CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1901

sistence with which he followed

come from Marshall-sad because of

the fate that had befallen his com-

panions, stern because of the evi-dence of the deep-laid plot that so

nearly made him a victim, but mod-

over the surgeon's promise that he could be well enough to make the

would soon be there. The papers had told their readers this very morning

that the general had plainly said his force was too small to risk further

assault upon the Sioux. Alarmed at the result of its policy, the bureau

withdrawal of the troops from the Big

Horn country. The war department, therefore, had to hold its hand. The

the more cordial because of this and because of his now known champion-

cion and the cloud of official censure.

Marshall Dean was blossoming out as

when Folsom brought the young en

gineer from the hotel and found

Elinor and Jessie in the musicroom,

with Pecksniff's adjutant and Loomis

in devoted attendance. It was nearly 11 when the officers left-two re-

turning to the fort, Loring lingering for a word with Folsom at the gate.

The night was still and breathless.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

Tired eyes are gently closing As the twilight droppeth down, Wrapping with the veil of slumber Hill and valley, dale and town; Gottly little hands are folded As the shadows closer creep-Sinless lips of childhood murmur "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Down life's pathway stretching onward Lieth snares unseen, unknown, Waiting for their coming footsteps--But the Father guards His own; And, as stainless as in childhood, He will guide by pitfalls deep, 41, as now, they plead: "I pray Thee--Pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,"

Now the tender mother, listening Feels her pulses thrill with fear, As she fancies, in the shadow, Death, the dark-robed, lurking near; And with throbbing heart she question How the sacrifice to make, At the low words, scarcely spoken: "Should I die before I wake."

Glumber now has almost won them, Droops the lashes lower still, While a sweet and holy presence All the twilight seems to fill; And the listening Saviour only, As the words their lips forsake, Hears the last half-uttered whisper "Pray-Thee-Lord-my soul-to take "Pray-Thee-Lord-my soul-to take. -Ettle Gilbert McNeil, in Ram's Horn.



CHAPTER XXI.-CONTINUED.

It was an impressive scene as the old soldier read the sad details to the rapidly growing group of weeping women, for that was Emory's garri-son now, while the official reports were hurried on to catch the general on his way to Cheyenne. Some one warned the band leader, and the musicians marched away to quarters. Some one bore the news to town. where the flags over the hotel and the one newspaper office were at once lowered to half staff, although that at Emory, true to official eti-quette and tradition, remained until further orders at the peak, despite the fact that two of the annihilated companies were from that very post. Some one bore the news to Burleigh's quarters at the depot, and, despite assertions that the major could no one and must not be agitated or disturbed, disturbed and agitated he was beyond peradventure. Excitedly the sick man sprang from his bed at the tidings of the massacre and began penning a letter. Then he sum-moned a young clerk from his office and told him he had determined to get up at once, as now every energy of the government would doubtless b It was the young clerk who a few weeks back had remarked to a fellow employe how "ratted" the old man was getting. The major's doctor was not about. The major began dictat-ing letters to various officials as he rapidly dressed, and what happened can best be told in the clerk's own words: "For a man too sick to see anyone two hours before," said he, the major had wonderful recuperative powers, but they didn't last. He was in the midst of a letter to the chief quartermaster, and had got as far as to say: 'The deplorable and tragic fate of Lieut. Dean points, of course, to the loss of the large sum intrusted to him,' when I looked up and said: 'Why, Lieut. Dean ain't dead, major; he got in all right,' and he stared at me a minute as if I had stabbed him. His face turned yellow-white and down he went like • log-had a fit, I s'pose. Then I ran for help, and then the doctor came and hustled everybody out.' But not till late that night did these details reach "Old Peckshiff" at

the post. A solemn time was that veteran having, for many of the wom-

of the river, murdering right and left, and not a company to oppose them. No, sir, more than enough of that troop have already been sacri ficed! The rest shall stay here." And well was it, for one and all, hat Old Pecksniff" held firm to his that decision. It was one of his lucid intervals. Late that evening, after ten o'clock

there came the sound of hoofbeats on the hard road and the crack of a long-lashed mule-whip, and the fort ambulance clattered up to Folsom's gate, and the colonel himself, his ad-jutant by his side, came nervously up the gravel walk. Folsom met them at his door. Instinctively he felt that something new and startling was add-ed to the catalogue of the day's dis-astrous tidings. Pecksniff's face was eloquent of gravest concern, mingled with irrepressible excitement.

"Let me see you in private, quick," he said. "Mr.—ah—Mr. Adjutant, will you kindly remain in the parlor," and, taking Folsom by the elbow, Pecksniff led impetuously into the library. The girls had gone aloft only a moment before, but, dreading news of further evil, Pappoose came flut-

"Go in and welcome the adjutant, dear," said Folsom, humingly dear," said Folsom, hurriedly. "The colonel and I have some matters to talk of." Obediently, she turned at once, and, glancing up the stairs, noticed that Mrs. Fletcher's door must have been suddenly opened, for the light from her room was now streaming on the third-floor balusters. Listening again! What could be the secret of that woman's intense watchfulness? In the parlor the young staff officer was pacing up and down, but his face lighted at sight of Elinor.

"Do you know-Is there anything anything worse?" she quickly asked, as she gave her slim young hand.

"Not concerning our people," was the significant answer. "But I fear there's more excitement coming."

Barely waiting for Elinor to with-draw, 'Pecksniff' had turned on Fol-som. "You know I opposed the send-ing of that party? You know it was all ordered on Burleigh's urging and representations, do you not?"

"Yes, I heard so," said Folsom. "What then?"

"You know he planned the whole business-sent 'em around by Canyon Springs and the Sweetwater?" "Yes, I heard that, too," said Folsom, still wondering.

"You know some one must have put that Birdsall gang on the scent, and that Burleigh has had alleged nerve prostration ever since, and has been too ill to see anyone or to leave his bed."

"Yes, so we were told."

"Well, he's well enough to be up and away—God knows where, and here is the reason—just in from the north," and, trembling with excitement. Pecksniff pointed to the closing paragraph of the letter in his hand: "Cords, seals and wrapping were intact when handed to the quartermaster, but the contents were nothing but worthless pa-per. It must have been so when given to Lieut. Dean."

Folsom's eyes were popping from his head. He sank into a chair, gaz-

"Don't you see, man!" said Peck-sniff, "some one in the depot is short \$10,000 or so. Some one hoped to cover this shortage in just this wayto send a little squad with a bogus package, and then turn loose the biggest gang of ruffians in the country. They would have got it but for the storm at Canyon Springs, and no one would have been the wiser. They couldn't have got it without a mur-derous fight. No one would ever dare confess his complicity in it. No statement of theirs that there wasn't a cent in the sack could ever be be lieved. Some one's shortage would be covered and his reputation saved. The plot failed, and God's mercy was over Dean's head. He'd 'a' been murdered or ruined if the plan worked-and now Burleigh's gone!"

CHAPTER XXII. Yes, Burleigh was gone, and there

ling rapidity during the day. In glar- in every face, and fled. Burleigh had ing headlines the local paper published the details of the massacre at the Gap, lauding the valor and devotion of the soldiers, but heaping abuse upon the lost his nerve. Two days went by and excitement was at its height. All manner of evil report of Burleigh was now afloat. commander of the post, who, with The story ci-the bogus package had been noised abroad through later on and lifted no hand to aid them. messengers and dispatches from the messengers and dispatches from the Gap. Lieut. Loring had come to Fort Later, of course, it was proved that the veteran had foiled old Red Cloud's vil-Emory under the instructions of the department commander, and what those instructions were no man could lainous plan to lure the whole garrison into the open country and there surthen one of the open county and there are those instructions were no man could round and slowly annihilate it, while then, or at their leisure later, his chosen ones should set fire to the un-protected stockade and bear off those of hearing everything and telling nothing it was this scientist of a disthen, or at chosen ones should set fire to the un-protected stockade and bear off those of the women or children whose years tinguished corps that frontiersmen knew too little of. What puzzled Folmen soon saw the colonel was right and that the only mistake he had made his inquiries about Capt. Newhall. He was in allowing any of the parrison to even sought an interview with Pap-poose and asked her to describe the go forth at all. But this verdict was not published, except long after as unrakish traveler who had so unfavor-ably impressed her. She was looking important news and in some obscure corner. The Laramie column, so the her loveliest that evening. Jessie was news ran, was hastening down the Powder river to strike Red Cloud. The radiant once more. A long letter had Indians would be severely punished, etc., etc. But old Folsom's face grew whiter as he read that such orders had been sent and that the general himself was now at Laramie directing matters. estly glad of the official commenda-tion he had received, and rejoicing "In God's name," urged he, "if you have any influence with the general, tell him not to send a foot column chasing horsemen anywhere, and above all not to follow down the Powder Next thing you know Red Cloud and all his march with a command ordered back to Frayne. Red Cloud's people had scattered far and wide, said he. "God young men will have slipped around grant they may not turn back to the south." He was coming home. He their flank and come galloping back to the Platte, leaving the old men and women and wornout ponies to make tracks for the 'heap walks' to follow. And Stevens listened dumbly. Influence he had never had. Folsom might be right, but it was a matter in which he was powerless. When a depot quartermaster, said he, could had recommended immediate aban-donment of Warrior Gap and the dictate the policy that should govern the command of a colonel of the fighting force, there was no use in remon-Indians had bad by long, long odds the best of the fight, and per-haps would be content to let well enough alone. All this had tended to Noon came and no news strance. from the Cheyenne sheriff. The commanding officer at Russell wired that he, too, was stripped of his troops, and had not even a cavalry courier bring hope to the hearts of most of the girls, and Loring's welcome was to send after the general with the startling news that Maj. Burleigh had vanished with large sums, it was believed, in his possession. At one o'clock came tidings of the fugitive. ship of Marshall's cause. From be-ing a fellow under the ban of suspi-He, together with two other men, had spent the late hours of the night at the lodgings of one of the party a hero. It was late in the evening Cheyenne, and at dawn had driven away in a "rig" hired at a local stable, ostensibly to follow the gen-



The major hastily withdrew

eral to Laramie. They had kept the road northwestward on leaving town -were seen passing along the prairie beyond Fort Russell, but deputies, sworn in at once and sent in pur-suit, came back to say the rig had never gone as far as Lodge Pole. At six p. m. came further tidings. Lieut. Youth's Companion. six p. m. came further tidings. Lieur Loring, engineer officer of the de-partment, had reached Cheyenne and in consultation with the comhad been found at Sloan's ranch far into the Black Hills. In anticipation off, but on intersecting their track we of a big reward, the sheriff had dep-uties out in pursuit. From such in-continuing a vain pursuit.

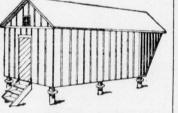


AN IMPROVED GRANARY.

Up-to-Date Storehouse for Corn Which is Absolutely Safe from Encroachments by Vermin.

The dimensions of my granary see I have got past the corn crib period entirely-are as follows: Length, sills, 18 feet; plates, 20 feet; width, 14 feet; total length of posts, 12 feet; height of floor from the ground, 31/2 feet. These dimensions may vary, according to the amount of grain to be stored. Wide strips of tin shield the tops of the posts from the invasion of rats and mice.

Inside the plan is as follows: Corn in the back part, the crib running across the end, and on each side a row of grain bins. These are arranged so that the ends nearest the alley be-tween, which is four feet wide, may be removed in case they are not needed. These empty bins afford store room for a corn sheller, or for bran or other feed. A loose floor overhead also furnishes space for putting away many articles which might otherwise be cast around anywhere. The inside is lined with matched southern pine three-eighths thick. The outside is battened, and the boards being surfaced the whole is painted. The entire expense of this granary was not far from \$75, and I have received the compliment that it is the best job I have done in the way of building, and I have spent a small fortune in that line. In fact, it pleases me exactly. I never have seen but two mice in this granary, and those I carried in with empty bags; and, as may be supposed, I was on nettles until they had been found and settled with. I got the cat as quick as I could and entered upon the most exciting hunt I ever took part in. It beat the famous fox hunts of the city folks who come out to kill time all hollow. And I succeeded, which is more than the city chaps who hunt for the fun of the thing can often say. In my granary I keep my corn knives, corn ties and bags-every-thing, in fact, that concerns corn and The satisfaction of garden stuff. knowing that what I raise is now free



GRANARY AND CORN CRIB.

from the encroachments of vermin is fully sufficient of itself to amply repay all my trouble. But the return in dollars and cents far surpasses one's be-lief. If we could see the amount of money which is wasted every year through poor granaries all brought together it would startle us. Every farmer knows that he suffers seriously from year to year, but most of us have come to take it as a matter of course. But really it is one of the leaks which help to sink the ship.—Ed-gar L. Vincent, in Farm and Fireside.

GRADE UP THE FLOCK.

Start Right by Getting a Good Roost er, One That Has Been Bred Right and Is Right.

Have you got that strong, vigorous cockerel to grade up your flock, to in-crease the egg yield and build up the size of the birds you sell to market? It is quite time the bird was in the breeding pen, becoming acquainted with his mates and preparing for the

FARMING IN WESTERN CANADA

The Great Natural Fertility of the Soil in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

What Has Been Done by Premier Greenway, Himself a Leading Farmer.

Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier for the Province of Manitoba, one of the foremost farmers of Western the foremost farmers of Canada, writes an excellent article to the press, from which the following extracts are made:

The writer came to Manitoba from Ontario in the autumn of 1878, and has ever since been engaged in ag-ricultural pursuits. From the day, nearly 22 years ago, when he selected his homestead, he has had unbounded faith in the country as a place where farming can be successfully carried on, if pursued upon proper lines. There is a large number in this Province who should rath-er be called "wheat-growers" than farmers. On account of the facilities, natural advantages, and there-fore cheapness with which wheat can be grown, no doubt many have done exceedingly well by raising wheat only; still, it is far from ideal farm-ing. Not only will such a course, if persisted in, have the effect of caus-ing the land to run out, as has been the experience of those who pursued the same plan in the wheat-producing prairie States to the south of us. but it is far from being the most profitable course to adopt.

This fact is already being demon-strated in Manitoba. Let the farms in this Vestern country be managed upon the lines which were successful in the Eastern Provinces, and much more can be done here in a given time than was ever done in the East. The probabilities of failure are practically nil. Upon the farm there should be found horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry, according to the ability of the farmer-with respect to his means and the extent of his holding. The wanton waste which has hitherto been practiced by many farmers, that of burning vast quantities of excellent fodder after threshing is done, should cease; it should all be used upon the farm and converted into the old, sensible kind of fertilizer manure, and after-wards be returned to the soil, so that what has been taken from it the crop may be restored. Although admitting that the great nat-ural fertility of the soil in Manitoba and the success that has attended the growing of wheat for years upon the same land have a tendency to make such a course as the one mentioned tempting, yet, if continued, wheatgrowing upon the same land year after year is undoubtedly a mistake. The writer knows of no country that offers advantages so great to the ag-riculturist as does Manitoba. The vraious branches of farming can be carried on successfully, as twenty-two years of practical operations and observations of what others are doing have proven. To those desiring to make new homes for themselves, the low price of some of the best lands in the world (although rapidly advancing in price this year) offer still great opportunities. To all such the invitation is cordially given to "Come and See." There need be no poor people here. There is land for all who choose to come, land upon which happy homes can be established, and from which ample re-sources can be gathered against old age. All that a man needs to achieve competence in this domain is com-mon-sense and industry. With these qualifications he is bound to succeed. For information regarding free homestead lands, apply to any agent of the government whose advertisement appears elsewhere in these columns.

Chenp Rates to California.

February 12th and each Tuesday there-after, until and including April 30th, Special Low Rate Colonist Tickets will be sold via the Southern Pacific's Company's "Ogden" and "Sunset" Routes to all points in Califor-nia. The rate will be: From Chicago \$30.00, from St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans \$27.50, from Omaha, Kansas City, te. \$25.00. Corresponding low rates from k30.00, from St. Louis, Mempins and New Orleans \$27.50, from Omaha, Kansas City, etc., \$25.00. Corresponding low rates from all other points east and north.
For particulars and detailed information pertaining to the Southern Pacific Company's Routes, and these special rates to California, call upon or address
W. G. Neimyer, G. W. A., S. P. Co., 238 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
W. H. Connor, C. A., S. P. Co., 711 Park Bidg, Pittsburg, Pa.
L. E. Townsley, C. A., S. P. Co., 421 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
C. C. Cary, C. A., S. P. Co., 208 Sheidley Bidg., Kansas City, Mo.



Although the skin of an ostrich is worth from \$40 to \$100 on the spot, the hunter of the desert usually prefers to search for the eggs when he has discovered an ostrich in flight. An English traveler in the Sahara, Mr. H. B. Tristram, describes this search, says

observed with our telescopes two birds standing for some time in the Crow creek, where the party had same spot and were induced to ride

formation as they could gather it was learned that the name of one of the parties gone with Burleigh was New-"An ostrich's track is by no means hall, who claimed to be a captain in full speed, from 22 to 28 feet; and the the army, "out there looking after in-oblong impression of two toes at so wide intervals affords no very evident busy, however, to go and see the few track to any eyes less expert than those fellows of his cloth at the new post of a Bedouin huntsman. and who was not known to them by "We retraced the impression to the sight at all. The engineer, Mr. Lor-ing, was making minute inquiries spot where we had seen the birds standing together, and where the sand ing, was making minute inquiries about this fellow, for the description was well trodden down. Two Arabs at once dismounted and began to dig given him had excited not a little of his interest.

6

en were almost in hysterics and all were in deep distress. Two of their aumber, wives of officers, were widowed by the catastrophe, and one lay senseless for hours. It was almost dark when Mr. Folsom and the girls drove homeward, and his face was lined and haggard. Pappoose nestled fondly, silently at his side, holding bis hand and closely scanning his features, as though striving to read bis thoughts. Jessie, comforted now by the knowledge that Marshall was rapidly recovering, and the words of bestowed upon him in the praise colonel's letters, was nevertheless in deep anxiety as to the future. The assurance that the Sioux, even in their overwhelming numbers, would not attack a stockade, was not sufficient. Marshall would be on duty again within a very few days, the colonel said. His wounds would heal within the week, and it was only loss of so much blood that had prostrated Within a few days, then, her loved brother would be in saddle and in the field against the Indians. Who could assure her they would not have another pitched battle? Who could ay that the fate that befell the garrison at Warrior Gap might not await the troop when next it rode away? And poor Jess had other anxieties. this time. Loomis was burntoo, by ing with eagerness for orders to lead it instantly to join the field column, and importuned Col. Stevens, even in the midst of all the grief and shock of the early evening. Almost angrily the veteran colonel bade him attend to his assigned duties and not demand others. "C" troop should not with his advice and consent be sent "First thing north of the Platte. you know, sir, after they've got all the troops up along the Big Home the troops up along the Big Horn you'll see the Sioux in force this side rumors followed each other with start. more than nature. He saw accusers other side."—Chicago Daily News.

was confusion at the depot. At six the doctor had come forth from his room, saying he was better, but must not be At seven the major, carrydisturbed. ing a satchel, had appeared at his of fice, where two clerks were smoking their pipes, innocent of all thought of their employer's coming. It was after hours. They had no business there at the time. Smoking was prohibited in the office, yet it was the major who seemed most embarrassed at the unexpected meeting. It was the major who hastily withdrew. He was traced to the railway, and it was speedily found that he had sent word to the division superintendent that the general had telegraphed for him to join him at once at Cheyenne, and a special engine and caboose would be needed. At a quarter past seven this had started full speed It was 11 when the discovery was made Meantime Folsom and Stevens had consulted together. Folsom had told of the large sum he had loaned Burleigh and the conditions attached, and be tween them a dispatch, concisely set-ting forth their suspicions, was sent the general at Cheyenne, with orders to "rush," as they were determined if possible to head off the fugitive at that point. Back came the wire ten minutes before midnight that the general had left Cheyenne for Laramie by stage that evening, and must now be near the Chugwater and far from telegraphic communication. Then Stevens wired the sheriff at Cheyenne and the commanding officer of the new post of Fort Russell to stop Burleigh at all hazards, and at two in the morning the answer came that the major had reached Chey enne about midnight and they would search everywhere for him. This was the last until long after the rising of

another sun.

with their hands, and presently they brought up four fresh eggs from a And so the sun of the second day went down on Gate City and Emory. depth of about a foot under the warm and everybody knew Burleigh was gone. The wildest rumors were saud

"Ostrich-egg omelet we always found afloat, and while all Fort Emory was most welcome addition to our desert in mourning over the tragedy at bill of fare, and a convenient and port-Warrior Gap, everybody in town seemed more vividly concerned in able provision, for from the thickness of the shell the eggs keep perfectly seemed more vividly concerned in Burleigh and the cause of his sudsweet and fresh for a fortnight or three weeks."

den flight. As yet only certain army officers and Mr. Folsom knew of the Nero, fiddle in hand, sat upon his throne when a little band of captives throughout. But all Gate City knew was led before him. Burleigh had drawn large sums from "Now," he roared, in royal tones the local bank, many citizens had you have your choice between hearheard that John Folsom was several ing me play a study in cadenzas with thousand dollars the poorer for his the middle finger on the E string, or sudden going, and all interest was centered in the coming from Chicago being burned alive at the matinee at the Coliseum." of an expert summoned by wire, "Bring on your torches," shouled open the huge office safe at the quar-

termaster's depot. The keys had gone with Burleigh. At the last moment, after loading up with all the cash his own private safe con-tained, for that was found open and practically empty in its corner of his sitting-room, and when he had evidently gone to the office to get the

funds there stored, he was confounded by the sight of the two employes. He could have ordered them to leave and then helped himself, but con-

spring's duties. It is an old and familiar axiom that the male is half the pen. He may be mated to a dozen females, hence the chicks have any one of a dozen mothers, but he is the father of all and imparts his vigor and personality to all the chicks.

Not only should this head of the family be a pure-bred male, but he should be a bird of real merit, bred with care and for a purpose. Such a to reproduce himbird has the power self and will certainly improve next season's flock. A well-bred cockerel, one bred from meat producing and egg laying ancestry, will decidedly im-prove the laying qualities of the pullets and increase the size as well.

It is a common mistake to breed from anything left over from the holiday killings, because nothing else is hand. Don't repeat that mistake this year. Start right by getting a good male bird, one that has been bred right and is right: and his cost will be turned to you many times over in the laying vigor of his pullets and increased size of the chickens marketed. Get a pure-bred male for this year's breeding; get him now .-- Practical Farmer.

Oil Cake for Old Hens.

For invigorating a lot of old hens which are slow in responding to the efforts to make them produce winter eggs, we know of nothing better than a poonful of oilcake meal three times a week. If the hens in the meantime nave not been overfed with grain a change in their appearance and actions will be noticeable within a week. There will be an added liveliness of motion, a more erect carriage and a general ap pearance of thriftiness which will presage a coming harvest of eggs. Other things being about right, this will seldom fail to bring the sluggish old hens to time.-Farmers' Voice.

Pride is the fog that surrounds insignifi-cance.-Chicago Daily News.

Proof of the Pudding.

Proof of the Pudding. Ten hours between New York and Buf-falo means excellent travelling and when I say I travelled at the rate of sixty miles an hour, gathered no dirt, and was not bothered with dust, you can believe me when I say my steel gray travelling cos-tume was as clean when I stepped off at Buffalo as when I said "Au Revoir" at Ho-boken

oken. The Lackawanna is a route worthy of the The Lackawanna is a route worthy of the attention of all who wish to travel in lux-ury, in absolute cleanliness, and in security. The "proof of the pudding is in the eat-ing," and the Lackawanna Limited will be a favorite train with ladies visiting the Pan-American Exposition.—Marie Jarboe, in Toilettes.

Many a man is toasted who needs to be roasted.—Atchison Globe.

Try Grain-O: Try Grain-O!

Try Grain-Ot Try Grain-O! Ask your grocer to-day to show you a pack-age of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the piace of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. I the price of ceffee. 15c. and 25ets. per package. Sold by all grocers.

A dog's tail is something of a wag.-Chi-cago Daily News.

Save the Baby

When suffering from Croup, Coughs, Colda and Bronchitis by using Hoxsie's Cough Cure promptly. No opium. No nausea. 50 cta.

the desperate captives. Later on Nero fiddled, and burned things, and conducted himself in an outrageous manner. "I hate to do this," he explained.

but they depend on me for some warm scenes in 'Quo Vadis.' "-Balti more American.

New Light on History.

Very True. Says an old bachelor: "Before taking the leap through the wedding ring

a man should be sure the net of connu