SWEET CAPORAL

CIGARETTES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

A Shining Mark

"Quite forgot your dress!" exclaimed the old lady, aghast. "Why, my dear Kate, what can you have been thinking of? Why, it will take quite ten days to make it, and—Kate," she broke off so suddenly that Kate started, "come out into the light and let me look at you; you stand there where I can scarcely see your face. Come out here," and she pointed a thin forefinger. "What is the matter with you, child? You look and speak as if you were in a dream! Stand there and let me look at you!"

With a smile Kate turned her face to the light.

"I am quite awake!" she said, with a laugh; but the laugh sounded thin and mirthless, and her eyes fell as the old lady scanned her curiously.

"Humph, you look pale and distrait, as if—aren't you well, Kate?"

"Quite well," she answered, smiling.

"And—happy?" persisted the old lady sharply. "Everybody in England regards you as the luckiest girl in the world; you are young, quite beautiful enough, and engaged to an earl. Why should you be unhappy? You are not, you say, and yet—I don't ever remember seeing you look like this before, child!"

Kate laughed, the same thin, hollow laugh, and its sound seemed to strike a chord in the old lady's heart.

She leant forward and took one of the small, white hands; it was as cold as ice.

"Kate," she said, almost severely, "you are either ill, or you have something on your mind, which is it?"

"I am not ill; and what should be on my mind, Lady Warner?" said Kate.

The old lady let her hand drop and stared thoughtfully at the fire.

She was looking down the vista of the years since she had known Kate, and trying to remember if there had at any time been any other young man, the thought of whom would be troubling her. But she could think of none; there had been plenty who had been in love with Kate, but Kate herself had kept her heart whole.

"I should have known it, if there had been anyone, yes, I should have known it," muttered the old lady.

But she looked up with a troubled frown, and said, hesitatingly:

"Kate, if you had a mother I shouldn't ask the question I am going to ask; but I suppose I've been the nearest approach to a mother you can remember, and I'll ask it. Tell me the truth, please."

Kate looked up with a little spasm of dread and fear in her face; but it passed instantly and left it cool and self-possessed again.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Just this," said the old lady, slowly: "Is this engagement one of your own seeking—of your own free will, Kate?"

There was a pause for a second, and Kate's lips quivered in the fire-light, then she met the sharp eyes steadily and unflinchingly.

"It is of my own free will, Lady Warner," she replied.

The old lady nodded her head twice.

"Very well, Kate. I thought" — she paused—"I thought you did not look—well—quite happy! But if it is of your own free will—" she paused again, then, keeping her eyes fixed on the fire, said in a low voice, "A woman had better throw herself into the sea than marry against her will! I say that, Kate; I, whom everybody thinks a mere bundle of worldiness, and I know what I am saying. I had a narrow escape myself, Kate; it was the very narrowest. There were the two men, one a baronet, the other a millionaire, and I could have had either. Thank heaven, I chose my soldier. He was a poor captain in the line; and though he is a general now, he is still poor; but I have never regretted my choice, Kate, never hankered after the baronet or the man with the money. Kate"—and she looked up suddenly, with a sharp and yet anxious glance—"Kate, child, it is not too late; not even now—"

The color swept over the beautiful face, then left it pale again.

"It is too late!" she said, and her voice sounded dry and strained. "I have given my word, and—and I could not call it back. I do not wish to—I shall marry Lord Carr-Lyon, Lady Warner."

Before the old lady could speak again the door opened and the major bustled in. His face was flushed, his small eyes shining; there was an atmosphere of exuberant triumph and satisfaction pervading his whole being.

"Ah, my dear Lady Warner!" he exclaimed, bowing over her hand in his florid manner, "delighted to see you—delighted! I thought I should have the happiness of finding you here. Well, been discussing the all-important topic with Kate, eh?" and he shot a glance and a smile at Kate, and stood rubbing his hands.

"Yes, we have been talking about Lord Carr-Lyon's ball, major," said the old lady.

"That's right!—that's right!" he exclaimed, nodding and smiling. "I have just left Carr-Lyon. You can't imagine how interested and er—excited he is about it—and very grateful to you, my dear lady—very. 'Tell Lady Warner to spare no expense!' were almost his last words to me. 'Spare no expense I want to make a big thing of it! Plenty of people, and no end of a kick-up!' That was his forcible way of putting it; my young friend is so—er—energetic you know. I assure you, the way in which he has—er—conducted the alterations at Lydcote is worthy of—er—all praise. Money no object—absolutely none! Did Kate show you her handsome present, eh?"

"Kate showed me her rubies, yes, major," said the old lady.

"Splendid!—aren't they? Ah, my dear lady, I thing my little girl has been very lucky; though—'pon my word, I must say it, though she's my own child—I think she a fit match for a prince!"

"So do I," said Lady Warner, drily.

"Yes—ahem!—yes, I," he went on, glancing at Kate, who had not spoken since he entered, "I've just been up to Lydcote, making some preparations. We are going to have colored lights all down the drive and about the grounds—thousands of 'em; there's to be a big marquee put up for the servants and working people—enormous thing, you know. Oh, no expense is to be spared, I assure you. Lord Carr-Lyon wishes everybody in the neighborhood to—er—participate, so to speak, in his happiness," and he glanced at Kate again. "Most liberal-minded young man, my dear lady."

"So it seems," said Lady Warner. "Well then, major, I suppose, as I was saying to Kate, we had better ask the quarrymen to the dinner."

"I should say so, certainly. Ask everybody," replied the major, effusively. "But Kate shall decide; Lord Carr-Lyon is desirous of studying Kate's wishes to the fullest."

"Very nice and proper," said the old lady. "Then I'll ask the quarrymen."

"Do, do!" he said, nodding. "It will be a grand affair—workmen's dinner in the morning, and a ball for the gentry at night. Sandford won't know itself, eh?"

"And all in honor of our Kate," said the old lady, rising and putting her hand on her arm.

"Yes, yes; all in honor of my dear child," said the major, tenderly, but with his cunning eyes watching his "dear child's" face rather apprehensively. "She will make a very presentable countess, don't you think, Lady Warner, eh?" and he smiled and nodded.

Kate went out of the room with Lady Warner, and when she had gone took her own hat and went on to the cliffs.

A week had passed since she had consented to be Lord Carr-Lyon's wife, but reckoning by the change in her it might have been twelve months.

It almost seemed as if Kate, the bonnie Kate, whose light and springy step, and bright, laughing voice were so well known in Sandford, had suddenly been turned into stone. While all the place was ringing with the tidings of her "good fortune," she was going about feeling as if a great weight were pressing on her heart.

She tried to tell herself that she had done her duty, that she had sacrificed herself for her father, and that the sacrifice would bring its own reward—in time, but she could not get rid of the weight.

It was not because she hated Lord Carr-Lyon, but because she could not get rid of the memory of that other person who had crossed her life's path, as a comet crosses the heavens. All day long—and almost all night—of that week she had been fighting against the memory of Clifford Raven's face and voice.

It had been almost unmaidenly to think of him before this; but now she was plighted to another man there was something shameful and sinful in it, and yet she could not forget him. Even now, as she walked along the cliff with quick and hurried step, the wind buffeting her almost off the narrow path, it was not of this grand ball she was thinking, but of the strange young man, with the dark and mysterious past, who had managed so to impress her that she could not efface his image from the retina of her mind, or drive his voice from her ears.

Hurriedly — almost feverishly—she passed on, heedless that the dusk was deepening, and the wind rising, and it was not until she heard a loud roar, as of distant thunder, that she was reminded of the hour.

She stopped and looked over the rail at the quarry, whence the roar of the blasting had risen, then, with a sigh, turned and retraced her steps, looking across to the sea as she went, and wondering in which direction the man she was thinking of was sailing.

What a shock of mingled pain and delight it would have caused her if she had known that he was there, almost at her feet!

CHAPTER XIII.

The sun, the clear and bright sun, which sometimes tries to make us believe that November is an autumn month, shone full upon the rugged hollow of the quarry. Now and again the click of the picks smote sharply on the air, followed by the rumbling of the rock as it rolled down the slope. The little human hive was all alive, and in the center, overlooking the whole, stood Clifford Raven. It would have been difficult to recognize in this young and stalwart man, clad in his rough but well-fitting suit of grey serge, the weary, lagging figure that had sat so disconsolately by the roadside a fortnight since. It was not only the loss of his beard and the thick locks of hair that made the difference; there was something more than that. Work is a finer and more effective tonic than any contained in a chemist's shop, and Clifford revelled in work. It was a delight to him to use the strength of his stalwart, well-knit limbs; and, overlooking his men, swinging the pick occasionally, and breathing the pure, seaborn air, Clifford was almost perfectly happy.

Almost! If he had never seen Kate Meddon, he would not have had a care in the world. But he had seen her, and her memory haunted him; just as his haunted her. Not once but fifty times a day he found himself standing stock still and, forgetful of everything around him, recalling her face, with its large lustrous, "sadly shining" eyes, and her voice, with its subtle music.

At night, when he sat in his cottage smoking his solitary pipe, he went over every word she had spoken, and got into the habit of taking out the shilling which he carried in a small pocket of his waistcoat. He fought against the absorption which possessed him, just as she did, but in vain. At all times and seasons her spirit visited him and held him in thrall. When these fits happened in the day time he would seize a pick and fall to work like a frenzied giant; and at night he would start up from his chair and pace the floor, smoking as if for dear life.

All day he spent in the quarry, and it was very seldom that he lift it at night, and then he carefully avoided Sandford, but walked in the opposite direction, striding along like a man walking for a wager, and heedless of everything in the sky and on the earth beneath; always thinking of her, the one woman who had touched his heart and made life sweetly bitter to him.

But no one guessed what was going on in the mind of the young manager. His figure was erect, his eye bright and flashing, and his voice clear and sharp. Although he had only been a fortnight in the quarry, the men had grown to respect him and like him—all but one.

[To be Continued.]

There are 747 varieties of wood in Philippine forests.

Ayer's Hair Vigor. Better wear your own hair; not the kind you buy! But you are losing yours? Then be quick! Fasten tightly on your own head what is left, and get a new lot on.

WILL STAY RIGHT WHERE THEY ARE

Dreyfuss Says Pirates Will Not Jump to the American League.

Pittsburg, Aug. 10. — Western baseball magnates are making some mysterious moves these days, but whether there is anything significant under cover is yet to be developed.

Barney Dreyfuss Monday evening made a hurried trip to Cincinnati, returning to Pittsburg again last evening. He was in Cincinnati only a few hours and met Garry Herrmann, president of the Cincinnati club. What they conferred upon is a secret, that may come to light later on, and it may be of interest in a baseball way, and it may not.

Upon his arrival in Pittsburg last evening President Dreyfuss met Frank De Haas Robison, owner of the St. Louis National League club, and Jimmy McAleer, manager of the St. Louis Americans. The trio spent the evening together, but of course nothing of significance transpired, so they said, and one may make any sort of a guess as to what they really are doing.

A story was printed Monday in Cleveland that Pittsburg and Cincinnati intend jumping into the American League. When the attention of President Dreyfuss was called to this story he simply said: "Another pipe-dream; they have had me jumping into the American League several times before, and I am still in the National, am I not?"

"No, there is absolutely nothing in the rumor. When I arrived in Cincinnati the baseball reporters were all on hand for a confirmation or denial of the tale printed in a Cleveland paper. 'Someone is smoking,' was my answer to their questions. There is absolutely no truth in the report. Ban Johnston does not like me and I don't like him. But with this feature aside, the story is untrue from beginning to end."

Baseball appeared to be the last thing that Frank Robison was bothering about. The genial Frank is enjoying his trip to Pittsburg, and if there is anything of moment going on in baseball it isn't worrying him.

Jimmy McAleer said that he stopped off en route west. If he could run against a good ball player he would be only too glad to pick him up, though he had not met any American League caliber material as yet.

MITCHELL AT ST. MARY'S BROKE EVENT

St. Marys, Aug. 10.—Four rinks of the Mitchell bowlers played two games with the St. Marys bowlers on the Maxwell lawns yesterday afternoon.

The first game resulted: Mitchell 60, St. Marys 47. The second game, Mitchell 64, St. Marys 76, Mitchell thus being only one point up on the afternoon's play. This is a splendid showing for a club organized at the end of June this year, as the Mitchell bowlers are among the first in Canada.

The following is the score:

First Game.

Mitchell.		St. Marys.	
Col. Dougherty, sk.	11	Moir, skip	10
Elliott, skip	24	Col. White, skip	6
Hodge, skip	13	Roberts, skip	10
Cole, skip	12	Box, skip	21
Total	60	Total	47

Second Game.

Mitchell.		St. Marys.	
Cole, skip	15	Wilson, skip	16
Dr. Burritt, skip	12	Myers, skip	25
Col. Dougherty, sk.	17	D. Maxwell, skip	18
Elliott, skip	20	Mennie skip	17
Total	64	Total	76

Mitchell—Total, both games, 124. St. Marys—Total, both games, 123. Majority for Mitchell, 1 shot.

BERT SHEERE HAD WARM TIME AT WOODSTOCK

St. Thomas actually defeated the leaders of the Western Baseball League yesterday at Woodstock, winning in the tenth inning, 6 to 5. Bert Sheere, of London, umpired the game, and got the worst of it. The Saints either win or lose on account of the umpire, so the Woodstock crowd made Sheere's life miserable. Bussy, the Baby City pitcher, took a couple of punches at Sheere. This all goes to show that in some places baseball is "a gentleman's game." The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Woodstock	5	7	5
St. Thomas	6	9	8

Batteries—Steiger, Bussey and Roche; Killingsworth and Daniels.

THE WHEEL.

ACCIDENT TO "VOLO."

Helena, Mont., Aug. 10.—Tom Butler, the bicycle rider, known as "Volo," who jumps the gap during a circus performance, failed to do the trick here last night, and fell to the ground. He was unconscious for half an hour. The physicians say they fear he is internally injured and will die. His wife loops the loop in an automobile, and she followed with her turn immediately after the accident to her husband.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

At Saratoga—Flip Flap, 8 to 1; Conover, 5 to 2; Optician, 10 to 1; Bedouin, 6 to 5; Memories, 6 to 5; Fillmore, 16 to 5.

At Fort Erie—Oak Grove, 7 to 10; Fullbert, 2½ to 1; Rusk, 3 to 1; Jungle Imp, 10 to 1; Fortunate, 3½ to 1; Gay Lizzette, 3½ to 1.

At Latonia—The Laurel, 30 to 1; Hot, 3 to 5; Sea Mate, 7 to 2; Florizel, 4 to 1; Zienap, 4 to 5; Mansard, 4 to 5.

BEDOUIN AN EASY WINNER.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 10.—The Huron handicap today was easily won by Bedouin. Merry Lark, second choice, ran a consistent race and took second money easily by three lengths.

As soon as Bedouin struck his stride he went out in front and was always from a length to three lengths faster than his field.

Three favorites won.

Conover took the steeplechase by three parts of a length. All eight starters stood up until next to the last fence, where Decimo fell and caused Charawind and Temerity to refuse.

BASEBALL.

BRANTFORD A WINNER.

Brantford beat Ingersoll on their own grounds in a slugging match yesterday. Both pitchers were hit to the limit. The Brantford nine batted harder and farther and won. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Brantford	9	15	7
Ingersoll	4	11	6

Batteries—Cobeen and Elliott; Millen and Graham. Umpire, Sharkey.

EARLEY WINS ANOTHER.

Earley pitched well yesterday at Petrolea against Sarnia, and won. Krapp pitched well for Sarnia, but Earley was the better. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Sarnia	1	5	1
Petrolea	2	6	3

Batteries — Krapp and McCarty;

THEY SURPRISED THE ENGLISHMEN

Ottawa Cricketers Outplay Marylebone Club in Game at Capital.

Ottawa, Aug. 10. — The Marylebone cricket club, representing the cream of all England, commenced battle with the Ottawa cricket club today and received a gentle surprise, retiring for 71 runs, while the Ottawas rolled up 120.

It was the Marylebone men's day for not feeling well, for they simply could not stand the bowling of McGiverin and Bristow, who bowled the entire inning, and put on a phenomenal game, only one four-run bat being made.

The Ottawans also shone on the field and certainly had the visitors going.

McGiverin's record of seven wickets for 34 runs was an eye-opener and it has not been equaled very often in first-class cricket fields.

TIVERTON WINS FROM SWEET MARIE

Tables Turned on the Fast Mare at the Kenilworth Track.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 10.—Sweet Marie, 2:04¾, the McKinney mare which took the measure of Tiverton in their match race in Readville last week, had the tables turned on her effectually today in the free-for-all trot, the feature event of the Grand Circuit, at Kenilworth Park, when the Galilee Rex stallion took down first money in the two first heats in 2:05½ and 2:06, the mare getting the third heat in 2:06¾, but after the result of the race had been settled according to the three-heat plan in operation here.

George C. and McKinley completed the quartet which faced the starter for the event. The mare got away poorly, but was catching Tiverton in the stretch in the first heat, when she broke and finished last.

In the second heat third to Tiverton was the best she could do.

In the last heat McDonald got her stepping through the stretch, and she overhauled and beat Tiverton half a length in a whipping finish.

Those who saw Sadie Mac, Miss Wilks' fleet trotter, step away with the $10,000 stake the other day gave expression to the belief that the Galt woman fancier owns the real trotting champion among those now being campaigned.

In the first race today, the 2:14 pace, Kruger won three straight heats handily. There was little pooling in the 2:18 pace, Maud Keswick, which sold $50 to $25 on the field before the start, taking three straight heats handily, going the last in 2:08¾.

The last race of the day was a big upset. It was the 2:15 trot and Thorne Boy, a white gelding, by Strong Boy, stepped right out and took three straight heats easily. Directum Lass, the favorite, was on her bad behavior. Jim Fenton, second choice, also had a lot of trouble in keeping his feet.

Another smashing crowd enjoyed the sport. The meeting will be concluded tomorrow. Summary:

2:14 pace, purse $1,000:

Kruger, ch. g., by Mercury (A. M. McDonald)	1	1	1
Queen of Suades, blk. m. (Snow)	2	2	2
High Seven, ch. g. (Steward)	4	3	3
Wester, blk. g. (Valentine)	3	4	4
Bedford Boy, r. g. (Brawley)	5	5	5
Roland Reed, blk. g. (Day)	ds		

Time—2:08, 2:08, 2:08¾.

Free-for-all trot, purse $2,000:

Tiverton, b. s., by Galilee Rex (Howell)	1	1	2
Sweet Marie, b. m., (A. P. McDonald)	4	3	1
George G., b. g. (Geers)	2	2	4
McKinley, b. g. (Benyon)	3	4	3

Time—2:06½, 2:06, 2:06¼.

2:14 pace, purse $1,000:

Maud Keswick, b. m., by Keswick (James)	1	1	1
Inter-Ocean, br. g. (A. Thomas)	2	2	3
Doris B., b. m. (Snow)	5	4	2
Bertha W., br. m. (Lambert)	4	5	4
Regina, s. m. (H. Stokes)	3	3	ds
Tommie Burns, b. g. (McCarthy)	6	6	ds

Time—2:11½, 2:10½, 2:08¾.

2:15 trot, purse $1,000:

Thorne Boy, wh. g., by Strong Boy (Patterson)	1	1	1
Joe N., blk. g. (D. McDonald)	2	2	4
Jim Fenton, b. g. (A. McDermott)	4	3	2
Harry J., blk. g. (W. Laird)	3	4	3
Belladi, b. m. (Rutherford)	5	ds	
Directum Lass, b. m. (A. P. McDonald)	6	ds	

Time—2:10½, 2:12½, 2:13.

THE OAR.

DURNAN IN TRAINING.

Toronto, Aug. 10.—Trainer Jimmy Rice arrived today from Ottawa and took charge of Eddie Durnan, whom he will train for his race on the bay with Tom Sullivan. Durnan is in prime condition, and Rice expects to have him as fit as a fiddle on race day.

Sullivan got his two boats from England today. One was built by Clasper, and the other by Sims. The Clasper boat will be used if the water is rough. The shells are 25 feet long, and built of Spanish cedar. Sullivan is now rowing from Center Island, taking two spins daily.

LACROSSE.

COLLINGWOOD WON DISTRICT.

Collingwood, Ont., Aug. 10. — The final C. L. A. game of this district was played here yesterday between Collingwood and Thornbury-Clarksburg, and resulted in favor of Collingwood by 6 goals to 1. This gives the district to Collingwood and puts the team in the semi-finals with Seaforth. Home and home games will be played, the first game to be played next Wednesday in Collingwood.

PERSONAL—Men should know that the only perfect and safe Vacuum Appliance is manufactured and controlled by the Erie Medical Co., 94 Mohawk street, Buffalo, N.Y., who administer in connection with it interior and exterior remedies having a world-wide reputation for weak men. Write today for sealed circulars and proofs. yv

Life is long, art is fleeting, but the safety of freedom demands constant scrutiny.

NO ONE NEED FEAR cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly, and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery etc., in the market.

The giraffe is the only animal unable to swim. This is on account of its long neck.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health.

BOTH CANADIAN TEAMS WINNERS

Toronto and Montreal Take Games From Bisons and Rochester.

IN THE EASTERN.

At Toronto—		R.	H.	E.
Toronto	00301001*—	5	7	0
Buffalo	00100100 0—	2	5	4

Batteries—Currie and Sullivan; Milligan and McAllister. Umpire, Hassett. Attendance, 500.

At Montreal—				
Montreal	01001000 0—	2	9	1
Rochester	10000000 0—	1	9	0

Batteries—Pappalau and Raub; Schultz and Steelman. Umpire, Way.

At Providence—				
Providence	00010000 0—	1	7	1
Jersey City	10201000 0—	4	7	1

Batteries—Puttman and Thomas; Linderman and McAuley. Umpire, Egan. Attendance, 3,814.

EASTERN STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Jersey City	58	30	.659
Baltimore	55	31	.539
Providence	52	31	.626
Newark	43	45	.488
Buffalo	39	49	.443
Toronto	37	54	.407
Rochester	35	54	.393
Montreal	37	59	.385

IN THE AMERICAN.

At Boston (first game)—		R.	H.	E.
Detroit	00001100 0—	2	7	0
Boston	01000000 0—	1	7	2

Batteries—Killian and Warner; Young and Criger.

At Boston (second game)—				
Boston	10120001*—	5	9	2
Detroit	00100101 0—	3	10	3

Batteries—Tannehill and Criger; Kitson and Drill. Umpires, McCarthy and Sheridan. Attendance, 14,591.

At New York—				
New York	00100000 1—	2	4	5
Chicago	10300001 3—	8	10	2

Batteries—Chesbro, Newton and Kleinow; Smith and McFarland. Umpire, Connolly. Attendance, 1,500.

At Philadelphia — Philadelphia-Cleveland games (two) postponed; rain.

At Washington—Washington-St. Louis game (two) postponed; rain.

AMERICAN STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Philadelphia	54	38	.587
Chicago	52	38	.578
Cleveland	54	41	.563
New York	46	42	.511
Boston	47	44	.518
Detroit	46	50	.471
Washington	37	56	.393
St. Louis	33	60	.357

IN THE NATIONAL.

At Cincinnati—		R.	H.	E.
Cincinnati	10001020*—	4	10	0
Philadelphia	00000100 0—	1	6	2

Batteries—Ewing and Schlei; Nichols and Abbott. Umpire, Emslie. Attendance, 1,106.

At Pittsburg—				
Pittsburg	00300010 0—	4	11	2
Boston	00060000 1—	7	12	3

Batteries—Robertaille, Case and Gibson; Willis and Moran. Umpire, Klem. Attendance, 1,190.

At Chicago—				
Chicago	00000000 0—	0	3	2
New York	00001000 0—	1	4	2

Batteries—Reulbach and Kling; Matthewson and Bowerman. Umpire, O'Day. Attendance, 11,000.

At St. Louis—				
St. Louis	10100300*—	5	12	3
Brooklyn	00101010 1—	4	8	9

Batteries—Taylor and Leahy; McIntyre and Ritter. Umpire, Bausewine. Attendance, 1,200.

NATIONAL STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	71	30	.703
Pittsburg	63	38	.622
Philadelphia	58	43	.574
Chicago	59	44	.572
Cincinnati	53	49	.520
St. Louis	40	65	.371
Boston	34	70	.327
Brooklyn	30	69	.303

THE "PINK PRINCESS"

Future German Empress Runs Over a Boy With Auto.

Berlin, Aug. 11.—The German Crown Prince and his bride are leading a blissful life at Potsdam.

During the recent battle of flowers the thousands of visitors who lined the pretty roads of the "Russian colony" remarked on the happy appearance of the Crown Prince and Princess, who dashed up in a beautiful hunting phaeton, drawn by five magnificent brown horses. The Crown Princess had with her two large baskets filled with hundreds of bunches of roses and carnations, which she gracefully scattered among the eager crowds.

As usual the Crown Princess wore a pink muslin dress and a rose-colored toque. So invariably does she wear these colors that she has been christened the "Pink Princess," and pink has become the fashionable hue in feminine circles throughout Germany.

The formerly modest Duchess Cecilie has not been slow to assume the magnificent ideas expected from a lady of her now exalted rank. The Marble Palace is "much too small to be the residence of a crown princess!" she was heard to remark recently to her husband. "Why do you not hurry on the work that is being done to Schloss Labelsburg Those workmen are the slowest fellows in the world!"

The Crown Prince and Princess frequently take carriage drives in the beautiful country around Potsdam. Sometimes they are seen out motoring, and it is said that the Crown Princess has a weakness for "exceeding the speed limit." The other day the imperial sweethearts ran over a peasant lad, who regarded it as a piece of fortune, since the Princess gave him a sovereign.

The Crown Princess herself has not suffered from the recent terrible heat wave, but she has shown her usual kindly tought and consideration for those less fortunate than herself.

The other day, when walking on the terrace, she noticed a guardsman in the Crown Prince's own regiment faltter and fall to the ground, struck down by the heat. Instantly she ran out and ordered his comrades to carry him into the palace, where she personally bathed his forehead with eau-de-cologne.

CHLOROFORM 12 PERSONS

Robbers Go Through Whole House, Drugging the Occupants.

Meriden, Conn., Aug. 11.—A particularly bold burglary was perpetrated here when twelve persons in one house were chloroformed and robbed of money and valuable, worth between $500 and $1,000.

Valenti Hugo, proprietor of a boarding house on Springdale avenue, reported to the police that there was a strong smell of chloroform in the room. His wife and child were similarly affected. He discovered that about $200 in bills had disappeared. He also found that each of his nine boarders had been chloroformed and each had been robbed.

The door of the house is never locked at night and the robbers found entrance easy. The police are inclined to think that there was inside collu-

A Great Chance for the Old Boys

Summer Clothing Must Go.

Take an Oak Hall Suit home with you. Next week we take stock. This week we want to see the last of our summer lines. Prices are reduced so that they've got to go. Men's Summer and Unlined Suits, Boys' Unlined and Wash Suits greatly reduced.

OAK HALL

KING ALFONSO A GIDDY CUT-UP

Curtain Lecture From the Royal Mamma for Parisian Escapades.

Paris, Aug. 10. — When President Loubet some weeks from now goes to Madrid to return the visit of King Alfonso, it will not be without fear and trepidation. Queen Maria Christina, the mother of Alfonso, is said to have prepared a strong curtain lecture for him, because too much freedom was allowed the young king in Paris, with the result that he came back to Madrid madly infatuated with a French variety actress, whose portrait the Queen mother found in her son's trunks.

If one may believe the stories told here, the Queen is angry because the President of the French Republic neglected to act as dry nurse to his royal visitor.

President Loubet's trip to Spain will probably be his last official one, and no one could feel more happy on that account than the President himself, who with delight looks forward to the day when he will once more become a plain citizen and retire to the quiet of his farm.

The date of his departure for Spain has not yet been fixed, but the programme mapped out by the Spanish Government has been submitted to him and approved with a sigh. He will be received at the depot by King Alfonso and carried off to the palace in a royal carriage.

The first day he will have to be present at a great military review, followed by a banquet and a gala performance at the royal opera. The next day a reception will be given by the mayor in the Hotel de Ville, then there will be a hunting party, a Rio Frio and a banquet in the palace.

"Rather than be the tutor of a prince again, I would earn my living as a street sweeper," Major Levasseur, who has been the mentor of the Crown Prince of Servia, is quoted to have said the other day.

"That I return to France alive from that God-forsaken country is a source of constant wonder to me.

"The young prince is a strong believer in the strenuous life and did not leave me a moment's peace. Once while we were out for what the prince called a promenade on horseback, he led me at a mad pace across the country, from which I returned with a bandaged head and a broken arm.

"Another time he disarmed me at fencing, having tired me out so that I was sore for a week, but when he wanted me to go riding in an automobile with him I resigned."

The young prince will become of age this month and has sworn to celebrate the event in a manner to make his future subjects gasp for breath.

He has already told his father that he is going to have a racing stable and is going to try to break all records for automobiling. That he has no money to buy either race horses or automobiles does not seem to cause him the least concern.

He had hardly succeeded in getting his baggage, which had been seized because of debts which he had forgotten to pay since he was here last, when the hot spell set in, which made his apartments in the Elysee Palace Hotel feel like a Turkish bath.

The Shah of Persia has not enjoyed his visit to France at all this time.

All night the poor Shah sat on a balcony dressed in next to nothing, sighing for a breeze which never came, and during the daytime, when he dared not display his personal charms to a Paris mob, he rested on a couch surrounded by a corps of attendants who were fanning him incessantly in the sweat of their brows.

He has, however, not disappointed the Paris merchants, who had stocked up in anticipation of his coming.

During the few cool days we have

zines and bought many carloads of the most variegated articles. Phonographs by the hundreds and automobiles in half dozen lots have been sent to his palace in Teheran, and his only regret has been that he could not also buy the chic sales girls who waited and smiled on him and whom he would have liked to add to his harem.

The Berthe Claiche case in New York has injected new life and energy into the humanitarian societies of Europe, which for years have been fighting the trading in "white slaves," and the foundation of an international society has been indorsed by the press of nearly all the countries of Europe.

As might be expected, Russia is among the countries where no interest in the movement is shown. In no country in Europe is the number of prostitute women as large as in Russia, and especially in the Polish province.

The Russian laws encourage prostitution in every possible manner, and in that country it is not considered a disgrace for a woman to belong to that class.

So many thousand women are annually forced into the ranks of prostitution that the people feel it would be unjust to condemn these women as a class.

No girl of Jewish descent is allowed to reside outside of the Jewish zones unless she agrees to become a prostitute. All young girls who enter the universities to study are given yellow passports, the same kind as are given to the women of the street.

Without such a passport they are not allowed to live in university towns, and unless they have been authorized to live in these towns and cities they dare not enter the universities.

At certain intervals all female students are forced to submit to an examination by the police surgeons, and if found virgins they are immediately expelled from the university.

The Czar has repeatedly sought to wipe out this disgrace, but has always been opposed by M. Pobiedonostseff, who is strongly opposed to women studying and who sees in this the most effective means to keep them from matriculating at the institutes of learning.

BUSY BEES HIVE IN SHOP

Loosed for an Airing—They Made for the Candy Department.

London, Aug. 10.—A London store where one can buy anything from a suspender button to an elephant has added a department where anything living or dead which a naturalist collects, from frog spawn to an observatory hive of 40,000 bees, may be bought.

The first hive of bees which arrived at Whiteley's almost caused a panic. On the evening of their arrival the bees were let out for an airing, it being thought they would fly to Kensington Gardens in quest of honey. But these busy bees proved themselves economists. They invaded the store and took possession of the flower, candy and grocery departments, and helped themselves to the sugar and other sweets about. It was hours before the last bee returned home. Now the bees are kept in the hive until the store closes. Then they are released from the roof and wander in search of sweetness wherever they will until after dark.

Already these hives, and the formicariums, or nests of living ants, are in great demand. A herd of the ant's cows—the common green fly—and about half a dozen of their domestic pets—the little white woodlouse, which is not as big as one letter of its terrific name, Platyarthus Hoffmannaeggii—are introduced into each nest.

The ants may be seen building, laying out roads, boring tunnels, constructing cowsheds, and milking their cows, playing with their pets, attending in state on their queen, storing away their eggs and food, feeding and washing their young, and burying their dead in the cemetery each colony has built in one corner of its nest.

The greatest demand so far in the new department has been for Japanese waltzing mice, which come out of their nests and indulge in periodical mad whirls until they look like nothing but balls of black and white wool.

There are lizards, frogs and newts alive and in spirit, aquaria illustrating the development of pond life, and mounted moths and butterflies, as well as cases