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JOHN MITCHELL, JR., - EDITOR

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COLORED people should improve their condition. They should educate their children and improve their own minds by attending night schools.

BAD manners is an abomination in any race. We must respect others be they white or black, if we expect to be respected.

BE polite to the white folks, colored people and to the black folks, too. It costs you nothing, but pays well in the long run.

THAT TROUBLE IN NORFOLK. It was announced that the elimination of the Negro as a political factor would ensure purity in the election methods in this state.

Democrats, who justified themselves in their condoning of fraud in elections by the statement that it was necessary so to do in order to keep the Negro down were confident that a new era had dawned for the commonwealth.

We knew better. We were well aware that a dishonest person will steal from a friend about as quickly as he will from an enemy, if his necessities impel him in that direction.

The Democrats held a primary in Norfolk city, from which all colored men were rigorously excluded. They made no discrimination other than color. On the other hand, they left the doors down for all white men, regardless of religion or character.

Now, there is a howl in the neighborhood of Norfolk and its reverberations are heard up here at Richmond. It is a case of the robbers being robbed.

The fellows who were "burnt" would have treated the other side in the same way they are being treated, if they could only have had the chance.

The Richmond, Va., TIMES-DISPATCH in its issue of January 23d has this to say about the affair:

"The disclosures of fraud in the Norfolk city primary are humiliating. A judge of election made public confession on the stand that he and his associates deliberately changed the returns in the Fourth Ward. Witness said that the men who acted with him as judges of election, finding at the close of the voting at the primary that the Treby faction candidates had a majority of the votes cast, rubbed out the figures which showed this and made others on the other side of the sheet, thus shifting the totals for the benefit of the administration candidates. Witness held a 'job' under the city administration and testified that he understood that he was expected to do this dirty work in order to retain it."

There you have it. This is the method resorted to in the defrauding of colored candidates out of an election. We were the victims of just such fraudulent manipulation.

Now, the bitter is being bitten, and who cares? This apostle and advocate of "honest" elections continues:

"There was a time when cheating in elections was condoned, it being claimed

ed that cheating was necessary to keep the Negro party out of control. But what possible excuse can be offered by one set of Democrats for cheating another set of Democrats? It is time for this sort of villainy to stop. How can we know we have had enough of it in Virginia. But there is no longer any pretext for it, and when ever fraud in elections is discovered, it should be punished to the full extent of the law, and punishment should be meted out as well to those who instigate it as to the tools in their hands who obey orders."

This journal admits that it has condoned this kind of villainy when the other fellow's ox was being gored.

We have no sympathy for either of the factions, for the colored people are past injury. From a political standpoint, they are as "dead as Julius Caesar."

They can well afford to enjoy the fun, clapping their hands with delight as these Democrats pummel each other, pull hair and shed blood in the contest.

Some of them have swapped places with the Negro. Where he was maltreated, they are being maltreated. Where he was defrauded, they are being defrauded. Where he was forced to contest an election, they are being forced to contest an election. Where he was scandalized, they are being scandalized.

Well may we say, "Go it, ye cripples, and may the best man win!"

BORROWING MONEY.

WHEN it comes to either stealing or borrowing money, the white man is a past master in the art. Still, according to the white man's own reports, the Negro is an adept at lifting a chicken from the roost, removing a hog from a pen, or taking by forcible means a sheep from the fold.

But what is this in comparison with the white man's skill in stealing a million dollars in New York, another million in Chicago, several more millions in St. Louis, and another million in New Orleans, and hundreds of thousands in Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia, and untold sums at Washington?

This establishes the white man's supremacy as a robber, but the polite way to put it now—as an embezzler. After reading the record, the Negro is forced to admit that he is but a poor pup and must "go 'way back and sit down."

This was humiliating enough, but now comes the Bureau of Statistics at Washington and announces that the white folks know how to borrow and how to never pay it back at least, during their day and generation.

They make a note payable in one, two, three, four and five hundred years, with the express privilege of renewal at the expiration of that time; thereby putting their offspring in debt before they are born.

Now, what Negro is there in the whole United States whose "mouth wouldn't water" for such an opportunity as that?

Just make a note for a million dollars, payable in one hundred years and that same Negro to get the money on it now. This would be a golden opportunity for any Negro, if he could but get some white man to accept and discount that note, giving that Negro the cash money or its equivalent for it.

But these prejudiced white folks want to do it. They are slow about taking a Negro's note for one hundred dollars and even then they want him to promise to pay it in ninety days instead of ninety years, when he could have a chance to die and forget all about it.

But we forgot to refer again to the Bureau of Statistics, which shows how much white folks can borrow. It says that the civilized nations of the world have borrowed and now owe about thirty-five billion dollars. Now a billion dollars is a thousand millions.

France owes six billion dollars. Great Britain owes four billion dollars. Russia owes three and one-half billion dollars. Italy owes two and one-half billion dollars. Spain owes two and one-half billion dollars. The United States is at the bottom of the list of borrowers: it owes only about one billion dollars.

Of course, this is the national debt of the United States and does not include the towns, cities and states of this union, which, if added together and footed up with the national debt would place our glorious country in the same rank with Russia, and we might be able to rival Great Britain.

Colored men can take courage from this, for the ability to borrow is evidently an evidence of greatness, for all of those borrowing countries are great and the United States, from its expenditures in the Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico and Panama, is endeavoring to rival them in greatness.

Major Hoyt Sherman Dead. Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 28.—Major Hoyt Sherman, brother of General W. T. Sherman and of Secretary John Sherman, died at his home here. Major Sherman was one of the oldest residents of Des Moines, and the Sherman home on Woodland avenue is one of the finest in the city. He had been in poor health for several years.

Elephant Trainer Killed. London, Jan. 25.—George Lockhart, the well-known elephant trainer and circus proprietor, was accidentally crushed to death by an elephant while he was attending to the unloading of circus animals at the Hoe street railroad station at Walthamstow.

Publisher a Suicide. Doylestown, Pa., Jan. 27.—Harry Goslin, aged 45 years, publisher of the News, a newspaper at Newportville, was found dead in the attic of his home. He had committed suicide by hanging.

MRS. BECHTEL NOT GUILTY

Allentown Jury Frees Her of Complicity in Murder of Daughter.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE TRIAL

Allentown, Pa., Jan. 25.—Mrs. Catherine Bechtel, the aged mother of Mabel Bechtel, who was found murdered last October, was acquitted of the charge of being an accessory to the murder after the fact. Her trial occupied nine days, and the jury deliberated one hour before rendering their verdict of not guilty.

The gray-haired defendant received the news of her acquittal with tears and expressions of joy. She was immediately released from custody, and went to her home, accompanied by her sons and daughters, Martha, her youngest daughter, and her sons, John and Charles, are under indictment on a similar charge, but their trials have been postponed until the April term of court. Former Mayor Schardt, counsel for Mrs. Bechtel, says he has instituted an investigation by which he hopes to clear up the mystery surrounding the murder of the young woman.

The greater part of the last day's session of court was devoted to the arguments of counsel and the judge's charge. The defense called several neighbors and friends of the Bechtel family as corroborative witnesses. Mrs. Agnes Miller testified that she had observed what appeared to be blood stains in the arway leading to the blood house. This testimony was to substantiate the theory of the defense that Mabel had been killed outside of her home and her body dragged through Mrs. Miller's yard to the alley of Mrs. Bechtel's residence. Dr. Crawley was recalled and testified to finding blood stains on chips of wood taken from the steps of the Bechtel's and Miller's underground alleys. The commonwealth endeavored through Dr. Lear to go extensively into the question of blood tests, but Judge Trexler stopped the redirect examination and the case ended.

Attorney Schardt made an eloquent plea for the acquittal of the accused woman, and during his address directly charged the State with having a guilty knowledge of the crime. District Attorney Lichtenwalner, in his address explained that the theory of the commonwealth was that Tom Bechtel had killed his sister during a quarrel, and asserted that the evidence adduced had proved the claim. Judge Trexler's charge consumed a half hour. It was impartial.

The scenes following the rendering of the verdict were at once pathetic and joyful. No sooner had the staid foreman of the jury, Thomas Bruch, announced in clear tones the verdict, "Not guilty," than glad acclaim arose throughout the crowded court room, and it seemed as if the entire audience had by a sudden and simultaneous impulse boiled over.

SHORT OVER \$80,000

Treasurer of New Hampshire Trust Company An Embezzler. Nashua, N. H., Jan. 25.—John P. Goggin, treasurer of the Nashua Trust company, was arrested, charged with embezzling a sum of money from the bank. The amount is placed at between \$80,000 and \$100,000.

Goggin was held in \$10,000 bonds for the grand jury. He made no statement, but it was said that his downfall was not due to speculation, but to his having given assistance from time to time to a friend.

An attachment of \$50,000 was placed on the property held by Goggin in this city by the bank.

Real estate of George E. Gage, of Manchester, was levied upon to recover on a promissory note for \$20,000. Another attachment for \$12,000 also has been filed against real estate owned by Gage in this city. Gage was formerly a bank official here.

West Chester Bank Closed. West Chester, Pa., Jan. 25.—The private bank of E. D. Haines & Co., of this place, closed its doors, and upon application to the court, John J. Gheen was appointed receiver.

Upwards of \$100,000 is said to be on deposit. The investigations by the receiver of the affairs of the bank revealed nothing hopeful to the depositors, beyond the likelihood of their receiving 25 per cent. of their deposits. Many of the assets are of uncertain value, so it is alleged, and it will require time and care to determine their full worth.

FLOOD SITUATION WORSE

Towns Along Susquehanna Threatened With Great Loss and Suffering. Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 27.—The flood situation at Bloomsburg and other points was further intensified by a fierce snow storm, accompanied by a high wind. The snow fall was eight inches deep and drifted so badly that all roads leading from Bloomsburg which were not under water have now been rendered impassable by huge drifts. The water fell about six inches there, but a message from Rupert stated that the water had receded but two inches at that point.

The river is gorged solidly from Boyd's station, on the Pennsylvania railroad, several miles below Catawissa, to Creasy, 10 miles above Bloomsburg. The ice is packed so tightly that no water is passing along the bed of the river, and all the water is escaping through a new channel formed by the river east of the gorge.

The river at Nescopeck and Berwick began rising suddenly, and now is five feet higher at these points. This news caused great alarm at Berwick, Catawissa, Rupert and Espy. Unless this great body of water accumulating at Nescopeck has pressure enough to force out the gorge below it, there will be almost incalculable loss and suffering. The county commissioners at Bloomsburg have taken steps to break up the gorge with dynamite, if such a thing is possible, as it is feared that if the ice moves all the bridges between Bloomsburg and the Montour county line will be torn out and the many towns along the river will be

obliterated. A conservative estimate has been made, and the loss so far sustained in the flooded districts will reach \$350,000.

FATHER AND CHILD PERISH

Stanesbury Jacobs and Daughter Burned to Death at Stanton, Del. Wilmington, Del., Jan. 27.—At Stanton, five miles from Wilmington, a fire which destroyed four frame houses also destroyed the lives of Stanesbury Jacobs, aged 45 years, and his daughter, Lena, aged 10. His wife, Eliza Beth, and the 15-month-old baby escaped with severe burns, and a boy, Albert, aged 7 years, escaped unhurt.

Jacobs, when awakened by the smoke, took his family down stairs, but he and the little girl were overcome by smoke and flames. Later their dead bodies, reduced to two charred trunks, were taken from the ruins.

The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin. The loss is about \$200,000, partially insured.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Thursday, January 21. The plant of the American Fertilizer company, at Portsmouth, Va., was destroyed by fire, loss, \$100,000. Secretary of State Hay has gone to Thomasville, Ga., to spend a week or more as the guest of Colonel Payne.

The three cadets dismissed from the Annapolis, Md., naval academy for hazing will probably be reinstated by congress.

Over 800 cab drivers at St. Louis are on strike for \$12.50 per week, a 12-hour day, 25 cents an hour overtime and recognition of the union.

The steamer Princess Irene, bearing the body of John Smithson, arrived at New York and was met by the United States dispatch boat Dolphin, and the body conveyed to Washington.

Friday, January 22. The Pennsylvania Association of Graduated Nurses will meet at Wilkesbarre April 29 and 31.

J. W. Warr, president of the Moline (Ia.) Building Association, is under arrest, charged with embezzling \$100,000.

John Rattigan, of Bordentown, N. J., a fireman on the steamer Springfield, was found dead on the boat, asphyxiated by gas from a stove.

Mass meetings were held in six towns in Arizona to protest against joint statehood with New Mexico.

John Alexander Dowle sailed from San Francisco for Australia, after delivering two addresses, which were cordially received.

The Hepburn pure food bill passed by congress goes into effect September 1 next.

The Kentucky legislature has adopted a resolution inviting William J. Bryan to address them.

Harry Landorf, under arrest at South Norwalk, Conn., for counterfeiting, committed suicide in his cell by hanging.

An illicit distillery, with a daily capacity of 100 gallons, was raided by revenue officers in New York, and several arrests made.

Joseph G. Rosegarten, president of the Free Library of Philadelphia, who was a delegate to the Alliance Francaise, at Paris, has been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government.

Monday, January 25. The Wolfson's department store at San Antonio, Tex., was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$350,000.

Ex-Governor Taft, of the Philippines, and family arrived in San Francisco from Manila, on their way to Washington.

Mrs. Nellie Stepler, of Philadelphia, was burned to death and her 3-year-old daughter fatally burned by the explosion of a lamp.

S. E. Allen, president of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, at Cleburne, Tex., was arrested for embezzling \$29,000 of the bank's funds.

Four young ladies, members of a sleighing party, were fatally hurt in a runaway at Dubuque, Ia., while 11 others were slightly injured.

Tuesday, January 26. The comptroller of the currency has issued a call for the condition of national banks at the close of business January 22.

In a collision between passenger trains on the Burlington road near St. Charles, Mo., four persons were killed and 12 injured.

Senator McComas, of Maryland, introduced a bill in congress to appropriate \$5000 to purchase General George Washington's sword from his grand-niece.

Professor Lewis H. Gause, one of the oldest school teachers in Pennsylvania, died at Harrisburg, aged 82 years. He taught in Pennsylvania and New Jersey for over 50 years.

Wednesday, January 27. Senator Hanna, who is ill with the grip, is very much better.

Sixteen inches of snow has fallen in Indiana and railroad traffic is at a standstill.

Three small children of Henry Feisinger, of Celina, O., were burned to death in a fire which destroyed their home.

While blasting frozen earth at quarries near Norristown, Pa., Frank Clevette was killed by flying rocks, and Joseph Polano was fatally injured.

SHY ONES IN DEBATE

Miss Elsa D'Esterre's Pupils Decide That the Affliction is Not a Form of Conceit.

In pursuit of their desire to conquer shyness, quite a number of shy ladies assembled recently at Miss Elsa D'Esterre's debating class, at Mrs. Jopping's school of art.

Acting under the energetic promptings of Miss D'Esterre, who herself scorns all shyness, Miss Marjorie Brend, a nominally shy young lady, presided over the discussion on "Is Shyness a Form of Conceit?"

Miss Boucquier, who was sternly commanded by Miss D'Esterre to "speak up," maintained that shyness was really only a form of conceit. To this Miss Brend, the chairwoman's sister, took strong exception. Miss Marjorie Brend then declared the debate open.

It took a long time and considerable persuasion to induce any of the shy ladies to get up. At length, however, one more courageous than the rest broke the ice, and spoke up shyly on behalf of the shy ones. After this few of the ladies had any hesitation in rising, and there followed a succession of speakers who were quite sure that shyness was not conceit. But then, of course, they were all shy.

One lady rose, and having got so far as to say that shyness was a question of nerves, illustrated her point in a practical way by becoming overwhelmed by shyness and collapsing.

The champions of shyness applauded, and voted without exception against the horrid suggestion implied by the resolution.

MESSAGES AT HIGH SPEED.

Inventor of Multiplex System Devises Instrument Sixty Times as Rapid as Ordinary Telegraphy.

Telegraph messages can be sent and received at a rate of from 1,000 to 3,000 words a minute. A newspaper representative recently saw and heard a message transmitted and delivered at these speeds. In the transmission of messages press wires can, by the use of the shortest code, with the most expert operators, carry only an average of 2,500 words an hour. The record is 3,300 at present.

The inventor, P. H. Delaney, who devised the multiplex system, has been working on his device for ten years in South Orange. Stripped of all technicality, the new automatic telegraph system may be described as follows:

A typewriter keyboard, when manipulated, causes two rows of perforations to be made upon a narrow tape of paper which unwinds itself automatically over the type faces and re-winds after being perforated.

This contains the message in a Morse cipher, the dots being read when two holes are at a close angle or nearly in perpendicular alignment, the dashes when the angle is greater. This tape, reeled as it is finished, is put upon the transmitter, which sends the dashes and dots to the receiving office.

The perforator is an adjunct of the keyboard and is controlled by a powerful and very rapid electric motor.

JLD COLLEGE PHOTOGRAPHER.

Death of J. L. Lovell, Who for Fifty Year Made Pictures of Students and College Grounds.

Memories of various attempts of a more or less scientific nature to "look pleasant, please," before the camera have been revived for thousands of college men in the recently announced death of the venerable photographer, J. L. Lovell, at Newport, N. H. For 50 years Lovell was the college artist for the colleges of Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth and Smith. His studio was at Amherst, but on account of failing health he had ceased active work several years ago.

College class work and college views in general were his specialty. The old photographer had a vein of humor. Or was it accident which led him to take a large photograph of a greenhouse when a certain student on a bit of a lark was showing some girls about? And it was, of course, only a desire to get some "life" in the picture when he made a slight noise, at which the individuals who were back to him looked around to see what was up—and were all taken together, a good face view. It was a little expose of a certain student's frolicsome tendencies, and the picture was in great demand, much to his chagrin. It is said the usually stolid artist smiled slightly as he snapped his camera on the interesting scene.

PROPHECY OF A BABY.

Infant Causes Terror in Wales by Uttering a Prediction That Next Year Will Be One of Disaster.

An extraordinary story comes from Penryn, in Wales. The wife of a quarryman was bathing her three-month-old babe, when she was thunderstruck to hear the child say plainly in Welsh: "Next year will be a terrible year, mother."

The mother rushed in terror to the next door and told what she had heard to a neighbor, who ran immediately back, picked up the infant, and, as she soothed and caressed it, coaxingly asked if it had told its mother that next year would be a terrible year. To her astonishment, the child looked at her, said "Yes," and fell back dead.

The story has been discussed far and wide, and the two women have been cross-questioned without shaking their story. At Penryn, where the people are rather primitive and religious, there is much foreboding.

The Children's Choice. Lady (to applicant for position of nursemaid)—Why were you discharged from your last place?

Applicant—Because I sometimes forgot to wash the children, ma'am.

Chorus of Children—Oh, mamma, please engage her!—Tit-Bits.

Dream and Awakening. "There is a time," she said, "when nearly every woman believes in luck, and also a time when she ceases to believe in it."

"When are the two times?" "When she is engaged and when she is married."—Chicago Post.

IN THE CITY.

There are country ways a-calling! Country meadows gilded with dew; There are perfumed shadows falling; There are birds a-calling, too; But would we could tread the byways Where the pent-in peopies be; Tread the cobbled bricks-in highways As of old, just you and me.

I would like to stand with you, dear, And watch you men dodge the cars On a corner that we know, dear, 'Midst the city's jolts and jars; Watch the big policeman tussle With the ruffian jostling throng; Ain't it fun to watch the scum? As the old world scums along?

You remember that fat woman? There are things one can't forget! Truly she looked almost human, As the trolley dashed near her—Oh, the sights of other days! Can't you see and almost hear her As she tried to dodge both ways?

Fat, and lean, and solemn, faces; Sad of mien, and debonair; It seemed that all the races Of the earth were gathered there; Just to drift where we were standing, Jostling about our feet; Drifting, grouping, and disbanding; Those old days were glad and sweet!

There is pleasure in the meadows Where the dew-gemmed blossoms lie; Pleasure in the flying shadows Of the clouds across the sky; There is joy wherever you are, 'Whether lights or shadows run, But the corners that we knew are Simply bubbling full of fun.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A Jungle Tale

DICK NAPIER

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ALONE, at the crossing of trails, in the great Terai jungle, waiting a detachment of Lancers, several hours past due.

The sun set like a drop-curtain, and still there was nothing to do but wait. Giving my horse what liberty I dared, under a large tree, I betook myself to the branches. The noises of the night were disagreeable, but there was none of the walling and gnashing of teeth one reads about, and more to the point was the agony of clinging to those branches.

When the dew had saturated my thin clothing and the night air, hot as it was, set my teeth chattering, fear forsook me. Pools will rush in where angels fear, and dropping from my saddle and made for a cave I had noticed during the afternoon.

With lighted vestas I went some distance down, finding only a caty odor which, to my drowsy senses, only suggested the advisability of sleeping near the entrance, for fresh air. There, rolled in the blanket, the saddle for a pillow, I was soon oblivious to everything.

The mouth of the cave was gully with morning when I woke, suddenly, trembling.

I caught the revolver again for a desperate chance, but it was too late. With a savage yelp and bound she disappeared in the depths of the cave and in an instant there flashed back at me two yellow balls of light. Panic-stricken I bolted for the tree where I had left my horse, but all that remained of him could only tell me on what my lady died, that she had not cared for me. I also discovered the cause of her disturbance, however, for the Lancers were marching up the trail.

THE OCTOPUS.

Experiment Shows It Can Only Drag Its Victims Far Below Water Near the Rocks.

Mr. Martin Duncan, lately lecturing at the London Camera club on the octopus and the cuttlefish, told how he had carried out some interesting experiments with these creatures in a specially constructed tank of sea water, says Chambers' Journal. Wishing to test the truth of the many stories which have been told of monster cephalopods dragging human victims to the sea bottom, he placed in the tank with an octopus a doll of the same specific gravity as a man, and baited it with a crab. Attracted by this tempting morsel, the octopus made for the figure, seized it in its powerful arms, and tried to drag it under the water without success. It then urged its body towards the edge of the tank; and, holding on to the glass with some of its arms, it dragged its prey beneath the surface, and crushed the crab shell with its powerful jaws. Mr. Duncan believes that this experiment affords a conclusive proof that the octopus can only drag its victims far below water near rocks to which it can attach its suckers. There is one spot in the Bay of Naples where these creatures grow to a large size, and now and again a fisherman is reported missing. It is believed that such disappearances are due to the unfortunate men being caught by the leg by a concealed octopus and dragged under water. In the case of such a repulsive and powerful creature as the octopus it is difficult to separate fact from fiction.

The newspapers of Belgrade chronicle the arrival in their city a few weeks ago of the monk Rodrigo Abelo, who is making a foot tour from Rome to Jerusalem barefooted and bare-headed.

Chinese as Militiamen. A militia company, formed entirely of Chinamen, has been formed in Portland, Ore. The members are merchants, bankers and clerks. At first their military maneuvers appeared quite comical to the observers, but they are improving.

Matter of Doubt. Weddlerly—To-day is the tenth anniversary of my marriage. Singleton—Well, what do you expect? Weddlerly—Which do I expect? Singleton—Yes; congratulations or sympathy?—Chicago Daily News.

Time's Changes. "Did he seek the office or did the office seek him?" "Oh, he was looking for the office all right before election, but since then he's been dodgin' it most of the time, except on salary day."—Chicago Post.

Sniffed the corner of the blanket and touched it with her paw.

ling from head to foot; either from a bad dream or a monstrous fright. While I lay still as death, imagining everything, there sounded about me a deep vibration, like the first trill of an organ, developing into what might have been the purring of a cat, under a mighty magnifying glass. Then, from down in the pitchy blackness of the cave there flashed on me two yellow balls! great, glowing, bobbing.

While I lay stupidly staring they dipped, for an instant disappeared, then flashed again, decidedly nearer.

I tried to exploit an idiotic yell, but had not even the strength to extricate my revolver.