

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Appropos of Frank Moulton's suit for divorce, the interesting question arises: "Isn't desertion of a comic opera comedian justifiable?"

Minister Wu is not accredited to the United States government as a philosopher, but, uncommissioned, he fulfills the office of a sage. China and Concord are nearer each other than they were.

The latest convenience in the New York apartment is a private safe, built into the wall, and so arranged that only the tenant is acquainted with the combination. This makes it possible for the flat dweller possessing valuable silver, jewels, and papers to keep them in his apartment instead of in the vaults of the safe deposit of the bank.

The chemist, who, it is said, first manufactured sugar-coated pills, died in Philadelphia the other day, and his principal achievement is now respectfully commended to the attention of debating societies. It is rather a large question, when one looks at all sides of it, whether the man who made it easier for people to take pills was or was not a public benefactor.

Government trials of plans for the destruction of mosquito pests have led to the recommendation of certain measures which have proved most efficient. They are the draining, wherever possible, of marshes and pools of stagnant water; the spreading of kerosene on all such bodies of water as cannot be drained, and the introduction of sticklebacks, minnows and other small fish.

In a modest little gray house near Tunbridge Wells, England, lives Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins." Her work is done in the sunny bay window of a cosy den. The room is handsomely and tastefully furnished with easy window seats, bookcases, rugs, and fine paintings. On her mahogany desk stands an engraving of Dudley Hardy's picture of the destitute poor of London; this, she may never forget the suffering in the world.

The London Saturday Review is taking comfort in the belief that war is bound to come between the United States and Germany over the Monroe Doctrine. It thinks that our unreasonable conduct in refusing either to steal South America ourselves or to allow anybody else to steal it would justify Europe in suppressing us as a common nuisance. And, really, when you look at it from that point of view, our course must seem incomprehensible and exasperating.

An interesting discussion has been begun as to the loss of heat which results from taking a cold bath. An elaborate series of tests undertaken in London showed that a very decided rise of temperature occurred in the water of the bath, but that the temperature did not continue to rise. The average time of experimentation was, say, two minutes. In one trial the experimenter found that his body heated the water from 50 degrees Fahrenheit to 56 degrees in two minutes. The average result of the observations is that one gallon of water would be heated through 9.6 degrees in one minute, and that this corresponds to no less than two and a half horse power. The observers determined that the normally healthy man gives off to the surrounding air heat equivalent to the raising of eight pounds of water 1 degree per minute.

It would be difficult to name any achievement of medical science which contains more of the picturesque or appeals more powerfully to the imagination than the discovery that two of the commonest species of mosquitoes are responsible, the one for the spread of malaria, the other for the dissemination of yellow fever. Here are two members of a family long known to be somewhat troublesome and disagreeable, but usually regarded as nothing more than a common nuisance, unworthy of any very serious attention. Meantime, however, mysterious and terrible crimes occur. Here a man is bound and tortured, there a whole family is murdered, an entire community wiped out; and the assassins always succeed in concealing their identity and making good their escape. But the patient detectives at work on the case pick up one clue here and another there, until at last the eyes of the community are opened, and it sees that the two insignificant and despised creatures who have been coming and going almost unnoticed are in reality the great criminals for whom the whole world has been searching. When such a case is made out against human offenders, justice is prompt. Sanitary science is proceeding with equal energy against the two guilty members of the mosquito family.

The silk industry "expands" to fit the nation. In his annual report to the Silk Association of America, the secretary points out that more than five times as much capital is invested as in 1870, and there are more than five times as many operatives in our mills. We import almost six times as much raw silk as we did then, but our imports of manufactured silk have fallen from nearly a dollar per capita in 1870 to about forty cents per capita in 1900. The fact that we import less is creditable to our common sense.

CONDITION BETTER

Death Angel Hovers, But the Patient Finally Rallies.

WAS DANGEROUSLY NEAR THE END

Hope Was at One Time All But Abandoned—Powerful Restoratives Applied at Critical Moment With Good Effect—President Constant in His Vigil.

At 8:44 o'clock Thursday night Secretary Cortelyou gave out the following: "Physicians in attendance on Mrs. McKinley report her condition as decidedly improved since morning; pulse and temperature satisfactory, and patient resting well."

At 10 o'clock Dr. Hirschfelder left the Scott residence and went home for the night. He said that he felt that Mrs. McKinley was decidedly improved. Mr. Scott said he felt much pleased over her condition. Secretary Cortelyou announced that no further bulletins would be given out unless some unexpected developments should take place.

Mrs. McKinley is in the valley of the shadow of death and may pass away at any moment. Thursday morning shortly before dawn she sank rapidly and it was feared she would die before restoratives could be administered. But she responded to the powerful heart stimulants which were given her, and during the day improved to such an extent that hope of her recovery, though slight was revived. But her life hangs by a thread. She has taken no solid food since she reached San Francisco, and the physicians do not believe she could survive another sinking spell such as she experienced.

The president is constantly at her bedside, and although worn by his long vigil, is standing the awful strain with remarkable fortitude. Every banquet and public function planned in his honor here has been abandoned and the city, with heavy heart, is watching Mrs. McKinley's battle for life. If the end should come the president and his party will be ready to start back with the remains within twenty-four hours.

If Mrs. McKinley improves it is not believed that she will be able to travel before a week from the coming Monday. All the members of the cabinet, with the possible exception of Secretary Long, will remain to the end. The latter's daughter is very ill at Colorado Springs and he is very apprehensive that he may be called there at any time.

DEATH IN ALBANY RIOT

Innocent Men are Victims—Shot Down by Soldiers.

Three men fatally wounded, hundreds of others with broken heads and cut faces, cars running merely as arsenals, with no patrons, the city under martial law, with its citizens in a frenzy of excitement and the city authorities and leaders of the strikers trying to get the railway company to come to an amicable settlement, was the situation in Albany, N. Y., when darkness put an end to the strife Thursday. William Walsh and Leroy Smith, merchants, were fatally shot by guardsmen, and William Marshall, a non-union motorman, had his skull fractured.

Walsh and Smith were innocent bystanders.

Others most seriously injured are: George Booz, citizen, cheek cut open by bayonet; William Rooney, citizen, shot by national guard; Gilbert Hall, non-union motorman, shot by mob.

May Close the Shops.

A Springfield dispatch says: Representatives of the striking Wabash machinists left for St. Louis to present their case to General Manager Ramsey of that road. They are expected back soon. Blacksmiths and boiler-makers are still at work in shops here and are not likely to go out in sympathy with the strikers, but the shops will have to close if the strike of machinists continues long, as there would be no employes to use work done by them.

Honors For Bourke Cochran.

W. Bourke Cochran received a distinguished honor at the hands of the Roman Catholic church of New York. Archbishop Corrigan, surrounded by other dignitaries and with befitting ceremonies, conferred upon him the laetare medal of the Notre Dame university. Mr. Cochran is the eighteenth Catholic on whom the laetare medal has been conferred.

Chinch Bugs Doing Damage.

At Trenton, Neb., reports are coming in from parts of the county that chinch bugs are doing great damage to wheat and rye. In some places they are reported to be so thick that they can be scooped up. The weather is quite cool, and it is thought that a good cool rain will put an end to them.

Add to the Stock Yards.

The railroad company has just finished extensively repairing and rebuilding its stock yards at Long Pine, Neb. All the stock raising from points outside the state must be unloaded and fed at Long Pine and a big run is anticipated this year. The improvements have cost the company over \$1,000.

Hod-Carriers Win Strike.

The hod-carriers won their strike at St. Joseph, Mo., and gained an advance 2 1/2 cents an hour. All the hod-carriers in the city were involved.

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED.

Rev. Edward S. Phillips Meets Unlikely End in New York.

A New York dispatch says: The body of a man found late Friday night in a house on Ninth avenue has been identified as that of Rev. Edward S. Phillips of St. Gabriel's church, Hazleton, Pa., who recently had a conference with J. Pierpont Morgan in reference to the threatened strike in the iron and coal regions of Pennsylvania.

The coroner says that the identification can hardly be questioned, as papers found on the body seem to prove it. The police are working on what may prove to be a murder.

Kirk Stanley, a massage operator, in whose rooms the body was found, is under arrest as a suspicious person.

Decomposition had advanced so far when the body was discovered that a cursory examination was not sufficient to reveal the cause of death and an autopsy will be held.

Stanley has been subjected to a rigid examination and is said to have told conflicting stories. Mrs. Bernius, from whom Stanley leased four rooms, in one of which the body was found, says her tenant claims to be from San Francisco and called himself "Dr. Stanley." He was accompanied by a young woman whom he introduced as his wife.

The body was discovered by Mrs. Bernius' daughter, who went into Stanley's apartments to remove some bedding which was hanging out of the window. The police were immediately notified and a search of the body disclosed a number of papers. Among them was a letter from John Mitchell, president of the united mine workers, and addressed to Rev. Dr. Edward S. Phillips, Hazleton, Pa. There were also several telegrams from Mitchell, addressed to the priest, a half-fare railway coupon such as is issued to clergymen and several receipts made out in Dr. Phillips' name.

The police are searching for a woman who was known as Stanley's wife. They say this woman left the house in Ninth avenue on May 9 and has not returned. Father Phillips disappeared on May 8.

LIGHT IN DEEP GLOOM.

Day of Marked Improvement for Mrs. McKinley.

A dispatch from San Francisco, Saturday morning at 12:15 says: As the night wore on Mrs. McKinley became restless and the early morning hours are looked forward to with more apprehension. She did not take nourishment freely, as she had done early in the day. Powerful stimulants have been administered during the afternoon and evening. The bone felon on her hand has spread and has discharged from another place. The new wound has been lanced.

DEATH OF MRS. LYMAN GAGE

Wife of Secretary Succumbs After Long Illness.

Mrs. Lyman J. Gage, wife of secretary of the treasury, died at her residence in Washington Friday night, after an illness of nine weeks' duration. With her when the end came was her husband, her married daughter, Mrs. E. F. Pierce of Evanston, Ill., and Dr. W. W. Johnson, the attending physician.

EMBEZZLES A LARGE SUM

Manager of a Philadelphia Beef House Confesses.

George B. Whitney, former manager of Philadelphia for the Morris Beef company of Chicago, has been arrested, charged with embezzlement. Auditor Daugherty of the Chicago office, has examined the books and says a shortage of \$10,000 has been discovered. Whitney made a full confession and was sent to jail in default of \$4,000 bail.

Stock Broker Falls.

A Washington, May 17, dispatch says: The firm of Gurley & Johnson in this city has failed and notice of the suspension of business will be posted on its doors tomorrow. The open account make up a total of \$450,000. The liabilities are \$190,000. Neither member of the firm will make a settlement tonight. The failure is a result of the recent Wall street panic.

Changes His Birthday.

A London dispatch says: King Edward, who was born November 9, 1841, decided that his birthday shall be celebrated May 24, each year, thus perpetuating the holiday hitherto observed by all the public departments—Queen Victoria's birthday—and giving an impetus to the colonial department to observe the date as empire day.

Dies in the Plunge Bath.

H. E. Seaman, a traveling salesman of Omaha, died in the plunge bath at Hot Springs, S. D., the result of too long a bath. He was seemingly well when he went in the water, but in forty-five minutes became helpless and nothing could be done to relieve him. Heart failure was the cause of death.

Double Tragedy in Texas.

Major J. S. Penn, proprietor of the Daily Times, fatally wounded W. R. Pace at Laredo, Texas, vice president of the Texas real estate association and killed himself. He was undoubtedly laboring under a fit of recurring insanity.

Convicted of Murder.

Ira Steward was convicted at Chipewa Falls, Wis., of murdering Henry Miller, a farmer, last fall. Steward was sentenced to life imprisonment at Waupun.

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
"Mildred, what do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"The day after tomorrow you shall have the fifteen thousand pounds," she said; "and I—I am engaged to be married to Lord Lyndon."

Her mother arose, flushed and triumphant. Here indeed was a match worthy of her darling. All recollection of the relief to be gained through the promised money faded in comparison with this wonderful piece of news. At last Mildred had made her choice, and it was a most wise one.

"Oh, Mildred, is it true? How glad I am!" she began. "I think—"

But the girl put up her hands to her ears and recoiled from her touch.

"Not now—not now!" she exclaimed almost roughly.

How could she endure congratulations and good wishes about what seemed to her the cruellest event in all her life? How submit to questionings and kindly proings, when she felt her heart was breaking? Surely in such a case congratulations were a mockery.

She left them, and hurrying to her own room, strove hard to quiet the storm that raged within her; while they, remaining behind, asked each other in whispers how it had all happened, and half feared to believe the welcome news was true.

But Lady Caroline's heart smote her when she remembered the look in Mildred's eyes when they had met hers—the great unhappy light that had shone in them, revealing so much that she would gladly have kept untold.

But the mother's eyes had seen it, and so she followed Mildred to her room, only to find the poor child pacing up and down with restless, feverish hands and face grown old with passionate care. She stopped as her mother entered, sighing heavily. Lady Caroline stretched out her hands.

"Mildred, tell me what it is," she entreated, wistfully, with sorrowful, longing sympathy in her tone. "Am I not your mother?"

And Mildred cried, "Oh, mother!" and, falling on her knees, with arms round the mother's waist, and eyes hidden, sobbed a little of her grief away.

All in vain. The next morning brought a letter from Lady Eggleton's solicitor, containing the news of her ladyship's sudden death, and stating that, on her will being opened, it was discovered that she had bequeathed to her "beautiful and well-beloved grand-niece, Mildred Trevanion," the sum of thirty-five thousand pounds.

CHAPTER XIV.

Christmas was at hand, and with it came Denzil Younge.

"I hear you are to be congratulated," he said to Mildred, whom he met in the grounds immediately upon his arrival—"is it true?"

"Yes, it is quite true," answered Miss Trevanion, steadily, disdaining to put off the evil hour by equivocation or pretended ignorance.

"Then you are going to marry him after all?" said Denzil.

"I am engaged to be married to Lord Lyndon," returned Miss Trevanion.

Then, very abruptly, Denzil asked: "Are you happy?"

"Of course, I am happy," she answered, with a faint accession of color—"why do you ask me such a strange question? Do I look unhappy?"

"I think you do," he said, gently; "your face seems changed to me; it does not wear its old expression; and just now, as I was passing by the village church, I glanced in for a moment"—she raised her eyes anxiously—"and saw you. You were kneeling at the altar rails, and, as I watched—forgive me, it was but for an instant—I thought I heard—Mildred, were you crying?"

"And so," observed Mildred pettishly, giving no heed to his question, "because one happens to feel a little fretted about some trifling matter, and cries a few silly tears, one is to be considered in the lowest depths of despair? It is absurd. I will not listen to such folly: Lord Lyndon, I am sure, would not wish me to do so, and—"

"And as he is everything to you now, while I and all the rest of the world count nothing," interrupted Denzil, bitterly—"is that so? Do you expect me to believe that? Because, if you do, I tell you plainly, that I do not believe it, and never shall. He is un-suited to you in every way, having not an idea in common with you. Oh, Mildred"—passionately—"why have you done this thing? Why have you sacrificed your whole long, sweet life so miserably? Was there some great reason for it of which I have never heard? Could you not have waited? My love, my darling, is there nothing I can do for you?"

"There is nothing I would have done," she answered, half angrily. "Why will you persist in thinking I have done something worthy of repentance? I am happy. Do you hear me?—perfectly happy. I have accepted my position willingly and of my own free choice, and I do not wish it altered or undone in any single way. I have quite made up my mind; and although you once told me you considered me unworthy to be the wife of any honest man, still I am vain enough to believe that at all events I can make this most honest man fairly contented."

"I was mad when I said that," rejoined Denzil, slowly. "Many a time since have I recollected my words and felt how brutal they must have sounded. But surely you will forgive me now—at this moment when I am learning for the first time how miserable and bare and cold a place this world is. Let me bid good-by to all my hope with the certainty that at least you bear me no ill-will."

He held out his hand as he spoke and took hers. Mildred's voice failed her, but she managed to whisper faintly:

"Give me your forgiveness also."

"If you think it necessary," he said, "you have it; but I can remember no wrong you ever did me."

They were standing with hands clasped and eyes reading each other's hearts. Denzil drew his breath quickly.

"Good-by," he murmured, despairingly, and, turning away, abruptly, passed rapidly out of her sight.

When all the people at King's Abbott met to dine Denzil was among them, and very welcome he found himself. Charlie alone of all the family was absent; but even he had written word to say he would be with them for a day or two in the course of the following week.

"We ought to get up a party and go to the lake tomorrow," suggested Eddie, during a pause in the conversation. Lyndon, who was also dining with them, and who generally agreed with everybody, said he thought it was a "capital plan," and appealed to Miss Trevanion, who sat beside him. She thought she had lost her skates or misplaced them, or something; but Frances Sylverton overruled all such objections by declaring that she had several pairs to lend, and that a day on the ice would be delicious.

"But perhaps it will be hardly safe enough this week," she added, somewhat anxiously. "Shall we wait until Tuesday next?"

"Charlie said he would be down on Monday night," put in Eddie, innocently, apropos of nothing, and without lifting his eyes from the cream on which he was seemingly intent; whereupon Miss Sylverton blushed furiously, and declined any further investigation of the subject.

Finally, however—chiefly through the instrumentality of Mildred—the expedition was arranged to take place on the Tuesday following, so that Frances, in her inmost heart, was satisfied.

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In process of time the day arrived—as also did Charlie the night before, very much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned in the excursion—and, after a considerable amount of harmless and utterly unavoidable squabbling, the party—which had become rather a large one, in consequence of numerous invitations issued later on—divided into twos and threes, as circumstances or inclinations dictated—Lady Caroline, Mrs. Deverill, and one other married lady occupying the first open carriage; while Charlie, Miss Sylverton, Jane Deverill, and Captain Harvey took possession of the second.

Mabel, seeing Denzil looking slightly dejected, with her usual sweetness had entreated him in the prettiest manner to drive her in the dog cart; and Eddie, who, at this period was hopelessly and finally in love—for about the fifteenth time—with an extremely pretty, but decidedly idiotic little girl, staying with the Deverills, had managed to vanish in some mysterious way, in company with others, similarly heart-broken; while Mildred, whom nobody seemed to want, and with whom none of the opposite sex in these days attempted to interfere, fell to Lord Lyndon's lot.

When fairly started the skaters made as picturesque a group as any eye could wish to rest on, the girls, in their soft, luxurious furs and brilliant satin petticoats, striking out oddly on the glassy surface of the lake. Frances and Mildred were accomplished skaters, Mabel was not quite so good; still the latter could hold her own and certainly beside the Deverill girls—who were generally clumsy—looked everything that could be desired.

"You will help me, Mr. Younge," she had whispered to Denzil, as he assisted her down from the dog-cart.

So when he had fastened her skates and pronounced her "fit," she started bravely enough on the slippery promenade. At one end there rose a post marked "Dangerous," of which as usual those whom it should have warned remained profoundly ignorant. Denzil alone had observed it; others, if they observed, attached little importance to it.

Miss Trevanion and Frances Sylverton, with merry, gay laughter that rang through the crisp air, were trying to outdo each other in grace and agility. Frances decidedly having the best of it, she being one of those girls who do anything they set their hearts on "better than anybody else."

As Denzil turned from watching them, he perceived Lord Lyndon, at a distance, leisurely, but surely, making for the forbidden spot; and, as he saw this, an almost savage desire to see this man, who had robbed him of his all, humiliated before the eyes of his betrothed, took possession of him.

A minute later, however, and—having deposited Mabel on the bank—he was skating hurriedly toward his unsuspecting lordship.

"Lyndon!" he shouted, when still some way from him, and shortly afterward laid his hand upon his arm.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Lyndon, trying to keep his balance, and succeeding with much difficulty. "What is the matter? You have nearly thrown me! Anything wrong, eh?"

"Don't you see where you are going?" cried Denzil, angrily and ungraciously, being considerably out of breath and temper. "Have you no eyes? Unless you want to be drowned, or, at all events, wet to the skin, you will get away from this place. Can't you see it marked 'Dangerous'?"

"Never saw it until this very moment, I give you my honor," said Lyndon, solemnly gazing at the warning as though lost in amazement at his own want of observation. "I should have gone straight on, and in another moment—I am awfully obliged to you, Younge—indeed, more grateful than I can tell you."

Mildred had been looking on, and, having witnessed the whole scene, had understood it thoroughly—had seen her future lord and master gliding to his doom, and had half started up to call out or warn him in some way of his danger, when Denzil's figure, flashing before her eyes, showed her that he, too, had recognized Lyndon's peril, and was on his way to tell him of it.

As Denzil returned from his mission and cast his eyes upon her, she appeared unconscious of everything but the dainty little pair of skates she was in the act of unfastening. He stopped.

"Can I help you?" he asked; and she answered promptly, without lifting her eyes:

"No, thank you. I am quite accustomed to do this sort of thing for myself"—whereupon she drew off the skates, in confirmation of her words, and Denzil went on to Mabel.

An hour crept by, and then Lady Caroline, feeling that she had suffered enough for her friends for that one day, declared her intention of returning without further delay, and forthwith departed, carrying with her Mabel, who was anxious to reach home before the post-hour arrived.

The eldest Miss Deverill was afflicted with nervousness, and, having been driven to the lake by "Sonny" Summerton—who was in a bad temper, and knew as much about driving as the "man in the moon"—had endured such agonies on the journey as determined her, whatever came of it, to drive back in different company. So, going up to her cousin, Lord Lyndon, who was an undoubted "whip," she entreated him as follows:

"Promise me," she said, "that you will drive me home."

"My dear Margaret," said Lyndon, "do not ask me to do that. You know I have Mildred under my care."

"My dear Henry," returned Miss Deverill, desperately, "you must drive me, or you will have my death to answer for. I will not trust myself again to that hare-brained boy, who sulks the entire way here, and knows nothing whatever of driving. Indeed, my nerves are at present in such a state that I can go home with nobody but you; besides, anybody can see that the horse is positively dangerous."

Lyndon glanced toward the animal in question, and saw that it was unquestionably skittish, displaying an evident desire to bolt, and seeming to take particular delight in taxing the patience of the small groom who stood on tiptoe to hold him, after which he looked once more at his cousin's dolorous countenance and relented.

"Well, somebody must take care of Mildred," he said, with hesitation, "and—where is Mildred?"

"She went toward the wood about half an hour ago—somebody ought to find her and say that we are on the move," responded Harvey, from beneath a horse, where he was hastily arranging a twisted strap.

"Eddie, go and find her," said his lordship, distractedly.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELERS' DOG BAGS.

Theatrical People Carry Pet Dogs from Place to Place.

A novel thing in travelers' equipment is the dog bag. It is produced by a trunk and bag maker who makes a specialty of things for theatrical people, and it is used chiefly by theatrical people for the convenient carrying of pet dogs from place to place in their constant traveling when on the road. The pets carried about the country by theatrical people, mainly women, include dogs of various kinds and sizes. It may be that the dog owners are on the road eight or ten months in a year and constantly moving as they are, some means of getting the dogs about easily is especially desirable. The dog bag is made in the form of what is called in the trade a cabin bag. It has a box-shaped body with vertical sides and ends and with the top sloping. Obviously the cabin bag was the most desirable for this use, because with its straight sides it afforded the most room inside, and so gave the greatest comfort to the dog. Made up as a dog bag one end of the bag is taken out entirely, and in place is set a wire screen. Sometimes both ends for greater ventilation are thus equipped. Over the grating is a leather curtain, which may be opened or closed.—Chicago Journal.

Studying Criminal Records.

H. B. Irving, second son of Sir Henry Irving, is busy on a unique work, in which he has analyzed the cynicism, refined cruelty and sheer brutality shown by such criminals as Lacenaire, Troppmann, Prado and Ravachol. Mr. Irving has selected those criminals whose individualities and misdeeds remove them from the category of ordinary malefactors. It may be interesting to know that long before Mr. Irving became an actor he was interested in the study of crime. His rooms at Oxford were piled high with criminal records.