

A LOVER'S ENVY.

I envy every flower that blows
Beside the pathway where she goes,
And every bird that sings to her,
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That moves her heart at evensong,
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night
That paves her path with moonbeams
white,
And silvers all the leaves for her,
And in their shadow weaves for her
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tries,
I only long to live to her,
I only ask to give to her
All that her heart desires.
—Henry Van Dyke, in The Century.

Domestic Finesse.

She was the spoiled and only child of a doting mother. As Barklow's best man at the wedding, I enjoyed many of his confidences about Miss Somers before he married her. He was deeply in love, but knew that she was a speculation; as risky as she was fascinating.

Their differences, so far as I knew, began two or three weeks before the wedding day. He wished to spend the honeymoon in Devonshire, and she at Windemere. I said I was astonished that he could argue such a point with his bride, especially as she was so fond of the lake district. At the railway station, just before they started, I again mentioned the matter.

"Sorry you're not going to Torquay," I said, playfully.

"That's all right," said he. "That's quite all right, between ourselves."

Then, with a smile, he joined his wife in the train, and I was left wondering, moderately, why it should be right "between ourselves."

Soon after their return from the lakes I dined with them, and obtained a little more food for thought.

"Mr. Reysen," said Mrs. Barklow, apropos of nothing, "isn't it ridiculous of Jim to want a cat?"

I looked at Barklow for information.

"Isn't it unreasonable of my wife, Reysen, to conceive such a sudden aversion to cats?" said he, smiling serenely.

"Surely, Mrs. Barklow," I said, "I remember a beautiful Persian and two or three more cats at Heathside House—her mother's residence."

"That has nothing to do with it," retorted Mrs. Barklow, with an adorable toss of the head. "I shan't have one here, not even to please Jim."

Barklow sighed as if he were already used to matrimonial afflictions.

"My only worry," he said, "is to know which I like best, Persian or plain."

"It's his fun, Mrs. Barklow," I said. "You don't know him as I do. I suppose I could have said nothing more exasperating to a six-weeks wife."

"If it's his fun," she cried, with scorn, "I'm glad my sense of humor is feeble. I think we'll change the subject, Jim. But, once for all, I've had enough cats at home."

"We certainly will not quarrel about them yet," said Barklow, as grave as an undertaker. "I'll put them off for six months."

"Six years—eternity!" exclaimed Mrs. Barklow. "And—this is, I think, turbot, Mr. Reysen."

When we were alone I rallied Barklow about the cats; but he would have none of it.

"Hush!" he said. "No tales out of school, even to you, yet."

Several weeks later the Barklows changed their household; and again I dined with them. The new girl waited at table, and I was greatly impressed with her attractions. She had a sublime complexion; and, though shy, moved with remarkable grace.

"What do you think of her, Mr. Reysen?" Mrs. Barklow whispered eagerly, after her first appearance. "Isn't she sweet? She's from a farm."

"Clumsy young fool—that's what she is," growled Barklow.

"Brea's things, I presume?"

"Not a single—Oh, yes, you must go to the concert, Mr. Reysen; you must, indeed!"

The girl was resumed after an interval, and though I don't care for such topics of talk, I felt curious about Barklow's countenance, pre- judice toward so counting a young woman.

"I tell my wife, Mr. Reysen," he said, "that it's the greatest mistake to engage pretty servants. Not that Rogers is pretty."

"She is, Jim," protested Mrs. Barklow.

"Well," said Barklow, "it's a mercy we see with different eyes. But, pretty or not, I hope she'll soon disgrace herself and leave us."

That was enough about the housemaid. She is still with them, and a pattern to other housemaids. I don't choose to ask Barklow if marriage with a pretty wife had blinded him to beauty in others. But if it were so it was an extraordinary change.

Weeks wore on, and Mrs. Barklow increased in glory—if I may so speak—of face and demeanor. Married life, evidently, suited her. She was almost a platonic advertisement of the fact. Her smiles and greetings were all of that finished, matronly kind which seem designed (by nature or art) to persuade single women that

they are deplorably out of it in having no man to command them, work for them, and stand between them and the greater troubles of life.

And now one day I met Mrs. Barklow's mother, and received from her a hint that she might soon be giving up her beautiful house to live with the Barklows. If not a positive hint, it was emphatically an aspiration.

Again I dined with my good friends, and again I was confused by what seemed to me the abnormal development of Barklow as a married man.

He told me with an air of cheerful anticipation, of his desire to welcome the lady as a permanent resident.

"You are entirely wrong, Jim," cried Mrs. Barklow. "Mr. Reysen, don't you agree with me that—that husband and wife are best alone, I mean, living their own lives? Mamma is a darling, but I can't understand Jim wishing her to share our home."

"Only," said the imperious Barklow, "if she herself wishes it. I fancy she does, you know."

"Of course she does!" said Mrs. Barklow, impatiently. "But that doesn't make it any the more—"

"Monstrous!" I suggested, with a timid belief that it was the word she wanted.

"Oh, come, Reysen!" said Barklow, reprovingly.

"Monstrous is not at all the word, Mr. Reysen," said Mrs. Barklow, jolly. "But I will not have it, Jim. You will only estrange mamma and me if you encourage her."

"Well," said Barklow, "we'll see how things go. Anyway, it's not a step to be rushed. Is it, Joseph?"

Joseph was the fox terrier. Barklow patted the dog's head. It was yet another of the incongruities of the domestic life that Mrs. Barklow admitted Joseph into the house. As a bachelor, Barklow had dogs all over the premises, whereas Mrs. Barklow, as Amy Somers, didn't like dogs.

This day, over the wine, Barklow suddenly enlightened my ignorance. I was about to return to the mother-in-law problem, when he stopped me.

"Don't, old chap," he said. "It's dangerous. It's the very thing Amy wanted until I mooted it. Between ourselves, I'm a trimmer all the time. It would be an awful life with a woman who wasn't worth it. But—do you understand?"

His smile, as he nodded, was a complete revelation. "One must have one's row in the way that suits one best," he observed enigmatically.

I leave it to others to decide how far he is wise as a husband, and how far merely selfish as a man.—London Leader.

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For the Younger Children...



A BATH.
When I was just a little child,
Before I went to sleep,
I always took my evening bath—
I liked it "pretty deep."

Sometimes I didn't want to go,
And sometimes there were tears,
But mother never failed to say:
"Now wash behind your ears."

"And don't neglect the corners," or
"Don't splash too hard!" she'd cry:
Yet she was quick to help me
When soap got in my eye.

And now that I'm a great big boy,
I wonder every day
Where other mothers learn the things
My mother used to say.
—Allen Arthur Knipe, in St. Nicholas.

NO CLAIM.
Kenneth's Aunt was teasing him.
"This is my rug," she would say.
"This is my mother," etc. Kenneth
would reply, "No, it's mine." They
as turned the tables and began claim-
ing some of aunt's possessions,
which she, in turn, denied. Finally
he pointed to aunt's best man, who
hadn't proposed yet. "This is my
mother," he said. But aunt was silent.
—Philadelphia Record.

KIND TO ANIMALS.
Erwin's mother had been very
careful to teach him to be very kind
to animals. One day he came run-
ning in to his mother, exclaiming
eagerly, "Oh, mother, I'm sure you
will like the little girl who's moved
in next door. She such a nice little
girl, mother, and so kind to animals."

"She looks like a nice little girl,"
said Erwin's mother, "and I think I
shall like her. But how is she kind
to animals?"

"Well," exclaimed Erwin, "we had
some chestnuts just now, and she
found a worm in one, and she—
didn't—eat—it!"—Philadelphia Record.

FREDDIE'S IMPRESSION.
This little boy, attending Sunday
school for the first time, was greatly
impressed by the teacher and the
larger boys of the class. On return-
ing home his mother questioned him
in regard to what was said and what
he must learn for his next lesson.

The child, in a frank, open way, re-
plied: "Oh, mamma, it was all
about God and love, and a lady
named Eve, and how she gave an apple
to a man called Adam, who never
gave her a bit." The mother, to
lead him on, said, "Who was Eve?"

"Why, mamma, she was Mrs. Eve
Adam, a friend of God's, who kept
house in a garden."—Philadelphia Record.

WORKING IN A POSTOFFICE.
As I work as special delivery boy
in the postoffice, I thought you would
like to learn about it. My duty is to
deliver special delivery letters and
sort papers. Every day there are
letters without proper addresses.
Great care should be taken in writ-
ing addresses plainly and putting
your name and address in the corner.
Millions of letters go to the Dead
Letter Office yearly on account of
lack of plain addresses. At Christ-
mas time there was a general rush at
the postoffice. Thousands of post-
cards came daily, with about two
hundred packages. I stuck on about
\$10 worth of stamps every day. The
money order system is a good way of
sending money, and all valuables
should be sent by registered mail.—
Clarence Randall, in the New York
Tribune.

STOPS RUNAWAY.
Hazel McMullen is a good horse-
woman, and to that fact, probably,
several people owe their lives. As
driving is one of her chief pleasures,
her father recently presented her
with a spirited horse, which unfor-
tunately took occasion to demon-
strate its spiritedness one day when
its young mistress had taken a friend
to drive.

A fire in the centre of the town
made the occasion additionally im-
portant. The principal street of the
town was full of people, and a num-
ber of motor cars stood side by side,
with barely enough room between
them for a vehicle to pass. That the
girl driver guided her runaway be-
tween two of these cars, without a
collision, and without running down
a pedestrian, is sufficient proof of
her horsemanship.

At the foot of a hill a short dis-
tance beyond a railway bridge, and
the girl rode so fast that if they reached
it, it was probably mean death
to both herself and her friend. Kneel-
ing down and putting all her strength
into the effort, she pulled the horse
against a heavy truck which had
halted by the roadside. The shock
of the sudden halt threw her out, but
without injury.—See Hive.

RAGS AND NIGER.
I thought you would like to hear
about my coon cat. Perhaps you
don't know what a coon cat is. Ours
is yellow and his hair is about four
inches long all over his body. His
hair on his legs looks like little paint-
almonds and the hair around his neck
is just like a muff. We have got an
old black cat, too, and we call him
Niger, and the coon cat's name is
Rags. Perhaps you think Rags a
funny name, but when we first got
him he had been among the burdock
and got his fur stuck full of them.
We had to cut big spots of his hair
off, so that is the reason we called
him Rags. I have an old rocking
chair and an old Morris chair. The

rocking chair is Rags' and the Morris
chair is Niger's. Each lies in his
own chair in the daytime, but at
night they both lie in one chair.
Where I live coon cats are very com-
mon, but they are beautiful—Cath-
erine Vickery, in the New York Tri-
bune.

THE FLAMINGO.
In many parts of the Old World
there lives a very curious bird called
the flamingo (Phoenicopterus rose-
us). This bird is a brilliant scarlet
color, with black quill feathers. Its
long, stilt-like legs are well adapted
to wading in marshes, where it
spends much of its time. Its neck is
almost as long as its legs, and very
snake-like in appearance. The beak
is curiously shaped and the tongue is
covered with curved spines pointing
backward.

The flamingo can fly well, and lives
in flocks. The eggs are white, their
number two or three, and the young
birds can run about quite early. A
full-grown bird is from five to six
feet high.

The American flamingo (P. ruber)
is an inhabitant of North America.
It builds a potlike nest. Its color is
much the same as that of its relative.
It is over six feet high.

The flamingoes belong to the order
Amerea, and are of the goose tribe.
They have a habit of standing on one
leg, like many other stilt-legged
birds.—Philip Schultz, in the Brook-
lyn Eagle.

THE LITTLE PLANT.
Hester's mother had been making
a flower garden on the sunny side of
the house, just where all flower gar-
dens ought to be. There were packets
of poppy seeds, bachelor-buttons and
yellow daisies to be planted. Mother
had told Hester how the spring rains
had prepared the ground, and how
the sun would keep the little seeds
warm until they sprouted and thrust
their pale green heads up through
the black earth, to grow and grow
into beautiful plants, as told by Ber-
tha B. Staver, in the Children's Maga-
zine.

Hester begged a few seeds and a
place in the garden for her own flow-
er bed; and mother lovingly watched
her little girl as she raked the soft
dirt and patted it with her little fat
hands to make it ready for the seeds.
Hester thought it most as much fun
as making mud pies, to dig the shallow
rows, which, after sowing, she
seeds in them. It did not seem to
matter a bit to her that two or three
snowflake seeds happened to fall into
the poppy row. Fancy the great vel-
vety stalks of the sturdy sunflower
growing beside the slender, fairy-like
popples!

Every morning for several days
after the planting Hester would hur-
ry around to the side of the house
and search her garden for the first
sign of a tender green shoot. It
seemed to the anxious gardener as
if the seeds would never sprout. One
day the fat little fingers dug down
into the soft, warm earth and pulled
out a poor baby plant that was al-
most ready to come out of the ground.

"Oh, oh! See what you have
done!" cried the little plant. "Boo—
it's cold out here! Put me back in
my warm bed, naughty child, or I'll
freeze to death!"

Hester was so frightened that she
made a round hole with her chubby
thumb and stuck the baby plant into
it in a hurry. All day long she
seemed to hear the tender sprout cry-
ing with the cold, and when she went
to bed at night she dreamed that the
Dew Fairies were hushing and carting
for the plant baby just as mother
cared for little sister. Hester knew
that Dew Fairies were real, because
she had felt them kiss her yellow
curls when she played out too long
after tea.

Next morning when she went out
to the garden mother was there be-
fore her.

"Come, see all the little green
heads peeping out of the ground,"
called mother. "But here is a poor
little plant that someone has dis-
turbed. It looks very weak and pale,
and if it lives I am afraid it will be
a little cripple."

Hester's chin quivered and great
big tears splashed down the front of
her clean frock.

"Oh, you dear little plant baby,"
she cried, "I didn't mean to hurt
you, and I'll take good care of you
every day if you will only live—and
please not be a cripple."

Then Hester's mother, who knew
what a temptation it had been to see
how the flowers were growing, took
her little girl in her arms and gently
told her that the earth children must
not interfere with Nature's work,
that they must help to make the
world beautiful and not destroy the
lovely living things.

The plant baby lived because of
Hester's care; and perhaps the Dew
Fairies had something to do with it,
too. At any rate, it kept on growing
and getting stronger every day in
spite of its crooked stalk; until it
burst into bloom and was loaded with
gorgeous red poppies.

In a few days the thirtieth anniversary
of the discovery of Lake Champlain by
the man whose name it bears will be
celebrated by New York and Ver-
mont. A statue of the discoverer will
be unveiled with almost all cere-
monies.

CONDEMNED NIGHT RIDERS

Hear Their Sentence Reversed by Supreme Court.

THE DECISION RECEIVED APPLAUSE

Grounds for Reversal Were That the Indictments Were Not Properly Found and Defendants Were Denied Challenges.

Jackson, Tenn.—The cases of the eight night riders, six of whom were under the death sentence, charged with the murder of Capt. Quentin Rankin, at Walnut Log, on Reelfoot Lake, Oct. 19 last, were reversed by the supreme court Saturday and were remanded for new trial.

The six men who were under the death sentence, are Garrett Johnson, alleged leader of the night riders' organization, Fred Pinon, Sam Applewhite, Tid Burton and Roy Ransom. The other two, Bud Morris and Bob Huffman, were convicted of murder in the second degree.

The opinion in the case was delivered by Special Justice Henry A. Craft, of Memphis, appointed in the stead of Justice M. M. Neill.

In reversing the case he assigned two principal reasons:

The first was that the grand jury which found the indictments against the alleged night riders was not selected in a proper manner. The grand jury was selected out of a panel named by Judge J. E. Jones, the trial judge, whereas the law provides that the panel must be chosen by at least three members of the county court.

The second error on which the reversal was based, was that the state did not allow the defendants a sufficient number of challenges. The eight were tried on a joint indictment and the trial court upheld the state's contention that the eight defendants were only entitled to the legal number of challenges, twenty-four, which would apply if one man was on trial.

When justice Craft concluded his opinion, a storm of applause broke out in the court room, but was quickly stilled by Marshal Deeming and his deputies. The prisoners will be taken back to Union City and an effort will be made to secure their release on bail, pending a second trial of their cases.

On the night of October 19, 1908, Capt. Quentin Rankin and Col. R. Z. Taylor were taken from the hotel at Walnut Log on the bank of Reelfoot Lake by the night riders. The former was hanged and then shot to death, and the latter escaped by almost a miracle.

The crime itself and the subsequent events of the campaign against the night riders of Obion county by the state troops, the sensational trial, which resulted in six of the defendants receiving the death sentence and the other two, twenty years in the penitentiary, form a chapter in the criminal history of the state never before equaled. It attracted attention throughout the entire country and its details are still well remembered.

Diverse conditions prevailed in Obion county, the scene of the night rider depredations, as a result of the decision of the supreme court at Jackson of the appeal of those convicted as leaders of the clan. In Union City, among the residents sympathy has largely been with the prosecution and as a matter of course the decision caused no elation. Among those of Reelfoot Lake, the home of the principals, it was different. From the countryside friends of the accused men came to Union City by the scores and learned of the reversal of the lower court with a cheer.

Those most active in the prosecution consider the situation now such as may again assume a serious phase. That it will be difficult, probably impossible, to secure a jury to again hear the cases is conceded, and as yet no decision has been reached by the representatives of the state as to the future plans. An immediate trial of other cases of a similar nature pending, however, is not looked for.

CAN DEAL BY WIRE.

Kaiser Will Take His Customary Summer Trip.

Berlin.—In spite of the internal political situation, Emperor William has decided to take his customary summer cruise in northern waters, which it was recently reported he would forego. There is nothing in the situation that he cannot deal with by telegraph. He will leave for the north after meeting the king of Sweden at Samsitz, where the two monarchs will inaugurate a new steamship line between Sweden and Germany.

A. D. Mire received Black Hand letter at Selma, and ran away from town with his daughter.

OBSTINACY COSTS HIM \$1,500.

"Drop a Nickel or the Fire Department Cannot Be Called."
Trenton, N. J.—The lack of a nickel to drop into a telephone slot and the obstinacy of an exchange girl cost Oscar F. Nield, once councilman of this city, \$1,500 when his barn was burned. Nield's barn caught fire about 10 o'clock, and he hastened to a telephone booth in the neighborhood to summon a fire engine. Being told to drop a nickel into the slot he discovered he had none.

INTERNAL TRADE IN MAY.

Silver Lining to the Cloud Seen by Government Statisticians.

Washington.—The silver lining of the clouds of business depression that darkened the industrial sky is about all that the government statisticians say during the month of May. The statisticians' review of the international commerce of the United States during that month, as shown by a bulletin of the Department of Commerce and Labor, has an optimistic tone.

While the volume of live stock and grain movements was below that for May of the preceding two years, and there appeared also a slight check in the upward trend of the coal and lumber traffic, the transportation, manufacturing and building activities are reported as improved.

The coke output and shipments showed a continuous improvement in answer to the larger demand of the iron furnaces. Increased takings of cotton and wool were interpreted as indicating a greater activity in the textile industry, while larger shipments of boots and shoes from the chief distributing centers served the statisticians as index of more regular industrial employment.

The building activity in the larger cities of the country was reported as unusually heavy.

WANT NO HIDE DUTY.

New England Industries Fear Beef Trust Monopoly.

Boston.—Resolutions were adopted at the meeting of members of the New England Shoe and Leather Association and others interested at their meeting declaring "that the president of the New England Shoe and Leather Association set before the senate and the house the views of the New England boot, shoe and leather industries and request a committee to wait upon President Taft, to impress their disapproval of the clause in the new tariff bill which takes hides off the free list, to the end that his influence may be secured in favor of such rightful determination of the matter as shall remove a real hardship and injustice and curb a monopoly."

WOULD OUST TWO MORE.

Suits Filed Against Texas Oil Corporations.

Jackson, Miss.—Charging that the Texas Company and Gulf Refining Company, two Texas corporations, are subsidiary branches of the Standard Oil Company, that both have violated the anti-trust laws of Mississippi, and asking for penalties aggregating \$11,000,000 and perpetual injunctions restraining the concerns from further operations in this commonwealth, proceedings were filed in the chancery court of Harrison county.

FOR RUNNING BUCKET SHOP.

Alleged Proprietor and Western Union Company Indicted.

Cincinnati.—The grand jury returned indictments against the Western Union Telegraph Company and Bingham Moorehead, the latter being charged with running a bucket shop and the former with aiding and abetting by the leasing of wires for the transmission of information and money. The indictment of the Western Union is an innovation in the fight of County Prosecutor Hunt to rid Cincinnati of bucket shops.

PRESENTS ARE GIVEN.

Mrs. Gould Remembers Courthouse Attendants.

New York.—Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Gould, who was granted a decree of separation from Howard Gould, has presented to various attendants around the courthouse who extended courtesies to her valuable presents. An elevator attendant in whose car she rode four times during the trial has received a gold mounted amber cigar holder in a gold case bearing the inscription: "With many thanks from Mrs. Howard Gould."

FRENCH ICONOCLASTS

Would Deprive Ben Franklin of Honor Long Credited.

Paris.—France has declined to recognize Benjamin Franklin as the inventor of the lightning rod, claiming that the honor belongs to a French physician named Jacques de Romoils who in 1750, two years before Franklin announced a means of diverting lightning. The French Academy of Science in 1764 recognized Romoils' claim to priority and now President Fallieres has accepted the presidency of a committee formed to erect a monument to Romoils as the real inventor of the lightning rod.

THE HIGGINS COMPANY, OF BEAUMONT, PURCHASED A \$25,000 INTEREST IN THE GULLETT OIL COMPANY OF SPIDER, LA.

BARGAIN FIGHT STARTS PANIC.

Shoppers Stampede When Some One Cries "Fire."

Detroit.—Half a dozen women were injured severely when a cry of "fire" caused a panic in Kress's five and ten cent store, while the place was jammed with people. One child is said to be fatally hurt. The Kress concern was having its opening in a new location. The five story building was literally jammed with people, principally women and children.

NEWS NOTES FROM WASHINGTON

Happenings of the Week Briefly Told—The Latest News From the Capital

For the fiscal year ended June 30, government disbursements exceeded government receipts \$69,811,550.

The debate in the Senate over the income and corporation tax may continue a month or more.

Ten per cent of the government clerks may be affected by President Taft's "weeding out" order.

The Department of Agriculture will facilitate the importation of cattle from Honduras.

Secretary Nagel's "weeding out" process is causing great uneasiness among the employes of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The Senate finance committee's subcommittee on tobacco decided to prohibit coupons in tobacco and snuff packages.

Orville Wright made three successful flights in his new aeroplane at Fort Myer, remaining in the air about twenty-two minutes all told.

On the final vote on the corporation tax amendment, the Senate adopted the measure 60 to 11, many of the Democrats voting with the Republicans.

Surgeon General Wyman is working out a plan at the suggestion of out' useless clerks in the government President Taft, to consolidate all of the government health bureaus.