

# What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Men's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

## CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Who and what is he?" cried Lumley, fiercely, starting forward from where he had been leaning against the window frame.

"I will tell you so much. He is poor like myself, and we have a long struggle before us, but— There, I will say no more. Now that you understand there is no hope, you will be able to put me out of your thoughts. Do tell your father he has nothing to fear, at least from me. It is cruel to disappoint a father, a parent. See what suffering Hugh Saville has caused his mother."

"He was right. He got what he wanted. I am disappointed, I thought when you knew what I really meant, you—"

"It is useless to argue about what is inevitable," interrupted Hope. "I deeply regret having caused you annoyance or disappointment, but neither you nor I would have been happy if we had become man and wife. Why, oh, why did you not understand me? Now I can hear no more. Make haste to relieve your father's mind, and— good-by, Captain Lumley." She half put out her hand, drew it back, and left the room swiftly. The enraged and disappointed lover took a turn to and fro, uttering some half-articulate denunciations of his infernal ill luck, then, snatching up his hat, rushed away to pour his troubles into the sympathizing ear of Lord Everton, in whom all imprudent youngsters found a congenial confidant.

As soon as the sound of his steps was heard, the unopened door of a small inner room from which there was no other exit was pushed more widely open, and Mrs. Saville walked in. She wore her outdoor dress, and held a note in her hand.

"I little thought what I should hear," she said, almost aloud, "when I determined to keep quiet till that booby had gone. Listeners never hear good of themselves. So I am a cankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman? Hope Desmond does not think so; I know she does not."

## CHAPTER XVI.

To Hope Mrs. Saville made no sign, and she remained in complete ignorance that her acute patroness had been a hearer of Lumley's avowal.

There was something increasingly kind and confidential, however, in her tone and manner. Hope was greatly relieved by having thus disposed of her admirer. That worry was at an end; another, however, still remained. Miss Dacre's feelings and imagination were greatly exercised by the sudden disappearance of George Lumley from the scene, and she grew quite ravenous for Hope's society; that she might wonder and conjecture and mander about his mysterious conduct, and cross-examine Hope as to what she thought might, could, would, or should have caused him thus suddenly to throw up the game which Miss Dacre chose to think he was playing so eagerly—viz, the pursuit of herself—till she made her hearer's life a burden to her.

"I don't know what you do to Miss Desmond when you have her out by herself," said Mrs. Saville to the young heiress one afternoon, when she had called to know if dear Mrs. Saville would spare Hope Desmond to take a drive with her and stay to afternoon tea, "but she always comes back looking white and tired, quite exhausted, and I will not spare her, Miss Dacre. I want her myself. If you are always taking her away, you had better keep her."

"I am sure I shall be delighted. I want a nice lady like companion a little older than myself, to go about with me and—"

"A little older than yourself?" laughed Mrs. Saville. "I suspect she is two years your junior. Well, take her, if she will go."

"Indeed, Mrs. Saville, I think you would do better with an older person, some one nearer your own age."

"I am much obliged for your kind consideration. Yes, of course Miss Desmond has rather a dull time with me. Suppose you make her an offer in writing."

"Yes, of course I could; that is, if you would not be offended."

"No, by no means. I would not stand in her light."

"Really, Mrs. Saville, you are the most sensible woman I know. Pray, how much do you give her?—what salary I mean."

"What Mr. Rawson asked for his protegee—fifty pounds."

"Is that all? Oh, I will give her a hundred."

"Then of course you will get her," said Mrs. Saville, grimly. "That being so, pray leave her to me for this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, certainly. I can write to her this evening." Her further utterance was arrested by the announcement, in loud tones, of Lady Olivia Lumley, whereupon that personage entered, wearing a simple traveling dress and a most troubled expression of countenance.

"Dear Miss Dacre, I had no idea I should find you here," said Lady Olivia, when she had greeted Mrs. Saville. "I am on my way to Contrevoivre, to try and get rid of my gouty rheumatism; so—"

"How very unfortunate that Captain Lumley should just have left!" interrupted Miss Dacre. "He started on Monday—something regimental, I understand."

"How unfortunate," returned Lady Olivia, "and—"

"Where are you staying?" asked Miss Dacre.

"At the Hotel d'Albe."

"Well, I shall call late this afternoon. Now I am obliged to call on the Comtesse de Surennes. So good-by for the present, Mrs. Saville. Good-by, dear Lady Olivia."

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Saville, looking very straight at her sister-in-law, asked, "What is the matter with you?"

"Matter! Matter enough! If I had not been en route for Contrevoivre I should have come here on purpose to— to tell you what I think."

"And pray what may that be, Lady Olivia?"

"That you have allowed my unfortunate boy George to fall into the same scrape as your own son, just to make us suffer as you have done. It is too bad, that while we were thinking everything was on the point of being settled between him and Mary Dacre (such an excellent marriage), there is he falling into the trap of that low-born, designing adventurer, your companion! You are not a woman to be blinded by anything, and you never took the trouble to warn us or save him, and I who always sympathized with you in your trouble about Hugh! I expected better things from you, Elizabeth. You are infatuated about that woman, of whom you really know nothing."

For a moment Mrs. Saville was silent, too amazed to find words. "I don't understand you. Pray explain your meaning, if you have any," she said, at last, a bitter little smile curling up the corners of her mouth.

"Why, our unfortunate mad boy wrote to his father a few days ago that he was going to make an offer to that dreadful girl, as she was the sort of woman to whom he dared not propose a private marriage; that we fear we might be vexed at first, but if we attempted to prevent it he would go straight to the dogs. Oh, it is too too bad! I little thought, when I was so horrified at Hugh's conduct last summer, that before a year was over I should be afflicted in the same way."

"When you gloated over my disappointment, you mean," cried Mrs. Saville, her keen black eyes flashing. "I have no doubt you thought to yourself that your son would never be false to the instincts of his race, which is aristocratic on both sides, but that mine was impelled by the plebeian vigor inherited from his mother's people. I know the amount of gratifying wealth for which he never toiled, on your brother and his sons. But the blood in my veins has been strong enough to keep you all in your places. Yes! as the world we live in, chooses to attach importance to rank and to worship a title, I bought what was necessary of the valuable article; but I know your estimate of me and the veiled contempt of your commiseration when the blow fell upon me. Now I am going to return good for evil, and relieve your mind. Your precious son is perfectly safe. That low-born, designing adventurer, my companion, has definitely and utterly rejected him."

"Impossible! Are you sure? May this not be some deep-laid scheme? How do you know?"

"It is quite possible, I am perfectly sure; it is no deep-laid scheme, I know, because I was in that room there, unsuspected, and heard every word of the proposal and of the distinct, decided rejection Miss Desmond reproached your son with his perseverance in spite of her discouragement, and informed him she was engaged to another—evidently some humble, struggling man, from whom your charming, distinguished son was powerless to attract her. Miss Desmond acted like a young woman of sense and honor, and in my opinion she is a great deal too good even for so high and mighty a gentleman as Captain George Lumley."

"Thank God!" cried Lady Olivia, too much relieved to resent the undisguised scorn and anger of her sister-in-law. "But are you quite sure there is no danger of this—your person changing her mind?"

"Be under no apprehension. Your son is safe enough so far as my young friend Miss Desmond is concerned."

"I am sure I am very glad, but really, Elizabeth, I am amazed at the very extraordinary attack you have made upon me."

"Or, rather, you are amazed that I know you so well. I saw the sneer that lurked under your assumed compassion for my disappointment, and I am amazed you ventured to speak in the tone you did to me. Now you may go, and write to your husband and assure him his son is safe for the present. Before we meet again, you must apologize to me for the liberty you have taken."

"I think an apology is also due to me," cried Lady Olivia.

While she spoke, Mrs. Saville had rung the bell, and, on the waiter's appearance, said, in a commanding tone, "Lady Olivia's carriage," whereupon that lady confessed defeat by retiring rapidly.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Saville walked to her special arm-chair, and, taking Prince into her lap, stroked him mechanically, as was her wont when she was thinking.

"So that was the fool's attraction?" she mused. "I ought to have suspected it, but I did not, or I should have sent him about his business. It is natural enough that the father and mother should be annoyed; but she is too

good for him—a great deal too good. But she is silly, too, with her high-flown notions. We cannot defy the judgment and prejudices of the world we live in; obscurity and insignificance are abhorrent to most sane people. Yet it is impossible to doubt her sincerity; and she is common-sensical enough. Can it be that she is wise and I am unwise?" Here Mrs. Saville put her little favorite on the carpet and again rang the bell. This time she desired that Miss Desmond should be sent to her.

"I think I shall go out and do some shopping," she said, when Hope appeared. "I do not walk enough. I have had a tiresome morning. First Miss Dacre came begging that you might be lent to her for the day. This I refused. Then came Lady Olivia, in a bad temper, and we quarreled. She is going away to-morrow or next day. At all events, she shall not trouble me any more. I think we have had enough of Paris. Richard is coming over next week. As soon as he leaves, I shall go away to a quiet little place on the coast of Normandy, and recruit. It will be very dull; but you are used to that."

"I rarely feel dull," returned Hope, who secretly wondered why Mrs. Saville had quarreled with her sister-in-law. She was too decided, too peremptory a woman to be quarrelsome. Could it be for any reason connected with herself? Lumley said he had communicated his intention to propose for her (Hope) to his father. This, no doubt, would have enraged his family; but she could not ask any questions. Indeed, she was thankful to "let sleeping dogs lie." She had many anxieties pressing on her young heart. A very cloudy and uncertain future lay before her. "It is hard," she thought, "that, however good and true and loving a woman may be, if not rich she is thought unworthy to be the helpmate of a wealthy, well-placed man; any poor, struggling nobody is good enough for her. Yet it is among the struggling nobodies that the finest fellows are often found; so things equalize themselves."

(To be continued.)

## IN THE WILDS OF ASIA.

Explorers Found Much of Interest—Red of Hoang-Ho Discovered. Discoveries of colossal statues of Buddha carved in living rock, dictionaries of unknown tongues, ancient inscriptions and the true course of the Hoang-Ho for several hundred miles were some of the results of the French expedition under Commander d'Olone which returned to civilization recently after a two-year journey through Northeastern Tibet and darkest China says the New York Tribune. The expedition started at Hanoi, near the coast, and zigzagged to Peking through a territory practically unknown, inhabited by wild Tibetan warriors and benighted Mongols, who are quite beyond the reach of Standard Oil and who are lucky to get the news that China has a new emperor five or six years after the event.

Limited as they are in their mental outlook through the lack of newspapers and a rural free delivery, the Tibetan fighters showed a degree of intelligence when they refrained from matching their beanie spears and jingals with the high-power rifles of the French invaders. On only one occasion a mob of villagers was foolish enough to attack Lieut. Lepage with stones. The lieutenant's rescuer, M. Boyer, will receive a medal for military valor. It is not stated what the mob received, but probably the next census will report a deficit of lamias and warrios.

It was a pathetic discovery, made in a high wind, that many of the Tibetan cavalrims had no trousers beneath their Mother Hubbard uniforms, which slapped the flanks of their scrawny mounts. From the trouserless condition the ethnographic expert of the expedition deduced that the native quartermaster's department was in a sad state of graft. When the cool winds from the snowy summits of the Him alayas agitate the Mother Hubbards of the Tibetan army the glory of military fades and the shivering soldiers paraphrase Gen. Sherman's remark about war.

The expedition took 3,000 photographs, including military scenes; made 200 surveys, collected twenty-one vocabularies and made many impressions of ancient rock inscriptions. The Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, was put on the map in its right place, ninety kilometers east of its old position. Maybe the old map was correct, for it is a well-known habit of Chinese rivers to play hide-and-seek with cartographers. If the Hudson was like the Hoang-Ho, a New Yorker starting for Albany on the boat might find himself arriving at Chicago.

The prodigious rock sculptures of Buddha encountered in many places astonished the explorers. One of the most gigantic statues loomed up on the hillsides of Kanc-Koon, in the province of Sze-Chuen. It rivalled the creations of ancient Egypt and must have been carved many centuries ago. Judging by the erosion of the elements. All around this statue are holes in the rock leading to subterranean temples or chapels, which are decorated with religious carvings. At Yung-King a sort of Buddhist pantheon chiseled in the rocks was found. The inscriptions date from the dynasty of the Emperors Wei, in the fifth century of the present era.

Quite Appropriate.

"What's become of that pretty young actress I saw last year?"

"She's starting."

"And the young fellow who seemed to be so devoted to her?"

"He's still mooning."—Baltimore American.

Quite Right, Sir.

The Employer—Young man, I don't see how, with your salary, you can afford to smoke such expensive cigars.

The Employee—You're right, sir. I can't. I ought to have a bigger salary.

Different.

She—Does he command a good salary?

He—He earns a good salary; his wife commands it.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

The swiftest of the smaller birds is the Virginia rainpiper, which has accomplished measured flights of 7,500 yards in a minute.

Japan has completed and published a geological survey of Korea, together with a detailed account of its mines and mineral resources.

The Argentine department of hygiene acts as referee in cases of disputed professional accounts between physicians and patients.

A calorie is a metric unit of heat, equivalent to the heat necessary to raise the temperature of a gramme of water 1 degree centigrade.

Turpentine will restore to their original whiteness piano keys that have turned yellow, while hot vinegar will remove paint stains from glass.

The largest electrical cooking device in the world is an oven at Mar-seilles, France, which is heated by currents passing through resistance coils.

The Arostook Falls in Maine have been harnessed to produce electricity to operate a railroad and furnish power for knitting mills in the vicinity.

The big cactus of Arizona, which attains a height of 50 to 60 feet, and which has heretofore been known as the Cereus giganteus, has been found by Doctors Britton and Rose to be the type of a new and hitherto undescribed genus. It is not a Cereus at all, they say, and they propose to call it the Carnegiea giganteus.

Recent experiments, the results of which have been placed before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, appear to demonstrate that the true complementary colors of the spectrum have not hitherto been recognized. Red was formerly considered to be the complement of green, yellow of violet, and blue of orange, but according to Mr. Rosenstiel, the complementaries of red and orange are neither green nor blue, but two greenish-blue tints, and the complement of yellow is blue and not violet, which is the complement of green. Mr. Rosenstiel has accordingly formed a new "chromatic circle" for the use of artists, which he believes is more correct than its predecessors.

The average reader does not see much difference in age between human remains found in the beds of the Pleistocene and Pliocene, but to the geologist the difference is very great, only he cannot express it in years or centuries. Until recently the oldest remains of man known dated back to the middle Pleistocene. Among these are the celebrated relics from Neanderthal, Spy and other places. But in October, 1907, a lower human jaw was found in deposits attributed to the early Pleistocene, or even the late Pliocene. This would give it a greater antiquity than any of the others, and entitle it to be called the oldest remains of the human species. The teeth are well preserved. The most remarkable feature of the jaw is the absence of a chin. The canine teeth are not unduly prominent, and the dimensions of the teeth are within the limits of variation in living man.

A CENTURY PLANT IN BLOOM.

Seattle Woman the Owner of One of the Floral Novelties.

A century plant belonging to Mrs. W. J. McAllister, of Seattle, has recently put forth a full blown, fragrant blossom, says the Times. The flower is a beautiful shell pink, about eight inches long and more than three inches in diameter. The petals are pointed and spread in series out of a deep center. The flower gives off

Some medical authorities assert that in order to promote a human being's chances of long life his digestive anatomy should be surgically curtailed and readjusted. A little leavening frequently suffices to convince such the Washington Star, that nature does not know her business.

In the war upon the fly he bold; but heed Chauvour's warning and be not too bold, warns the Christian Register, lest you disturb the equilibrium of nature. The house fly is a pest, but many flies are useful and should be cherished.

A Chicago citizen who has evidently been scared frequently by the loud "honk" of automobile horns as he scudded across streets has written to the Tribune to suggest "that automobiles be made to carry such loud horns, the same as horses are required to wear in hitching time." This, he thinks, "would give continual warning to pedestrians."

Let us encourage the aviators all we can. Let us cheer their triumphs as navigators of the air. They are the forerunners of a new era of great human achievement. But, O brother of newspaper editors, please the New York Times, let us stop blaming them for Farnis Green and learn!

It's all right to forbid the mailing of postal cards with ground mica upon them, but if ever this government cuts out the cards with mica upon them, promises the Dayton News, there is going to be trouble.

The public playground work in the city, observes the Harrisburg Telegraph, is based upon the teachings of One who said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and whose ministry on earth was an everyday illustration of His interest in the welfare of those of whom He declared: "Even as we have done it have done it unto Me." It is a great work and the harvest of good will be large.

This is an age of multiplied endowed philanthropies, and it is obvious that the efficiency of these philanthropic trusts is very largely dependent upon the care and systematized economy with which the revenues are handled. The need of the business methods in the management of endowments is very apparent, to the Baltimore American. Most of these endowed benevolences are for the good of the general public, and the public at large is, therefore, properly concerned in the economic handling of such bequests.

He who uses his legs is thereby enabled to use his eyes. Nature in all moods is the companion of him who walks, asserts the New York Evening Post. A network of sun and shadow or a maze of mud's pools, lies before his feet. His cheeks feel the impact of kindly breezes or harsher rain. The hand in the road lures him onward and fills him with peaceful conjecture. A pleasant crowd at his side seems not amiss to most, though Hallitt and Stevenson cast their voices against it, declaring that the full flavor of a walking tour is best gained by solitude. Stevenson better analyzes moods, but Hallitt is the more lyric. He was among the first of Anglo-Saxon blood to sing the open road.

Southern Chivalry.

The leisurely chivalry of the old South lingers, declares the Chicago Post. In Florida one branch of the State Legislature has passed a bill requiring that when an automobile meets any other kind of vehicle "the chauffeur shall stop, turn out to one side, and if a lady or child be driving the team the chauffeur shall get out and help same by with their horses, mules, oxen or whatnot."

Two and Two Not Always Four.

Teacher—Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875?

Pupil—Please, teacher, was it a man or a woman?—Red Hen.

## WORTH QUOTING

Dollars may build a palace but love, contends the Commoner, makes the home.

It's so hard to save money, explains the New York Press, because it's so easy not to begin just yet.

Of course, the preacher's aim wasn't accurate when his sermon hit you, admits the Boston Post.

More than one-quarter of the tobacco consumed by the Spanish Nation comes from the United States.

One good swift kick will sometimes accomplish more than a lot of kindness, maintains the Philadelphia Record.

"Aim high" is a good motto, all right, but the Detroit Free Press thinks it doesn't justify a man in shooting at a balloon.

A woman who has posed for nine years as a man is to resume appropriate garb. Strange, exclaims the Philadelphia Ledger, that the prevailing style of feminine raiment did not induce her to postpone reform.

What a ghastly illustration of the irony of fate! Barney Oldfield, notes the Pittsburgh Dispatch, one of the most famous of professional autoists, run down and crushed by an automobile when crossing a Chicago street!

"Talkin' 'bout squardrin' de precious moments," said Uncle Eben, in the Washington Star, "it's sumpin' terrible to see de number of people kickin' 'bout de valuable time other folks is wastin'."

In view of the weather, suggests the Louisville Courier-Journal, at the time the Evansville man who is suing for a divorce because his wife stood off the grocery bills and spent the money for ice cream and soda water, is a trifle inconsiderate.

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## HIGHER REGISTRY FEE ASKED.

Soon to Cost Ten Cents to Register a Letter—Five Cents for Package.

After Nov. 1, 1909, it will cost 10 cents instead of 8 cents, as at present, to register a piece of mail. An order to this effect was issued by Postmaster General Hitchcock Monday.

The order increases the maximum indemnity paid to the owner of a lost or rifled registered letter from \$25 to \$50, thus doubling the department's liability for valuable articles intrusted to its registry branch. This additional insurance of \$25 for 2 cents is granted at a much lower rate than is offered for a similar amount by any private concern.

The changes ordered constitute the first move toward making the postal service self-sustaining. The registry system is reported to be conducted at a loss, and in order to make it pay its way radical measures are necessary. New features being considered by the Postmaster General include the establishment of a parcel registration system with a 5-cent fee and a small indemnity, and a preferred class of registered matter of high value with increases in the fee and indemnity up to 20 cents and \$100, the limits fixed by law.

It is pointed out that the parcel measure will meet a public demand for a cheap and safe means of transmitting Christmas packages and others of like character, and that the graduating of the fee in accordance with the risk involved and the amount of care necessary to insure safe transmission is in accord with sound business principles. It has been also suggested that the idea be carried a step further, by asking Congress to raise the limit of fee and indemnity in order that the department may assume full liability for all matter accepted for registration, and may impose an adequate charge for the responsibility undertaken.

In addition to these changes affecting the amount of fees and indemnities, the Postmaster General's committee of experts, which is still in session, has under consideration important modifications of the registry system that should lessen the cost of operation without any impairment of the efficiency.

TARIFF BOARD IS NAMED.

Three Men Who Are to Assist in Enforcement of New Law.

President Taft has appointed the new tariff commission or board, which is to assist him in the execution of the new tariff law, with especial reference to applying the maximum and minimum clauses to nations which are unfriendly or friendly in their relations with the United States.

The new board consists of three members—Professor Henry C. Emery of Yale, chairman; James H. Reynolds of Massachusetts, now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Alvin H. Sanders, of Chicago, at present editor and proprietor of the Treasury's Gazette. In announcing the selection of this new board, authorized by the Payne tariff bill, the following statement was given out at the executive offices in Beverly, Mass.: "The President and the Secretary of the Treasury have agreed upon the plan that these gentlemen are to constitute the board and are to be given authority to employ such special experts as may be needed in the investigation of the foreign and domestic tariff."

The announcement followed a conference between the President and Secretary MacVeagh. Mr. Taft had left entirely in the hands of the Secretary the selection of the new commission, and simply approved the men recommended by Mr. MacVeagh. It had been a question as to whether the new board should consist of three or five members.

Omaha Factory Manager confesses Arson and Burglar Plot.

Guy Anderson, manager of the Nebraska cotton glove factory in Omaha, which was damaged by fire Saturday night to the extent of \$10,000, has confessed that he robbed the safe and set fire to the building. In going over the ruins the police discovered that the safe was unlocked. Anderson was sent for on the pretense that his assistance was needed, and upon his arrival was arrested and accused of arson. In his confession he would not say how much money he had taken, though he admitted that he had been robbing the business for more than a year.

Germany seeks Tariff Pact.

Count von Berstorff, German ambassador to the United States, explained the situation created by the new American tariff the other day in Berlin as it relates to Germany. Representatives of all government departments interested in the subject were present at the conference. The German government is planning for a new tariff agreement with the United States.

Four Held in "Incubator Case."

Mrs. J. G. Barclay, Frank H. Tillotson, J. N. Gentry, and David Gregg were arraigned before Judge Simon in Topeka, Kan., on the charge of kidnaping Marian Bleakley, the incubator baby. All were bound over to the District Court.

Lodger Burns to Death in Room.

George Brische was burned to death and Benjamin Storkman, a stranger, is believed to have perished in a fire which destroyed the Chamber of Commerce Building in Sacramento, Cal. Brische was a lodger in an upstairs room.

Two Die in Train Wreck.

Two men were killed, three injured and two engines and a box car were wrecked in a head-on collision in the Missouri, Mont., yards between a section of Northern Pacific passenger No. 3 and a switch engine.

33 Die of "Infantile Paralysis."

Three cases of "infantile paralysis" were reported to the health department of St. Paul, Saturday. One was Lillie Sundkunt, a girl of 19. A total of 156 cases and thirty-three deaths have been reported thus far.

One Dead, Two Missing in Crash.

Two men are still missing as a result of the falling of the walls of the burned storage house, which demolished the Hotel Cella in Pittsburg. One man was killed outright and a score were injured.

Infantile Paralysis Scared.

Seven new cases of infantile paralysis and two deaths were reported to the health department of St. Paul. The health department records show a total of 170 cases reported, with thirty-six deaths.

## TAFT'S LONG SWING AMONG THE PEOPLE

President Starts from Boston on His 13,000-Mile Tour of the United States.