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MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER XX.

EVEN THE FATES OBEY HIS NOD.

There is another factor in the game, however, which Sandy has not suspected. Knowing Mynheer Joe as he does he fails to sound the full depth of our strange man's powers. Although possessed of, he has also produced a traveler, and knows an entire well, business so he should we wish series, he will fade week.

There is a twinkle in his eyes. For Sandy thinks it touches on this, not to laughing nations upon the enemy at once. They may be a measure paralyze their attack.

Mynheer Joe knows what he is about. From his lips there suddenly issues a strange sound, unlike anything Sandy ever heard. It is an doubtedly a signal of some sort. His amazed eyes are fixed on Joe. He sees him make a peculiar pantomime gesture with his hand, the one which has not been accounted in arranging a Western.

This must mean something. Sandy knows it is not intended for him, and before he turns his attention upon the viewer to discover a solution of the mystery.

Which is the man and this out or not, the effect on their action is speedily manifest in the actions of the Thugs. He hears the exclamations of astonishment, see the looks of wild rapture which they exchange one to let. Instead of a forward rush to annihilate him and his friend, there is a shrinking back on the part of the thirteen.

What can this mean? Mynheer Joe continues to wave his hand in that strange manner and the thirteen recede before him step by step, but surely in every direction.

Sandy is forcibly reminded of a certain picture in the pantomime where the good spirit appears upon the scene and the evil workers retreat in dismay, endeavoring to shield their eyes from the dazzling light that nearly blinds them, for everything that is evil hates the light.

He is bewildered by what he sees, and yet, although the cause is a perfect blank, the effect is plainly evident even he who runs may read: These Thugs fear Mynheer Joe.

Sandy's admiration for the man takes an upward bound. He realizes that much as he has been known of the other, Joe possesses qualities which he has never even suspected as existing.

In less than half a minute after the traveler has uttered that strange sound the thirteen Thugs have backed out of sight. The coast is clear and gradually the people resume their interrupted trade relations the merchant calls attention to his stock, the customer takes it upon himself to buy.

As the people come thronging back upon the road of the laborers it can be noticed that they cast anxious glances around them. They seem to expect to look upon something lying hither or yon—something that is apt to fill their souls with horror, and yet which possesses a deep attraction.

Sandy notes these glances cast around, and being a bright-minded chap, intuitively guesses their meaning. They are looking for the victims of the Thugs, and upon failing to discover one or more bodies lying upon the road, with life rendered extinct through the agency of cord or cresse, cannot but feel the greatest amazement.

Then their looks turn upon the two Americans, as though they have guessed that these worthies are the ones against whom this uprising of the secret society took place. It must have been some mistake, after all. Philosophically they determine this, and return to their various pursuits, though glances full of wonder greet Mynheer Joe and his companion at every turn.

As for Sandy himself he follows the other about the street in a half stupefied way. It seems to him Joe can do anything. If the Hindoos were about to place their hook upon one of the funeral pyres that is the ghants borders the river, Sandy believes Joe is weird enough to change the fire in two and cause the religious destroyers to fall upon their knees in humble servitude. After this exhibition he will no doubt Joe's power to accomplish any wonder. So they pass along, and by devious ways among a new lot of heathen who, ignorant of the event that has so recently transpired, do not view things in that strange way. Sandy is overcome with deep curiosity. By nature he abhors mysteries, and is less as curious as any woman could ever be.

Finally, then, he puts the question to Joe, begging to know by what spirit of necromancy the other managed to dissolve the dark clouds that hung so threateningly over their heads.

"It's all as simple as falling off a log. The whole thing lies in knowing how to do it," he remarks, whereat Sandy adds:

"As good Columbus exhibits the egg to show—and I suppose you illustrate matters by your yellow, and show us how the other is done?"

"Perhaps you can make a signal and the rascals obey. You wonder what that could mean. Truth to tell, Sandy, I am a member of the very organization which our unscrupulous enemy, the baron, has subsidized in order to compass our downfall."

At this intelligence the newspaper man loses his head and looks silly. His ideas even become confused, and he wonders whether Joe is not giving him a little chaff. Up to the present he has believed himself too old a bird to be caught in this way, but such strange things have occurred of late that he stands ready to take almost anything as gospel truth.

"Oh, you're a full-blooded Thug, eh?" he manages to murmur.

"Not only that, but an officer in the organization. It was as such I gave the sign that threw these fellows into a fever."

"How do you come to belong to such a lovely crowd?" asks Sandy.

"Ah, my dear fellow, that is a story you shall hear some day! Really, it is worth telling, since it is founded upon strange incidents such as only a Haggard could use with credit. For the present let it suffice to say that this amateur order has more clean in them the general world knows. It is be organized for number, as you and other people believe, although the Thugs of India, like the Nihilists of Russia, do not hesitate to remove any one who runs against their walk.

"A series of strange circumstances threw me into the midst of them some years ago, and to preserve my life I was obliged to join the order. Attaining a high place of honor before the opportunity came to quit India's shores.

"I can now see very plainly why that same thing occurred to me, for you and I must have fallen victims to the fury of the mob only for my power."

"By the way, Joe, have you any more of those little bombs hidden away? If so, put them to good use, man. There's no telling when we may need them in this country. Bless my soul! I have a strange feeling all the while as though invisible danger was hanging over our heads. What can it mean?"

"When the baron comes to annoy us you will get over that, Sandy. The truth of the matter is you have fallen into the habit of feeling his presence near you. These men of evil seem to exhale a something that impresses it self upon those they hate, even as might the rattlesnake when charming a victim. Once the serpent is trampled under foot and all that uneasiness vanishes."

"You've changed your mind, then, and intend to make away with the baron?" says Sandy, quickly.

"Well, it becomes more evident every hour that it's a desperate case of Greek against Greek. Unless I demolish the baron he will down me."

"Eureka! That's my policy to a dot. The question is how it shall be done."

"That will come out all right, old man."

"I give myself no uneasiness with regard to it. Poor old Popoff! He'll carry out the name to a letter presently. But since he's shown himself to be such a consummate rascal, I no longer feel pity for him. Let him go. The king has commanded it; the decree must be entered," and Sandy makes a royal sweep with his arm that would cause many a monarch to turn green with envy could he see it.

Mynheer Joe looks beyond, and sees things that a wise providence screens from the eyes of impulsive fellows of Sandy's stripe. He knows that the life of the baron is exceedingly precious to the Russian authorities, and that they will make a searching investigation into matters in case he is downed; it may even be considered a casus belliens, and the two great countries be embroiled in a terrible conflict.

Thus Mynheer Joe, feeling the responsible nature of his position, resolves to go deliberate.

He desires to consult with some one who has a long head, and knows of no person more competent than Mr. Grimes. Sandy is all right, when it comes to action, but he does not make the best advisor in the world, as Joe has learned before now.

It is high time they turn their steps in the direction of the hotel, as the hour is getting late.

Through the crowds they pass without any fear of violence, since they hold the good will of the great secret society of India.

"Ah! There's the baron!" says Sandy. And Joe catches a glimpse of the Russian's face among the dark ones just beyond.

He sends surprise and baffled rage upon it, as though Popoff had already begun to understand that again his plans have been defeated by circumstances over which he has no control.

Mynheer Joe cannot help showing something of his feelings in his expression. The look is not a contemptuous one, for he has considerable respect in the direction of the shrewd baron. At the same time he despises a man who will descend to the methods practiced by this agent of the czar.

If Joe chooses he can meet him on a level, and employing the same methods, influence the secret order of Thugs against the Russian, for he has power behind the throne. This does not happen to be his way. If the baron will not enter into another duel with him he must employ some other honorable means for accomplishing his end.

They finally bring up at the hotel. The hour is not so late for those who make day out of night, but with travelers weary from a long sea journey and sightseeing all day it is an entirely different matter.

All have retired, and Joe is compelled to let the matter lie over to the morrow or else wake Mr. Grimes. This latter he would be tempted to do, as he believes the cross-purposes present attention only that he remains in the seaside silver king's capital of a headache as well as a bamboozle.

So he determines to let matters rest until the morrow. If all goes well they can then talk the affair with clear brains and decide upon the best course to pursue.

The day dawns upon the city of Bombay, and as is usual, all soon become hustle and confusion. As the hour grows nearer noon this outlandism will gradually die out and leave front of half-way its place, common to all warm climates.

Mynheer Joe is early on foot, and awaits the coming of his friend. When Mr. Grimes finally shows up he is greeted with a wink and a beckoning finger that draws him over to a retired spot, anxious to learn what new devilry is in the wind.

Rapidly Joe sketches the adventure of the preceding night. The lapse of time has not changed his mind with regard to duties, and he sees matters in just as strong a light as when the events occurred a hours before.

Mr. Grimes hears the story gravely. He makes a good listener, for he says nothing until the end is reached, but all the while he keeps up a thinking on all people to be the last to make a mountain out of a molehill, but there can be no discussing the fact that their situation is desperate when a man like the baron can set such diabolical machinery in motion against them.

He agrees with Mynheer Joe that the time has come to strike back. Perhaps his methods may differ from those of the traveler, for Mr. Grimes is a believer in the homœopathic adage, similia similibus curantur—like is cured by like. When in Rome he does as the Romans do, and adapts himself to circumstances. This has been one reason for his remarkable success. To a certain extent Mynheer Joe has followed the same plan, but he cannot go so far as his friend in these matters, drawing the line at a certain point.

Thus, in order to meet at a common level these two must both give way. It is advice Joe seeks, nothing more.

Mr. Grimes ponders over the matter. He does not often act from impulse, and shows the end of reflection at the beginning of a crisis, not when it has passed by, his policy being that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

Finally he turns around and lays his finger upon the arm of the traveler. The light in his eye proclaims that he has conceived an idea, and Joe feels satisfied something is coming which it will pay him well to lay hold of—something that may cause the baron to believe he has struck an avalanche.

"Mynheer Joe, we must be up and doing. This miserable Russian shall not say he has beaten three Yankees in a game. I know your principles and respect them, but the baron is an obstacle to our progress. He must be removed."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BARON IS BOOKED FOR VALPARAISO

"In the first place," remarks Mr. Grimes, in that steady voice of his that never deviates, no matter what the excitement around him, "we must have the secret co-operation of the Thugs in anything we undertake."

"There will be no trouble about that—I have already put a flea in their ear. They know who the baron is and what the nature of his mission to India may be. Naturally then they hate him naturally—it is to their interest to dispose of this spy who comes to foment trouble. The question is how are they to do it?"

"You can see some of them again, too?"

"Readily, sir."

"Then we must fight fire with fire. Since the baron has manned this storm of tempest, we'll give him all he wants. His Russian ways don't go with people from the States. I wish we had him out there. A noose and the limb of a tree would transport him to eternity, unless we thought it best to use a coat of tar and ornament it with feathers."

"That would be a pretty coating of the matter, sir, but unfortunately we are in a country where such enlightened arts are not known. Besides, the Government would be held responsible for such a public exhibition. It will be better for us to have him transported."

"Certainly," remarks Joe, although he does not yet grasp the idea that is slowly taking form in the other's brain.

"In order to accomplish that, you and I must confer our minds and arrange a plan by means of which the baron will step into a trap. We know his cunning, and when you is done will have to be sharp-witted."

"That is quite right, Mr. Grimes."

[To be Continued.]

FOREWOMAN'S BENEFIT

PRIVATE CLASSES IN COOKING.

How the Movement For Their Organization Originated.

"There are cooking schools in different parts of the city, and in Brooklyn there is a College of Cookery. Classes in culinary art are conducted by the Pratt Institute, the Educational Alliance and other philanthropies, yet there are the sufficient for instruction in the oldest of the household economies. As a result, there are now our number of teachers who hold positions covers the year through.

"Therefore," said one of them, "that it is a fad at College rather than a necessary. Women on the part of the same locality. It began two years ago with a few upholsterers from fashionable Fifth avenue, both single and married. They desired information in the use of the chafing dish and in the preparation of such dishes as lobster a la Newburg, stewed terrapin, chicken a la casserole and club sandwiches. The demand increased, as do the number of subjects upon which instruction was desired. This growth has been continuous. At the present time there are at least eighty teachers who find steady employment in this kind of work. Over fifty belong to one society alone. Our pupils vary greatly. Some are decidedly sensitive, and make themselves into classes of one. They do not wish any one to know that they are studying cookery, and in two cases I go to their homes the same as if I were a visitor and not a teacher. Why they are thus sensitive I cannot say. The common practice is for a small group of friends to form a class. This gives a social and personal element to the affair, which would otherwise be purely educational. A third class is of students poor and needy. About one-half are girls of means, who desire to their wise their knowledge and avoid embarrassments. Others are enterprising domestics, who know some cookery, but desire to become expert professionals. Students of this type make rapid progress, and when they have finished a course nearly command much higher wages than before. The instruction varies as much as the students. There is very little demand for tuition in bread making. This is due not to any particular unpopularity of home-made bread, but to the remarkable improvement in bakers' bread and the large development of French and Vienna bakeries."—New York Post.

Dress For Little Ones.

This is a time when the wants of little people will assert themselves, and we have to think of pinafores, and day frocks, and evening frocks. They often wear a very muslin over a silk waistskirt, and the muslin is mostly trifled at the hem. There is a yoke of lace and embroidery, or sometimes, when the parents are more artistic, the dress is of soft silk, the yoke embroidered in the barbaric style with colored silks and a few pearlettes. Challies printed with tiny dolls make very pretty little frocks, and indeed the muslins with minute flowers printed or painted on them are well suited to youth. For day wear blue serge, light and dark, is being embroidered in a somewhat curious fashion for children and made up into a pinafore shape, with neither seams nor waist lines; the trimming appears above the hem and is of a good depth; it is repeated on the hanging sleeves and on the revers, which cross the shoulders and border on the opening at the neck. It recalls something of a peasant's smock. Boys' clothes are being made in poplin and in pique; they take the form of short skirts and a sort of over pelisse, a yoke with a straight-pleated piece which descends to below the waist, and such little dresses are often richly embroidered. In both boys' and girls' garments we are borrowing some notion from the peasants of many countries; colored lacing to stitched bodices, under chemisettes, bright red stockings. For outdoor garments there is a suggestion of the kimono; indeed, everything Japanese would seem to find favor with children, and a good many of the little evening frocks are made of Japanese silk for girls of thirteen and fourteen, sturdy to cross in from with deep scalps. Simplified to piles are seen worn by children when they are lancered by grown-up people and large as are the hats for adults they are larger still for children.—New York American.

The Secret of Her Power.

There are many young girls who know they do not know how to talk to men. Generally this state of affairs is the result of their having been brought up almost exclusively among their own sex, and little come to regard men almost as creatures of another sphere. When this is the case it is not surprising that though they may find men interesting, they are somewhat at a loss to know what to talk to them about, and how to make themselves entertaining and agreeable.

Their difficulties would be lessened if they could believe that men are, after all, very near akin to themselves, and that they have very much the same feelings, sensitiveness and ideas. A failure to recognize this is apt to earn them a character for pride and unsociability among their male acquaintances; rarely, indeed, are they credited with the timidity of ignorance.

The girl who is acceptable with men is generally free from self-consciousness, and she talks to them much in the same way as she would to a girl friend. She is not perpetually thinking of what sort of impression she is making on him, but she is kind and helpful, is interested in him and his affairs, and lets him see it, but her interest is kept well within bounds, and she is neither inquisitive nor forward. When discussing anything with him she expresses her opinions freely, but also listens to his sympathetically, or if she cannot do that she at any rate gives them a courteous hearing, and avoids anything like talking him down.

No man was ever yet influenced for good by the self-assertive, dogmatic woman, and the girl who wishes to have men friends must remember that the secret both of her power and her popularity lies in her gentleness, sweetness and good temper. She must be bright and cheery, too, and ready with her smiles, but that is quite another thing, be it remembered, from the senseless, silly giggling that some girls seem to have a particularly low opinion of the opposite sex.—Ada Ward in Spare Moments.

Light Colored Taffeta Dresses.

Light colored taffetas are very much in in consideration for evening toilets. The other night at a fashionable reception a pink taffeta was seen. The bodice, pointed back and front, was almost covered with beautiful embroidery of heavy jet. The sleeves and bertha were entirely of lace insertions, which also went down the long plainly cut skirt. This skirt was very full at the hem, with a multiplicity of straplaps and tucks. The gown was delightfully becoming, as any idea of heaviness was subtraded by the profusion of beautiful lace.

With reference to dresses composed of cloth, cashmere and similar materials, the leading tailors of the hour are the most useful people to consult, for somehow all the very nicely tailored performances and the old idea of silk lining modes has entirely disappeared except on stylish gowns.

Hats Must Be Larger.

Perhaps hats are assuming immense proportions, which of course, goes to show how many milliners study a sense of proportion for sleeves are getting wide millions, and hats are of absorbed size, consequently, to look well hats must be the same.

The fur toque is much larger than of yore and trimmed with a great deal of tulle or chiffon. White and black as trimmed are very popular. Other furs are used for larger hats such as crowns and brims of ermine or sable, delightfully mixed with velvet and chiffon, and lace, of course, is often used.

For a Rainy Day.

An umbrella is a thing that every one, man, woman and child, must have. They are not supposed to possess much elaboration, as they are a necessity rather than an ornamental adjunct. But the woman of individuality expresses it in this detail of her toilet ensemble as well as in all others. There are distinct fashions in umbrellas, but there is always sufficient latitude for the display of personal taste. The preference now is for a tone similar to that of the gown, and in handles the tendency is towards simply chased silver and gold, or the natural wood.

The Big Round Collar.

Of every conceivable style and depth are the new cape collars which are seen on every imported gown. The modiste do not think a frock these days without the round collar which reaches well out on the shoulder and down on to the sleeves, sometimes even continuing the line by swelling out into flared proportions below the elbow.

Corset Clasps to Date.

The clasps of the up-to-date corset are studded with turquoise, garnets or rhinestones, according to whether the article itself is embroidered in forget-me-nots, roses or white lilies.

Mercerized lansook, a soft, silk finished cotton goods, is one of the season's materials for children's frocks.

Crepe de chene is more than ever popular, and there are fancy thread crepes to add a novelty to this style of goods.

The single ostrich feather, in its largest and most luxurious form, makes for evening toilets, especially on many of the large picture hats.

Some bonnets of gold appear on the new fabric model gowns, and because there is so little of it it adds much to the charm of decoration.

With fancy evening frocks in pure white, foundation velvets and gray satinet boots, very silky in quality, are being employed on the bodice with pretty effect.

The combination of a lace crown with a tur brim or a brim of velvet or silk, fancy or chasseur, wood and little animal heads and tails make walking hats of both city and country materials.

A Japanese slipper, made long, of soft tinted silk wadded and tufted, is a novelty for the little people this season. Kimono styles for house wraps and gowns give the small wearer a quite appropriate and air prime favorites.

Bonnets for little girls are masses of ribbons, tucks and plaits and wings, and are closely trifled about the face and around the bottom. A ribbon bow or rosette of small tufts of feathers finishes these dainty bonnets of the little folks.

The barbaric custom of smothering a helpless infant in heavy soft wooden face covering has given way to the use of silk or chiffon scarfed especially for this purpose. These are often of fancy stripes, edged with a contrasting lace beading, through which fairly ribbon is drawn and knotted in coquettish rosettes. These are held in place over the cap with jeweled pins.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Cottonseed or Cottonseed Meal?

"There is much difference of opinion and consequent discussion among farmers who now feed it as to the manner of feeding and relative values of cottonseed and cottonseed meal. The seed may always be fed whole, as the goods from the farm and this is equally as good and economical.

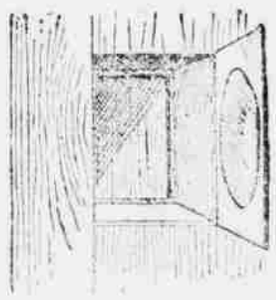
Cottonseed is also sold at the price of meal, therefore, [illegible] the meal. Cottonseed meal is a concentrated food, containing about 40 per cent of protein and nearly 40 per cent of carbohydrates and fat, and has a nutritive ratio of 1:1.2. Cottonseed meal is sold in cotton bags, ordinarily—200 pounds of protein and nearly four pounds of carbohydrates and fat and has a nutritive ratio of 1:1.2. A cow fed cottonseed meal has the proportion existing between the protein and the carbohydrates and fat is 1:1.2 of ration. For general purposes the grain ration which is fed should have a nutritive ratio nearer 1:5 or 1:6.

This leads to consider the cottonseed meal is similar to feed as an concentrate grain ration, but should be fed based with some grain richer in carbohydrates, such as corn, Kaffir corn, or wheat. If cottonseed is fed at least an equal amount of one of these other feeds should be mixed with it. Bulk of the feeds will then be utilized to better advantage than either alone. Cottonseed meal should never be fed alone except possibly to steer cattle that have plenty of roughage and are not receiving other grain. In general cottonseed meal should be mixed and fed with about three to five times as much corn, Kaffir corn or wheat.

Whether to feed cottonseed or cottonseed meal depends on the market prices of cottonseed, corn, Kaffir corn, wheat and rough feed. These prices vary so greatly at different localities that no general statement which will apply in all cases can be made. The tendency appears to be toward feeding cottonseed without considering the possible advantages of selling the meal and buying cottonseed meal. Round for pound, when fed in connection with other stuffs cottonseed meal possesses far greater feeding value than cottonseed and can be used to advantage where cottonseed cannot.

Lighted Lanterns in the Barn.

The safest kind of "safety" lantern is not sufficiently safe to carry into a barn in the dark. Accidents will occur. The lantern may be set down on

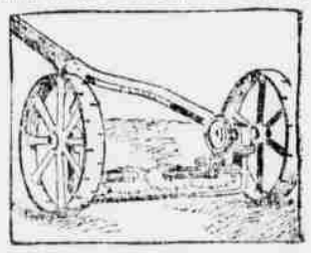


A SUPPOSEDLY SAFE LANTERN.

never be carried into the stable, but the interior lighted at any time without any danger. Where the position of the lamp would make it inconvenient to throw the light to north sides as well as outside of and one side of the barn, or light on the back wall, can be provided with panes of glass. This would be a usually desirable when lighting a "big" or nothing room. The less inflammable material in the room the safer.—Ann Arbor Agriculturist.

Grass or Grain Cutter.

The man who cuts the grass will remember that every time he hits the rock or too long it was necessary to run the mower over some parts of the lawn several times before all the long blades were down, or else leave the lawn with a ragged appearance. The principal advantage of this new machine is that, no matter how long the grass grows, the first cutting will bring it all down to the common level; in fact, the longer the grass the better the



ROTARY KNIVES ON THE LAWN MOWER.

cut is well work. As will be seen the knives are circular, mounted wheels, revolving in horizontal plane—and actuated by gear wheels set on the inner rims of the drive wheel shafts. These knives are to really acting like a set of circular saws, and their action is exactly the same, saving the grass finally as the mower is pushed over the lawn. The saw sprocket are provided with ball bearings, thus reducing the friction to a minimum, and by doing away with the necessity for running the mower over high grass more than once this machine should save much labor for its owner. The inventor—Thomas F. McDonald—also applies the same principle to a machine for cutting grain or hay.

What Intensive Farming Is.

We merely wish that every reader of this paper would read with care the following article on intensive farming from the Indiana Farmer:

Intensive farming is a very plain, simple matter, and there is no reason why anyone should not pursue it more and more. Sometimes the phraseology used in connection with this subject is "scientific farming," for that is intensive farming. Scientific, or intensive, simply means the observance of known laws of nativities. The most primary definition of science is something ascertained, or a known truth. As a further application of the idea scientific or intensive farming consider what has been ascertained or accomplished in the growing of corn. By observation and experience it has been found that the corn plant as it advances in growth throws out numerous fibrous roots, a little below the surface of the ground, extending from row to row before the period of cultivation ceases. It was the old method to use the deep cultivator to the end. Later experience showed that it was a mistake to do that, and shallow cultivation, at least after the plant is advanced somewhat in growth, has become nearly universal, and has resulted in a greater yield of corn. Here was an ascertained fact, or truth, about growing corn, or in other words the application of science to agriculture, for it was found that the corn plant required soil contains gathered by the numerous fibrous roots to perfect it, and so deep cultivation has ceased as the plant advances in growth. This really is a very plain matter, and yet very scientific in its application to corn growing. Again, by observation, experience and some [illegible] Adams found that [illegible] will produce [illegible] Our [illegible] consider [illegible] the old [illegible] When the [illegible] in the field. [illegible] a surprise to [illegible] in [illegible] stalks [illegible] under this method [illegible] bushels per acre, and [illegible] expected at even [illegible] more than when such [illegible] used in the use of pure seed. This is simply another application of [illegible] in corn growing, as, if you [illegible] intensive farming.

Anybody finds better for more than [illegible] experience.

News in Brief.

Robert Gould Shaw, recently divorced from his wife, Mrs. Annie Lane Sorne, of Virginia, was married in New York to Mrs. Mary Cornelius, a Massachusetts widow.

Further efforts to agree on two United States Senators from Delaware were fruitless.

Testimony began in the trial of William Hooper Young, accused of murdering Mrs. Anna Parker in New York.

The tariff on bodies was given in the trial of Dr. Alexander, in the Indianapolis poison robbery cases.

Great Britain, Germany and Italy will be notified that President Roosevelt declines to arbitrate the question of preferential treatment of Venezuelan claims.

Boxalino troops captured Puerto Alonso, in the disputed territory of Acre, which Bolivia had occupied.

Gonzalo Rubio was put on trial at Brussels for attempting to assassinate King Leopold November 15 last.