THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 20 TRI CITY

Friday, May 15, 1914.

Why worry about Huerta? Let the Villa-Zapata twins do the work.

Some one has found the tomb of Aristomenes. Sounds like a new Federal league pitcher.

Henry Ford's edict against the cigaret differs from that of a number of the states in that he will probably enforce it.

Oscar Hammerstein always was a great flatterer. Now he has sued a young woman opera singer for $1,000,000 because she dubbed him "a dead duck."

St. Paul women are accused of wearing such tight skirts that it is impossible for them to kneel in prayer. What chances women will take to keep up with the styles.

The decision of the Iowa supreme court giving a husband damages for the death of his wife, a trained nurse, points the way for the new woman movement to become an aid to matrimony.

In Sterling, which is the dryest of the dry since the saloons were abolished and the druggists have agreed not to sell intoxicants, they are agitating an ordinance to compel the soft drink parlors to take down the screens.

Ex-Governor Sam VanSant of Minnesota celebrated his birthday the other day by taking a 10-mile walk from Minneapolis to St. Paul. His Rock Island friends were not aware the governor was nursing any further political aspirations at this time.

Mr. Mellen, former president of the New Haven railroad, told the interstate commerce commission during his testimony yesterday that he would not have been averse to talking to the devil if it were necessary in furtherance of his rail merging negotiations. There are those who will be unkind enough to predict that Mr. Mellen may yet have an opportunity to have converse with the horned demon.

A man run down by bloodhounds in connection with a robbery at Sterling the other night was able to prove that he was in the city jail from 8 p. m. to 6 a. m. on the night the crime was committed, thereby establishing a satisfactory alibi. The incident might be used as an argument against bloodhound evidence or, on the other hand, it might be construed as redounding to the credit of the dogs in picking out only the trails of suspicious characters to follow.

THE FORTUNATE FARMER.

In his contribution to the economics of the American food supply James J. Hill of the Great Northern railroad, who is something of a farmer and statesman of agriculture himself, calls attention to the fact that while the agricultural population is substantially at a standstill in numbers the urban population dependent on the food producers is making enormous increase. In the 30 years closing with the last national census the percentage of people in the urban classification grew from less than 30 per cent of the whole people to more than 46 per cent, while the population engaged in agricultural pursuits has declined from about 70 per cent to less than 54 per cent.

The American farmer may well be satisfied with the prospect for his market. Rain or shine, good times or bad, his output is sold in advance to a demand which cannot stop. That demand is rising every year. The prospect looks so good to all other classes that it is yearly calling many from city to country; from industrial and professional life to the outdoor life which has so assured foundation in the economic situation.

REFORMING THE CHURCH.

"Man is a social animal and if you organize him in the right way he will always pull hard for the general good." So saying, a country preacher of near Ravenwood, Mo., turned his little struggling church with its 50 members a few years ago into a large and energetic religious, social and public service center of 1,500 active workers. Rev. C. R. Green, the pastor, has done nothing that cannot be done anywhere else either in urban or rural district and his methods are to be commended.

Mr. Green began the development of his congregation by asking everybody to come out. He promised that it would not be a religious service after the ordinary fashion but just a little discussion of the needs of the community. Perhaps some of those who went to hear him that day expected him to take up some factional moral question, but the preacher instead talked of good roads, improved church and school buildings, agriculture, sanitation and—to the interest of the young folks—amusements.

That section of Missouri awoke suddenly to know that Mr. Green's Harmony church was something more than a religious congregation devoted to worship of a far-distant Supreme Being and to preaching eternal damnation to all who took interest in worldly affairs. The church was thrown open to meetings for the organization of a good roads association. The young men formed an athletic club under the preacher's encouragement and ball grounds, tennis courts and football diamonds were laid out near the church.

Harmony church took on a new life. It grew fast because it was showing an interest in the people's material welfare and pleasures as well as in their welfare hereafter. Among its staunchest supporters are many who do not belong to any church but who have been benefited by the sort of campaign waged by Mr. Green.

"A church and a public welfare organization labor for the same end," declares this country pastor. "The movement for good roads is pretty close to religion nowadays," he asserts. Incidentally, Harmony church has become so great a factor that dancing, card playing and swearing have given place to other things in this community.

THE VALUE OF A WIFE.

Iowa women, though they have not yet attained the ballot, can draw some consolation from a decision rendered by the state supreme court this week which held that in cases where the woman has a vocation by which she is capable of supporting herself damages may be collected by the husband for the death or injury to his wife by the negligence of a third party.

The decision was given in the Nolte case, appealed from Muscatine. The wife, who was killed in an accident on the Rock Island road, was a trained nurse. Death took place within a year after marriage. The district court gave a verdict of $9,500, which was cut down by the supreme court to $4,000.

In giving the decision Justice Weaver referred to the fact that the Iowa law had, as to married women, "so far removed their legal disabilities as to permit them to engage in independent occupations and to have and control their own earnings with the same freedom and to the same extent as if unmarried;" but also under the prevailing rule "a married woman was still so far subject to her common law disabilities that if she had no independent business or occupation no action would lie in favor of her administrator for injury to her estate because of her death by the negligence of another person." This was on the theory that as a mere housewife or homekeeper her services belong to her husband.

It was sought, by the attorneys for the railroad company, to have the rule laid down that the husband's consent to the independent occupation or business of his wife must be established before court or jury can properly consider her earning capacity. The court does not agree to this, for to attach such condition "by judicial pronouncement would be to take from the statute all its force and power as a protection to married women and enable an idle, profligate or miserly husband to make use of the authority so given him to coerce his wife into a surrender or division of her earnings." Continuing the court said:

"While these things indicate a wide departure from the ideas embodied in the common law conception of the married relation and its effect upon the status and rights of women it is not for this court to interpose a barrier to the march of legislative progress or to rob the statute of its natural force and effect by overnice construction. As a proposition of morals and abstract justice uninfluenced by mere precedent and prejudice, there is nothing inherently startling or repulsive in the conception of marriage as a union of equals which implies neither the effacement or subjugation of either party to the contract. It ought not to be impossible for a wife to be a helpmeet to her husband without becoming his bondservant. So long as the wife remains a woman of normal quality the fear expressed by counsel that the recognition of these principles will lead her to 'desert' her husband's home 'to go out and earn her own living and keep the proceeds' may safely be dismissed, for if common observation be worth anything the wife who possesses an independent occupation has never been less ready than her spouse to devote her separate estate to the support and comfort of the family and home. While we have no statistics upon the subject we feel justified in saying that the granting to married women of equal rights in matters of property and business and the rapid extension of their activities in all lines of employment have occasioned no visible reduction in the number of men willing to cast an anchor to windward by marrying thrifty milliners, stenographers and washerwomen."

Formation of Long Island.

According to geologists, Long Island affords particularly clear evidence as to the history of the great continental ice sheet which covered the northern states many thousand years ago. The southern margin of this great ice sheet extended to Long Island, it is said, and remained there for a long time, depositing a thick layer of intermixed bowlders, sand and clay as a terminal moraine, which is now the "backbone" of the island. The ice moved southward and brought these materials from the north, dropping them at its melting edge. This peculiar method of depositing developed a very peculiar topography, consisting of an irregular aggregation of hummocks and hollows, which have produced the many beautiful details of configuration that make the higher parts of Long Island so attractive to lovers of nature. The most notable of these hollows in the morainal ridge is the old holding the picturesque Lake Ronkonkoma, which lies in a depression fifty feet below the surrounding ridges. Several other similar pits are tighty to eighty-five feet deep, and several of the large, irregular hollows are several miles in length—Argonaut.

Personal Reminiscences of an Army Surgeon

Few of the men who had practical experience as military surgeons in the civil war are left. While hundreds of volumes have been written on the military operations of the armies, north and south, there is but little record of the personal experiences of surgeons in either army or of their recollections, whether on the field or in the military hospitals. For this reason the article by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia on "The Medical Department in the Civil War," recently published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, is of great interest. This paper was one of the last written by Dr. Mitchell before his death. In it he describes, with the charm of the novelist and the accuracy of the scientific man, the experiences of the army surgeons of 1861-65. Little record has been left by the thousands of medical men who gave their services and often their lives for the relief of the sick and wounded. Yet their experiences were in many cases, as thrilling as those of the soldiers on the firing-line. Under the plan of organization followed at that time, each regiment had one assistant surgeon, who gave immediate care to the wounded in action. When, as sometimes happened, the location selected for the dressing station came under fire, the surgeon moved his patients farther back. Dr. John S. Billings operated under fire back of Round Top at Gettysburg, and at his next move had again to retire under a rain of bullets. In some cases this was not possible, and it often happened that surgeons stood for hours at the operating table with bullets flying over and around them. "In one case that I know of," said Dr. Mitchell, "a patient on the operating table was killed by a bullet while his wounds were being dressed." The number of wounded men needing care after a great battle is entirely beyond our comprehension today. In the three days' fighting at Gettysburg over 27,000 wounded men, union and confederate, were left on the field. All of these men were cared for and their wounds dressed and the men under shelter inside of 24 hours after the close of the three days' battle. By way of contrast, Dr. Mitchell said that it was 10 days after the battle of Waterloo before all the wounded had been cared for. In the Wilderness campaign, 8,300 men were cared for in two days. One hears in novels and sometimes in histories of bayonet charges. Dr. Mitchell said, "I never saw a bayonet wound, and of 25,000 wounds in Grant's battles, there were in all 14 bayonet wounds; there were probably as many men severely kicked by mules." The demands on the surgeons were heavy. Surgeons dressed wounds and did the most serious operations until they fainted beside the operating table, or fell asleep at their work. One surgeon has a record of 36 hours' continuous operating and dressing of injured men. At Gettysburg 13 surgeons in the union army were killed or wounded. During the war 51 army surgeons were killed, four died in prison, and 281 died of diseases contracted in the service. The entire country, north and south, was well-nigh stripped of surgeons to supply the demands of the army. Out of 174 members of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia in 1864, 130 of them had seen service in some form in the medical departments of the army or navy.

Clean Health Record in Canal Zone

The report of the department of sanitation of the isthmian canal commission for September, 1913, showed that during that month not a single white man, woman or child from the United States had died from disease on the canal zone. The report for February, 1914, shows that another record has been established. During that month there were 7,592 white employes. Among this number, equal to the population of a good sized city, there was not a single death from disease during the month. Two white employes were killed by accident, one by electric shock and the other by injury received on the railroad, but no white employe, either American or foreign, died from disease during that time.

As might be expected, the death rate among other classes was equally low. Of the 5,309 white employes from the United States, there was only a single death by violence. Of the 3,875 white women and children from the United States, there was one death from accidental drowning and three from disease. One, a child of 4 years, died of diarrhoea; another, a woman of 70, died of old age, and a third, a woman of 44, died of pulmonary tuberculosis. Out of a total of 9,184 white American employes and their families, there were only three deaths from disease and two from violence, while among the total 10,963 Americans on the canal zone, there was only a single additional death from violence, making a total of six deaths for the month among nearly 11,000 persons, equal to an annual average death rate of 6.56 per 1,000.

Nor are the benefits of improved sanitary conditions limited to white employes and their families. In February, 1914, there were 44,867 colored employes, and among this number there were only 22 deaths from disease and six deaths from violence, making an average death rate per thousand from disease of 6.31, equivalent to a total annual average death rate, for the entire 49,459 employes, of 5.34 per thousand. Of the 22 deaths, four were from pneumonia, seven from tuberculosis and one each from organic disease of the heart and typhoid fever, leaving nine deaths from all other diseases. After living for five or six years amid conditions which have produced such a startling reduction in the death rate, will the men who have dug the Panama canal be able to find any city in the United States which is sufficiently cleanly and healthy for them to live in? Let us hope, says The Journal of the American Medical Association, that the ten thousand Americans, returning to this country after a practical demonstration of what modern scientific knowledge can do to prevent disease, may prove to be the little leaven which will leaven the entire lump. If this is the case, the indirect benefits of the Panama canal will be incomparably greater than its commercial or military value.

Aid Pupils' Savings Bank.

New York, May 15.—The board of education of Greater New York has decided to establish savings banks in the public schools of the city, so as to take care of the pupils' pennies until they reach an amount sufficient for individual accounts with the banks.

Floor finishing and polishing machines are now driven by electric power.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson.

A New Game

OF COURSE you like to play circle games both in the school yard and mornings and evenings in front of your own house. But don't you sometimes grow tired of "Drop the handkerchief" and "Fox and Geese" and the other games you have always played?

Here's a new one you must try—its name is "Spring flowers" though sometimes it is called "Sunbeams."

Let's pretend we have twelve children to play though really you can play with any number—the more the merrier!

One child is named "Storm," four are Violets and the other seven are Sunbeams.

Then the fun begins.

The Sunbeams form a circle by holding hands and stretching out into just as big a ring as they can possibly make.

The Violets stand close together in the very center of the circle and Storm stays anywhere he pleases on the outside of the ring.

The point of the game is to get all the Violets safely into the sunbeam circle without letting Storm inside.

Any Sunbeam may rush into the center, grab a Violet by the arm and rush back to his or her place.

If the Sunbeam can grab the Violet and, with the Violet, get back into position in the circle before Storm reaches the place that Sunbeam has left, everything is alright—the Violet may stay in the sunbeam circle and may help get more Violets out of the center.

But if Storm reaches the Sunbeam's place before the Sunbeam gets back, then the Violet must go back to the center, Storm becomes a Sunbeam and the slow Sunbeam takes a turn at being Storm, and so on till all the Violets are rescued and the game begins again.

Of course you see, the Sunbeams must be very wide awake and quick—must watch their chances to rush to the center while Storm is clear on the opposite side of the circle. And the Violets must watch and be ready to run with a Sunbeam the instant a chance comes. While the poor old Storm gets no rest at all, but must watch and run till a sunbeam is caught.

One child is named "Storm," four are Violets and the other seven are Sunbeams.

This game may be played any time of the year, but it is really the most fun in the spring when the real sunbeams are trying to bring the violets and spring flowers from the ground.

Tomorrow—The Early Worm.

The Onlooker

By Henry Howland

The Upward Voyage

Far up on the River
of Life there
stands
A stately city and
fair;
And below it are
shallows and
rapids and
curves
And whirlpools that
strain on the
steadiest nerves,
And many go
blundering there,
While a few stanch
vessels pass up-
ward and on,
Stemming with
splendid force
The current that
now is terribly
strong,
But tomorrow may
glide like the lilt
of a song,
Serene in its beau-
tiful course.

Ah, mark how the powerful packet proceeds,
With a rush and the roaring of steam.
Spreading waves that are high and that hiss in their might
Where many a boatman is swept out of sight
And left to float down with the stream!
And the timbers of many a pitiful wreck
Are strewn on the rocks and the shores,
And many a boatman is calling for aid,
And a few are undaunted and many afraid,
And many lean limp on their oars.

The banks of the river are barren sometimes,
Or gracefully sloping and green,
And the winds that blow over them often are wild.
And now and then fragrantly scented and mild,
With orchards a-bloom on the scene;
And ever the river is winding about,
And the bars are forever unknown,
For the channel keeps changing by night and by day,
And the streams that flow in tempt the many away,
While a few journey upward alone.

The city men call by the name of Success
Is a beautiful city to see,
With domes that are lofty and gilded and bright
And walls that are graceful and splendid and white,
And proud vessels moored at the quay;
But never from unexplored regions above,
Whence the waters eternally flow,
Has ever a craft floated down on the stream,
To be moored where the columns and cupolas gleam
For those who toil up from below.

Terrible Predicament.

"My husband has threatened to sue me for divorce," sobbed the beautiful actress.

"Cheer up," said her manager. "Nearly every actress has been sued for divorce."

"I know, but think what the public will say. I have always tried to be all that a wife should be. Now nobody will believe it."

"If you're innocent, why don't you fight the case?"

"That's the trouble. I'm afraid if I fought the case they wouldn't give him the divorce."

PICKED THEM UP.

"And what," asked the Sunday school teacher, "is your name?"

"Arthur Henry Brown Williams Green Joyce Brown Corwin."

"Gracious! How did your parents ever happen to give you all those names?"

"They didn't give me all of them. My step-parents helped."

Willing to Extend Sympathy.

"Yes," he said, after explaining to his wife that the lodge meeting had been a very important and a somewhat protracted one, thus making it impossible for him to get home a minute earlier than he did, "and there were two fellows there who made the worst fools of themselves you could imagine. You couldn't find two worse chumps in a row of counties clear across this state."

"I suppose not," she replied. "Who was the other one? I'd like to sympathize with his wife."

The Cruel World.

Before him flowery pastures spread,
He hears a glad brook flow along,
And from a branch above his head
There falls a sweet June shower of song.

There is mild fragrance in the breeze
That blows from orchards far away;
The musing cows beneath the trees
Are being peaceful while they may.

His limbs are straight and young and strong,
He gazes forth from undimmed eyes,
But, thinking that the world's gone wrong,
He sees a far-off cloud and sighs.

Strange Neglect.

"There's one thing, though," said the stranger, "that I can't understand."

"What's that?" asked the old settler.

"Nobody around here has assured me that this is the garden spot of the state.

Couldn't Lose the Chance.

"My husband always remembers my birthday and our wedding anniversary."

"I should think you would positively hate him," replied the other woman.

Squelched.

Prosperous Young Actor (returning tired after a matinee and evening performance of successful play)—Ah, dear boys, I really think it's time all good actors were in bed. Grumpy Tragedian (looking up from his paper)—They are.—Exchange.

The Daily Story

His Cousins—By F. A. Mitchel.

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"What's the matter, Alec?"

"Matter enough! I've an exam coming off on Wednesday on a subject I know nothing about. I'm practicing for twirler for the varsity team and have left preparation for this exam for the last three days before it takes place, when I propose to bone day and night, braced by strong tea (and sandwiches during the night), till the bell rings for the ordeal, go right in before I spill any of it out of my cranium or it has a chance to evaporate and go through just as if I had been studying regularly."

"Why do you need to be so well prepared? Couldn't you scrape through by answering the minimum number of the questions?"

"I've got to take an oral exam, and you know very well what that means. I shall be called on to start in anywhere, haphazard, and reel it out by the yard. If I happen to strike a place I don't know anything about I'm flunked."

"Well, then, why don't you carry out your plan to stuff yourself?"

"Why don't I? Read that."

Alexander Pomeroy handed his chum, William Chandler, a letter from his mother stating that his two cousins, Belle and Lucy Winchester, the daughters of her favorite sister, had come on from Colorado, where they had always lived, to make her a visit. They had never seen a large university and were especially anxious to visit one. She had proposed to them to go to H. to inspect the college, and they were delighted with the plan. They would come down Monday morning and remain till Wednesday afternoon. Of course they would need some one to pilot them—in fact, show them attention during their stay in H. The writer thought that since the end of the term was at hand, when the breaking up was about to take place and not much doing, Alec would have plenty of time to devote to his cousins.

"Nothing doing at the end of the term, eh?" remarked Billy Chandler. "I like that. I suppose your mammy considers exams perfunctory ceremonies. Are your cousins pretty girls?"

"How do I know? I've never seen either of them."

"Oh, you haven't? In that case I don't know but that I can help you out. Not having the muscles for athletics as you have, I'm obliged to take an interest in my studies or be bored with too much time to spare. I have passed all my exams but one and am well prepared for that. I wouldn't mind showing a couple of pretty girls the sights, and since they have never seen you I don't see why I shouldn't impersonate you."

"Will you?" exclaimed Alec, thrusting out his fist and taking his chum's hand in a viselike grip.

"If you like."

"It's a go. I shall be free to do a three days' grind, get through my exam, and what time I don't need for that I can put into twirl practice."

Monday afternoon Mr. Chandler was at the station to meet the incoming train, and, seeing a couple of very pretty girls, aged respectively nineteen and seventeen, alight and look around for some one, he stepped up to them and asked:

"Are you my cousins?"

"Yes," replied the elder of the two. "But you don't correspond with the descriptions we've had of you. We supposed we were going to meet an Ajax."

"You can't tell about us athletes. We cover our muscles with loose togs, and it's very deceptive."

"I'm Belle and she's Lucy."

The scamp put up his lips to each girl in turn for a cousinly kiss, which was granted without compunction. Then he led the way to his auto standing outside the station. They all stepped in, the two girls on the rear seats, and Billy took them to a boarding house where no students resided, for that would have been dangerous to his identity. Furthermore, he was not known to the two old maids who kept it and unblushingly gave his name as Alexander Pomeroy. Leaving the young ladies there till after luncheon, he returned to his room, where he found a friend, Tom Oglethorpe, in the act of filling a pipe. It had occurred to Billy that one girl would be far more companionable than two, so he let Tom into the secret and invited him to turn a party of three into one of four. Tom was nothing loath and agreed to join the party for an inspection of cottage buildings in the afternoon, to be followed by an automobile ride.

Never was a pleasanter visit made by two young ladies or enjoyed more by two young men than on this occasion. The girls were shown the chapel, the art building, the gymnasium and this and that and the other "hall" donated by alumni, most of whom had finished the careers for which the college had prepared them and gone to their long homes. There was a class reception to attend here, a debating match there, and it seemed that something had been provided every day for the visitors' entertainment.

Now, it so happened that the real Alec Pomeroy, who was preparing himself for an examination in conic sections, got a brand new practical idea into his head. "Wouldn't it be a good scheme," he mused, "for me to apply these principles of the ellipse, the parabola and the hyperbole to my twirling? Perhaps an hour's practice with a ball would not only rest me, but would help me to catch on to the principles involved. I would understand better the reasons for my curves, and it would help me in my exams."

Throwing down his books, he betook himself to a shed erected for practice in twirling and began to throw the ball at a hypothetical batsman set up for the purpose. While doing so he heard a voice behind him:

"This is the place where our baseball pitchers learn to do the 'drop,' the 'incurve' and other stunts that go to make a baseball twirler."

Looking around, Mr. Pomeroy saw his representative, Billy Chandler, Tom Oglethorpe and his two cousins, the girls, staring at him with the eyes of sightseers. Billy continued his remarks with the intonation of a Roman guide expatiating on the arch of Titus:

"This gentleman now practicing is our principal twirler. Twirlers are selected for having their brains in their shoulders, football men for their brains being located in their legs. You see before you Mr. William Chandler, of whom great things are expected during the coming baseball season from the fact that he studies conic sections solely with the view to understanding the curves that will enable him to put a ball where he likes. Step this way, Mr. Chandler. I wish to present you to my cousins."

Alec Pomeroy ceased his practice and lumbered shamefacedly to the party. He was in trousers and sweater, and there was no hat on his head for him to doff to the ladies, only a forelock that hung down over his forehead. He had noted Billy's remarks about a pitcher's brains being in his shoulders and resolved to turn the tables on him.

"Your cousin Alec," he said to the girls, "is one of the first men in his class. His intellect is neither in his shoulders nor his legs; it is all in his head. Though he leads his class and is a pig in the matter of prizes, he is as modest as a little child. He is the soul of honor and the most popular man in college."

The speaker paused from his encomiums on himself for breath, and before he could recommence Billy led the girls away, remarking that flattery was odious to him.

"Why, Alec," said Belle, with whom he had paired from the first, "I didn't know you were such a prominent young man."

All pleasant as well as disagreeable affairs must have an end, and while Alec Pomeroy was scraping bottom on his examination his cousins were bidding Billy and Tom goodby. On their arrival at their aunt's they astonished her with the information they had received of her son's prominence in scholarship and popularity, which was adorned by his modesty. Mrs. Pomeroy was delighted, having supposed that her son had gone in for athletics rather than study.

This plot might have passed off without being exposed had not a mutual admiration sprung up between Billy Chandler and Belle Winchester. Billy was dying to see her again, but he could not go to visit her without giving away the deception that had been practiced on her. She wrote her cousin frequently, her letters being turned over to Billy and being answered by him in his chum's name, every letter of Billy's growing more and more affectionate. At last Belle wrote her "beloved cousin" that she was about to return to her home. This was too much for Billy, and he started at once to see her.

Billy's resolutions with regard to an immediate confession were excellent. The only trouble with them was the difficulty of his carrying them out. He expected to meet Mrs. Pomeroy, Belle and Lucy on arrival and had prepared some jocular remarks when Alec's mother should see a stranger instead of her son. But Mrs. Pomeroy and Lucy were out when he arrived. This upset his plans. However, he was so overjoyed at meeting with Belle that it didn't matter much—for the time being. He spent two hours with the young lady, during which, instead of beginning with a confession of his identity, he began with a confession of his feelings.

Suddenly the door of the library, in which the young persons sat, opened, and Mrs. Pomeroy discovered her niece in close proximity to a stranger.

"Aunty," said Belle, jumping up, with a blush on her face, "Alec's come."

Mrs. Pomeroy stood mute with astonishment.

"Where is he?" she asked coldly.

"Why, here, of course. What do you mean?"

"I owe you all an explanation," stammered Billy, with a face as red as a cock's comb, and, beginning at the wrong end of his story, he got inextricably confused. But a series of questions from the older lady finally elicited the information required, and a smile settled on the face of Mrs. Pomeroy and Lucy. As for Belle, she didn't know whether to smile or to cry or to hide her blushing face in a lounge pillow.

Mrs. Pomeroy helped matters by thanking Billy for correcting her mistake in sending her cousins to Alec on the eve of an important examination, after which the meeting resolved itself into a reception of Billy's credentials in the matter of an application for the hand of Belle Winchester. They appeared to be satisfactory, and the young lady returned to her home engaged. The day after the next college commencement, at which Billy took honors, he went to Colorado to claim his bride.

May 15 in American History.

1796—President Washington appealed to the Austrian emperor to release General Lafayette from war prison and permit him to come to America.

1864—General Sherman's troops broke through the Confederate defense at various points around Resaca, Ga. At night General Johnston's army abandoned its position and retreated toward Rome. Federal loss at Resaca, 2,700 killed and wounded; Confederate, 1,800 in all.

All the news all the time—The Argus.