

The Transvaal produces 400,000 ounces of gold every month.
Married life often begins with silver and cut glass, and ends with broken china.

If a man has money to burn, he can easily find a woman willing to furnish a match.

In the race between conservation of the forests and the floods the floods have a long start.

At the quarterly sale of ivory in London recently a total of 85 1/2 tons was offered for sale.

In the course of a year ground worms will bring to the surface about ten tons of soil to the acre.

Edgar Allen Poe has been appointed city solicitor of Baltimore. The posts have not been entirely discredited.

Some men are proud of the fact that they kick when anything displeases them—donkeys do the same thing.

Hanging perilously for three hours over the Niagara gorge would seem to be about the last word in balloon thrills.

Not until Gen. Grosvenor gets through figuring on them can we know just what the returns from Vermont indicate.

The Japanese world's exposition has been postponed from 1912 to 1917. This will make it impossible for a lot of us to attend.

Complaints from the Japanese about taxation should be a pretty reliable indication that no reckless wars will be speedily undertaken.

A German editor has succeeded in reducing castor oil to a tasteless white powder. What a cinch childhood is getting to be, anyway!

China has now 200 newspapers, with more to come. The first thing China knows it will attract the attention of the wood pulp trust.

Scientists say that no person has a perfect ear. But the politician who can get his aricular appendage to the ground is dead sure to hear things.

Uncle Sam is going to build ten torpedo boats to travel 29 1/2 knots an hour. Uncle thinks that some time he may want to go somewhere in a hurry.

Discoveries of fake hold-ups for moving picture purposes tend to further shake public credulity. It is literally true that a man cannot believe his eyes.

A fine of \$100 has been imposed upon a Chicago concern for violating the smoke ordinance. This sort of thing will help greatly in clearing the atmosphere.

The tallest man in Florida is John C. Kling of Fort Lauderdale. He is 6 feet 8 1/2 inches in height. He is a giant. The other Kling, as everybody knows, is one of the Cubs.

An air fleet is now confidently spoken of as a necessary addition to the modern up-to-date army. The only sure way of doing nowadays, is contrariwise, to be in the clouds.

The German emperor has again declared that he wants peace and thinks he is going to have it. London journalists will regard this as another covert attempt to disarm Great Britain.

Dr. James F. Rymer, a native of Croydon, will soon gain the distinction of being the first fully qualified English physician to carry on professional work within the Arctic circle.

An improved apparatus has been made by Dr. Fritz Lang of Munich, by which the inside of the stomach can be clearly photographed. The camera is actually swallowed by the patient.

A California man has married a lady because she succeeded in fasting 40 days. Perhaps he expects her just sit around and look pleasant while he takes his meals out in case the cook leaves.

One can tell at a glance that Esperanto is an artificial language and not a natural growth, for it contains no profane expressions, commonly called swear words. To express his real feelings in a time of emergency each user will be obliged to draw on his own particular language.

The suffragists will doubtless be delighted with President Eliot's declaration of his opinion that women who pay taxes should vote. And from a man of his standing, it means a great deal to their cause, even though he declares for limited suffrage only. He is in danger, however, of being mobbed by the next invasion of grateful suffragettes, and then very likely he will be sorry he spoke.

The emperor of China has promised to grant his people a constitution in nine years. The people will probably not be satisfied with his proclamation for two leading reasons: One is that the emperor, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, has nothing to do with the case, as long as the empress dowager is still umpiring the game. The other is that nine years are too slow for reform in these rapid times. Now that her wall is down, even China is not going to stand still for nine years and watch the rest of the world pass by on the other side.

SERIAL STORY
THE ESCAPE
A POST MARITAL ROMANCE
By Cyrus Townsend Brady
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The Escape opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Strathgate, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington's estate in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family ill, caused by jealousy, Lord Carrington and his wife each made charges of faithlessness against the other in continuation of the quarrel. First, objecting against playing cards with the guests, Lady Carrington agreed to cut cards with Lord Strathgate, whose attentions to Ellen had become a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to perturb her, and her husband then cut for his wife's I. O. U. and his honor, Carrington winning. The incident closed except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate. Additional attentions were shown by Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington, who she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her child, Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. Ellen fled, Strathgate driving. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stranded in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton, locating a fishing vessel, hit the trail of Ellen and Debbie. He then rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit, Carrington pursuing Strathgate. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Debbie were also headed by different routes. Strathgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Carrington was armed. He hauled a pistol from his belt, cocked it and leveled it fair at Strathgate.

"Bring that boat into the wharf," he cried, "or I'll shoot you like the dog you are!"

Strathgate did not blanch. He balanced himself easily to the roll of the boat and looked square at Carrington.

"Would you add murder to your other follies?" he answered.

He was an easy mark, the distance was short, Carrington was a sure shot, and if ever a man had murdered in his heart it was in that of Ellen's husband. Yet there was something in the dauntless way in which Strathgate faced him and in the fact that the latter appeared unarmed, that caused Carrington, with finger upon the trigger, to stay the pressure.

"Why don't you fire, my lord?" cried Strathgate.

"Draw your weapon, Strathgate," said Carrington, dropping the point of his own pistol.

"I'm sorry to say that I'm unarmed." There was no use. Carrington could not kill him under the circumstances. He stood staring after him for a moment, and then raised his hand and shook it in the air.

"God have mercy on you if I meet you again!" he cried.

"Take the peril to yourself, Lord Carrington," Strathgate called out, and with a farewell wave of his hand the cutter shot out beyond the extremity of the pier, and, catching the full force of the breeze, which happened to be blowing straight up the harbor, necessitating a hard beat out against it, bore away toward the opposite shore.

Pistol in hand, Carrington turned and confronted the astonished crowd which had gathered in his rear.

"What went he after?" he asked. The men facing him looked from one to another.

Carrington thrust the pistol back into his belt, tore out his pocketbook, opened it, and took out a ten-pound note.

"That for information." One of the men whose boats Strathgate had disdained to employ forced his way through the crowd.

"I'll tell you for the money." "Speak out. 'Tis yours."

"He come down here lookin' for a man and a woman, and Cooper, he owns the boat yonder, said his brother put a party containin' a man and a woman aboard the Flying Star or a ship like her last night."

"What then?" asked Carrington. "Then he offered a hundred pounds for the fastest boat to put him aboard the Flying Star afore she got clear into the channel."

"And he took Cooper's boat," said another boatman.

"I take you, yer honor," cried Haight, whose sporting blood was aroused, and the remark was greeted by three cheers from the wharf.

"If it's in the power of a Portsmouth boat to do it, Haight's the man for you, master," said one old veteran.

"Stay," continued Haight, "I'd like to know who I'm dealin' with."

"I'm Lord Carrington, first lieutenant of the Niobe yonder."

He pointed to one of the frigates swinging ahead in the line of battle-ships of Kephard's fleet.

"Right-o, yer lordship," said Haight, making a sea scrape at the mention of rank, social, political and naval, of his speaker. "Lads, who goes with us?"

He picked up three or four volunteers, to whom Carrington promised a suitable reward.

"My boat's twice as big as Cooper's cutter, and I need the hands, your lordship."

"Take anybody, anything you please," said Carrington. "Where's the boat?"

"She be lyin' beyond the other pier. Shall I bring her here, or—?"

"We'll go there," returned my lord. "Tis quicker."

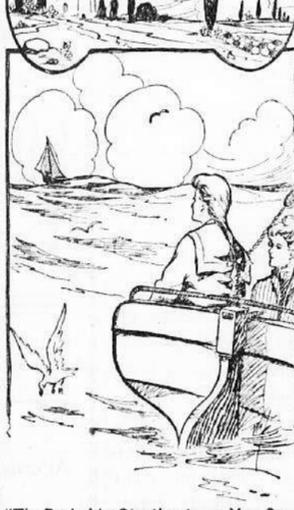
Committing his horse to one of the bystanders, with instructions to take him to the inn, Carrington, followed by Haight and three seamen, ran back to the shore, made their way along the strand to the other pier, leaped into the boat, which was a large, swift cutter, as Haight had said, at least half again as big as Cooper's, which was now well down the harbor and going tremendously under every freshening breeze.

To cast off the lines, hoist the sails, warp the boat along the pier until she gained the open roads, was the work of a few moments. Carrington stood quietly while the skillful men worked busily around him, but so soon as the wind filled the sail and the boat gathered way he came aft, calmly displaced Haight at the helm and sailed the boat himself. And no one in that harbor knew how to do it better than he.

CHAPTER XII.
Lady Carrington's Luck.

About two o'clock in the morning, as Ellen had expected, the breeze sprang up. It blew fitfully in cat's paws and light baffling airs at first. Ellen made the most of every possibility presented, however. She was desperately anxious to get to Portsmouth and she handled her boat with all her accustomed skill, rejoicing in her possession of it.

She did not awaken Debbie. She let the boat drift while she herself



"Tis Probably Strathgate as You Say."

hoisted the single sail it bore. After an hour of vexatious backing and filling, she thought the breeze was growing stronger and by four o'clock to her great joy the wind had settled and was blowing steady from the southeast, straight up the channel, that is.

There are two entrances to Portsmouth harbor; one between the Isle of Wight and the mainland, the Solent, and the other around the southern extremity of the same island. Ellen had drifted seaward during the night and she decided that her best course was to round the island and run up to the harbor with a beam wind. The breeze was growing stronger every moment. Indeed, the little boat keeled over so far that sometimes the lee gunwales were perilously near the water line.

Presently, Ellen woke up Debbie in order to trim the ship, bidding her crawl up to windward. Before Debbie took her position, they made such morning meal as they could on tepid water and the remains of the hard bread, and then settled down for their run into the harbor. The little boat was jumping and pitching fearfully, but Debbie was almost as good a sailor as Ellen, and she suffered no inconvenience from the wild motion.

As for Ellen, her heart exulted. She had something to do besides think. The sailing of the boat required all her skill and ability. It was no light task to hold the helm in one hand and the sheet in the other and fight her way through the rising seas. The boat rode the water like a duck, however, and did not ship a drop of spray.

They were well past Bambridge when the day broke fair and clear. Ellen had been so occupied with the business of sailing the boat that she had not paid any attention to what was astern of her. It was Debbie who about a half hour after sunrise pointed out another and a larger boat following in their wake. In the presence of such a boat at such a time, there was nothing suspicious, yet

some premonition of danger caused Ellen to survey the other vessel, a small lugger, perhaps a mile astern, with deep and intense interest. Something seemed to whisper to her heart that its presence boded no good for the fugitives.

In order to settle the matter, Ellen suddenly put up the helm and ran broad off toward the channel. The other boat followed her motions at once. At this confirmation of her suspicions, Ellen once more brought her own cutter on her previous course, and again the other boat followed the movements of the first.

"They're pursuing us," said Ellen. "I thought so," returned Debbie.

"Who can they be?" queried Ellen, tightening her grip upon the tiller.

"It might be your husband," answered Debbie.

And if that were so, it flashed into Ellen's mind that perhaps the best thing would be to throw her own boat up into the wind, doff sail, or at least just give her steering way and wait to be taken back. But Debbie's voice dispelled that dream.

"It's more likely to be Lord Strathgate," continued the American girl, "than anyone else. He would naturally follow us to that little village, if he were not so seriously wounded as to be utterly helpless and of course he would pursue us. They would find the money you put on the wharf and anybody could guess the rest."

The thought smote Ellen's heart. There was so much probability of it.

"Ay," she said, "tis probably Strathgate as you say."

"He's undoubtedly intensely angry with us both, or with you at least, Ellen," continued Deborah. "You know you tried to kill him last night."

"I wish to heaven I had succeeded!" returned Lady Carrington.

"And we both left him helpless in the road and he can't be feeling very kindly toward us," went on Deborah with innocent simplicity.

"He pretended to love me," said Ellen, scornfully. "Well, he shall never take me into that boat. I'll sink this one rather than—"

"Oh, please don't do anything so rash," cried Deborah, alarmed at that threat. "I'm sure I don't want to be sunk and drowned because Lord Strathgate loves you and Lord Carrington doesn't."

"How do you know he doesn't?" cried Ellen.

"Why, you said that he and Lady Cecily—"

"Don't you ever dare mention that woman's name to me," returned the other, fiercely. "She beguiled him and enticed him—I hate them both!"

She was on the verge of another breakdown. Deborah was appalled by the vehemence of her companion and tactfully interposed a remark to change the trend of her thoughts.

"I think they're nearer to us now."

"They are," cried Ellen as she surveyed them with her practiced eye. "Their boat is larger. She spreads more sail. She goes three fathoms to our two. What shall we do? Here take the tiller a moment. Hold it just as it is and the sheet in the other hand."

"What are you going to do?" asked Deborah as she obeyed her captain's commands.

"I'm going to see if there are any powder and shot in the lockers forward. I was a fool to come away with only the charges in my pistols."

"Would you shoot him?"

"Ay, that I would," returned Ellen, "rather than fall into his hands."

She stepped forward and rummaged in the locker under the bows but found nothing. She made her way aft again and disturbing Deborah opened another locker in the stern sheets. There to her good fortune she found a flask of powder but no bullets. She was bitterly disappointed at this lack, but at least something was gained. She knelt down on the thwarts and with skill bred of ancient practice rapidly charged both her pistols.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE AUBURN LOCKS ABOUND.

Found in Great Numbers in North-eastern Part of Scotland.

Red hair is found in distinct excess north of the Grampians, and especially in the northeast of Scotland. A scientist who has made the question of pigmentation a special study, and has just been helped to conclude a color survey of the school children—over 50,000—of Scotland, announced this as one of his results.

In most European countries, he said, there is a distinct predominance of one type over the others. In north Germany and Sweden it is the blonde type; in Italy the brunette. No such predominance is found in Scotland. Dark hair and fair are present in equal proportions. The dominant color among Scottish children is brown, and it has to be shown how far brown is really a blend of fair and dark.

The proportion of red hair throughout the country is a little over 5 per cent.—high compared with the continent. One cannot overlook the reference of Tacitus to the red haired Caledonians. Some curious facts brought to light suggest that red hair is not entirely or strictly a racial trait. It may have some peculiar physiological if not pathological connection.

Teach Poor Women to Cook.

Some of the home economics clubs of the east have established "centers" with all cooking school conveniences, where poor women may be taught how to keep house and cook economically. There is no fancy cooking taught, but simply the things that are served by the poor people themselves each day, only they are taught to keep account of the expense and cook economically.

LOUISIANA NEWS.

NEW ORLEANS NOTES.

Chairman George W. Goethals, of Panama Canal Commission, will arrive on Cartago this afternoon, and will confer with local merchants relative to complaints.

Dr. Beverly Warner returned to his Trinity pulpit and preached sermon on crusades.

International Operative Plasterers will open annual convention at Progressive Union hall this morning.

St. Maurice feast was observed by parishioners with special services and banquet.

Rev. W. McF. Alexander returned and preached at Prytania Street Presbyterian.

Senors Bosch and De Abada will arrive from Cuba today and represent Republic at Home Exhibit.

Rev. J. E. Wray denounced Senator Foraker and Standard Oil in his sermon, preaching on "The Foraker Scandal."

Southern Amateur Athletic Association will meet here for first time tonight.

"Sermons in Shoes" was the interesting theme of Rev. J. Benjamin Lawrence, of Coliseum Place Baptist.

Captain R. E. Saucier won Dupont trophy.

Public schools of New Orleans will open today with probable enrollment of 40,000.

A species of gallinipper was blown in by the storm, and pests invading residential sections.

American Rice Mill at Crowley Burned.

Crowley, La.—Fire early tonight partially destroyed the American Rice Milling Company, one of the largest mills in the city, entailing a loss of \$80,000. The fire had its origin in the rough warehouse and spread so rapidly that within less than thirty minutes the entire plant was a mass of flames, the men at work barely escaping by jumping from the second story. The fire was discovered by the night watchman at 8:30, when a general alarm was sent in, and promptly responded to by the fire department, but the fire had gained such headway that all efforts to save the mill from burning were futile.

The American mill was erected in 1859, and has been operated regularly ever since, having been completely overhauled last year. The mill was valued at about \$50,000, and contained about \$30,000 worth of rough and cleaned rice, which was also lost.

Cane Instead of Corn.

Alexandria, La.—A meeting was held yesterday afternoon in the courthouse to consider the question of erecting a \$200,000 central sugar factory and inducing farmers to plant cane instead of cotton, on account of the ravages of the boll weevil. Sixty-eight thousand dollars in stock was subscribed at the meeting, and a committee appointed to solicit the balance. The meeting was called under the auspices of the Progressive League.

TEXAS POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

MEETING WILL BE HELD IN HOUSTON NOV. 9 TO 14.

Breeders Throughout the State Will Send Their Pens Here and Compete for Prizes.

Houston, Tex.—Arrangements are being made for the annual exhibition by the Texas Poultry and Pigeon association which will be held in Houston during the dates intervening between November 9 and 14, and Secretary Robert Black, who has the affair in charge, has a large number of letters from breeders throughout the State advising him they will send their pens here for the exhibit, and will compete for the prizes.

In fixing the date for the show, November has been selected, for the reason that shows in the latter part of December interfere with the mating season on account of having to fatten the chickens several weeks prior to exhibition in order to bring them up to their standard weight. To keep the birds in the show say for six days away from the cock bird, knocks the breeder out of twelve or fifteen days before he can get fertile eggs. Arrangements are being made to accommodate all the exhibitors who will come. For the chickens the association has engaged H. B. Savage of Belton, a chicken fancier, a poultry journal publisher and a member of the Texas legislature. Mr. Savage has a fine reputation among the bird fanciers in Texas and the fact that he is engaged for this show is a strong endorsement for it.

Charles F. Taylor has been engaged to judge the pigeons, and it will be the first time where an exclusive pigeon judge will serve. Mr. Taylor has written from his home in Detroit that he will come and expresses a desire to visit other parts of Texas while he is in the State.

As this show will be held during the No-Tsu-Oh Carnival the very cheapest rates of the year will be on, so that all who wish to visit it can come at a minimum of expense as far as railroad fare is concerned. Another feature of the rates this year is that the railroads will extend the privilege of cheap rates to take in a much wider territory than heretofore, making rates from the Red River, from as far west as Rel Rio and into Northeast Texas as far as Shreveport.

Boys Given Prison Terms.

Alexandria, La.—J. W. Dinean, aged 19, and John Watson, aged 15, who were transferred to the District Court on Saturday, on a charge of robbing an aged sick man in the suburbs, pleaded guilty and were sentenced to the penitentiary, the former to six months and the latter one month. They were conveyed to the penitentiary today, only two days after committing the deed.

Sixth District Fight.

Baton Rouge, La.—The final joint debate between Robert C. Whelling and George K. Favrot, candidates for Congress, was held this afternoon at New Roads before an audience of 800 people, which packed to the very limit of its capacity the handsome courthouse of Pointe Coupee Parish. The meeting was called to order by J. P. Gosserand, Chief Deputy Sheriff of Pointe Coupee, and was presided over by Senator Martin Glynn, of Pointe Coupee Parish, both supporters of Mr. Favrot, as he had the right to draw the presiding officers of the final debate. The crowd was evenly divided between the two candidates.

Stabbed in the Arm.

New Orleans, La.—Michel Grote, of 1311 Feliciana street, was stabbed four times in the left arm yesterday morning at the corner of St. Claude and Louisa streets. Grote, who was attended to in the hospital, refused to tell the police anything about the affair.

Michael A. Coates Dead.

New Orleans, La.—Michael A. Coates, clerk in the First Recorder's Court, and a well known man in political circles, died last night at 8:55 o'clock at his home, 1577 Annunciation street. Mr. Coates was born in this city, and was forty-nine years old. He was a member of the Cotton Yardmen's Association, Knights of Maccabees and Buffaloes.

Our Big Export Trade.

Analysis of the returns of foreign trade of the United States during the last fiscal year reveals some interesting features. Among other things it is seen that there was a large increase in exports of manufactured American goods, a most desirable tendency, which has been pronounced for years. Thus sales abroad of agricultural implements were \$21,500,000, against \$16,000,000 in 1900; carriages, cars and other vehicles, \$22,000,000, against \$9,900,000; chemicals, drugs, dyes and medicines, \$20,800,000, against \$12,000,000; manufacture of iron and steel, \$181,000,000, against \$122,000,000; leather and manufactures of, \$40,700,000, against \$27,300,000, and so on. The average total export of manufactures ready for consumption was, for a five-year term, \$329,000,000 for the period ended with 1900 and \$480,000,000 for that ended with 1907, and in 1908 was \$488,500,000. These figures tell their own story of increase in nearly every line, the only item in which there was little if any gain being the export of cotton goods. As this is the great cotton-producing country of the world, our failure to get a better foothold in the cotton-goods markets is discomfiting. The dispatches alluding to this showing point out that the sales abroad are largely the result of a foreign demand that finds here the most convenient source of supply, and that they do not represent "aggressive commercial activity" on the part of American producers. But, declares the Troy (N. Y.) Times, there is growing appreciation of the desirability of foreign markets, especially to maintain industrial equilibrium at home, and presently, no doubt, there will be an arousing to more aggressiveness.

The old proverb has it that nothing succeeds like success. In view of what is happening to Count Zeppelin perhaps it may become necessary to remodel the saying so as to make it read that nothing succeeds like fall ure. The destruction of the count's flying machine proved the very best sort of advertisement, and has resulted in the offer of great sums of money to enable him to continue his experiments, while hosts of sympathetic persons have overwhelmed him with gifts of all kinds, including wines, cigars, sweetmeats, groceries and even neckties and other articles of personal use or adornment. In fact, there is room for some belief that the thing is being overdone. The attention lavished on the count has aroused the jealousy of rivals, and some of them are rather pointedly reminding the German public that in the matter of aeronautics there are others.

More than 65 per cent. of the 800,000,000 feet of logs cut annually in Maine at the present time is spruce, and much of the rest is hemlock, cedar and other woods than pine, and yet Maine shows no tendency to call herself the Spruce-tree state.

The toadstool is figuring with gruesome frequency in the news of the day. The safest rule in gathering supposed mushrooms is: When in doubt, don't; and even when sure, don't be too sure.

Ore from the gold mines of Santiago, Cuba, assays \$40 to the ton.