NEW EXPRESS RATES.

They Are Now Reduced to Forty and Sixty Per Cent of the Old Rate.

It is the common belief among express clerks that the reason so many of them become gray or bald or take to drink so early in life is because of the gray-matter necessary to learn tables of express rates. The genial dispositions of these men is sweetened, however, by the enjoyment they have in trying to explain the complicated rates to the dear people.

On the 21st of last month a new rate went into effect on shipments within the state which causes a reduction of from 40 to 60 per cent of the old rate. That appears to be plain enough but when thee patron begins to try to catch on to a detailed explanation he is forcibly reminded of Scotty Brigg's mental condition when he went for the minister to preach Buck Fanshowe's funeral sermon, especially when he "groped."

The obliging express clerk will tell you that the merchandise rate to Salem is now 30c instead of 50c per cwt., and that the express rates on shipments to Huron are less than the first-class freight to that point, but that this fact doesn't apply to shipments to Aberdeen — and again you "grope;" but later you see a little light when you are told the rate is based on actual mileage, but is changed on multiples of five and ten miles.

You are told that the rate on fruits and vegetables is 20 per cent less than on merchandise. This would be all right if you had a cinch on the merchandise rate; but as has been shown above, that rate reminds you of the Irishman's flea that "wasn't there when you put your finger on him." In his excess of pity for the reporter's inability, the obliging clerk threw out the fact that the fruit rate to Salem had been 50 cents with a special rate of 40 cents; now the rate to Salem is 30 cents, and there is no special rate; but toAberdeen the old rate was $1.20 and the special rate was $1.00; now the rate is 65 cents with a special of 50 cents.

At this point the reporter went all to pieces, and if you want to know more about it than that the new rates are a reduction of from 40 to 60 per cent of the old rate, you will have to go and seek information for yourself.—Argus-Leader.

Wouldn't It Be Fine

To be able to take a trip to the old country without costing you a cent? The Standard-Posten Voting Contest offers you that

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The photographer who can make unnatural pictures gets the most patronage.

NO CLEW TO THIEVES.

Department Has Not Yet Discovered Sioux Falls Postoffice Robber.

Sioux Falls, Oct. 5.—The postoffice inspectors and detectives, who, for more than a week have been striving to solve the mystery surrounding the disappearance of a package containing $10,000 in currency, from the Sioux Falls postoffice, have thus far been baffled in their efforts to apprehend the thief and recovery the money. It is conceded that with every day that passes the chance of recovering the money and apprehending the thief becomes smaller.

Various unfounded rumors have been circulated in regard to the stolen money. Some of these have been somewhat amusing, this being the case with the story which gained circulation at Aberdeen and other portions of the northern part of the state to the effect that two attaches of the Sioux Falls postoffice had been arrested for the theft of the package and that $9,400 of the stolen money had been recovered.

The postoffice inspectors have repeatedly put attaches of the postoffice through the "sweating" process, but the fact that no arrests have been made proves that the guilty person, if he is among those who were put through, has been able to "stand pat" and has made no admissions which would warrant his arrest.

If the package was stolen by some attache of the postoffice it is believed in some quarters he may have had a confederate on the outside, to whom the package was delivered and securely hidden until such time as it is believed safe to place it in circulation. The package, made up as it was of 2,000 $5 bills, was quite bulky, and how it could have been smuggled out of the postoffice without some of the numerous clerks and others in the office noticing it is by no means the least interesting phase of the problem.

There is a large open space between the safe, from which the money was taken, and the rear doors of the postoffice, and this would have to be crossed by the thief, in full view of the public, as the package was too large to have been hidden under the coat of the thief and could not have been put in one of his pockets.

Humor of the Barometer.

It was a beautiful barometer. It glistened from its splendid wooden case with a spick and spanness that boasted of its newness. Its rich framework clearly advertised the large price that had been paid for it. Its owner was justly proud. But it possessed one drawback—it wouldn't work. Ever since it had been purchased it had remained at "set fair" whatever the weather had happened to be. And the weather had happened to be particularly wet. At last its owner grew weary of its external beauty and exasperated over its internal stupidity. One day when the rain was pouring extra hard he tore the weather indicator from the wall and took it out into the road.

For a moment the needle hesitated. Then as the raindrops began to dim the glass it made up its mind and moved slowly round to "very dry."—London Answers.

An Innocent Victim.

General F. D. Grant, at a dinner at West Point, once analyzed the military genius of Washington.

"Washington," he said, "gave us our independence by campaigning faultlessly. He never made mistakes. There have been more brilliant soldiers than Washington, but there has never been so sure a one. In warfare, you must know, the smallest mistake may lose a whole battle, a whole campaign, a whole cause. And that reminds me of poor Tom White.

"Tom White failed in business owing to the mistake of one single letter made by his stenographer. Tom's patron in business was a deaf millionaire who was very touchy about his deafness. This millionaire turned from a good friend to a bitter enemy—he foreclosed on Tom—because the unhappy fellow's stenographer accidentally began a letter to him 'Deaf Sir.'"

A Gilded Gown.

During the reign of King George I. Lord Hervey, a cultured man, gave this description of the fine dress of a distinguished woman:

"The Duchess of Queensberry's clothes pleased me most. They were white satin embroidered, the bottom of the petticoat brown hills, covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an old stump of a tree than ran up almost to the top of the petticoat, broken and ragged and worked with brown chenille, round which twined nasturtiums, ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, convolvuluses and all sorts of twining vines, which spread and covered the petticoat. Many of the leaves were finished in gold, and part of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun."

ARMY OF MEN AID IN SEARCH

Systematic Effort to Recover Bodies at Austin, Pa.

DEATH LIST GROWS LESS

Number of Known Dead Stands at Thirty-two, While a Hasty Census Shows Fifty-four Still Missing—Organized Relief for the Survivors Now Well Under Way.

Austin, Pa., Oct. 4.—Relief work of the night and early morning revealed no new horrors and Austin believes that it knows the worst of the calamity that overwhelmed it Saturday afternoon when the waters of the broken Bayliss dam swept the valley. The list of known dead stands at thirty-two, while a hasty town census showed fifty-four still missing.

Effective organized relief is well under way and help is being offered from many communities in the state. Commissioner S. G. Dixon of the state health department says that money, men and food supplies are in great demand.

Philadelphia sent word that $5,000 had been raised and was on the way. Dubois, Pa., sent 150 volunteers and 200 laborers, while Wellsboro, Pa., raised $2,200 in a few hours and had dispatched the cash in an automobile. The cash is needed largely in transporting the afflicted to friends and relatives in other parts of the country.

It is definitely learned that Costello does not need aid. The citizens are able to care for any in distress, having several warehouses of needful supplies and all the money needed. Some clothing for women and children will be required.

Tangled Debris Removed.

Great inroads have been made into the mass of tangled debris. A steam log roller at work along the tracks of the Buffalo and Susquehanna railroad, whose tracks lay through the middle of the wreckage, cleared great spaces. Beneath one building three bodies were found. They were those of a mother, an infant and a child about five years old. All were terribly mutilated.

With daylight further inroads on the wreckage were started and indications are that by the end of the week the railroad will be opened through to Costello, enabling the carting away of useless wreckage.

No reports of any illness prevalent because of privations suffered have been made to the relief headquarters.

The state constabulary is effectively policing the section and through the vigilance of this organization eight arrests for petty thieving have been made, the accused have been committed to the county jail at Coudersport.

Eighty additional laborers have reached Austin and 200 more are expected, swelling the total laboring force to 800 men.

BRYAN IS NOT A CANDIDATE

Confirms His Retirement in Speech at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Oct. 4.—William J. Bryan told 5,000 people in an address at the Missouri Valley fair at Electric park that he was not a candidate for president of the United States.

"In addition to the many other reasons why I should not run again for president," said Mr. Bryan, "is that one Republican president having used my platform in part and another Republican president having used it entirely, I am afraid if I became a candidate again the Republicans would bring the third term charge against me."

Mr. Bryan was optimistic for Democratic success.

KILLS TWO AND HIMSELF

Oklahoman Shoots Wife and Escort, Then Ends His Own Life.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Oct. 4.—In a jealous rage, J. House, a well known resident of this city, shot and killed his wife, Margueret House, and her escort, James Patton, as they walked along a street.

He also fired at a man and woman who were with his wife and Patton, but the bullets went wide.

House immediately killed himself.

Baby Scalded to Death.

Pierre, S. D., Oct. 4.—Vida, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Green of Marietta, Stanley county, met her death by falling backward into a pan of boiling water which the mother had placed upon the floor in her household duties. The baby in playing about stumbled into the pan and was so badly scalded before she could be taken from the boiling bath that death resulted the following day.

Four Dead in Shooting Affray.

Lake Charles, La., Oct. 4.—Four were killed and eight wounded as the result of a shooting affray in a dance hall here when the police attempted to quell a petty quarrel between two dancers.

ITALIAN FLEET SHELLS TRIPOLI

Bombardment of Turkish Defenses Is Begun.

THIRD APPEAL TO POWERS

Constantinople Government Complains That Italy Opened Hostilities Previous to the Declaration of War. Mediation Not Likely Before the Italians Have Occupied the Tripolitan Coast.

London, Oct. 4.—Reports from several points near Tripoli intimate that the often postponed bombardment of the forts at Tripoli has been begun by the Italian fleeet.

An Italian cruiser reports that the Turkish fleet has not reached the Dardanelles, but that the ships have separated and are still in the archipelago, where they are sought by the Italian warships.

It was announced at the German foreign office that Germany probably would not proclaim her neutrality because of the likelihood that the hostilities would be short and also that no steps toward mediation were probable before the Tripolitan coast had been occupied by the Italians

The Turkish ambassador at London presented another Turkish note to the British foreign office setting forth that Italy had begun hostilities previous to the declaration of war and that Turkey would be justified in adopting whatever measures it might decree beyond those provided by the rules of war.

It is announced at Constantinople that a prominent Egyptian has offered to organize 30,000 Egyptians to march against the Italians at Tripoli. A wireless message to Rome from the fleet at Tripoli says that the natives, with 18,000 Mauser rifles, have retired to the interior with the evident purpose of waging a guerrilla warfare.

TURKEY FORCED TO SUBMIT

Show of Resistance Necessary, Says Official.

Constantinople, Oct. 4.—An influential member of the committee of union and progress states that he realizes that Turkey had been forced by untoward circumstances to submit to the Italian proposal to evacuate Tripoli, but that on account of the fanaticism of the people a show of resistance had to be made.

At present there are only ninety-three deputies in Constantinople, a number insufficient for a quorum, but as soon as the requisite 140 members arrive the chamber will be convened.

The German consulate is stormed by anxious Italians who are asking for passports that will permit them to leave the countrq. Monday 600 left the city and Tuesday the consulate still had 6,000 applicants with whom to deal. Those remaining are subjected to heavy taxes.

The Turkish cable to Tripoli has been cut and the officials are ignorant of what is going on there. All officials and officers have been ordered to return to their posts.

An Egyptian notable has offered to organize a force of 30,000 Egyptians to march against the Italians at Tripoli.

AGAIN APPEALS TO POWERS

Turkey's Third Note Asking for Intervention.

Constantinople, Oct. 4.—Turkey has issued a third appeal to the powers to intervene in the Turko-Italian war.

The appeal accused Italy of violation of all international rules and emphasizes Turkey's right to retaliate to the full extent of its powers.

Aside from the province of Tripoli, if the territory may be said to have passed definitely into Italian hands, Turkey's losses up to date are placed by the government at four torpedo boats and one gunboat sunk and three transports, two torpedo boats and one yacht captured.

The Turkish boycott of Italian goods is complete.

A Bulgarian invasion of Macedonia is gravely feared on the strength of reliable reports that Czar Ferdinand is planning to call out 200,000 arm. reserves.

Carnegie Talks of War.

Skibo Castle, Scotland, Oct. 4.—"Arbitration should always be offered before a resort to war," was Andrew Carnegie's only comment when asked for an expression concerning the Turko-Italian conflict.

Austrian Fleet Puts to Sea.

Trieste, Oct. 4.—An Austrian war squadron sailed from here under secret orders. It is assumed everywhere that its mission is connected with the Turko-Italian situation.

Confirmation of Report.

Glasgow, Scotland, Oct. 4.—A private message received from Jerba, an island off Tunis, says: A heliograph message from Tripoli says that the bombardment has begun. The ships are bombarding several places. The inhabitants are leaving.

Ansel Peever's Fortune

It Didn't Materialize Quite as He Expected

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Everybody in Little River declared that Lucy Mellen would be tired of waiting for Ansel Peever.

"Wait until I come back from California, dearest." Ansel had whispered "Then I will have such a home and such acres of greenhouses that I will not be ashamed to ask you to give up your splendid home on the hill."

Of course Lucy's heart prompted her to tell him to remain with her. What cared she for the promised wealth of the golden west when the solid reality of Ansel's thrifty little flower business was ready and waiting for them both? But Ansel looked so downhearted and disappointed at her answer that Lucy availed herself of the feminine privilege and changed her mind.

"You'd better go, Ansel," she urged him. "I will wait for you if you should be gone a hundred years," she added recklessly.

So it was arranged as Ansel's pride prompted him, and Lucy stayed in her father's comfortable home on the hilltop and watched the black smoke from Ansel's train dissolve in the May sunshine even as her hopes and happiness dissolved in a burst of grief.

A hundred days went by, and Ansel's letters were full of homesickness and enthusiasm. A hundred weeks passed, and the letters contained less hopefulness and the same strain of longing for home. Lucy wrote and urged him to come home. "Let the old fortune go," she wrote hastily. "There is plenty to do in Little River, and Stephen Tuttle will be glad to sell the greenhouses back to you."

But Ansel was obstinate as well as proud, and he did not come home in answer to Lucy's appeal. A hundred months went by—eight long years and four months—and Lucy's Aunt Rebecca Prentice repeated the words she had dinned into her niece's pretty ears:

"He's never coming back again, Lucy. You might as well have married Leonard Deane or the minister and had a family growing up around you instead of wasting your life waiting for a man who has forgotten you."

"I don't believe Ansel has forgotten me, Aunt Rebecca," Lucy said patiently. "It has taken longer for him to make a fortune than he expected—that's all."

One April morning Lucy Mellen found herself quite alone in the world. Her parents had died shortly after Ansel went away, and now Aunt Rebecca had succumbed to pneumonia, and the big empty house on the hill seemed bigger and emptier than ever. At the end of a year Lucy had managed to almost beggar herself by several foolish investments, and there came a day when the red flag swung to the breeze above the Mellen place.

"What are you going to do now, Lucy Mellen?" demanded her next door neighbor, Mrs. Hall. "Here you've got all your furniture crated up as if you was going away, and you ain't said a word to nobody!"

"I'm going to California," said Lucy calmly, though her pale cheeks flushed. "Ansel has sent for me to come out there and be married. You see, he's so busy he can't get away just now."

"Well, of all things!" cried Mrs. Hall excitedly. "You don't mean that you, a single woman, are going away out there all alone to get married?"

"I'm thirty-five," said Lucy obstinately, "and Ansel's folks are out there, you know."

Mrs. Hall said no more, but twisted the shawl tighter around her thin face and fairly flew down the street to be the first one to transmit the startling news to Little River.

Lucy's friends were at the station to bid her goodby when she started on her long journey. Her household goods had gone on a week before, and when the last moment came there were many tears and good wishes and lots of rice and old shoes flying after her. Lucy looked strangely pale and silent for a bride to be, but she had been that way for so many years now that her friends quite forgot what a merry, light hearted girl she had been when Ansel first wooed her.

Then the train thundered away toward New York, and Lucy leaned her pale face against the window and closed her frightened eyes. She had never taken such a long journey, and she was quite unused to traveling, but that was not the worst of it. She had told a number of downright lies—Ansel Peever had not sent for her; he did not know she was coming out there, and she had not heard from him for two months.

It was this knowledge that made Lucy Mellen so miserable as her train flew westward. Every mile that brought her nearer to Ansel also made her heart beat faster until at last when she reached San Francisco and changed cars for the little town in Santa Barbara county she was almost sick with remorse and shame at her own daring.

At last it was time for her to get off. She saw her trunks dumped on the station platform at Redcliff, and then the train rolled away among the vineyards and orange groves, while she was left in the soft, balmy atmosphere of the land of flowers.

"Ansel Peever's place?" repeated the station agent. "It's three miles down the valley. I'll have Hawkes carry you there. It'll cost you four bits, ma'am."

"Four what?" repeated puzzled Lucy.

"Four bits—50 cents. I suppose you're from the east," smiled the man good naturedly, and Lucy said that she was, and she thanked him prettily for attending to her trunks.

Seated in the buckboard with her trunks lashed on behind, the two lean roan horses clattered over the road much faster than Lucy cared to have them.

The roans slowed down, and Hawkes pointed a whip around a curve of the road. "Peever's place is just around that bend," he said.

"Stop here, please!" panted Lucy, with sudden alarm. "Please wait here while I go on and speak to them."

Lucy fluttered away around the bend of the road, looking very pale and fragile in her gray traveling dress with a gray chiffon veil tied about her hat and framing her delicate face with its soft folds. Her heavy golden hair lay in rippling waves under the veil, and the occasional silver threads that time had woven were quite hidden from view. If Lucy's cheeks had been pink she would have looked very much like the Lucy of old.

The pink came fast enough when she found herself hesitating at a pretty rustic gate set in an evergreen hedge. Beyond was a small cottage set in the midst of flowers. Away to the west there stretched a thriving vineyard, and beyond to the south there was another cottage, newer and freshly painted, and all around this cottage as far as the eye could see were orange groves. Lucy could smell the odor of the waxen blossoms, and she could see the gold of the ripened fruit as she made her way up the path to Ansel's house.

Her first doubt of Ansel Peever came when she saw a woman on the porch eying her curiously. Around the woman's skirts there clung a little child. Lucy's heart almost stopped beating. Aunt Rebecca was right after all—Ansel was married, and this was his wife and child. No wonder he had never come for her! What would they think? What would Little River think?

All these things passed through her mind before she reached the porch. There she stopped and looked at the woman with appealing eyes.

"I am looking for Ansel Peever's house," she said.

"This is it, but my husband is away just at present. I expect him back in about an hour. Won't you come in and rest awhile?" The woman smiled pleasantly, but she was evidently curious about Lucy's unexpected appearance.

"I'll rest a little while," hesitated Lucy, "but I must go back presently. There's a carriage waiting for me around the bend."

Lucy sat down in a rocking chair and looked so white and wan that Mrs. Peever fetched a glass of ice cold milk and made her drink it. After awhile Lucy was able to sit up and smile back at the little laughing girl who clung to her knee.

"I cannot wait to see Ansel—Mr. Peever. Perhaps I will come again some time," said Lucy at last as she prepared to leave.

"You are from the east, I am sure," said the woman bluntly. "If you are one of Ansel's folks from Little River he'll be mighty disappointed if you don't stay or leave your name anyway."

"You may tell him that Lucy Mellen called to see him," said Lucy as she bent down to kiss the little girl. Then, with a murmured word of thanks to Mrs. Peever, she hurried down the walk.

Then Mrs. Peever found voice. "Lucy Mellen, Lucy Mellen! Come back here!" she called imperatively.

Lucy turned. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Wait a minute," called the other, and she came running down the path and laid a hand on Lucy's shrinking shoulder. "I thought you wanted to see my husband," she panted, "but it's young Ansel you're looking for, I guess. Won't he be surprised to see you, though!" She laughed merrily.

"Young Ansel!" repeated Lucy dazedly.

"My husband's nephew. They're both named Ansel Peever. I'm Mr. Peever's second wife and sort of stepaunt to your Ansel. That's his house next door all ready for you—just finished—and Ansel inside there rigging himself up to go east after you this very minute. I'll run over and fetch him. You wait here, Lucy."

Mrs. Peever ran fleetly across the lawn, while Lucy sank weakly down on a garden seat. Happy tears filled her tired eyes, and the little girl, who was not Ansel's after all, came and heaped roses in her lap.

Then Ansel himself stood before her, thinner, browner, older, but the same Ansel save that the youthful pride and arrogance had been hammered out of him by the foundry of experience.

"Lucy—Lucy!" said Ansel brokenly. "I was getting ready to come after you. I haven't made a fortune and I never will have one, but I've got a cottage and an orange grove, and now I've got you. I didn't realize in leaving you, dear, that I was leaving my fortune behind me. I was ashamed to go back to Little River until I had done something big. Then I heard from somebody that you'd lost everything through some rascality, and so I made up my mind to go after you. Can you forgive me, Lucy, dear?"

Of course Lucy forgave him, and they were married the very next day in the new cottage, and they went to Little River on their honeymoon.