

# The Trouble on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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## CHAPTER I. ANGUS THE FIRST.

It was a crystalline evening of a sort unpaintable in any poor word-pigments of mine; an evening vibrant with the harmonies of the altitudes, unspendable for me, and altogether indescribable to any who have never looked upon the soul-quelling glories of a Colorado mountain sunset. Macpherson had propped me with two bear-skins and a spare poncho on the squared log which served as a door-stone for the ranch house, and had given me the field-glass wherewith to amuse myself. It was my first sane glimpse of the sheltered upland valley watered by the Torolito. Three days before, when Macpherson had brought me up from Fort Cowan swathed in blankets and lashed lengthwise on his backboard, I had been too ill to know or care greatly about the whence or whither. It was a stockman's paradise, the park-like little valley shut in by lofty mountains, and from the heaving swell crested by the ranch buildings and corral the metes and bounds of Macpherson's small kingdom were well within eye-sweep. Eastward, no more than a rifle-shot from the home ranch, a black gash in Gringo mountain marked the portal of Six-Mile canyon, the only gateway to the paradise; and from thence the inclosing ranges diverged to meet again in the snow-coifed summit of Jim's peak at the head of the valley. The "X-bar-Z" men, with the exception of the mild-mannered desperado who cooked for us, were still out; and Macpherson sat beside me, naming the mightinesses in their order, and pointing them out with the stem of his black cutty pipe. When I lowered the field-glass in sheer weariness, he told me about the single fly in his pot of ointment.

Now it may chance that when one has given hostages to death, panoramic sunsets and friendly confidences may become alike mere fotsam and jetsam on the ebbing tide of time; but Macpherson was too good a fellow to be flouted in his time of asking. Wherefore, when he had made an end, I was fain to put a little life, galvanic or otherwise, into the moribund body of human interest.

"Then you think this land company will ultimately drive you out of the Torolito?" said I.

"Sure. It's only a question of time if the syndicate once gets hold. The stock-raiser is like the Indian; he must move on when the farmer comes."

"The relentless march of civilization, and all that, eh?" quoth I, lying in wait to spring upon him.

"Yes; it's the survival of the fittest, I suppose."

A near-hand view of eternity is subversive of many theories, and I lashed out in fine scorn.

"What an infernal lot of cant we can swallow when it's sugar-coated with the ipse dixit of the theorists! Why don't you call things by their right names and say that when the strong man comes, the weak have to give him the wall? You drove up here five years ago when everybody said that the first winter in this altitude would cost you every hoof you owned. You proved the contrary; and now, when you've set up your little kingdom in one of the waste places of the earth, a lot of capitalists come along and invite you to abdicate. I'd see them hanged first!"

Macpherson made a dummieshow of applause. He is a latter-day recrudescence of the physically-fit heroes of the Homeric age, with square shoulders and legs like posts; a man who can bend nails in his bare hands, and who has never found the bottom of his well of strength; but he has laughing brown eyes with a womanish tenderness in them—eyes that may glow with righteous indignation, but which know not vindictiveness.

"Oh, you be damned," he said, affectionately. "What would you do?"

"I'd be governed by circumstances and fight for my own to the last gasp. You can do that as well as another, can't you?"

He took time to think about it. "I don't know. If Selter would stand by me—"

"Who is Selter?" As I have said, it was only my third day in the Torolito, and the first two had been spent in the spare bunk of the ranch house.

"I'll have to begin back a bit to account for him. Three years ago a settler came to a prairie schooner—set say; you're sick, and I don't want to bore you with folk-lore."

"Go on; I'm three planetary orbits beyond the boring point."

"Are you? Well, as I was going to say, a shakely old schooner drifted up Six-Mile canyon and into the park. Jake Selter was its skipper, and the crew consisted of a wife, a half-grown daughter, and a flock of little ones. They were homesteaders looking for a bit of prairie with a stream convenient which could be dammed and ditched, and the old man drove up to ask me what I thought of the Torolito from the point of view of potatoes and the small grains."

Now I submit that anyone save Angus Macpherson would have diverged at once that this was the entering edge of a wedge which would

ultimately split him in twain, and I said as much.

"You should have told him the altitude was prohibitory, but I suppose you didn't."

Macpherson grinned. "No; I have my weaknesses, same as other people. I was the king of the Torolito, as you have remarked, but I had only the 'X-bar-Z' men for subjects and I was lonesome for a sight of women and children. You don't know what that means now, but you may, sometime. I piloted the schooner to the head of the valley, helped Selter stake up his claim, took the boys up one day and knocked him up a cabin, and another and built him a dam, and there he was, a fixture."

"Of course. Go on."

"Well, the potatoes were a success. That summer, Selter got word to some of his old neighbors in Tennessee, and more prairie schooners came up Six-Mile. We built a bigger dam and dug a longer ditch; and in the course of time the settlement at Valley Head named itself and built a schoolhouse."

The crimson and gold in the sky-fade over the shoulder of Jim's peak faded to fawndun and ashes of roses, and I waited for Macpherson to drive on. When it became evident that he had stopped at the schoolhouse, I gave a tug at the halter.

"That accounts for Selter; but you haven't told me how he figures in the syndicate matter. I should think he and his neighbors would be a unit with you in trying to keep the land-grabbers out."

"You would think so. They'll be between the upper and nether millstones if the big company ever gets control of the water. But human nature is pretty much the same the world over—short-sighted and easily fooled. The promoters tell the settlers that the big ditch will jump their land from nothing to \$100 an acre, and so it would if they could contrive to hold on to their own water-right."

"Why can't they?" I had been born and reared in a land where the former and the latter rains fail not, and irrigation is unknown.

"Because the syndicate is too sharp to take chances. It must control the water absolutely and exclusively in order to make the scheme successful. As the first homesteader to prove up on his claim, Selter has the prior right to the water, much or little,—owns the present ditch, in fact, in fee simple. So long as he stands in the way, the money-people will do nothing but talk; but I'm afraid

"I reckon that calls the turn. Cap'n Mac, six times in the haffen dozen, but I'm jug-proof this evenin'; no dust, no drink. An' I'm givin' it to you straight. Ther' ain't no kind of a balk on it this time; Selter's sold us out, lock, stock and barrel. The deal's done dealt, papers signed, gradin' outfit on the way, and the ingineers a-comin' up the canyon this identical minute,—tepees, telescopes, barber-poles, and all."

A far-away look came into Macpherson's eyes, and the pipe between his teeth began to go up and down in a way that swept me back through a decade to a stuffy little college dormitory, with a big-limbed young son of Anak sitting across the table from me, hammering away at his mathematics.

"Who is it, Bart?—the Englishmen?"

"I reckon."

"And they're on the way in now, you say?"

"Yep."

"I guess that settles it," said Macpherson, half absently. "We might as well round up and drive over the range."

His seeming reluctance to fight for his own nettled me past endurance. "You'll do nothing of the sort if I can help it," I cut in. "You're going to contest this thing from start to finish; and when your money's gone, you can have mine."

He shook his head. "It's no use. I can give and take with the next fellow when it's worth while; but I'd have to go, in the end. These people are well within their lawful rights, if they've bought Selter's ditch; and I—I'm only a squatter."

"Law be hanged!—you've right and possession. And in the last resort, you can at least make them pay you to go."

Knowing Macpherson as I did, I should have said that he was the last man in the world to take the sentimental point of view in any matter of business, but surprises lie in wait for one at every turn in this vale of incertitude.

"If it were only a question of profit and loss, I shouldn't mind," he said. "But it's just as you said awhile back; I've been the Macpherson of Torolito, and I've come to look upon the park as my own particular little kingdom."

I wheeled promptly into line with the sentimental point of view, and spoke to the matter in hand.

"Put it upon any ground you please, but don't give up without trying a fall or two with them. I'll back you, as I promised; you might as well have the patrimony as the charity-people who will scramble over it after I'm gone. We can homestead a quarter-section or two on their line of ditch for a beginning, and pull down a few injunctions on them if they try to cross. I'm far enough past qualifying and going into court for you, but I can be your consulting attorney while I last."

He shook his head again, as one whose mind is made up. "It wouldn't do any good. There isn't a ghost of

"The school-ma'am isn't to blame," he made haste to say. "She is an angel, pure and simple; and, as I happen to know, she has been trying all along to make peace. But since she came, the Selters have been offish,—mish is the better word,—and for no reason on top of earth, that I can understand."

I smiled in my beard. When an angel, pure and simple, is set over against any daughter of the solitudes, a casus belli with a handsome young athlete like my friend is not far to seek.

"You used to visit the Selters pretty often along at the first?" I ventured.

"Why, yes; we were neighborly."

"Gave the daughter a pony, let us say, and taught her how to ride?"

Macpherson laughed. "Now how the mischief did you know that?"

"If I had lived a century or so ago, your ancestors would have said that I was fey and had the dying man's gift of second sight. But never mind that. You made yourself agreeable to the Tennessee girl—gave her the pony and went a-gallop with her, and all that. But when the angel, pure and simple, came—"

He threw up his hands. "Let up on that, old man," he said, with a little laugh of embarrassment. "I'm no woman's man—wasn't in the old high flying college days, if you happen to remember. I've been no more than decently civil to Nancy Selter; and as for Miss Sanborn—"

The interruption was a scurrying dust cloud whirling up from the portal of Six-Mile canyon; a cloud which presently resolved itself into a horseman, riding as if for life. Macpherson picked up the field-glass and focused it.

"It's Bart Kilgore, coming back from his regular after-pay-day spree at Fort Cowan," he said. "Just lean back against the door-jamb and hold your breath when he gets here. I shall have to give him the usual cussing out, you know."

## CHAPTER II. THE INVADERS.

I obeyed orders literally, leaning back and closing my eyes when the dust-begrimed range-rider galloped up and swung out of the saddle. But Kilgore proved to be a bearer of tidings; and when he had opened his budget the breach of ranch discipline and its merited out-cursing were alike forgotten.

"You're sure you know what you are talking about, Bart?" said Macpherson, eying his man suspiciously. "You know I've a good right to be doubtful of anything you say you see or hear at the fort after pay-day."

The scourger of dumb brutes grinned and turned his pockets inside out.

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He shook his head again, as one whose mind is made up. "It wouldn't do any good. There isn't a ghost of

a show for us in any legal fight. It would be your bit of money and mine against millions."

Kilgore took the short-barreled rifle from its sling under his saddle-flap and flicked the dust from it with his soft hat. He had a trick of looking tired and sleepy upon occasion, and at such times, as I afterward learned, those who knew him best watched his pistol-hand.

[To Be Continued.]

## WIT WEIGHED WITH WISDOM.

### Some Bright Stories of the Late Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford University.

Among the clergy generally, says a writer in the London Spectator, the late Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, was perhaps best known for his wit, which was brilliant without being ill-natured, and of a heartening quality. When some gloomy soul came burdened with parochial troubles the bishop invariably sent him home with a smile on his face and a lighter heart. Bishop Stubbs even grumbled wittily. He was not willing to be moved from Chester to Oxford, and he said, as he left the chapter house: "I am like Homer; I suffer from translations."

In his new diocese a well-meaning but rather tactless archdeacon continually informed him of what, under similar circumstances, his predecessor, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, would have done. At last he said: "Archdeacon, you remind me of the Witch of Endor, for you are not contented unless you raise the ghost of Samuel."

At a prize-giving which he attended at a school in Oxford, after his fame as a historian was assured, the head master expressed his great sense of indebtedness. He only hoped that the fulfillment of such engagements did not so intrude on the bishop's leisure as to diminish the prospect of his publishing another great book.

The bishop, in acknowledging the kindly tribute, said that, far from writing books, he scarcely had time to open a book. "When I say that," he added, "there is one book which as a bishop I must study. I need hardly say that the book to which I refer" (here a stillness fell on the audience) "is—Bradshaw."

There was a ripple of laughter at his mentioning the Railway Guide; everybody had expected him to say the Bible.

Bishop Stubbs was a firm friend, and knew very well how to defend his friends stanchly and wittily. Some one said to him: "There's that bishop of Manchester. If there is a stone wall he runs his head against it."

"So much the worse for the stone wall!" retorted Bishop Stubbs, and that closed the conversation.

All Mussulmans Secure Converts. Europeans habitually forget that every Mussulman is more or less a missionary—that is, he intensely desires to secure converts from non-Mussulman people. Such converts not only increase his own chance of heaven, but they will swell his own faction, his own army, his own means of conquering, governing and taxing the remainder of mankind. All the emotions which impel a Christian to proselyte are in a Mussulman strengthened by all the motives which impel a political leader and all the motives which sway a recruiting sergeant, until proselytism has become a passion, which, wherever success seems practicable, and especially success on a large scale, develops in the quietest Mussulman a fury of ardor which induces him to break down every obstacle, his own strongest prejudices included, rather than stand for an instant in a neophyte's way. He welcomes him as a son, and whatever his own lineage, whether the convert be negro or Chinaman, or Indian, or even European, he will without hesitation or scruple give him his own child in marriage, and admit him fully, frankly and finally into the most exclusive society in the world.—From "The Brown Man," M. Townsend.

Searing the Shepherds. There is an irrepressible satisfaction in finding that a great philosopher is, in the innocent ways of life, very much like other men. Marcus Aurelius Antonius, whose "Meditations" have been the guide of thinkers for centuries, wrote some exceedingly human letters to his friend and teacher, Marcus Cornelius Fronto. One of them contains the following spice of boyish fun:

When my father returned home from the vineyards, I mounted my horse as usual, and rode on ahead some little way. Well, there on the road was a herd of sheep standing all crowded together, as if the place were a desert, with four dogs and two shepherds, but nothing else. Then one shepherd said to another shepherd, on seeing a number of horsemen:

"I say, look at those horsemen! They do a deal of robbery."

When I heard this I clap spurs to my horse and ride straight for the sheep. In consternation the sheep scatter. Hither and thither they are fleeing and bleating. A shepherd throws his fork, and the fork falls on the horseman who comes next to me. We make our escape.

A Distinction. Son—What is the difference between an investment and a speculation?

Father—When you put up the money for yourself it's a speculation, but when a friend advises you to put it up it's an investment.—Town and Country.

When Blood Doesn't Tell. Blood never tells very much when it meets a poor relation.—Chicago Daily News.

## SURPLUS IS WIPED OUT.

### Bank Teller Fitcham's Steal Extended Over a Period of 20 Years.

Ballston, N. Y., Dec. 5.—Bank Examiner Graham was busy yesterday examining deposit certificates presented to the First national bank by holders for verification. There are 400 interest-bearing certificates outstanding, and it will be several days before all can be brought in and verified, and the actual defalcation in that line fully ascertained. Next will be examined the depositors' books subject to sight checks. In the latter line no discrepancies are yet apparent.

Several new developments increasing the default in interest-bearing certificates have been found. Several certificates were presented yesterday that are marked on Teller Fitcham's books as paid and the account closed.

The bank officials assert that the bank cannot reopen next week on a sound basis, admitting that their \$116,000 surplus is wiped out by Fitcham's embezzlements.

Fitcham's peculations are now known to have extended back 20 years. His individual deposit ledger balanced to a cent when he closed it Saturday.

Fitcham remains at home under a strong guard and was too ill to be arraigned yesterday. He said the estimates of the bank's loss were exaggerated that he had not taken more than half the sum mentioned. He said he was not a stock gambler, but that his trouble was due to family extravagance.

## KILLED HIS PLAYMATE.

### A School Boy 8 Years Old Is Stabbed to Death by a Companion, Aged 11.

Cincinnati, Dec. 5.—The shocking scene of a school boy 8 years old stabbed to death by a schoolmate, aged 11, was witnessed on the streets of Newport, Ky., at noon Wednesday. Joseph Creelman, the victim, had had a quarrel in the school room with Eddie Armines, and when on their way home the quarrel was renewed. A third boy, taking the part of Creelman, threw a piece of brick which struck Armines on the head. At that moment Creelman ran up to him, and was stabbed. He soon fell, and in 15 minutes was dead.

The Armines boy walked rapidly away, carrying the pocket knife in his hand. He went to the fire engine house, where his uncle is captain, and threw the knife into an outhouse, but said nothing about the murder until the news of the lad's death. His uncle then surrendered him to the police, to whom the boy told his story of the crime:

"Creelman missed his reading lesson and was sent to the foot of the class. The teacher made him sit at the blackboard and I laughed at him. When school was out he cursed me. I started for the engine house, and Plummer threw a brick at me and Creelman ran up and grabbed me by the arms. I did not think the brick was thrown at me until it hit me on the head. Then I stuck the knife out easy and heard his coat rip."

## AGAINST SCHLEY.

### A New York Paper Claims that He Has Been Found at Fault on Five Counts.

New York, Dec. 6.—A special to the Press from Washington says: "Rear Admiral Schley has been found at fault on five counts by the court of inquiry. This comes from a person who is in a position to learn the opinion of the three admirals on the different specifications of the precept."

"It is understood that the court finds against Schley:

"First, for the delay of the flying squadron off Cienfuegos.

"Second, for misrepresentation of the reasons for returning to Key West to coal.

"Third, for disobedience of orders in making the retrograde movement.

"Fourth, for failure to destroy the Colon.

"Fifth, for conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman in the Schley-Hodgson controversy."

## Hazed by Cadets.

Harriman, Tenn., Dec. 5.—Four members of the senior class at the American Temperance university on Tuesday night bound and gagged Cadet Lester, carried him to the woods near by, tied him to a tree and whipped him. Then they placed him under a hydrant near the dormitory, turned on the water and left him in a semi-conscious condition. The officer of the guard reported that he found four cadets besides Lester out of their rooms. Lester is said to have reported many little misdemeanors, Lester will proceed against his assailants in the courts.

Mother-in-Law Paid Prince's Debts. London, Dec. 6.—The Dutch government and the Dutch court are again strenuously denying the stories of matrimonial quarrels between Queen Wilhelmina and the prince consort, but the scandal has been too public for any hope to hush it up to remain. According to reports a reconciliation between the queen and Prince Henry was effected through the influence of Emperor William, and the queen's mother even paid the prince consort's debts.

## Shot Four People.

Walt City, Kan., Dec. 5.—Romaine Taubaux, a Frenchman, while intoxicated last night shot and fatally wounded his wife and son, Girard Taubaux, and seriously wounded two other persons at his home in this city.

Favors the Nicaragua Route. Washington, Dec. 5.—The report of the isthmian canal commission was sent to congress yesterday. The commission favors the Nicaragua route and estimates \$189,864,062 as the total cost of construction of the canal through Nicaragua. The estimated cost of the Panama route is \$144,233,358, but the report says, it would cost \$109,141,000 to obtain the Panama concession. The report says the Panama route is feasible as a sea level canal, while the Nicaragua route must be by locks, but Lake Nicaragua will furnish an inexhaustible supply of water for the canal.

# CHAFFEE REPORTS.

## Advises Against Reduction of Military Force.

## THE WORK OF THE ARMY

### Will be Facilitated by the Construction of Barracks.

## TREACHERY OF FILIPINOS.

### It is a Potent Factor in Continuing Guerrilla Warfare—Our Soldiers are Too Easily Imposed Upon by False Professions of Friendship.

Washington, Dec. 7.—The war department has made public the first annual report of Maj. Gen. Chaffee, military governor of the Philippines. Gen. Chaffee sums up the situation in the Philippines from a military point of view by stating that the provinces of Batangas and Laguna, in Luzon, and the islands of Samar, Mindoro, Cebu and Bohol constitute the area now disturbed by any embodied force of insurgents. He says that to the physical character of the country; to the nature of the warfare of the rebels, who are amigo and foe in the same hour; to the humanity of the troops, which is taken advantage of by the rebels and the inhabitants who sympathize with them, and to the fear of assassination on the part of the friendly disposed if they give information to the American forces, is due the prolongation of the guerrilla warfare.

Commenting upon the plan of gradually replacing military with civil administration Gen. Chaffee says: "The withdrawal of interference with civil affairs does not contemplate withdrawal of the troops from their stations to any considerable extent; on the contrary, this should not be done hastily and when undertaken should be gradual and more in the nature of concentration than reduction of force or abandonment of any considerable area of territory."

Therefore he recommends that no further reduction of troops be made before January, 1903. The civil governments which are being organized—provincial and municipal—Gen. Chaffee says are both new and untried and there is but one reliable method of ascertaining the progress of the Filipinos in self-government, namely, observation by the army.

In anticipation of a partial concentration of the troops in the Philippines next year Gen. Chaffee submits estimates of cost for the construction of quarters and barracks. He recommends that a permanent post be constructed at a place in the vicinity of Manila for a garrison of two squadrons of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, and two full regiments of infantry, together with a hospital and storehouses, the whole to be under the command of a brigadier general. He gives \$500,000 as a rough estimate of cost for this project and says that \$200,000 should be available immediately in order to take full advantage of the dry season. For the construction of permanent quarters at other points which may be determined upon during the fiscal year ended June, 1903, he estimates \$2,000,000 required.

Gen. Chaffee devotes a good part of his report to the terrible disaster which befell Company C, Ninth infantry, at Balangiga, Samar, and which he says, was "largely due to over confidence in assumed pacified conditions and in a people who, to a great extent are strangers to, and unappreciative of our humane beliefs and actions." American soldiers, he says, fail to discriminate between real and assumed friendship on the part of the Filipinos.

A table is submitted showing that since June 10, 1901, the date of the last table submitted by Gen. McArthur, up to September 15, 361 Filipino officers and 3,638 men surrendered to the American militia, and 26 officers and 494 men were captured.

Arctic Weather in the Catskills. Kingston, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Severe cold prevails throughout the entire Catskill mountains. Friday morning the thermometers registered 16 below zero at Oneonta, 18 below at Davenport Center, 22 below at Stamford, 24 below at Bloomville and 33 below at Hobart.

Murdered His Roommate. Springfield, O., Dec. 7.—While at supper in the insane ward of the county infirmary here last night a quarrel arose in which Fred Gram struck his roommate, Anderson Godfrey, on the head with a chair, killing him instantly.

Van Tets Is Said to Have Died. London, Dec. 7.—A dispatch to the Central News from Amsterdam says that Maj. Van Tets died Thursday evening as a result of his duel with Prince Henry, the husband of Queen Queen Wilhelmina.

A Favorable Report on the Treaty. Washington, Dec. 7.—The senate committee on foreign relations has voted to report favorably the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty providing for the construction of an isthmian canal.

The A. C. of L. Convention. Scranton, Pa., Dec. 7.—The convention of the American Federation of Labor disposed of considerable routine business yesterday. Two sessions were held. There was a full attendance of delegates and business was transacted without much discussion.

Mother and Daughter Cremated. Pittsburg, Dec. 7.—A dwelling occupied by a family named Klee, in Carnegie, burned early Friday morning. Mrs. Klee and a 6-year-old daughter burned to death. Klee was badly injured.