

THE SEATTLE STAR

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The Chicago newspapers are beginning to cry out against the embalmers' investigation, on the ground that it is greatly injuring the big packing establishments of that city.

The investigation has, no doubt, had its effect upon the business of the packers, but who, pray, is to blame but the men who can be the beef? If they put up all kinds of disreputable animals for the use of the soldiers, why should they be more particular about the canned meats furnished to the public in general?

In the city of San Francisco quite recently, the board of health raided a number of canning establishments and found a most filthy state of affairs. Tons of decaying vegetables and fruit seized by the inspectors went to the garbage crematory, and the people had a nervous shock when the facts became known through the newspapers, while the packers braced up and did cleaner work as a result.

If it were not for periodical shake-ups, the packing establishments in the large cities would spread an odor over the universe. The embalmers' beef revelations in Chicago will, doubtless, improve the quality of preserved meat furnished to the American people for consumption.

President Harper, of the Chicago University, says that his institution wants \$9,000,000 right away. While this announcement is fired directly at the astounded public, it may be intended for Mr. Rockefeller alone, a fact which would relieve the rest of us of a heavy load of responsibility.

Somebody has proposed Admiral Schley as a candidate for vice-president. There is no doubt that Admiral Sampson would cheerfully consent to this.

A Philadelphia girl has sued a rash youth for \$500 for squeezing her hand. Philadelphians have to pay high for boisterous amusements.

MINING NEWS.

Advices from Republic state that Simon Shaw, owner of the First National Standard, and San Juan Juan claims on Gold Hill near Republic, has bonded the property to George W. Holbrook of Colorado. It is understood that the property has been purchased for a Butte syndicate.

Work on the main tunnel of the Gold Leaf mine at Republic has been discontinued on account of bad air. The men will begin to run 150 feet in the first ledge, which is a distance of 150 feet from the entrance of the main tunnel.

The shaft in the Mabel mine at Republic has reached a depth of 40 feet.

Good ore is being taken out of the Good Luck Consolidated mine at Republic. The shaft has been sunk 50 feet and will be continued another 50 feet. It is said that this claim is probably one of the richest in that section.

Modern Necessities.

"My boy," said Mr. Hylking, severely, "I am disappointed, very much disappointed."

"Here you are, away along in your teens, and you haven't gotten either the Iliad or the Aeneid. Your ignorance of the Latin and Greek classics is deplorable."

"I've studied them all I could," was the answer.

"No doubt; no doubt. But it's the way of the present generation. When I was a boy we could parse and construe Latin verse by the time we were 15 years of age. And I was reading Euripides before I was 17. The people could talk in Latin the same as we could talk in English, and they all had the classics at their tongues' end."

"I know it," said the boy sadly. "I've read about 'em. But you ought not to overlook the fact that those people had a great advantage over us. All they had to learn was what happened up to their time, and then they had nothing to do except to study their Greek and Latin. They didn't have to learn the Declaration of Independence by heart and study the constitution of the United States. They weren't obliged to find out all about George Washington and Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Webster and all the rest of the real people. They were not expected to keep track of what Agulnaldo is going to do next or whether we ought to take the Philippines and what players the baseball club has bought or sold. They had everything all laid out for them, and they didn't have to study the time tables or figure on how to get off an electric car in a hurry. I'm willing to admit that we aren't as smart as boys were a century or two ago; but I can't help thinking there are extenuating circumstances."

"ALL SORTS."

Some of the stars move with a velocity of 50 miles a second.

The French people still fight an average of 4000 duels a year.

Three thousand marriages are performed every day all over the world.

The new building of the Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary of Boston, which has just been dedicated, re-

calls to the Herald of that city Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's mot on the institution: "Charitable eye and ear; I didn't know Boston had either."

Great Britain has no fewer than 2200 steamships, 120 of them being of a religious character.

Cyclists in Denmark are forbidden by law to ride faster than the speed of a cab through and town.

The flesh of alligators taste very much like veal, and is regarded as a delicacy by many people in India.

The stars on the United States coinage are six-pointed, while the United States flag carries five-pointed stars.

It is calculated that the yearly production of paper in the world is 3,000,000,000 pounds weight, and this emanates from 2391 mills.

The Miami (Fla.) Republican thus sums up the love affairs of the Twenty-third Kansas: "Five of the Kansas City, Kan., boys married Cuban wives and brought them to the United States. They have all either a small lemon or orange grove, while one of the Pittsburg, Kan., boys captured a dusky maiden who has a 600-acre coffee plantation. Sixteen others married Cuban girls, but they drew blanks, and when the troops came home they left them to shuffle for themselves."

A venerable lady in New Philadelphia, O., recently gave a party which was thoroughly unique in its character. The company was made up of seven couples who were related to the hostess, and all of whom had eloped to get married. In no instance had there been any serious opposition to the different matches. It simply "runs in the family" to embrace matrimony in that way, and the style is faithfully maintained, and the youngest couple eloped in February in face of the cordial approval of their attachment for each other by their parents.

England finds it impossible to dock her biggest battleships outside of Europe. The Hongkong Dock company has refused to take the risk of docking the Victorious, as the battleship is only six inches narrower than the dock entrance. She must, therefore, be returned to England to be cleaned unless she can get into the Malta dock. The Victorious, it will be remembered, ran aground at the entrance to the Suez canal on her way to China and was floated again with difficulty. The reasons given at the time was that her anchors were not big enough to hold.

The old London banking house of Gilling & Sharpe, which in bygone days was known by the sign of the Three Squirrels, has been pulled down and a board remains around the site, while new premises are being erected in which the banking business, now amalgamated with that of Barclay, Bevan & Co., will be carried on and where the ancient sign, formed of three little iron squirrels, which had been displayed on the window bar of the goldsmith and banking premises upon this spot for more than 300 years, will have a place.

The movement for the study of the Irish language in Ireland has met an obstacle in the opposition of a number of prominent Irish educators, such as Mr. Mahaffy and Dr. Atkinson, both of Dublin university. Dr. Atkinson is regarded as the greatest living authority on the Irish language and literature and might be expected to favor the proposed revival. But he has taken the surprising view that the mass of extant Irish literature, including the modern folklore, is too indocent for popular teaching.

"W. V. Smith, living south of Florence, claims to have the longest whisker in the world," says the Florence, Kan., Bulletin. "They are five feet in length and are still growing. Mr. Smith is ambitious and wants to travel with a circus. He would like to know if you know of anyone who can match his whiskers. Mr. Smith would be thankful if the newspapers of the state would take up his beard and discuss it. His postoffice address is Florence, Kan., and he will gladly answer any correspondence. Mr. Smith is an old soldier, has half a dozen wounds, and is worthy of any consideration that might be extended to him. Exchanges please copy."

AMUSEMENTS.

"Hugo" attracted another good-sized audience at the Third Avenue theater last night. Richard Poote has an excellent company with him.

Make Up Artistically.

Whether it is that the American society woman, owing to her late hours, when she reaches a certain age, needs a little artificial touch here and there to restore her fading bloom, or from whatever cause it may be, the fact unfortunately remains that she does use a little judicious make-up.

Now, as this seems to be a necessity, why not use this make-up as her French sister does, who has it down to a fine point of perfection. For instance, the Parisienne never would think of using the same rouge for day and night, and she always applies it in the light for which it is intended. If she is a brunette she gets powder and rouge for a brunette, while if she is a blonde she buys blonde materials.

The first phase of the performance is to thoroughly wash the face with a little soap on a soft rag, in very warm water; then dry with a soft towel. Then if it is daytime she goes to the brightest window, and, by aid of her hand glass, applies this rouge, which is in a liquid state. The cheeks and jawbone are treated, then the lips, for which a different rouge is always used, also a liquid, taking care to make them appear darker on the inner edge. Now the forehead is treated to a powder, which is applied and then rubbed off until none remains. A little of this powder is rubbed on the nose and around the mouth and promptly rubbed off.

For the brows and eyelashes a pencil should never be used for the day. A brow brush and a tiny bar of India ink is all that is needed. The same routine is applied to the night, making the only difference being in the materials used, and these can always be bought of any good chemist.

THEY TAKE THEIR TIME

Too Much Hurry Would End Their Job Too Soon.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—Having come from Hustville, William R. Merriam, the director of the census, gets very impatient when he encounters the customs of this land of deliberation. The government clerks begin work at 9 o'clock in the morning and stop at 4, with half an hour for luncheon. They have all shorter hours than Mr. Merriam is accustomed to. They are also in the habit of taking things in an easy, happy-go-lucky manner, and find that hurrying is apt to put them out of work. When a new bureau is organized the first persons to get placed are the timers, who have held positions in other departments but have lived so long in Washington that they know the ropes. As usual, the new census office got its share of such experienced people, who years ago acquired the habits of the bureau. The chief clerk in the circulation office and have found it impossible to get rid of them. When Mr. Merriam went to St. Paul to close up his private affairs he gave instructions to have certain things done during his absence, and says the force of clerks in his office ought to have done it four times over during the time allowed, but when he got back it was not half finished, and he has since been trying to discover the reason why. It is a serious question whether the Washington habit gives in. It is not a new experience. Other men have come here, filled with Western vim and energy and have attempted to reform things, but after a few months of hard effort have had to give it up. He will probably do the same.

Motion to Expel Eagan.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—At a meeting of the board of officers of the Royal Legion, held at Rauscher's last night, a motion was made to expel Gen. Eagan from the command, on account of his recent court martial. The meeting adjourned without final action, but the sense of those present indicated the probable adoption of the motion at another meeting to be held next week. His court martial case was held in the court house, and the findings of the court were approved. Senator Hawley antagonized the motion to expel and this precipitated a lengthy discussion, which lasted until a late hour.

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM

As Practiced by the City of Manchester, England.

The city of Manchester, England, which furnishes the most advanced example of municipal socialism, had made a new departure by adding manufacturing of soap, tallow, oil, glue and fertilizer to its garbage and sewerage department. The city government now owns street car lines, gas, electric light and water works, ice factories, 15 markets, baths and public laundries, slaughterhouses, cemeteries, cheap lodging houses, technical schools, art galleries and work shops for the manufacture and repair of its vehicles, tools and implements. It has reclaimed a large swamp by depositing its street cleanings and the solid matter found in its sewage, and is now reclaiming another, by which it is expected to add several millions of dollars to the wealth of the corporation. The most novel branch of the city government is a corps of house-cleaners, who can be employed by the occupants of stores, flats, office buildings and residences to overhaul and clean their establishments as often as desired. A Manchester woman who desires her house cleaned can telephone to police headquarters, and a gang of scrubbers, sweepers, window washers, etc., will be sent at once to take up the carpets and relay them and do her spring house cleaning in short order and first-class style while she goes to London or visits friends in the country.

MENTAL TELEPATHY.

I am a matter of fact sort of man. I devoted my time and talents to money making, and I have made the word, but I don't know and probably they will tell me that this case of mine was "another instance of telepathic communication." If that is all they can tell me I don't wish to hear the explanation. I am a plain man, I say before, and I don't care for having long words thrown at me. Ever since I left college I have been immersed in business affairs. The only deviation from the rigid routine of my money-making life I can remember was the occasion that I fell in love. The fever did not last very long; but I had it pretty bad for the time being. It was in Paris, 1882. She was an actress. She had a beautiful face, a magnificent presence and a divine voice. But she was young and ambitious. She was wedded to her art, she said. When I saw it was really hopeless further to press my suit, I became melancholy—and, incidentally, melodramatic.

"Marie," I said, "you are a career. You are just entering upon a career, which, notwithstanding its present allurements, you may find distasteful to you before long. I have told you that I love you. I am ten years older than you. My affections are fixed upon you, whether you reject them or not. The time will come when you will think more kindly of me, and in the meantime I beg you. Keep it always with you; and if at any time you should reject this ring to me. Or, if any circumstances should arise in which you may require the assistance of a trustworthy friend, send it to me."

Fifteen years have come and gone since then. In 15 years I have worked hard and made money. I have never given myself much time to think of Marie, indeed, immersed in affairs, I came in time to think of her only very occasionally as a bright vision that had flitted across my path, and disappeared in the mists of the past.

I learned only recently that she had changed her stage name for some reason into which I did not inquire.

One winter while on a journey from New York to San Francisco, I suddenly took a notion to stop off in Chicago. It was evening, and I went straight to the hotel where I always stopped while in the Windy City.

The hotel clerk nodded to me as I went up to the desk to register. "A letter for you sir," he said. "It was a registered letter. I could feel that it contained some small, hard substance. The envelope bore the first of the stars of the previous night at 10 o'clock."

It contained the ring that I had given to Marie in Paris 15 years before, and there was also a sheet of note paper of the hotel, Boston, across which was written "Marie." I rushed from the hotel, and in a very short time was speeding back to the East.

Was she in danger? I kept asking myself, or was it that she had laid her finger on the stage and was willing to become my wife? I thrust my hand into my pocket for the envelope and its precious contents. Gone! I searched every pocket over and over again, but in vain. Envelope, paper and ring were all gone.

The weary hours of the toilsome journey. But it was over at last! I jumped into a carriage and directed the driver to the hotel and rushed through the hall and seized the envelope. Running my fingers over the names, I came at last to the one that I sought. Marie occupied rooms 17 and 18. "I am expected," I said to the clerk, and then went straight to the door of No. 17 and knocked. "Come in," said a low voice. A lady rose from the rocking chair and bowed to me. "Marie!" I cried, springing forward to seize her hand, "don't you know me?"

GRAPHITE MADE FROM COKE

A Company With \$1,000,000 Capital Formed.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., April 11.—Several new words have been added to the English language, a great industry has been established and possibly many thousands of miners will be thrown out of employment by E. G. Acheson, discoverer of the carbide of silicon. Mr. Acheson's latest feat is an elaboration on a commercial scale of his process to convert coke into graphitic carbon, the fierce heat of the electric furnace.

For years it has been his definite plan to invent a way of changing the allotropic forms of carbon from one to another. Carbon exists in the diamond, graphite, and in the common form, such as charcoal, coke and lamp black. While many chemists and scientists have sought to obtain the diamond form, Mr. Acheson has sought after graphite. His first building is now being erected at Niagara Falls by a company capitalized at \$1,000,000, for the production of graphite on an enormous scale. By January 1, 1900, the capacity of the works will be many tons a day.

The law behind the change has not been given to the world, but in paper read before the Franklin Institute a week ago it was hinted. Mr. Acheson has been the recipient of many congratulations on his discovery.

The effects of the production of graphite on a large scale will be universally felt in the trade. It can be produced at a very slight cost, much beneath that of mining it in Ceylon, where the great source of supply exists, or even of the Michigan mines, the product of which is now largely used in the manufacture of graphite paint. The use of graphite as a basis for paint for structural iron work is recent, but already tons of the shiny substance are mixed with oil every day for this purpose.

But the great use of graphite as manufactured at Niagara Falls will be for motor brushes. Graphite is one of the best conductors of electricity known. Besides it is an excellent lubricant. The use of graphite increases the longevity of the brush besides proving a very much better conductor. The use of another tremendous market for the product and graphitized carbon rods for electrolytic processes gives just what was needed. The life of the rod is indefinitely increased and the conductivity of the rod makes its efficiency very much higher.

"To graphitize" and "graphitization" are words to be added to the English language and were not necessary until Acheson discovered how to transform carbon in its prevalent form into the graphite form. When Acheson first took his carbide of silicon to New York and sold it to Jewett & Co. for \$400 a pound for it. That was in 1892. Today it is sold every day and it retails for 10 cents a pound. Graphite can be made at a cheaper figure.

Was all this, then, a pure chimera of the mind? Or did Marie, by some means to the chaperon of death by some time and annihilates space, knowing not the limitations which beset the strong man in all the pride of health and virility?

The schooner Emma and Louisa departs mysteriously. The schooner Emma and Louisa, which was alongside Schwabacher dock for two days last week, left Sunday on a mysterious voyage, the destination of which is unknown. She came to Seattle from Honolulu last December and up to a week ago was lying idle in the stream off the Centennial flouring mill. She was then purchased by John G. Paeyer, of the McDougall & Southwick company, and was brought alongside Schwabacher dock to be overhauled.

When seen by a Star reporter regarding the use of the schooner was to be put to, Mr. Paeyer was inclined to be reticent. He stated emphatically that he has no news regarding the vessel for publication. He, however, made the statement that she was not going to be put on the Alaska route, but was to leave shortly for South America to be turned over to some merchants at her. Who the parties were who bought the schooner, or to what use they intended putting her to, Mr. Paeyer refused to state.

It is much out of the ordinary for the schooner Emma and Louisa to leave Puget sound for South American ports. Old shipping men fail to recollect of any instance in which a vessel of 87 tons or thereabouts left for that coast. The schooner was originally owned by a man named Wilson, of San Francisco.

Bloodhounds on His Trail. DELPHI, Ind., April 11.—At midnight last night a man, supposed to be Charles Bridge, entered the home of Miss Lucy Mowrer, near Monticello, gaining access through the window. He attempted to chloroform the girl, but awakened her, pinching her to determine the success of his drug. Her screams brought her brother. The invader escaped as he entered, through a window, leaving his shoes and hat. The sheriff and deputies have started with bloodhounds on his trail, but have not yet captured him. Bridge was a rejected lover, and the officers believe that he intended murder and suicide.

MONEY WANTED AT ST. LOUIS. Do Not Want Gold but Need Small Paper Money. ST. LOUIS, April 11.—St. Louis banks are beginning to feel the effects of the scarcity of paper currency of small denominations, of which New York and other Eastern cities have been complaining for the past two months, and have appealed to the United States sub-treasury for relief.

The demand for small bills has been growing steadily for some time past and there is not enough of what is known as counter currency to accommodate the ordinary demands of business. The trouble is not a question of the lack of money, but one of change and the financial world is demanding that some measure of relief, which will provide a larger supply of \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills, be adopted, as with the approach of the crop season the demand for smaller notes will be still heavier, and the scarcity threatens to reach an acute stage.

Bankers are not willing to say what is the best remedy, but they agree that a scarcity of counter currency exists and that it is bound to cause more or less inconvenience. "You talk," said Mr. Meeker's spokesman, "as if you thought you had the wisdom of Solon!"

"I don't think I have, though, my dear," returned Mr. Meeker. "I'm what you might call his exact Xantipodes."

While Dr. Albert J. Forrest is in New York, his dental practice will be attended to by Albin S. Smith, dentist, Room 10, Sullivan Block.

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DYING AS HE FORGAVE

Called the Son Who Shot Him to His Bedside.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 11.—T. Bronsahan, whom his own son, John, shot through the abdomen last Saturday evening, called that son to his bedside yesterday to advise him how he might best get out of the trouble in which his crime had involved him.

The old man could not speak above a whisper as he lay in the German hospital. The doctor had told him he would be dead before the sun set.

Timothy Bronsahan took his son's hand and, making mighty efforts, delivered himself of a few words. "Get out of this trouble the best you can, John. I'll do all I can to save you before I die."

After a few minutes he had collected enough strength for another speech. "John," he said, "I'm mostly my fault; you had to shoot me. I would have hurt you if you hadn't; but you shouldn't have killed me!"

The son pressed the old man's hand and was able to make no reply for a minute. Then he said with a groan: "I didn't mean to kill you, father."

Timothy Bronsahan breathed hard and said: "No, I guess you didn't mean to kill me. It was my fault. I hope you won't get into much trouble about it. John, I want to say before I die that if you were in any way to blame for what you did, I forgive you for it."

John Bronsahan, much affected, was led away to where his mother, divorced from his father, was weeping to say anything about the shooting except that he did it in self-defense.

Timothy Bronsahan was a grading contractor of 1412 West Twenty-ninth street, and was separated from his father, who he occupied a room in the same house. Monday evening, while shoveling snow in the back yard he became annoyed at the noise of two of the younger children in the kitchen. He asked what the trouble was and John, his son, 25 years old, gave him an impudent answer.

The father seized a mattock and ran toward the house, saying he was going to "clean out" the place. John ran into the kitchen as the old man's father coming and when the old man came through the door he shot him through the abdomen. Bronsahan, with cries of pain, made his way to the home of another son, Daniel.

Young Bronsahan, when he had shot his father, went to the home of a Patrolman, Roberts, near by, and gave himself up.

The Bronsahan family seems to have been pursued by tragedy. During the spring election of 1894, when the city was disrupted with the A. A. excitement, the Bronsahan brothers took part in the Turkey Creek bridge riot, and the oldest son of the contractor, Mike, who at that time was a sidewalk inspector and something of a leader in politics, was the first man to fall. He was riddled with bullets.

Denies Wrecking the Stella. LONDON, April 11.—In an interview today Signor Marconi ridiculed the suggestion, which has been made that the electric waves of the wireless telegraph system had affected the Stella's compasses and thus got her off her course.

He said that experiments that had been made in wireless telegraphy from the yacht Osborn when the Prince of Wales was aboard had demonstrated that the electric waves could pass within a few inches of compasses without having the least magnetic effect.

His Purpose. "That new reporter is a corker. He says he was sent out for a write up down in Texas once, and a gang of cowboys took him for a horse thief. Did you ever notice what a big nose he has?"

"Of course."

"Well, they got a rope around his neck and threw the rope end over a tree, and four of them stood ready to pull him up at the word. Just as they started to pull up came a squad of cavalry to rescue him."

"Did they?"

"Yes, I guessed as much."

"What do you suppose he wanted to tell such a whopper as that for?"

"That's easy. He wanted to call your attention to the fact that he had a wonderful nose for noose!"

Domestic Service Problem. Prof. Mary Smith, of Leland Stanford university has a solution of the problem of domestic service, which she sets forth in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

"Rightly understood," she said, "there is nothing ignoble in the work. On the contrary, a girl may find in it admirable possibilities of good for herself and others, instead of posing as a martyr she should consider herself as a respectable person, intrusted with the care of a home, and, to a great extent, with the happiness of the family. If girls could be taught these things the whole aspect of affairs would change."

Bits like this suggest the old doubts about woman's "intellect." They make one think of "intuition" and other purely feminine faculties. The young woman who in this beautiful and disinterested way makes a family happy gets one afternoon out and a Sunday evening. She rises at 5 a. m. and goes to bed when her work is done. She cooks, sweeps, dusts, scrubs and answers the door bell. She receives her beau in the kitchen while her mistress entertains her friends in the parlor. It is all very beautiful, but it is singular, if Bridget is responsible for the welfare and happiness of the whole family and is faithful to her duties, she can't come into the parlor with her young man. There's the rub.

No. Prof. Smith is all wrong. The problem of domestic service is insoluble just because it is domestic service. When there is no such thing the ladies will have rest.

Canadian Railway Extension. WINNIPEG, April 11.—William Mackenzie, of Mackenzie & Mann, railway owners, is, it is announced that the Canadian Northern railway will be extended this season to the Saskatchewan river, 250 miles north of Winnipeg, and the Southern railway to Rainy river. Contracts are now being let.

Murders His Infant Son. TORONTO, April 11.—Emile Boucher, a father of Inverness county, Quebec, was arrested this morning charged with murdering his 11-year-old son, and afterwards partially burning the body in a kitchen stove.

Last night Boucher and his wife had a quarrel over their trivial affair. About toward bedtime all seemed at peace again. The quar