

# CONGRESSIONAL

The house Tuesday passed the senate bill authorizing the sale of a portion of the surplus and unallotted lands in the Cheyenne river and Standing Rock Indian reservations in North Dakota and South Dakota. The reservation will open to settlement large tracts of lands in two states.

Under the provisions of the senate bill passed by the house Tuesday, right of way is granted the city of Salt Lake, Utah, for a conduit and pipe line across the Fort Douglas military reservation.

The bill providing for the safe transportation of interstate commerce of explosives and other dangerous articles was passed by the house Tuesday. A concurrent resolution was passed by the house Tuesday providing for the printing of 100,000 copies of the proceedings of the recent conference of governors at the White House to consider measures for the conservation of the national resources.

During a fruitless wait for a quorum in the house, the members amused themselves by indulging in song. The strains of "Home Sweet Home," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home," begun by some members on the Democratic side, were caught up by others on both sides of the chamber and echoed through the building. The members after each selection liberally applauded themselves, while the occupants of the galleries enjoyed the novelty of the occasion.

## ENGINEER DEAD AT THROTTLE.

Lives of Hundreds of Passengers Are Saved Almost Miraculously.

Chicago, May 27.—With a dead man at the throttle, the Overland limited of the Milwaukee road flew past the dangerous interlocking switches at Byron, Ill., and, as though by a miracle, the lives of the hundreds of passengers were saved.

The engineer was Albert Cavins of Chicago, who had been in the service of the road for 26 years.

The train was bearing down on Davis Junction at a rate of 70 miles an hour. At Byron, where the tracks cross the right of way of another line, the train always slows up.

Michael Nash, the fireman, noticed with a sudden shock that the train was flying across the maze of tracks, paying no attention to signals. As the last car of the train cleared the last track another train came thundering across, scarce two seconds behind. Nash sprang forward and found the old engineer lying on the floor of his cab dead.

Nash stopped the train and the old man was lifted to the ground. It was found that he had succumbed to hemorrhage of the brain.

## HOMES FLOATING AWAY.

Flood at Fort Worth Shows No Disposition to Recede.

Fort Worth, Tex., May 27.—In the grip of the most remarkable flood which swept down Trinity river at this point, north, east and west of Fort Worth, not a railway wheel is moving nor is any effort being made. Every energy of railroad officials is being bent toward saving tracks and bridges in the vicinity of Fort Worth. Trinity river sweeps in a great arc around Fort Worth, surrounding the town on three sides. There are dozens of railway bridges and Tuesday none of them were considered safe for traffic. The waters show no disposition to recede and, with every hour reports increase the damages.

Hundreds of cottages and humble homes along the river are yielding to the greed of the flood and are floating down stream, carrying the whole families of the unhappy owners. There was no loss of life Tuesday.

## Katy's Red River Bridge Out.

Colbert, Okla., May 27.—The Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad bridge over the Red river went out Tuesday night, weakened by the floods of the past few days. The river is three miles wide and all communication with the south is cut off. Rescuers in boats saved six persons, who had been caught between the main channel of the river and a new channel cut through by the high water.

## Compromise with Night Riders.

Paducah, Ky., May 27.—By the payment of \$15,000 to the plaintiffs, the damage suits of Robert H. Hollowell, his wife and son against 29 alleged night riders of Caldwell, were compromised, each side paying its own part.

## Oklahoma Legislature Adjourns.

Guthrie, Okla., May 27.—After a session of 160 days, the first legislature of Oklahoma adjourned sine die at 1:25 this morning.

## STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

American League.			
Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
New York	18	12	.600
Cleveland	13	15	.538
Chicago	14	14	.500
Philadelphia	18	16	.529
Chicago	15	15	.500
St. Louis	14	17	.445
New York	11	20	.354
Washington	12	19	.387
National League.			
Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	19	10	.656
Pittsburgh	15	12	.556
Cincinnati	16	14	.533
New York	14	14	.500
St. Louis	13	15	.464
Boston	12	18	.400
Philadelphia	11	19	.366
St. Louis	11	21	.344

# AN UNBELIEVING MOTH

By R. S. Phillips

When the Moth was introduced to his Star—an event for which he had striven, to be mathematically exact, two months and 36 days, he was so agitated he could scarcely play his conventional part, much less make the clever remarks he felt were the occasion's due.

The Star—otherwise Nada Bartlett—was so used to masculine efforts at brilliancy, which were often signal failures, that the words "This is a pleasure" startled her, by their simplicity and evident sincerity, into looking quite definitely at the man who said them. She favored him with a most bewitching smile, sending him deeper into the mire of the commonplace.

"Let's go out where it's cool," was his next remark, incoherent to him, but apparently understood, for his suggestion was seconded by a deepening of the smile.

Bruce Ware had made so many pilgrimages up those particular steps, it seemed sometimes to him that he must have worn a pathway peculiar to himself. For a Moth, he seemed to himself to presume. But at the end of the pathway was the golden smile of Nada Bartlett, and in its witchery he forgot to remember his presumption.

This night was no exception. Nada, radiant in a glorified gown of white, came to meet him with graciously extended hand.

"So glad to see you, Bruce. I was feeling horribly lonely until the maid brought your card."

Bruce, struggling against the desire to believe that the pleasantly personal in those words could have any deeper meaning, smiled in a manly, wholehearted way.

"Be careful, or I shall soon be advertising myself as a 'sure cure for the blues.'"

"Don't do it. It's selfish, perhaps—but I'm not willing to share my mood of your society."

"I don't think there's danger of competition, as long as you can endure having such a commonplace sufferer about." Bruce answered, with his usual simple directness.

Miss Bartlett bent over a huge mass of crimson roses and apparently minutely admired each separately. Then she looked up at him with a peculiar smile. "Don't you rather under-rate yourself?" she asked, very slowly.

"Rather, it is apparently you who overrate my value. I don't know just why, Nada, you are so kind to me—you who know so many brilliant men."

Miss Bartlett was a beauty, woman of the world, worldly, and an exceedingly clever writer. Therefore no logical reasoning accounted for the exquisite and very evident blush that tried to rival the crimson roses.

"Don't you?" she questioned, pausing for a wee time. Then she hurried on: "So-called brilliant people don't always satisfy one. I feel so often like a puppet that must dance just so, or my public will tire. It's a drag, this trying to keep the pace. I can be just myself with you, Bruce, and it's such a comfort."

"When you need comfort—when you feel blue—though God knows why you should—send for me," Bruce admonished, with a loyal tender smile.

"Only then?"

The almost whispered words swept him to where she stood, still toying with the roses.

"Don't look so, Nada! I can't stand it, loving you as I do!" He took her hands in a clasp almost harsh. "And don't let my telling you this make any difference. I'm always your friend, always."

"Only that?"—with a tenderly wistful ghost of a smile.

"That's enough for a chump like me, dearie. I'm willing to take crusts."

"Quite willing?"

"Don't, Nada! Your sweetness only makes me wretched!" He let her hands fall and stood looking at her with a miserable attempt at a smile.

"Why wretched?" This time the glory of her eyes fairly dazzled the Moth.

"Because—oh, Nada! You can't really care for a chump like me? Can you?"

Nada indulged a fetching smile. "Praps I can't—but I do."

Bruce caught her to a wildly beating heart. But he could not wholly believe.

"Why do you, Nada? There are so many men. Men who have written books, music, painted pictures—"

A slender hand put a check on his lips.

"They are puppets like myself, playthings of a fickle public. But you are a man, dear. It is I who should ask why you care—"

But the doubting Moth had ceased to doubt, and, according to a time worn but ever new custom, he sealed the bargain with a kiss.

Still More Wonderful.

"It is remarkable that birds are so intelligent, when they're so small, isn't it?" asked one member of the Easy Information club of her choicest friend, as they walked home together from a talk on "Our Home Birds."

"Yes, isn't it?" assented the friend, eagerly. "Why, just think even how very clever the little cuckoos in cuckoo clocks are, and of course they are only little wooden birds."—Youth's Companion.

## BACON MAY SUCCEED TAFT.

Assistant Secretary of State Likely to Head War Department.

Boston.—The intimate personal friends of Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, formerly of Boston, have received information which leads them to believe that Mr. Bacon will become secretary of war about July 1 next, succeeding Secretary Taft, who is understood to be desirous of retiring from the cabinet at that time.

The determination of Secretary Taft to retire is said to be quite definite, and is understood not to be dependent upon the outcome of the national convention.

Mr. Bacon was born in this city and was particularly prominent in ath-



Robert Bacon.

letics while attending Harvard university, being captain of the varsity crew. He was a classmate of President Roosevelt.

He was connected with the banking firm of E. Rollins Morse & Co. until 1899, when he became a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York, where he has since made his home. He married a Miss Carlton of New York.

His friends in this city, upon hearing of his reported advancement, were not surprised, for something of such a nature had been anticipated.

## HOUSE OF LITHOGRAPHIC STONE.

Home in Nuremberg, Germany, Coveted by Many.

Berlin.—Lithographers look at it and sigh. It's a plain, plastered stone house about 50 yards from the ancient city hall of Nuremberg, Germany. There is nothing to distinguish it from the other old houses of the neighborhood except that it is built of lithographic stone, worth from six to 21 cents a pound. So lithographers who go to Nuremberg wander from the worn tourist trails to see the wonders. The house was built about 1680, nearly 100 years before Alois Senefelder, the discoverer of lithography, was born. Andreas Lichtenstein, who built it, took the stone easiest to get and secured it for the trouble of carry-



A Cross Marks the Building Coveted by Lithographers.

ing it away. Now the material in the building is worth about \$4,000.

The present Andreas Lichtenstein, a descendant of the man who built the house, has said "Nein" about once a month for the last 20 years to speculators who want to buy his home and tear it down for the stone. It is his home and that of his forefathers and he refuses to part with it. So lithographers, with thoughts of rising prices, look and sigh.

Lithographic stone is found in commercial quantities only in Bavaria. The largest quarries are near Nuremberg.

## Chinamen Take Up Skating Fad.

Whether it be owing to Christianity, civilization or Americanization, matters not, but the Chicago Chinaman is "getting there." He has taken to roller skates, says the Chicago Examiner.

With him it has become a case of "roll, roll, roll along," but instead of "over the dark, blue sea," as when he came from the "Celestial kingdom," it is across and along the pavements of the "chop suey district."

That he enjoys the sport is attested by the increasing numbers seen nightly in Clark and adjacent streets.

It seems odd to see these so-called heathen going with the wind, their queues flying behind them, and the straps of their skates pressed down deeply into their well padded sandals.

The missionary didn't teach John Chinaman to skate. He got the inspiration from his children, and they learned it from their American schoolmates.

## Averted an Excuse.

"I noticed," remarked the piano stool to the parlor lamp, "that you started to smoke last night when Miss Yerner was entertaining Mr. Timmid."

"Yes," replied the lamp, "I saw she was just waiting for an excuse to turn me down."

## Looked On as Form of Bribery.

Controller Wilson of Chicago has ruled that no telephone, traction, electric light or other public utility corporation can make contributions to hospitals or other charities.

# MORLEY NOW A PEER

BRITISH LIBERAL LEADER QUILTS HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ill Health and Too Much Work Forces Distinguished Lieutenant of Gladstone and Friend of Carnegie Into Easier Post.

London.—John Morley, the distinguished liberal leader, has been elevated to the peerage; he will, however, retain the office of secretary for India in the reorganized British parliament. Morley's reason for accepting a peerage is his declining health and a throat affection that makes the strain of the work in the house of commons too great.

In leaving the house of commons that body loses one of its most noted members. Many accomplishments in and out of his official duties have undoubtedly earned this title for the English liberal leader, historian, theologian, orator, editor and student. Morley has likewise been called the Puritan of politics, a title which his passion for righteousness and his public austerity have conspired to win him.

It is difficult to imagine Morley among the peers, for whose benefit he invented the phrase: "Mind them or end them." When made secretary of state of India his critics said he would make a weak executive. He proved otherwise. He made a vigorous speech in the house of commons, in which he announced his purpose to crush sedition in India with a strong hand. He defended the sharp treatment he had



extended to Indian agitators and refused to offer an apology. "British rule in India will continue and ought to continue and must continue," said he.

John Morley was born at Blackburn, England, December 24, 1838. He was graduated from Cheltenham and Lincoln college, Oxford, and began life as a barrister. In 1867, however, he was called to the editorship of the Fortnightly Review, a post which he held until 1892. From 1840 until 1893 he was likewise editor of the famous Pall Mall Gazette, leaving his desk there to go to parliament as the representative of Newcastle. He was Irish secretary in 1886 and again from 1892 to 1895. In 1896 he was returned to parliament and since gradually achieved for himself a reputation in politics, letters and philosophical thought.

Morley was Gladstone's favorite lieutenant when the "Grand Old Man" died. He was one of the anxious personal friends who watched over the great premier in his last illness, and his "Life of Gladstone" is one of his most notable literary labors.

Hall Caine and Andrew Carnegie are among the close friends of the liberal. The laird of Skibo is accounted one of the particular intimates of Morley, in a personal way, in the tendency of their thoughts and aims and otherwise. Recently Carnegie, well knowing his friend's studious inclination, presented him with a library of 90,000 volumes, one of the finest collections of books in existence. In 1904 Carnegie also influenced the noted Englishman to come to America. In Pittsburgh Morley was the guest of Carnegie and there delivered his only American lecture. In an interview in America Morley said that he, as an English liberal, was always intensely interested in America and her politics and that England as a whole was fascinated by President Roosevelt.

More than once it has been said that if John Morley had a vice he might be prenter. As it is Morley is too full of unrelenting rectitude, too barren of apparent passion, to be an English popular hero. For all that he is a man of emotions and feeling, but above them all, one of restraint. One never knows Morley the man, but one can never escape Morley, the exterior, distant, reserved and unbending.

In politics Morley is a liberal in every sense, but he holds the same reserve of caution on his theories as on his public behavior. In religion he is an agnostic, but not one of the assertive kind. He has a quick, keen and delightful sense of humor, is one of the most charming of companions and is a great favorite among women. He is by nature nervous, is quick in temper and rather impatient. He has no amusements other than walking, and is fond of music and books. His father wished to make him a minister of the gospel, but he fell under the teachings of John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, and thereafter the church was impossible.

The council of empire at St. Petersburg has raised the Russian legation at Tokyo to an embassy.

# HER WORRY

The pretty girl with the arched eyebrows sighed happily. "It's just awfully queer, isn't it?" she murmured.

"What?" inquired the tall young man, rousing himself with an effort from contemplation of the distracting waves of her hair. "What is queer?"

"Why," said the pretty girl, "I was just thinking. If you hadn't missed your train that night and had to stay over at your cousin's—and if I hadn't just chanced to take that evening to return your cousin's book I had kept so long—why, we'd never have met—or anything!"

"That's so," agreed the young man in the dreamy tone of one who is perfectly contented with things as they are.

The pretty girl frowned a trifle. "You don't seem a bit impressed by the possibility," she said. "Or to realize how dreadful—"

"What's the use?" asked the young man. "We did meet, so it's all right. What's the use of worrying over what might have been?"

The pretty girl twisted the lace on her handkerchief. "I don't like to think about it," she said. "Do you suppose, Jimmy, that just such a little thing as missing your train was all that stood between our never meeting? It—it seems so casual! Don't you suppose we'd have met anyhow—that it was intended—"

"Why, of course!" said the young man firmly. "It was intended that we should fall in love with each other, so we'd have had to meet somehow. Of course we'd have met."

The pretty girl brightened a bit and then frowned again. "I don't see how," she persisted. "You happened to be in Chicago for the first time in years and weren't coming again for centuries, because you live in Maine. I never go to Maine. We couldn't possibly have met. You don't know how dreadful it makes me feel! It would have wrecked your life, Jimmy!"

She leaned forward anxiously and the young man looked as solemn as he could as he reached for her hand. "Don't speak of it!" he said with feeling.

"It gets worse the more I think of it," she went on. "We'd have been unhappy all our lives just because we hadn't found each other and we wouldn't have known what was making us so unhappy! I—oh, Jimmy!"

She paused with horror in her gaze. The young man in alarm asked what was the trouble.

"Oh," she said in an anguished tone, "or do you suppose you'd have thought you were in love with some other girl and—married her?"

The young man looked a trifle dazed, but had presence of mind enough to shake his head.

"Of course not!" he assured her. "How can you imagine such a thing? Impossible!"

"You might have done so," she persisted, tragically. "I'm sure you would, too. Men always marry some one!"

"So do girls!" broke in the young man triumphantly. "You no doubt would have married some one else yourself."

The pretty girl put her handkerchief to her eyes. "If that's all you think of the depth of my affection!" she said. "It just shows how lit—little you care! I never in the world would have liked any one else and I had no idea you could be so cruel as to calmly admit that you could! I suppose you'd have been just as happy, too!"

"I never said I'd have married any one else!" denied the young man, looking worried.

"But if you'd never met me you wouldn't have realized how little you cared for any one else," she went on. "You'd have thought you loved her. I'm sure you'd have married her. It's just as if I got you through mere chance instead of fate. I never was so miserable in my life! It spoils everything!"

"You liked Sam Phillips pretty well before I came on the scene," said the young man in self-defense. "If you hadn't met me wouldn't you—"

"And I don't suppose you'd have cared a bit!" she said, coldly. "You wouldn't have minded at all!"

"But I wouldn't have known about it!" argued the young man. "Neither would you have known about my affairs!"

"That doesn't make a particle of difference!" said the pretty girl. "It doesn't alter the situation a bit! I can't understand you, James! I don't believe you really care about me!"

"Now, Mille," said the young man, coming over to her, "what is the use of talking so when it was so arranged a million years or so ago that we should meet and marry each other and nobody else? Why, it simply had to come about somehow. The train I missed had nothing to do with it!"

"Do—do you truly think so?" she inquired, rolling her damp handkerchief up in a ball.

"I'm sure of it," said the young man firmly. He was a wise young man for his years.

"I guess," said the pretty girl with a happy sigh, "I guess you're right about it, Jimmy!"

## Odd Reason for Maiming.

London.—When a man was recommended at Clonmel (Ireland) on a charge of cattle maiming, it was alleged that the tails of nine cows were cut off for the purpose of getting the hair to sell to harness makers.

## KEATS' ITALIAN ROMANCE.

Love Affair of Poet in Rome Revealed by Discovery of a Letter.

Rome.—The English cemetery in Rome is full of wild beauty and classical interest. From the outside it appears to be covered by innumerable cypresses and pine trees. Close to it rises the famous pyramid of Calvus Costius, 116 feet high.

From time to time, owing to the winds and rain which have swept over this spot, pieces of the marble which coated the sides of the pyramid are detached and now tufts of weeds have taken root in the cracks and crannies, and as they wave to and fro in the



Graves of Keats and Severn in English Cemetery in Rome.

wind they seem to mock the vanity of him who wished this huge pile of stone for his tomb.

In striking contrast, in a secluded spot, overshadowed by two solitary pines and surrounded by many flowers, is the resting place of John Keats. Fresh interest is awakened in this grave by the discovery of a new romance in the poet's life.

In 1819, two years before his death, Keats fell desperately in love with Fanny Browne, who drove him to distraction with her caprices. After this unfortunate love affair he left England with his faithful friend Severn and took up his residence in Rome, where he chanced to meet the woman who filled his last days with happiness. It was only quite recently and as the result of researches by an Italian student that this heretofore ignored episode of Keats' life in Rome has been discovered.

As the poet was ascending the steps of the Trinita dei Monti one day he was struck by the marvelous beauty of a young Italian girl who was going in the same direction. The attraction was so strong that without a moment's reflection he offered her his arm, which she unhesitatingly accepted.

From this chance meeting a friendship grew up which soon ripened into love. Keats' love was so strong that he succeeded in hiding until the very last moment the illness which eventually carried him away, lest his Italian sweetheart, Maria Landi, should suffer pain.

After his death she disappeared, and no trace of this short but happy episode of Keats' life was found until the discovery of the following letter from Keats to Maria Landi, which is in the possession of one of her great-grand-nephews living in Rome:

"My Dearest: Although I said I would not write you, still I wish to talk a little more with you, my dream and my hope, my smile and my one and only joy. You do not know how much I love you, you do not know it and I cannot tell you how much.

"But you are everything to me, as for you alone I smile amidst my tears, and I put one sweet thought among many bitter ones, and I have many of them, love, many, a whole sorrowful crown, a most sorrowful crown of them. But when I am near you I forget them all because I love you with great, immense and infinite love, with a love that no words can express.

"Oh, if you were here, if your dear face with its look which promises wonderful sweetness, would greet and comfort me! Oh, if you were only with me, my adored! If you knew how I long for your presence in certain moments. I wish for your suddenly at times in the peace of dawn, at others in the calmness of the night, and it seems as if your voice reached me in the silence, your silvery voice as musical as a waterfall."

## What is Heaven.

"If I could be out of physical pain," said a lifelong invalid, "I would ask no other heaven." "If I could be in a place where I might know that my husband never could be killed on the train!" cried one of the gentle "worriers" whose capacity for suffering is neither understood nor respected by the sanguine. "If I could take my children to a world where every time I hear a croupy cough my heart did not stand still with terror," urged another, "that would be heaven for me." The mulatto girl who burst into joyful tears at first sight of a marble bust of herself, "because it was white," had a glimpse of her heaven before its time.

"Heaven must be like any other form of happiness, only 'more so,'" said a thoughtful man. "And the conditions of happiness are three: a clean conscience, something to do, and some one to love."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Harper's Weekly.

## Need Thorough Cooking.

Raw pullet, raw veal and raw fish make the graveyard fat. This is hundreds of years old. A New York caterer, perhaps the most efficient in the city, said: "There are three important articles of food that must, under no circumstances, be served underdone. They are fish, chicken and veal. By chicken I mean all poultry of a domestic nature. All game birds should be rare. You want to be a little careful about lamb, too; give it plenty of cooking."