones to the tune of nearly \$800 at the Rockville Fair races last week, got into Washington on the night following the wind-up of the fair. He was hunting for joyance, and three cheerful workers got hold of him and nudged him into a four-handed poker game. The farmer didn't know much about the game, but he won steadily for the first hour. Then the cheerful workers went at him in a bunch, and they took his winnings and his own bundle off him so fast that it made him sneeze. One of them got a "squeejib," which he explained as a hand that couldn't be shown and raked down couldn't be shown, and raked down \$135 of the Maryland Man's money. Another got a laliapaloosa, consisting of three clubs and a pair of spades, and toog \$5 o8f the farmer's money. The Maryland man only had three queens. Another of the merry grafters caught four diamonds and the ace of clubs on top, which, being a "kifty-nitch," beat any hand in the deck, as was explained to the man who had won out on the lair, and the "kifty-nitch" topped his king full and cost him \$80 more. The Maryland farmer began to look pretty Maryland farmer began to look pretty solemn when he was more than \$300 in the hole. Then it came to a jackpot Al lhands stayed until the pressure be-Al thands stayed until the pressure became too great, and when two of the grafters dropped out there was more than \$350 in the center of the table. The farmer stood pat and he came back at the grafter, who plugged at him every time with \$25 raises. When there was more than \$600 in the middle of the table the farmer pasted the amount of the grafter's last raise into the center of the table and called. The grafter laid down four jacks.

"No good," said the farmer, throwing his hand face down in the middle of the table and raking in the pot.

"Hold on there," exclaimed the graft. er. "What are you trying to do, any-how? I've got four jacks. What have you got."

"Tve got a hunch," said the farmer.

"I've got a hunch," said the farmer sweeping the stakes, which consisted of bills, and not chips, into his pocket, and he backed out of the room. He happened to be about six foot three, and built proportionately, and the cheerful workers didn't attempt to de-tain him. tain him.

To preserve oilcloth, put two ounces To preserve cilcloth, put two cunces of give into a pint of water; let this stand in a warm oven until melted. If it remains liquid when cool it is fit for use; if not a little more warm water may be added to it. Having washed the olicloth and allowed it to dry thoroughly, proceed thus: Dip a linen rag in the give water and rub the cilcioth. Let it dry. This will preserve the oil-cloth and give it a beautiful gloss. After this application only dusting will be required for some time THE FAIRY POD.

The Lesson Katle Learned While Listening to the Peas.

Katie got very tired after picking a basketful of peas in the hot summer sun, so she thought for a change she would begin to shell a few while she sat down in the shade of the coool green rows of peas, almost twice as tall as herself.

She burst two or three pods, and ran her thumb down the row of little shin-ing green balls so tightly tucked away in their cosy little bed. "Just like mother tucks us up, all snug and comfy," thought Katie, as she threw away the empty pod.

Then somehow the next shell seemed

a very long time in being stripped of its little inmates, and Katie fancied she heard some slivery little sounds, just as if some wee fairy bells were chiming. They seemed a little out of tune, and not at all one after the other, as Katie had heard the bells at the big gray church, where she went every Sunday afternoon with mother to hear father talk to the other children who

Presently the bells stopped, and Katie heard a tiny voice say, in rather a grumpy tone, though it was so small: "I wish you wouldn't push me so; I have hardly room to breathe!"

Then came an answer in a little deeper voice:
"If we all thought of each other and not so much of ourselves whether we are comfortable or not, no one would know whether they were pushing or being pushed."
Somehow Katie thought she had

heard that remark somewhere else.
"Well," cried the first voice, rather
rudely, "I'm not pushing. It isn't me, Katle listened very hard and tried to

catch the name, but she couldn't.

All wondered where all the voice came from, but she could not make out. At last a little rustling on a spray of green leaves caught her eye and to her surprise she saw a vary fat, big pod bumping about most indignantly on its tiny twig.
"It will break off in a minute,"

thought Katie, "and I'm sure it will burst and the peas will roll out?" While watching it she could distinctly hear some little voices inside, and the she knew it was the little green pea

she had heard quarreling together.
"Now," she thought to herself, "Ti keep very quiet, and perhaps they'l ay some more."
Pretty soon they did.

"I never get a turn at being 'it,' and you know I like that part of the game best. I hate always being caught."
Again she thought she had hea
those words somewhere else. Whe Soon there was a good deal of bust

ling in the fat pod, and, to Katie-astonishment, one end came open, and out dropped a little, wrinkled, gray dried-up-looking pea.

"That's the one," thought Katie

"that's being so cross. I wonder wheth er there's a maggot in it." She took the pea up, and there sur-enough was a white speck inside which she knew was the cause of its being s

she knew was the cause of its being sougly. Just at that moment the whole pod feil down close to Katle's feet, and bursting open, showed a row of nice little green balls.

The noise was so great that Katle sat up and rubbed her eyes. There in he lap was the pod she had half shelled, but nowhere could she see the fat one with the quarrelsome peas. She looked all around, but she could not find it.

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed a sweet voice, and a loving face looked through

the green leaves down at her. Running to her mother, she caught hold of her dress and said: 'Mother, do come here! I've had such

funny dream! Then she told her of all the wee voices she had heard and ended up by saying, "and the funny part is that 1 have heard all that somewhere else be-fore. Where was it, mother?"

gently as she said:
"I think my little Katie is very often like that little gray pea. Instead of being happy and cheerful, whatever she has to do, she grumbles, and when little friends come in to play with her she always wants to be first, and she is cross if she is no be first, and she is cross if she is no be first, and she is cross if she is no be first, and she is cross if she is no be first, and she is no be first and the normal she is no be first a she always wants to be first, and she is cross if she is not. Her temper is something like the maggot that so up-set the little pea that it looked ugly and cross, and at last fell out of the comfy little home it had, upsetting all its brothers and sisters."

Katle's face began to get very pink, and two bright tears fell down on mam-

Now she knew where she had heard discontented little voice and she So with a sob she said, "I'll try to

mother smiled and gave her a very loving kiss, and she did try so hard that every one wondered at her sweet-

Only she and her mother knew the little lesson she had had, and now she is a very old lady, who just tells all her grandchildren this story to show them how each little soul in a hom-must try to do his or her part to make

Chinese Chess.

Chinese chess is called wei-ch'l. It is played on a board containing 324 squares, formed by 19 lines crossing 19 others at right angles, thus making 361 of X-rays and cut out, as there is dan points of intersection; 300 "men" are used, moving along the points of intersection-150 black and 150 white. One move at a time is made by placing a piece on a point. The winner is the one who surrounds the greater number of points with his own men, surrounds an empty point, or a point occupied by the enemy, who is then removed. At the corners and along the sides a point can be secured finally; but in the center of the board there is always the danger of a besieging army being besieged by a greater one. An adaptation of the game has been imported in Europe; but for some reason or other it is

Wei-ch'i is not child's play. At chess twenty minutes to half an hour is some times allowed for a single move; at wei-ch'i one move an hour is playing recklessly, like a novice. Toward the end of the game players will sit and look at the board for a whole day, at the end of which "white" puts down a checker. Then he suffers a night of a checker. Then he suffers a night of remorse and agony, knowing he has made a mistake. The Angio-Saxon race probably does not produce more than one intellect in a generation capable of entertaining all the possible combinations dependent on a single move; the Mongolian race produces about 100 in

Dr. Harry Taylor of Chester, Pa., was attacked by a vicious parrot, which caught him by the eyelid and refused to let go, notwithstanding the doctor's vigorous effort to shake him off. The bird was finally beaten so that he released the doctor. It was at first thought that the sight was injured, but it is believed that the injury will be confined to the lid, which is severely lacerated.

KANSAS NEWS.

The mining district near Galena is s The mining district near Galena is a scene of activity, notwithstanding the shutdown of most all the plants operated by members of the Missouri and Kansas Zinc buyers' association. However, many are doing dead work, repairing and enlarging their capacity of the bins, whereby they may store large quantities of ore to be held until schedule prices are paid. Practically the association has won the battle, as many of the buyers so far this week have paid schedule prices.

Glanders has broken out among the government stock at Fort Riley, Sev-enteen horses have been killed. Twen-ty-five cords of wood have been hauled out to use in burning the carcasses. Five veterinarians are busy examining the stock and vaccinating all not condemned. The disease is suposed to have been brought by mules shipped in from the south last summer to pasture on the reservation.

E. B. Crissey of Jamestown, N. Y., a creditor of the defunct Interstate Loan and Trust company of Leavenworth recently sued John J. Ingalls, in the district court of Atchison county, for \$5,000. He alleged that Mr. Ingalls was a stockholder in the Leavenworth company to the extent of \$2,500, and was liable under the law for double that amount. Mr. Ingalls denied that he had ever had any stock in the Leaven worth concern or was ever interested in any way. The jury returned a verdict in favor of Ingalis.

In the district court at Atchison Judge Bland decided that John Flynn, democrat, was entitled to the office of marshal of the city court, and ousted Jake Starr, republican. The Atchison city court was created last spring about a month before election, and Starr was a month before election, and Starr was given a temporary appointment as mar-shal by Governor Stanley. Starr be-came the regular republican nomines for the position and Flynn the demo-cratic nomines. Flynn received a ma-jority of 208 at the election, but Starr refused to surrender the office, claiming that his appointment by Governor Stanley held good for two years. Judge Casey of the court sided with Starr and refused to recognize Flynn, who went into the courts to establish his claim to the office. In the meantime he had reported at the office of the city court for duty every day, and attorneys are of the opinion that while Starr did all the work, Flynn will be entitled to the

HAVE AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Topeka, Kan.-(Special.)-Governor Stanley and his party left here in a special Puliman car over the Santa Fe for San Francisco to welcome the Twentieth Kansas volunteers. The party was made up of: Governor and Mrs. Stanley, State Treasurer F. E. Grimes, Adjutant General S. M. Fox. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Montgomery of Topeka, Mayor and Mrs. Selig of Lawrence, Captain J. D. Barker of Girard, Editor E. F. Heisler of Kansas City, Kan., Mrs. Henry Allen of Ottawa, Mrs. R. S. Parker, wife of Lieutenant Parker; W. H. Sheldon of Paola.

Newton Ury of Fort Scott and Mr. T. Little, father of Lieutenant Colonel E. C. Little, left Thursday for San Francisco to join the party.

Adjutant General Fox took along with him several army commissions signed special Pullman car over the Santa Fo

him several army commissions signed in blank for use at the coast in case of promotions before the regiment is final.

In mustered out.

The people of Fort Scott sent along with the party a box of chest protectors for the members of the Fort Scott company. One of the great troubles of volunteers returning from the hot climate of the Philippines is pneumonia. The Fort Scott people want to guard their boys against this if pos-

The local committee is making rapid progress in arranging for the reception to be held here. Subcommittees have been selected to take up different parts

theres. It was feared by many here that the boys would spend all their money in San Francisco before starting home and that all they would have left to spend when they arrived home would be their time. The plan devised to en able Topeka to get the first whack a their cash is to induce the war depart-ment not to have the soldiers paid of until after they leave 'Frisco. It is ar gued that a paymaster can pay the troops on the train just as well as he can in camp, and that they will all bflush when they get back here.

Topeka, Kan., special to Kansas Cit Times: Wm. Trimbel, an omnibus driv er, is walking around today with three inches of a hat pin in the region of his heart. The steel has been in his body for three days, entering just under the shoulder, and when he awoke this morning he found it had worked its way to a location at the side of his heart Trimbel threw himself on a lounge at his home a few nights ago, and in do-ing so he struck the hat pin. He sup-posed he was only severely gouged unger of it intering the heart.

COOKING IN SWEDEN

A lady who has just returned to this ountry from the Land of the Midnight Sun, said a Philadelphia Press reporter "After we had seen our fill of rocky eadlands and enchanted lakes and fjords, we went to a seaside resort where we had rooms overlooking the water, and went to a matsal or 'meatwater, and went to a matsai or mentroom' for our meals, as every one does
in Lysekil. We had a special table and
were waited upon by the never-failing
imiability of a special waitress, and we
hald for one party of four \$10.60 a week
for our meals. What did we get? I asaid for one party of four \$10.60 a week for our meals. What did we get? I asure you, no canned peas or skimmed tilk or tough chickens. For breakfast is had meat, eggs, tea, coffee, delicious ish and fancy breads. For dinner, soup, sh, meat and a dessert, the whole preded by a Swedish smorgasbord, which is a sort of side table where all sorts for relishes are laid out. Rarebits, eggs, andwishes, raw or pickled herrings, with chopped onions, sliced sausages, with chopped onions, sliced sausages, aviar, anchovies, cheese, sardines, pickles and salted and savory meats are erved in endiess variety, and, though tourists usually fight shy of the smorgasbord, we became perfect Swedes as far as it was concerned. We had such a good time at Lysekil and saved so much of our precious pelf that we were able at the end of our stay to take a trip to Paris for a few days' shopping, a dinner at the Ambassadeurs, and a peep at the budding revolution."

A young hopeful sat in the window a long time the other night during a thunder storm and contemplated the scene with a wise look on his face. Then he turned to his mother and said: "Oh, Mamma, the angels are scratching matches on the sky."

MISSOURI NOTES.

The judges of the Jackson county court have recognized the boycott inaugurated by the business men of Kansis City against the Burlington railroad. The judges instructed the sheriff that so long as the boycott is in force he must not travel over that road in taking insane people to the state asylum at St. Joseph. The fight on the Burlington, which was begun as a result of the Omaha differential, is being pushed by local merchants.

GIGANTIC PLANS.

Kansas City, Mo.—(Special.)—George B. Loving, the well known cattleman, left Kansas City a few days ago after spending some time at the Stock Yards exchange in the interest of his gigantic cattle pool. Mr. Loving has spent the past year in promoting his scheme and he stopped in Kansas City on his way to his home in Texas from New York, where he has been interesting capital

where he has been interesting capital in his enterprise.

The plan, if Mr. Loving succeeds in carrying it out, will give to the west one of the biggest companies in the world. It will own over 12,000,000 acres of land divided up into ranches with

when Mr. Loving visited the stock yards he was cordially welcomed by many commission men and others who firmly believe he will succeed in bringing his scheme to a successful issue. There were also many who boldly an nounced that he could never succeed and was wasting his time in attempting an impossibility.

Mr. Loving had about forty options on ranches owned by Kansas City

on ranches owned by Kansas City stockmen. These options expired last January, but with the exception of a few ranches that had been sold, all the

options have been renewed.

Opinion seems about equally divided as to Mr. Loving's chances for success.

Major Andrew Drumm, of the Drumm-Flato commission company, whose cat tle interests in Texas are perhaps as great as any other Kansas Cityan, belongs to the skeptical ones.

"It can't be done," said the major emphatically, referring to Mr. Loving's scheme. "He will never succeed in the world. No man can secure the capital necessary to swing such a deal for the simple reason that too many men have gone broke on the same sor of proposition. Capitalists are a timid lot, and they are not going to put their money into something they can't see their way out of. They used to do it, but not now."

Mr. Flato of the same company, be-lieves differently from Major Drumm, at

least he thinks there is some chance for the scheme to be successful. "Mr. Loving is not attempting to form a trust," said Mr. Flato, "and his is a perfectly legitimate business enterprise. I am not specially interested one way or the other, except I think we should all be fair and give Mr. Loving the benefit of the truth. As I understand him he is simply forming a big company, the same as any other company, only with a vast cash capital, and that this company will do business along the same lines as some companies are doing now.

The opinion of Mr. Flato is shared by many others.

INDIANS WHO RESEMBLE JAPS.

The Kwakiutis are a tribe of lightcolored Indians of British Columbia, whose faces and expression readily recall those of the lower classes of Japanese and Koreans across the Pacific. They differ from other coast Indians by having very high-bridged, often hooked, noses, and very long faces. The shape of their heads is artificial. Like our own Flatheads and some tribes in Mexico and South America, they deform the head in infancy, so that the upper forehead, which we consider a sign of in-tellect, is depressed perhaps in order to obtain an approach to the skull of a beast or bird. What the object of this intentional malformation is forms one of those problems which appeal to the imagination of the archaeologist. A collector of antiquities in Mexico has made a specialty of these deformed skulls, and is said to argue that they are attempts to produce a head like some four-footed beast, the coyote or raccoon, for which the ancestors of the tribe in question had a special reverence, perhaps in the nature of totem worship. Dr. Franz Boats has not found any record among the Kwakiutis of British Columbia which points to any specific worship of this kind, but the pronounced reverence for animals which is shown in the beast, fish and bird masks used in ceremonial rites and the dances of their secret societies might encourage such a view. The habit of malformation has persisted very much as the bandaging of the feet of Chinese women has persisted, and is only now giving way before the changes intro-duced by the whites. The heads of a man and a woman of

this tribe, given front face and in pro-file, exhibit the results of this early training of the bones of the head. Whether it occasions pain to the child or not there is a general agreement that it has no effect upon the intelli-gence of the people to whom it is ap-

HOUSEHOLD HINTS Every housekeeper should know how

to put up a dainty luncheon for the fall meeting parties or other autumn picnics. A crowd of Cincinnatians were assembled on the banks of the Miami the other day. The first lunch box opened was large enough to hold its contents without any crowding. It was wrapped neatly in white paper and iled with a bit of narrow white ribbon, through which a single twig of apple blossoms was thrust. On taking of the cover the recipient found first a Japanese napkin, whose loose white ground was decorated in one corne with a bunch of apple blossoms, bit of thoughtfulness in the way bit of thoughtfulness in the way of a napkin, it was noticed, was the exception rather than the rule among the boxes in the immediate vicinity. On removing the napkin a bunch of water cress was the next thing discovered. It was placed on a piece of waxed paper that covered the rest of the luncheon. There were four dainty sandwiches, each a small double triangle of perfect sandwich bread, prepared without the crust, the filling a delicious compound of imneed chicken, cream cheese and chopped almonds. The cress eaten with them gave a finishing touch to their appetizing quality. A slice of delicious home-made white cake, cut from a loaf that had been baked in two deep layers, with an ice filling and top, was part of the dessert, and several sections of a choice orange, each section peeled. All were neatly folded in waxed paper.

Oxford, Maine, has a Custard Pie as-sociation, which meets annually in a hemiock grove on the margin of Swan pond and gorges itself with custard pie. It grew out of a custard-pie-eating contest between two residents of the two 39 years ago.

LOWA NEWS.

The most serious strike in the history of Webster county has begun at the coal mines. Every mine in the district is closed down, with 400 workers idle. One serious result of the labor troubles is the coal famine which it has caused. The local schools are closed and all factories are running short of fuel and may have to suspend operations.

At a meeting of the city council a special election was ordered to be held October 27 for the purpose of voting on the extension of the franchise of the Marengo Electric Light and Power company for a period of ten years. A twenty-five-year extension was besten twenty-five-year extension was beaten by a majority of ten votes on the 25th ult., but it is conceded by the citizens generally that the ten-year proposition will carry by a large majority.

Malignant diphtheria has broken out in Oskaloosa. Two deaths and eleven new cases have taken place within a week. The board of health met and decided unanimously to issue an order closing the schools. One case was taken from Penn college. All the cases are under strict quarantine.

The early frost this fall entailed a total loss to Farwell & Westgate of Iowa Falls in the destruction of their entire crop of celery. The crop last year was so successful that an acre and a quarter was planted this season and was of the finest quality and ready for market. About an acre, consisting of nearly 20,000 plants, was left and the freeze destroyed all. The loss to these gentlemen is estimated at \$500.

Former United States Senator James Harian, who resides at Mount Pleasant, the only survivor of Abraham Lincoln's cabinet, seems stronger and brighter, but at the very best is weak and in a critical condition. Personally he thinks that he will recover and be up in a few days. He has been failing very rapidly the last month and his sudden collapse caused no surprise.

The Norwegian Pioneer association of America held its second triennnial meeting in Decorah on Luther college campus. Hon. Rasmus B. Anderson of Madison was the principal speaker, but there were a number of short addresses. The delegates and their friends participated in a banquet. A number of well known Norwegians were pres-ent from various points in the north-

While Horace Beans was moving fur-niture from the third story of the old foundry building in Sheldon the chain which controls the elevator, upon which were Beans and the furniture, broke and the elevator fell to the bottom. The chain struck Beans a terrific blow on the head, stunning him for a few seconds. This was the only injury ceived.

Governor Shaw has received a great many refusals from the banks to his proposition for the banks of the state many refusals from the banks of the state to advance money to pay for the transportation of the Fifty-first Iowa regiment from San Francisco to Iowa. His plan is to have the banks of each county advance about \$300. The legislative nominees, who were to give the governor a written guarantee that they would indorse his action in advancing the money from the state treasury, making an appropriation next winter to cover it, have falled to do so. Not more than one-third have been heard from. Unless the banks come forward propmtly the legislative nominees will be asked outright by Governor Shaw what they favor doing about it, and he will abide by their decision. There is little doubt, however, that the state will pay the transportation.

The good roads convention was held in Burlington, with an attendance of several hundred delegates from all over the First Iowa district. Each county in the district held separate meetings and organized by electing officers. In the afternoon a large assemblage gathered at a grand stand erected on Summer street and viewed the practical demonstration of good road construction, under the supervision of E. G. Harrison, the government expert. Mr. Harrison, Colonel Moore of St. Louis, president of the interstate association, and Con-gressman Thomas Hedge made addresses. The result of the meetings and demonstrations was a decided boom for good roads. It was decided to send a full delegation, headed by Mayor Naumann of Burlington, to the state

James McKenna, a brakeman working on a gravel train on the Chicago & Northwestern railway, fell between the cars and received injuries which resulted in his death four hours later. The accident occurred about two miles from Council Bluffs, where gravel was being laid as ballast on the second track now in course of construction. McKenna was standing on the end of the rear cars attending to the brake, when in some manner he lost his posi-tion and fell between the cars, the wheels of the last one passing over his stomach. He was brought to Council Bluffs as soon as possible, but when he eached the depot it was seen that he could live but a short time and Dr. La-cey, the company's physician, ordered him placed in the baggage room. Every-thing possible was done to alleviate his sufferings, but after lingering for about four hours death came to his release. McKenna was conscious most of the time and begged Dr. Lacey to give him sufficient morphine to kill him. Rev. Father Smyth of St. Francis Xavier's was with the unfortunate man and gave him the last rites of the church

The unknown driver of a milk wagon in Des Moines ran down and drove over Gertrude Foregrave, fourteen years of age, while she was returning from school. She was crossing Eighth and Walnut streets at the time, and having her attention drawn east on Walnut toward the scene of the Harris-Emery fire, did not see the team bearing down upon her at a swinging gait. The driver gave the team free rein, and rounding into Wainut from Eighth he struck the child before she was aware of the danger. She was knocked to the pavement and run over by the wheels of the wagon. The driver, without half-ing to ascertain the extent of the injuries of the child, applied his whip to the horses and disappeared, going west on Wainut street. Gertrude was rendered senseless for a moment, but recovered upon being taken to the home of her parents at 213 Wainut street. Her right leg was terribly lacerated by the shoe of one of the horses, and her head severely bruised by the wheels of the wagon. An effort is being made to discover the name of the driver, but as he disappeared so quickly, no one observed the name of the dairy painted on the wagon, and slight hopes are entertained of apprehending him. ing down upon her at a swinging gait.

At the last meeting of the board of trustees of the North Carolina College of Agriculture it was decided to admit women for textile instruction and as special students in industrial arts, hos-ticulture, dairy work, both butter and cheese-making, bes-keeping, etc.