

Hearts By... ERMINIE RIVES Courageous

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These told her how the Reprisal, dodging the British sloops of war, had landed Benjamin Franklin safely at Nantes, of his meeting there with Beaumarchais and of his reception in Paris at the little hotel in the Rue Vieille du Temple, where a mercantile sign of "Roderique Hortalez & Co." hid a pleasant conspiracy whose object was the furnishing of war supplies to the American colonists, and whose silent partners were a prime minister and a king. Somewhere, she thought, there in his own land perhaps Armand was safe, not believing in her, but free and uncondemned.

The sound of war came nearer when Howe's fleet sailed into the Chesapeake and when Henry, summoned in haste from Hanover, called out the militia. She watched them march through Williamsburg, sixty-four companies strong, but the fleet and the army it carried sailed on to beat back Washington at Brandywine, to enter Philadelphia and turn the grave tower into an orgy of Tory rejoicing.

So the months passed in alternate hope and despair. Spring unfurled, summer dropped its blooms, autumn singed glee and cope, snow fell and purified the earth stains. And at last Virginia knew that Burgoyne had been entrapped in the northern forests; that Philadelphia had been evacuated; that the cord which was to encircle the throat of the rebellion had snapped; that France had recognized independence and made a treaty of alliance with the United States.

There followed a closer campaign when Lord Germaine, the king's war minister, having failed to strangle the monster, attacked its extremities, when the redcoats swept into the southern harbors, when Savannah and Augusta fell, when Lincoln's army was caught at Charleston and Gates routed at Camden, and these were the south's darkest days.

It knew there was no hope from the army in the north—meager, ill clothed, half starved, without magazines, arsenals or credit. Washington lay watching like a hawk Clinton's 10,000 men at New York, hoping for an effective force from France, waiting with the sublime patience which more than all else made him a great soldier.

Virginia bore her burdens uncomplainingly, giving of her substance to the struggle, while the slaves which Cornwallis sent scampering from burned lower plantations trailed through her borders, sowing insurrection among the faithful blacks.

"John the Baptist," demanded Anne sternly one day after Groom had reported that scarce fifty slaves remained in the quarters, "an the British come here, are you going to run away too?"

"Mis' Anne," he complained appealingly, "don't yo' know no 'spectable nigger gwine ter list'n ter dem shifless trash w'out no homes? Dee ain' no 'count. Yo' couldn' swap 'em off fo' shucks. Yo' knows I ain' nuver gwine leabe de plantation whar I wuz drug up. Dat Cornwallis! Huh! Dis nigger smell de brimstone whut's huntin' fo' him."

When the sky looked blackest came General Nathaniel Greene into the south, young, light hearted and eager. And what did he not accomplish? He welded anew the scattered remnants of Gates' army, fanned North Carolinian Whiggery into a blaze, beat Tarleton, sent Cornwallis back, breathing hard, to the southeast. It was the end of the second campaign.

"What will King George do now?" Anne asked Henry jubilantly.

His face was very grave as he answered: "There is only one thing left. 'Tis a stroke at the heart of the rebellion. And that heart is here in Virginia." He guessed truly.

There were hasty preparations for flight through the lower peninsula on that snow shod day when the traitor Arnold's fifty ships came to anchor off Jamestown Island. The sky was a ceiling of translucent gray. The stubby cedars trailed sweeping boughs of crystalline berry, and every shrub was cased in argent armor. Fleet horsemen had ridden from Williamsburg in all directions rousing the frozen countryside.

At noon Anne took her place in the chariot beside Mrs. Tillotson, bound for Dr. Walker's of Castle Hill, far enough north to be beyond the reach of the invaders. Her aunt was to fare even farther, to Berkeley.

They waved brave goodbyes through tears to the little group of house negroes whispering on the porch. Rashleigh was to go with the remaining servants to Brandon, Mammy Evaline was left in charge of the place, and John the Baptist, her son, was to care for the horses and run them off on approach of the British. The house linen and silver Anne had buried with her own hands, and the family portraits had been hidden under the stables.

It was a sad journey, but one performed that day by more than one household.

Colonel Tillotson rode a part of the way beside the coach. "Twill not be for long," he insisted cheerfully. "I have assurance from Mr. Henry that Washington will send troops before spring breaks. He thought it would be General Lafayette—the young French marquis who passed through Williamsburg, you remember. Would Washington himself could come!" he added fervently.

But his wife was not to be comforted. "Colonel," she cried brokenly. "I feel sure we shall never see Gladden Hall again."

More than once before spring came tipping down the trees Anne looked out to the north from quiet Castle Hill, homesick for a sight of Greenway Court and Baron Fairfax. Weakness and age had at last sent the old man to his chair, and he sat through the long days sorrowfully patient, as his ancestor, the hero of Naseby fight, sat at Denton in Yorkshire, waiting the coming of the victorious banners of the king.

The beginnings of the struggle had found him doggedly wrathful. "Bill of rights, aigh?" he would shout. "I want no benefit of it. I am a colonial and loyal."

And when his neighbors contended that what they stood for was the old issue for which their ancestors broke pikes at Marston Moor he turned his back upon them.

In the Old Dominion there was comparative tranquillity, but even in the forest he had heard the first blare of the king's armies in Boston and New York with a hungering fear that drew his eyes often wistfully toward Mount Vernon. There sat the lad he had trained and molded, "the first soldier in Virginia," a grave man. They whispered evil things of this man's loyalty now, but the baron for long shut his ears and would not hear.

The time came soon when Tories were hated, despised, driven by fire from their homes, their property confiscated. But this old man alone was not touched.

"Let the rebels come!" he had roared, pounding the floor with his horn stick. "Let them come! I met the Indians here in '55, and I leave for no cursed rebels. The king may not be able to protect, but he will reimburse me."

But Tories and Whigs passed by alike, and not a pound was touched in his storehouse, not a horse taken from his stables. When the foragers swept the valleys his field slaves slunk away with the rest, but he had not a house negro who did not stay with him to the end.

The final chapter was opened at last. Lafayette was marching southward with twelve hundred of Washington's own light infantry. The word had struck sharper than an adder's tooth—the bloody snows of Valley Forge, the pelting retreat through the Jerseys, want, rout, discouragement and despair! The king must win, and George Washington was gone too far even for love's forgiveness. Now he sent his rebels to his own natal colony to hurl them in a final desperate attack at the king's throat.

After this news the baron took to his couch and closed his doors against report. Through all the war Washington had found time to send gentle and tender letters to his old friend. These my lord had read, longing for some sign of sorrow or of turning, but they had brought none. Now he read no more.

One morning Anne stood at the deep set window of her room at Castle Hill. Far away, their dim splendor relieved by golden gorges of early sunlight, reared the solitary mountains, blent with pale green, pale gold and blent lavender and graylike faded tapestries. The June breeze was soft with the first thrill of summer, blowing across the shelving fields. Birds were fluting in the tulip trees, and the dewed odor of roses lay on the garden, drenchingly sweet. The place seemed safe folded from the war that lay, a sullen fiend in a cloud, far away across the Virginia hills.

A distant clatter came to her, and she looked and listened where the eastern road bent behind clusters of trees. Almost before she had guessed the meaning of the sound a troop of dragoons, whose red coats proclaimed them British, dashed into view and rode at top speed toward the house.

The British! So far to the westward! What could it mean? Then, in clutching apprehension, she fled downstairs to Mrs. Walker's room, to find that lady already dressing with speed and trepidation. As she opened the door, the yard below swarmed with a confusion of soldiers and shrieking servants.

"Stay where you are," came Dr. Walker's voice from the next room. "I am going."

"No, doctor," Mrs. Walker opposed. "I am going myself." And go she did, Anne with her.

Aunt Daph, the cook, having fled from the kitchen, was crouched, shuddering, at the foot of the stair. "Dem's de Britishers, missus!" she moaned. "Dem's de Britishers!"

"I know it," answered Mrs. Walker calmly as a knock thundered at the door. "Go back to your kitchen."

The figure on the threshold bowed till his plumes swept the sill.

"Pardon me, madam—ladies," he began, "but I must ask of your hospitality a breakfast for myself and my officers. I may introduce myself? Colonel Tarleton of the British legion, at your service."

so often heard? She courtesied slowly to his bow.

"I might add," announced the visitor, "that no harm shall be done this property. We have business farther on."

Farther on! Anne's mind leaped to the thought of Charlottesville, only six miles away. The Virginia assembly was in session there. And Henry! She must gain a little time.

"Let me see to the breakfast, Mrs. Walker," she volunteered. Aunt Daph is quite distracted."

Tarleton smiled, bowed again to her and clanked to the door. Then Anne caught Mrs. Walker's hand and whispered: "'Tis a raid on the assembly. We must keep them here as long as possible. Tell the doctor."

She had no time to speak further, for Tarleton re-entered with the others.

"I have been obliged to set a guard about the negro quarters and at the front and rear entrances of the house," he said. "We shall soon relieve you of this inconvenience. Ah, doctor, good morning!"

Anne betook herself to the kitchen and stirred Aunt Daph to activity. While the great fire roared her brain was busy. She must get through that cordon of redcoats—must—must!

As the cook piled the irons with fragments of chicken, Anne's eyes, through the back door and window, took in the situation. Full a dozen troopers were grouped there, stretched lazily in the sun, their horses hobbled and cropping grass eagerly in a widening half circle. The quarters were on the farther side of the fire till its heat scorched her cheeks.

"Clear ter goodness, Mis' Anne, yo' got 'nuff dar fo' fo' ty, 'stid o' fo'!"

"Hush!" Anne commanded. "Go and lay one of the tables in the milk room." The negress raised her hands.

"Wid all dem sojers out dar? Honey, dee jes' split my haid wide open!"

"Do as I tell you," said Anne. "They won't hurt you. Make no noise, and come back quickly."

The old woman made her way gingerly past the groups across the yard. "Mis' Anne," she said as she came back, all her teeth gleaming, "one o' dem Britishers call to me jes' lak folks."



"Run, you splendid boy! Run!"

"Hopes yo' got sump'n good fo' us, too, auntie," he said. "Layd, honey, I reckon dee's pow'ful hungry ter smell dis yere!"

Anne heaped a great platter high from the dripping grids and flanked it with a pyramid of corn bread.

"Now, Aunt Daph," she breathed excitedly, "take this. Hold it high and fall not on the steps. When you come to the milk room door you are to tell the soldiers that the colonel in here says they are all to have their breakfast at once. Do you understand?"

"Yas'm. Yas'm. But dis yere chick'n's er heap too good fo' dem low down nosh'n debbles!"

Anne watched her through the door in a quiver of apprehension. Would they go? She prayed frantically that they would smell that savory odor. She heard the laugh of the officers in the next room and above it the tones of the cook outside, now scornfully belligerent:

"Yore cum'l in dar say yo' is ter eat dis yere up mighty quick er yo' don't git nuttin' 'tall."

There was a murmur among the troopers. It was a fearful temptation. Then they succumbed before that delicate aroma, and while Anne held her breath the last guard had overcome his scruples and vanished into the milk room.

She did not wait an instant, but slipped out hatless and was away like a flash to the outer ring of horses. Her eye picked the speediest with the unerring judgment of the born horsewoman. She leaped to his back, took the yard paling and flew across the soft loam field to the highroad.

When Lieutenant Colonel Banister Tarleton entered the kitchen smilingly to see why breakfast delayed he found the room empty, and sounds from the outhouse told him the rest. The petulant lip had become instantly a raging demoniac, and the crestfallen men tumbled out, mounting with a speed increased by threats and revilings.

A sight of the horseless trooper sent the leader's passion leaping to knowledge. "'Tis the girl!" he cried. "The deuce! She's off to warn them!"

And his curses suddenly mixed themselves with steel sharp orders.

Mrs. Walker wrung her hands as the last trooper galloped off after the rest on a horse impressed from the stables. "God grant they don't catch her!" she prayed.

As Anne sped along the curving stretch of road over the low hill spurs she leaned to the horse's mane, crying to him: "Run, you splendid boy! Run! 'Tis to save the assembly!" And the great creature, slim, lustrous blood bay, snorted and settled to action, his liquid eye catching the terror-white as if he, stolen from some Virginia stable, knew what the words meant.

Gallop and gallop; she heard the red cloths patter on the road behind as she went. One mile—two miles. The wind-warped trees stretched by in a whirling, drunken race of foliaged dervishes. Three miles—they must surely know by now.

She passed two riders and noted their glance of wonder. One called out to her, but she did not stop. The terrific pace made her breath come jaggedly, and it was only by a supreme effort that she kept her seat on the pommel-less saddle.

The last two miles flung away in a dulled rear.

There were groups upon the court-house steps when she pulled up her frothing horse, and Henry himself pushed forward to her side.

"Tarleton," she panted, "at Castle Hill—coming to—take the assembly!"

Henry turned and repeated the message. It was caught up on all sides and banded up and down the corridors. There was a rush for the sheds and hurried mounting. Then another cry spread: Jefferson—he was at Monticello!

"How much time?" asked Henry briefly of Anne.

"Ten minutes," she answered at hazard.

"Too little. They will be upon him before this." He brought his horse and vaulted into the saddle. "Will Tarleton know you have come?"

"Yes."

"Then you must not stay," he said firmly. "You shall ride with me."

Before she could answer a horseman came clattering in from a bridge path. It was Colonel Carter, and he took in the preparations at a glance.

"Good!" he shouted. "Lose no time, gentlemen. Captain Jougtt has warned Monticello. The assembly stands dissolved, to meet at Staunton three days hence."

About noon hoofs rang behind them in the flinty road, and Henry and Anne reined their horses into the brush. Two more riders galloped by, to wheel and come back at Henry's halloo. They were Mr. John Tyler and Colonel Harrison. Fatigued and hungry as they were, both essayed to smile.

"Is Jefferson safe?" cried Henry.

"Aye," Colonel Harrison assured him. "The family are gone to Colonel Carter's, and all of the gentlemen who were at Monticello are in the mountains. 'Twas a narrow squeak."

"Whither think you we had best ride?" Colonel Harrison asked as they started.

"Lafayette is nigh the Rapid-Ann," said Henry. "I' faith—with a smile at the girl beside him—the man who named it should have seen you ride! Best to reach our own lines for the night, and tomorrow we will off for Staunton. Ely's house should be near our troops, and Mistress Tillotson can get safe escort to Fredericksburg."

At mid-afternoon they stopped at a small hut in a gorge and asked for something to eat.

After the meal and rest the four rode some hours through shaggy ravines strewn with wreck of storm, where the green veins of every growing thing ran flush with frenzied sap, then to the low valleys of the Rapid-Ann. And here at last sprays of smoke showed them where Lafayette lay encamped, waiting a junction with Wayne to march against Cornwallis.

The first challenge they met came from a detachment of Virginia riflemen, and, finding an old friend in their commander, Major Call, Colonel Harrison and Mr. Tyler elected to go no farther. Ely's house, Henry learned, was but a few miles beyond the picket lines, and as to the morrow's escort for Anne the major sent a lieutenant with them a mile down the river to headquarters to ask it.

It was a picturesque encampment through which they passed. There were few tents—mere wigwags of fresh cut boughs to shade the dew. Here and there fires of blazed fence rails glowed yellow in the gathering twilight.

The tent of the acting colonel of the Virginia Continental regiment was pitched apart on a patch of beaten grass. Stools and a light folding table holding pen and paper sat just outside the open flaps, from whose angle a lantern hung, already winking in the dusk.

Benches were on one side, and Henry and Anne seated themselves to wait. Near by the dusty silver of scyammers swayed against the shredded carnation of the sky, and from the distance through the warm evening came the hum of the camp, noises of mess preparing and the tramp and neigh of horses.

They sat awhile silent, Anne's every nerve tired. Henry watched her. How softly white her cheeks, how deep the longing in her eyes!

"'Twas a quick plan and a splendid ride," he said at length. "A brave act, as are all of yours!"

She cringed suddenly. "I hate that word so!" she implored, and he knew of what she was thinking.

All at once she looked at him, speaking earnestly: "Do you believe I shall ever see him? Oh, if he could but know—but know that I was not false to him in my heart! At first I thought I would be content to know he was alive, even if I never saw him again—if he hated me! But now—now, I would give my life to hear him say that he forgave me!"

It was as if all the pent up longing of the past time burst out in a flood. Her voice had sunk very low with the last words, for the lieutenant had approached again.

(Continued next week.)

President Announces Names of Men Chosen as His New Advisers.

Moody in Knox's Place. Strong Words of Praise for Labor of the Attorney General.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—A sweeping change in the cabinet of President Roosevelt was announced officially at the White House today. The announcement came in the form of a brief typewritten statement issued by Secretary Loeb, as follows:

"The following cabinet appointments are announced: William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, Attorney General.

"Paul Morton, of Illinois, Secretary of the Navy.

"Victor H. Metcalf, of California, Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

"The resignations of Secretary Cortelyou and Attorney General Knox have been accepted, to take effect July 1st."

Just before Secretary Cortelyou left for Chicago last Wednesday he placed in the hands of the President his letter of resignation from the Department of Commerce and Labor. It was understood between the President and him that the resignation was to be accepted to take effect at the end of the present fiscal year, June 30th, inclusive. The taking effect of his resignation at that time would afford him an opportunity to complete work in the department which he had initiated and which it was important he should carry to a conclusion.

MORTON A FRIEND OF PRESIDENT.

One week ago Attorney General Knox formally announced that he would retire from the Department of Justice, probably at the end of the fiscal year. It was understood at the same time that Secretary Moody would succeed Mr. Knox as Attorney General.

In pursuit of his purpose to secure the services of a thoroughly able and congenial man, President Roosevelt tendered the appointment of Secretary of the Navy to Paul Morton, first Vice President of the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. Mr. Morton is a personal friend of the President of many years' standing. He is a son of J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, Secretary of Agriculture in President Cleveland's last administration. Mr. Morton has had experience in Washington, having been here with his father.

Since President Roosevelt has been in the White House he has made more than one effort to induce Mr. Morton to accept a position in his administration. Feeling that his life work in the railroad business, in which he has achieved success, might be impeded by his acceptance of an official position in the government, he has declined all such proffers.

YIELDED TO STONG PERSUASION.

In consonance with this feeling, he declined the proffer of the portfolio of the Navy. He was requested by the President to consider his declination. Last night he took dinner at the White House and the whole subject was considered, after Mr. Morton had consulted with his personal and business friends and associates. At the conclusion of the conference, Mr. Morton told the President he would accept.

It is expected that further changes will take place in the cabinet next winter. Postmaster General Payne probably will retire from the cabinet after the campaign. He will be succeeded by National Chairman Cortelyou, Secretary Moody will continue as a member of the cabinet only until the end of the present administration, March 4th, when he will retire to enter upon the practice of law in Boston. It is quite likely that other changes will take place even if Mr. Roosevelt should be elected President.

VIADUCT SHIPS SINK 1,000 JAPS.

Skyriffs' Squadron Returns From Another Successful Southern Raid.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 16.—The Vladivostok squadron has returned to Vladivostok.

TOKYO, June 16.—All doubt as to the sinking of the transports Hitachi and Sado by the Russians has been removed. Three hundred and ninety-seven survivors of the Hitachi have arrived at Kikura.

The survivors report that Sado and Hitachi were sunk by torpedoes.

It is reported that the transports carried only 1,400 men. If this is true, the loss in lives is probably less than 1,000. The transports, however, had many horses and large quantities of supplies on board.

Details show that the Hitachi and Sado met three Russian warships near Iki island at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. The Russians fired on the Japanese ships and stopped them and soon afterward they torpedoed and sunk the helpless transports.

The captain of the Sado and several other men were captured. More than 100 men escaped in the boats and landed at Kikura.

A message has been received here from Hagi saying that the survivors of the Hitachi had drifted north to Shimonesaki and been saved. The transport Izumi is still missing.

Increasing in Popularity.

The fact that a good thing is never wasted on the public is strikingly illustrated by the increasing popularity of "The Philadelphia Record."

True merit is always appreciated if backed by enterprise, whether it be a cake of soap or in a newspaper. The spurious article, or the one that is not up to a competitive standard is soon left behind in the race for popular favor.

There are older newspapers than "The Record," and papers that have shot upward like skyrockets, with a flash of ephemeral brilliancy, only to come down again like charred sticks. But "The Record" has advanced steadily and irresistibly year by year since 27 years ago it set the pace as the pioneer one cent paper of America. Since then it has never retrograded; it has never even stood still, and to-day its circulation exceeds that of any other newspaper published in the State of Pennsylvania, with an influence that is felt all over the country.

Continued success is never accidental. It is possible to stumble into luck as one stumbles into a hornet's nest, with just about as much chance of winning out in the end. But luck has never entered into the success of "The Record."

That success has been due to a keen insight directed toward the public mind, an ability to see at a glance what the public wanted in the way of a newspaper, and then to supply that want. "The Record" has never attempted to force down the public's throat a style of journalism that was inherently distasteful to it.

We congratulate the management of "The Record" on its adherence to these principles that have marked the paper's entire career, as well as upon the excellent business methods that have won the confidence and esteem of its great advertising patronage.

WHERE GOD STILL REIGNS.

Come to the woods, O weary one,
For Faith and Hope are there;
Under the leaves God's will is done,
His glory fills the air;

There is joy in the piping from the pond,
There is triumph in the velvet froud,
Come to the woods, O doubting heart,
And learn that earth is fair;
The city and heaven are far apart,
But God is near, out there
Where all is obedient to his will—
The woods are His, as He made them, still.

—S. F. Kiser.

Bandit Raisuli Finally Wrote.

Releases Ion Perdicaris and Cromwell Varley Whom He Held for Ransom.

TANGIER, June 25.—12:55 a. m.—Ion Perdicaris and Cromwell Varley, who were captured by the Bandit Raisuli, have just arrived here. Perdicaris is very much fatigued after his long ride, but says he is glad to get back. He is greatly pleased with the reception accorded him by the townsmen who met him in great numbers.

Perdicaris suffered many hardships while in the hands of Raisuli, although he says he does not think that these were the fault of the bandit chief, and that he had every comfort possible under the circumstances.

Much credit is due to the two sheriffs of Wazan, Mulai Ali and Mulai Kames, who have devoted much time in their efforts to secure the negotiations. Mulai Ali remained at Raisuli's camp continuously, thus ensuring the safety of the lives of the captives, while Mulai Kames travelled back and forth between Tangier and Beniaros.

Mulai Kames says that he arrived at the camp of Zela, governor of the Beni M'Sara tribe, at 3 o'clock on June 23rd, but that the captives did not arrive until the morning of June 24th.

The delay in turning over the prisoners was apparently merely a mistake as to the date set for their release.

Varley appears to be as cheerful and bright as if he had just returned from a picnic.

Both Perdicaris and Varley are much thinner, especially the former, who has aged considerably.

Perdicaris was received at his town house by the authorities, the admirals of the fleets and numerous personal friends. His Moorish servants made a great demonstration of joy, kissing their master's hands and clothes.

LONDON, June 25.—The Times, this morning in a lengthy editorial on the release by the bandit Raisuli of Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley, calls attention to the fact that the Times correspondent, Walter B. Harris, was captured by the same brigand who, emboldened by the success of that venture, seized Mr. Perdicaris, who on account of the high position held by that gentleman at Tangier, fulfilled all the conditions which would enable Raisuli to drive a bargain such as no other brigand has ever dared to.

As the result of the Sultan acceding to the demand of Raisuli says The Times, the world perceives the impotence of the Moroccan ruler to discharge the most elementary duties of government.

The Standard also publishes an editorial, in which it concludes that Morocco must now cease to remain under a reign of anarchy and that France must avert such perilous complications in the future.

The Standard credits "Secretary Hay's vigorous diplomacy" with the speedy closing "of the most remarkable incident in which has troubled contemporary history in Morocco.

30 Black Cats and Hoochoo House Burned

ST. LOUIS, June 24.—Fire, which threatened for a time to destroy many buildings at the World's Fair, today consumed the House of Hoochoo, rendering the building and contents a total loss.

So quickly did the flames spread that the five occupants of the building, all on the second floor, had difficulty in escaping with their lives, being compelled to climb down a tree.

The loss on the building and contents is estimated at \$60,000. The fire is supposed to have started from an electric light wire.

The alarm was answered by the entire World's Fair fire department and by eight engine companies of the city department. All efforts were directed toward saving the Texas, German, Oregon and Mines and Metallurgy Buildings. All were saved without loss or damage.

But ten minutes before the alarm from the House of Hoochoo, the World's Fair fire department had answered a still alarm from the Pike. The loss there was insignificant, but there was a wild stampede among the elephants and camels.

The House of Hoochoo was built by lumbermen throughout the country, under the supervision of the Hoochoo Society, which is composed of lumbermen.

There were thirty black cats in the building at the time of the fire, and these are believed to have perished.

Fearing the Texas Building would be destroyed, women of that State worked heroically to save precious relics of early history. Nothing but the fact that the wind was not blowing toward the Texas building saved it.

Planting Millions of Lobsters.

BOOTHBAY, Me., June 25.—Uncle Sam is planting little lobsters by the million in Maine waters, being evidently bound to keep up the supply of that shellfish. Last Monday 1,200,000 fry from the Gloucester, Mass., hatchery were deposited in Casco Bay, and a like number will be placed in those waters every few days from now until the middle of July.

A new hatchery is being erected at Boothbay, where many millions of lobster fry will be produced every winter and sent out for distribution in the spring and early summer.

Dish Rags on Beaches.

In the garden of Charles Richardson, in Pasadena, Cal., says the Los Angeles Times, which are famed for their remarkable floral productions, are growing dish rags, real genuine dish rags that would delight the heart of every housewife. Mr. Richardson has heretofore raised many wonderful plants never before introduced to American soil, but this year he has exceeded all previous agricultural triumphs by raising an immense crop of dish rags, enough to supply his family for several consecutive generations. These dish rags, or vegetable sponges, as they are sometimes called, are indigenous to Africa. Now it has been demonstrated that they will thrive in this country, they are bound to become a popular production, since not only for home consumption but for commercial purposes they can be raised with profit. The graceful, well-foliated vines are not only ornamental, but they bear in great profusion a fibrous sponge that is eminently useful for bathing purposes, as well as for scouring pans and kettles.