

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The most costly collection of rare postage stamps was lately sold in Brighton, England, by Mr. Castle, the vice-president of the London Philatelic Society. The collection brought \$150,000.

The war against municipal disfigurement and untidiness is fruitful in expressive sayings. A recent remark is worth recording: "There may be such a thing as aesthetic disorder, but there is no such thing as artistic dirt."

A bolt of lightning entered the house of John Ethbridge, near Charlotte, N. C., and killed two of his daughters, as they were sleeping in each other's arms. It also set fire to the house, causing its destruction. Only a short time previous one of the girls dreamed that the house was destroyed by lightning, and two of the family were killed.

Germany's official catalogue for the Paris Exposition is printed in a new type, the inventor of which is said to be the Kaiser himself. The letters are the ordinary Roman letters with Gothic decorations. The intention is to substitute the new alphabet for the present German type, and to accomplish this object fonts of the new type will be offered to German printing establishments at very low prices.

A lady of Cincinnati has been poisoned by the ink used on typewriter ribbon. Her fingers were stained by it, and in trying to break a small blister on her lip she placed the stained finger on it, and very soon felt a slight pain in her face. This was followed in a short time by violent swelling. The pain became almost unbearable, and her lip swelled and turned black. In spite of the best medical skill she grew rapidly worse, and died in great agony.

An important agreement has been concluded between the seven principal French railway companies and the Belt railway of Paris, by which the conditions have been fixed for accepting vehicles of all kinds as ordinary baggage. The text of the agreement is as follows: The following will be accepted as baggage of all kinds, especially that their dimensions are such that they may be easily put into the baggage car, namely, motorcycles, automobile tricycles and automobile carriages; when unpacked their weight is not to exceed 330 pounds; when packed in boxes the weight is limited to 220 pounds.

The South American countries used to be dismissed with a few lines in the old geographies, but now they keep the statisticians very busy. A training-ship, carrying forty boys who will one day be officers in the navy of the Argentine Republic, visited this country last month. Within the memory of living men, the Argentine Republic had no navy—indeed, there was no Argentine Republic. It is not right to gauge the worth of a nation by the number of its war-ships, but let us rejoice that our sisters at the south are setting up navies. The action indicates that they have something at stake.

A body of scientists recently discussed the age at which a child is most interesting. The general opinion finally fixed on two years as the time when the unfolding from babyhood to childhood exhibits the most constant and pleasant surprises. In connection with this scientific opinion, it is notable that photographers regard two years as the worst age to take a "time-exposure" picture. A younger child will, to an extent, "stay put," and so can be photographed; a child above that age respects such directions as, "Keep still for just a minute." The little 2-year-old has all the alertness and activity of youth without being able to see the wisdom of listening to the artist's requests.

The unfortunates who suffer from hay fever are now dragging out a wretched existence at their homes or flying to places where they can find immunity from this annoying ailment. All such will find a gleam of hope in the announcement made by Dr. H. H. Curtis in the Medical News. Dr. Curtis found that two girls employed in a drug store, handling ipecac, were rendered immune from "ipecac cold" by taking doses of the tincture. This led him to try the effect of hypodermic injections of the extract of roses upon a lady who could not even pass a florist's shop without taking "rose cold," with the result of effecting a permanent cure. He then experimented in a similar manner upon patients suffering from ragweed, golden rod, and lily of the valley, with like success. This "like cures like" remedy is a simple one and worth a trial.

Prince Oukthomsky sent his celebrated collections of bronze Mongol idols to the Russian Asiatic section of the Paris exhibition. They remained on view for a time, but some of the figures shocked even Paris ideas of decency and complaints began to come in. Having been accepted, the exhibit could not very well be returned, so the officials picked out the worst specimens, packed them in a box of Asiatic appearance and have placed this in a conspicuous position with the label "Mongol Idols."

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER VI.

Another room in an obscure part of London; but this room was, though poor, scrupulously neat and tidy. It was even adorned with a few flowers, and some colored prints hung upon the walls. A woman and a child were sitting together in the one large chair that the room possessed. The woman, slight, still young, and astonishingly beautiful; the child, one of those brown, curly-haired children, with blue eyes, who have sprung from parents of different nations. The woman's face we have seen before. Now the only alteration in it, and one it was that did not affect her beauty, was a great sadness, except when she spoke to the child, and then her whole face changed.

"It is such a great city," she was saying—"such a great city. I did not know it would be so difficult to find any one. I thought that when once I got to England it would all be well, and now I have been in England more than a year, and I have not seen him. And yet I am so longing to see him once again, and to show him our boy. Oh, how happy he will be! How happy we both shall be! These weary years will be as naught, and I shall forget everything once I feel his arms round me again!"

There was a step on the stairs. Veronica listened. She had grown more womanly in these last four years, and she looked more thoughtful. Sorrow, the great master, had taught her many things. Now she did not look unhappy, but eager and anxious. She evidently recognized the footsteps on the stairs, and it did not bring her any pleasure. She was shrinking together in the chair with the child when the door opened to her call. "Come in!" and Hutchinson entered.

"Good afternoon," she said, but showed no pleasure at the sight of him. "How did you find me out?" "How? It is always easy to find any one when you have a mind to, and when you have any sense in your head!" He scanned Veronica's face as he spoke, and noticed that she flushed slightly. "I saw you go into a music shop, and I followed you some the other day, and I made a note of the road and the number, and here I am."

"What do you want of me?" asked Veronica, rather hopelessly. "My dear girl!"—Hutchinson spoke airily—"my dear girl, why could you not have confided in your father? It would have saved you a great deal if you had."

"You are not my father," said Veronica quietly, "you told me so yourself."

"Why quarrel about an expression? I am the man who brought you up, Veronica, why did you not tell me that you had married Alan Mackenzie and that this is his child?"

Veronica gave a great start. She knew why she had not mentioned Alan's name to him. She knew of the hatred that Hutchinson had for him, and even now she did not know what to say. "How do you know?" she asked at last. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself," said the man, watching the agitation that Veronica betrayed. "I should not have known unless."

"When did he tell you?" she asked, her lips almost refusing to utter a sound.

"About two months ago," Veronica sprang up. "He is here, in London. Two months ago! Oh, take me to him! Let me see him at once! Why did you not tell me before?"

"How could I?" the man said dryly. "I tell you you should have had more confidence. I did not know you were his wife."

"How was he looking?" cried Veronica. "Oh, my darling, my darling! Did he speak of me two months ago? I think we shall die of happiness when we come together again!"

"No doubt," said Hutchinson. "Does he know of the boy?"

"No. The boy was born five months after the shipwreck. I have told you I was so ill after the wreck that I lost my reason for a time."

"Pity," said Hutchinson, reflectively, "that when you told me so much you did not tell me all."

Veronica did not answer. Something in the man's tone awakened her suspicions. "Are you sure," she asked, after a little silence, "that you do not want to hurt him?"

"Why should I?" asked Hutchinson. "No, what I want to do is to make money out of him. He will not be able to deny me anything when I restore him his wife and child."

That sounded possible. Veronica smiled, and let herself be happy in the thought that what she had so longed for and worked for for years was about to come to pass.

"My darling, my darling!" she murmured. Hutchinson looked at her curiously.

"You seem fond of him," he said. She gave a glance of contempt at the way he expressed himself. She caught the child up in her arms.

before he began his work of destruction; now he had to make sure of Veronica. He would have infinitely preferred a woman who would have blustered, and have sworn that she would have her rights; but Veronica was the sort of woman who would shrink away and be lost to the world rather than hurt the man she loved. He had shrewdness enough to see that the girl would say that it was the only way to act, and that she would sacrifice both the child and herself; therefore it was imperatively necessary that she should know nothing of Alan's marriage, of his love for another woman. That must come to her as a surprise. She must be led to expect that Alan was longing for her, and would be overjoyed to see her again; then would be his, Hutchinson's, opportunity. He knew men so well that he fancied they must be all alike. Alan would not give up Joyce—he felt sure of that; then he must be made to pay for his silence. He must feel that he, Hutchinson, could hold the sword over his head, that he could let it fall at any moment. He had rubbed his hands at the publicity of the marriage. Alan Mackenzie would never give up his beautiful wife. Veronica would have to be paid off. Joyce would not be Alan's lawful wife. It was going to be a life of misery for the young man, and at the end there would be Hutchinson's dagger for his heart. But the whole thing needed careful handling, and Hutchinson felt that he was the man undoubtedly who could handle it carefully. Even if at the end Veronica refused, as was possible, to come forward and make Alan unhappy, nevertheless he would have to pay for his silence.

"He lives in a nice little house in the country," Hutchinson said at last. "I will give you the address. You had better go by train. Have you any money?"

"Yes," said Veronica. "I was paid for my lessons yesterday. I must write to her when I have seen Alan again. He may not wish me to go on giving lessons." But all the time she spoke her face was transfigured. The feeling that soon her weary time of probation would be over was strong within her. She looked with pride at the beautiful boy, whom she still held in her arms. "Will not his father be proud of him?" she asked, longing for a little human sympathy. "He is handsome, is he not?"

"Oh, yes, he's a good-looking child, although I am no judge," said the man. In his head he was revolving plans. "I would not go straight up to the house if I were you," he said. "The servants might not understand it. You wait for him at the lodge gates."

"Very well," said Veronica, docile as always. She could not guess that Hutchinson's one fear was lest she should meet Joyce and so spoil his whole plan. He had looked into Joyce's face as she was walking with Alan one day, and he could see innocence and purity written upon it. Joyce was not the woman to consent to the paying off of the first wife.

And so it was decided that Veronica should go down to Summerhayes and await the coming of Alan. It was a lovely day in early July, when she went down, with that precious possession, her boy, hugged close to her heart. The sun was shining and the sky blue, the corn was waving in the fields; and it was under the shade of a leafy tree that Veronica awaited the coming of the man she loved. Hutchinson had discovered what train he usually came by. It was so important that Veronica should see him alone!

And sat there quietly straining her ears for the sound of his footsteps. It took her back to her girlish days at La Paz, when she had often watched for him as she was doing now. Truly there had been no years of separation from him, and no boy beside her. As the time drew nearer the strain grew almost too intense. She put her hand over her heart so as to stop its wild beating, and the rich color that generally flooded her cheeks left her, and she was pale. And suddenly she heard footsteps in the field that was before her—many footsteps, which she had not heard for four years, but which she knew at once. Then a figure vaulted over the stile and Alan stood before her.

She tottered to her feet, holding out the child. He looked at her wildly and gave a great cry, as if body and soul were being rent asunder. "Veronica! O God! O God!"

He fell backwards against the stile, covering his face with his hands, as if to shut out the sight of a great horror. She stood trembling before him, pushing her child in front of her, as if she wanted to obliterate herself and to obliterate the child; but he stood there, shaking and shivering, moaning at intervals. "Veronica! O God! O God!"

It was she who spoke first; he could not find words, or anything but the piteous moan, and her voice was touching in exquisite joy. "Yes, Alan, it is I, saved from the sea, my dearest. And here—here is our child. Are you not pleased? Tell me you are pleased, for I have longed so to see your dear face again! I have longed so to hear your voice I cannot believe it has come at last!"

She came quite near to him, advancing as she spoke. It seemed as if she were longing for him to uncover his face, to take her into his arms.

"Alan," she cried, "oh, my darling, are you not glad to see me?" There was still no doubt in her mind. She thought that the joy of seeing her had been too great, and that he was trying to recover from the shock. She had no doubt, poor soul, at all. He loved her, therefore her coming to him must be inexpressible joy.

Then Alan uncovered his haggard face. "Glad? No! It has ruined my life!" he cried brutally. But for the moment he could think of nothing but Joyce—his Joyce, with whom life had begun so joyfully, and whose heart he must now break, as his own had been broken. "I wish I were dead!" he said, with a sob.

"Alan!" The anguish in her voice matched his. "Is that what you have to say to me, your wife, the mother of your child, who has undergone all hardships, and who has just lived on because you were in the world? Oh, Alan, if you do not want me, I had better go."

She turned, walking unsteadily, holding her child's hand tightly. And then a great temptation assailed Alan Mackenzie. The temptation to let her go, to let her be lost to him, to say nothing to Joyce; but to go on as if the day's work had never been. And then he saw in a flash what his life would be. How every moment of happiness with Joyce would have its corresponding moment of bitterness when he was alone; how he must live a double life, always on the brink of detection. Not worse, perhaps, than the life parted from Joyce; but then he would be an honest man, and not a traitor. He put his temptation away from him, thanking God that he could do so, knowing that Joyce would not love a man who was dishonorable. So before Veronica had staggered a dozen steps away he called to her hoarsely to come back. She turned at once, obedient as always, and for a moment he hated himself for his brutality to so gentle a woman. Her tears were falling down the beautiful face. She looked up at him with the old look of faithful love, still pushing the child towards him.

"Yes," she said, questioning him, "what is it, Alan?"

"I am married," he said, crudely and hoarsely, thinking it best to tell her at once. "I thought you were dead. I heard nothing from you since I left you; it is four years ago. They told me all on board were drowned, and I could hear nothing of you. What wonder then I thought you were dead? And so I married, Veronica—I am married now!"

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(To be continued.)

BAPTISMAL VAGARIES.

Names from South Africa Are Given to Unfortunate Youngsters.

One of the results of the war in South Africa is an outbreak of curious names. Luckless infants born at or about the time of great events are being christened after the events themselves, as well as after the more prominent individuals concerned. Redvers Buller Thompson was used a few days ago, and Dundee, Glencoe and Elanslanghe have all been given. At the Cape, among the many curiosities are Talana Elmda Smith, Belmontina Grasspana Modderivoo Brown and Penn Symons White Robinson. A Boer named Troskie, residing in the Craddock district in Cape Colony, had his son baptized Immanuel Kruger Steyn Triomphus. The man appears to have taken South Wales in a very acute form. A few days ago Molder River Jones, John Redvers Joseph, Harold Baden Mafeking Powell, and Ezekiel Methuen Macdonald Badesa Powell Williams were the names given to helpless infants by patriotic parents in Neath. At Pontypridd there are poor babes called Richard Colenso Scott, Oliver Colenso Williams, Kimberley Clifford, Charles Redvers James, and Baden-Powell Williams; and at Mountain Ash, Victor Colenso Warren, Warren Sandford, Macdonald Claremont, Methuen Phillips, John Stanley Methuen Williams, and Baden-Powell Price. Mr. Shandy, father of the famous Tristram, it will be remembered, believed there was something fateful in a name. The world seems to have been blessed with a sufficient number of individuals of optimistic similar to this, else how can one account for such names as Peter the Great Wright and William the Conqueror Wright (twins), King David Hayden, John Bunyan Parsonage, King George Westgate, Martin Luther Upright, General George Washington Jones, Lord Nelson Putman, Empress Eugenie Aldridge, and John Robinson Crusoe Heaton? The parents, no doubt, had a pious hope that the children so named would grow to be worthy of the great persons whose names had been appropriated. The hope has not been realized, for none of these individuals seem ever to have set the Thames on fire. And perhaps it is rather well for humanity that there are no second editions of these "kings of men." But even quiet times have their remarkable names. Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hug Erchenwys Saxon Esq Cromwell Nevill Dygart Plantagenet is still living in Wales—perhaps because he never attempts to use all his own name.—London Leader.

Barton county is one of the principal wheat growing sections in Kansas. Its crop will probably reach 5,000,000 bushels, and it has a population of only 13,000.

FACTS COMING OUT

Chinese Government Painted in Black Colors.

PROMPTED ATTACK ON THE LEGATIONS

Boxers Praised in Imperial Edict for Slaughter of Christians—Direct News Received from a London Times Peking Correspondent.

A London, August 2 dispatch says: At last the story of Peking has been told. Dr. Morrison, in today's Times, holds up the Chinese government before the world as guilty, and to a degree of infamy and duplicity that exceeds the surmise of its worst detractors. In the same dispatch he gives a more hopeful view of the prospects of the besieged than has been expressed by any of the others who have been heard from.

Simultaneously there comes from the Belgian charge d'affaires at Peking an official statement that the allies are expected to reach Peking in about a week, they being eighteen miles from Tien Tsin. Another letter has been received at Tien Tsin from the British minister, Sir Claude McDonald, dated July 24.

"We are surrounded by imperial troops," he writes, "who are firing on us continuously. The enemy is enterprising but cowardly. We have provisions for about a fortnight and are eating our ponies."

"The Chinese government, if there be one, has done nothing whatever to help us. If the Chinese do not press the attack we can hold out for, say, ten days. No time should be lost, if a terrible massacre is to be avoided."

Dr. Morrison says there has been a cessation of hostilities at Peking since July 18, and that the main bodies of the imperial troops have left Peking to meet the relief forces; that supplies are beginning to come in and conditions are improving.

PLEADS WITH POWERS.

Chinese Government Seeks Pardon for Its Past Offenses

A Washington, Aug. 2 dispatch says: The Chinese imperial government is putting forth the most powerful efforts to secure through negotiation the abandonment of the international movement upon Peking. The cablegrams received at the state department today from Earl Li Hung Chang all tend to demonstrate his desire to succeed the ministers at Peking and their delivery at Tien Tsin if this can be safely effected, trusting in turn the international forces will be halted.

Unquestionably a proper assurance of the safe delivery of the ministers would have some effect upon the temper of the powers, and it is possible that the United States government would give ear to overtures in that direction were not the attempt made by the Chinese to impose conditions upon the delivery that are altogether seriously objectionable. Such, for instance, is a stipulation that the Chinese imperial authorities shall be absolved in advance from the consequences of the attempt and for liability of what has taken place in Peking. The first stipulation might be regarded as a direct invitation to the "boxers" to murder the ministers on their way to the coast, and therefore our government will leave it to Mr. Conger himself whether or not he regards it as safe to leave Peking when the opportunity is held out.

There has been no change as to the military program of this government.

Small Grain a Poor Crop.

The crop report is not very encouraging here, especially the small grain, says a dispatch from Bertrand, Neb. Spring wheat is a failure and fall wheat is threshing out an average of about ten bushels to the acre. Oats is thin, rye making the best yield, about ten to fifteen bushels. Corn looks well, it being helped out by the late rains, but will have to have a good rain inside of a week to make anything. Early corn is gone, but late corn stands a chance to make a fair crop.

Boy Plays with Cartridges.

Clarence Staats, the nine-year-old son of George K. Staats, at Plattsmouth, was playing with some revolver cartridges, pounding them with bricks, when suddenly one of them exploded, and the bullet entered the fleshy part of the boy's leg. The wound was a very painful one, but the physician after dressing it anticipated no serious results. Master Clarence now considers himself fortunate in getting off so easily, and will in future give loaded cartridges a wide berth.

Found Dead.

A. Dudgeon, an old Omaha resident, was found dead in the band stand at old Fort Omaha. Near him was a box which had contained opium and a bottle labeled cocaine. He was known to be a slave to both drugs and was almost blind and demented as a result of their use. He left a note bequeathing his body to the dissecting table of a medical college. He died penniless.

Creamery at Champion.

The farmers in the vicinity of Champion, Neb., together with the business men of the town, have organized a creamery company, the purpose of which is to build and operate an independent creamery plant there. All the stock necessary was subscribed and contract made with an Omaha firm for the necessary machinery, which they expect to have in position and ready for business inside of thirty days. This is the fourth creamery in Chase county.

MINISTRY ISSUE MANIFESTO

Predicts Unshaking Loyalty to Humbert's Successor.

In the absence of the new Italian king the ministry has issued in his name a manifesto to the nation as follows:

"King Victor Emmanuel III, in ascending to the throne, has to perform the painful duty of announcing to the country the awful calamity which has violently cut short the valuable life of King Humbert.

"The nation, wounded in its sincere affection for the august dead and in a sincere feeling of devotion and adhesion to the dynasty, while execrating the cruel crime, will be plunged into profound grief for the venerated memory of a good, brave and magnanimous king, the pride of the people and the worthy perpetrator of the traditions of the house of Savoy, by rallying with unshakable loyalty around his august successor. Italians will prove by their deeds that their institutions do not die."

TWO MEN KILLED BY TRAIN

Blockade on the Track Makes Escape Impossible.

A special dispatch from Sioux City, dated August 1, says: Garret Osborne, assessor of Homer, and William Sleyer, a half breed Indian from the Winnebago reservation, were killed instantly near Dakota City by an Omaha fast freight. The two were returning from Sioux City, where they had attended a circus. They were in a wagon, which was one of a string of 300 wagons, and were on the railway track when they heard a warning whistle near at hand. Because of the wagons in front and behind them they could not get out of the way quickly enough and were tossed a hundred feet in the air, dying instantly. An inquest will be held to determine the responsibility.

Iron Company Bankrupt.

The Continental Iron company, operating mills at Niles, O., and Wheatland, Pa., has filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy. The action was precipitated by a suit for \$235,000 and interest amounting to \$18,000, instituted by Rogers, Brown & Co., the Tennessee Iron and Railway company and the Virginia Iron company. The cause is said to be the shrinkage in iron values.

Flight of Rebel Leader.

The Colombian consul general at London informs the Associated press that he has received a cablegram announcing that Uribo has been precipitately abandoned by Oreana, who is being pursued by 7,000 troops. The situation in Panama and on the coast, the cable message says, is satisfactory.

Try to Kill Another King.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Chronicle, writing Aug. 2, says: "A rumor has reached here from Belgrade that an attempt was made to assassinate King Alexander while he was driving through the town. It is said he was shot at, but was uninjured. The rumor is unconfirmed."

Cutting Down the Deficit.

The July comparative statement of the government receipts and expenses shows that during the month the receipts amounted to \$49,955,160, and the expenditures, \$53,979,653, which leaves a deficit for the month of \$4,024,493. One year ago the deficit was \$8,506,832.

Transport Warren Arrives.

The United States transport Warren, from Manila, via Nagasaki, arrived at San Francisco. She brings a number of discharged men and several cabin passengers.

Call for War Veterans.

An official call has been issued for the annual reunion and encampment of the Spanish-American war veterans in Chattanooga October 8 to 12, inclusive.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Anarchists at Patterson, N. J., held a meeting and endorsed the killing of King Humbert.

An unknown vandal wrenched the head from the queen's statue in Elsewick Park, Newcastle, London.

Frank Pettigrew, son of Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota, has joined Commandant General Botba's staff.

A landslide has damaged the big reservoir at Monument, Col., and Colorado City is threatened with a flood should the reservoir give way.

Princess Cantacuzene of St. Petersburg, Russia, gave birth to a daughter July 27. The princess is a daughter of Brigadier General Fred D. Grant, U. S. A.

Colonel Henry C. Cochrane, commander of the marine barracks at Boston, has been ordered to China to take command of the marine forces in that country.

After a courtship extending over twenty years, during the last twelve of which they have exchanged letters regularly, three times a week, Carrie M. Anderson of Fort Atkinson, Wis., and John H. Cummings of Janesville, Wis., have been married, but without having seen each other, for they are both blind.

The Illinois state board of education elected by unanimous vote Professor David Feinley, who is at present professor of mathematics of the state normal university at Normal, Ill., president of the same, vice Professor Oliver Tompkins, resigned, to take charge of the Cook county normal.

The city council of Peoria, Ill., has taken cognizance of the efforts of the gas trust to put up the price of their products. An ordinance was presented fixing a maximum price of 75 cents a thousand cubic feet, but it was allowed to go over until Mayor Lynch returns. An interesting fight is expected.