

### THE RETURN.

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—  
The scenes he had known as a boy:  
“Oh, for a draught of those fountains  
sweet,  
And a taste of that vanished joy.”

He roamed the fields, he mused by the  
streams,  
He threaded the paths and lanes;  
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,  
In the woods to forget his pains.

Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold hearth!  
In sorrow he learned thy truth—  
One may go back to the place of his birth—  
He can not go back to his youth.

—John Burroughs.

## De Mortuis.

V. E. FRIEDLAENDER.

He sat down at Emily's desk to go through her papers. Now that the house was sold, the servants dismissed, and he himself back in bachelor quarters, there was no excuse for putting the thing off. And if Emily had known a month ago, he could not help thinking as he opened the drawers, that she was to be killed in a railway accident, she could hardly have made his task easier. Neat little bundles, tied up with pink tape and clearly labeled, proclaimed her various activities. "Mothers' Union," "Soup Kitchen," "Sunday-School," "Book Club"—how the names recalled Emily herself. A swift pang of compunction seized him. Was it possible, then, that after only a month her image was fading from his mind? He continued absently to empty drawers and pigeonholes. More neat packages, half a dozen unanswered letters and a few notebooks—that was all.

Yes, undoubtedly Emily was already becoming to him something shadowy and vague. How was it? Rather guiltily he tried to avoid the unexplored depths of his mind, but the moment of self-revelation was no longer to be postponed. He had been shocked, unnerved, horrified by the sudden tragedy; but underneath all that could he deny the existence of a shameful undercurrent of feeling, a persistent, ever growing joy in freedom regained? And yet, what a good wife she had been; how practical, careful of his interests, unexact. In a thousand ways, large and small, he would be the loser. A good wife, but—yes, that was surely it—she had never conquered, never even entered the kingdom of his mind. And where she had never entered could she ever be missed? Once in that kingdom there had had dwelt indeed a woman, but she was not Emily.

He turned with an impatient sigh. In the doorway stood Alison.

Of course, it was a dream, but he was conscious of a certain admiration of himself as dreamer. He had remembered to make her look older—oh, quite five years older.

"Poor Mark!" she said softly.

He started. Then it was not a dream.

"I have only just heard," she explained gently. "We've been in town for a day or two, and Mrs. Heriotson has just told me about—Emily. I asked her for your address, and came straight on." She held out her hands in eager sympathy. He felt her fingers cold beneath her gloves. Quite naturally he unbuttoned and drew them off, as though they had never parted in bitter silence more than five years ago.

"You must get warm," he said, gently, and led her to the fire.

"Do you think," Alison asked, tremulously, "that—she suffered much?"

He shook his head. "Not at all; the doctors said it must have been instantaneous."

Alison nodded in swift relief. "Ah, I'm glad. But—oh, it's hard to realize! We were just the same age, and twenty-four is so young to die, and we used to be—to see so much of each other."

Why had she stopped short of the word "friends," he wondered.

"And to die like that!" she murmured.

He thought he could guess what she meant. "There was nothing—nothing—," he began. He wanted to explain that death had spared Emily the last indignity of being revolting in its form, but he could find no words.

She nodded in swift comprehension. "Yes, yes, I know what you mean. It would have been awful—that."

He looked up with a grateful thrill. Emily had never understood a half-finished sentence.

"You were going through her papers?" Alison asked, glancing at the open desk.

"Yes."

She leaned forward with sudden eagerness. "What is that?"

"Which?"

She rose and picked up one of the notebooks. "Ah, it is!" she said, and began to turn the pages.

"Alison!"

She looked up in quick defiance. "It's my own," she said.

"Your own?"

"Yes; my diary that I lost five and a half years ago."

The bewilderment in his face was not to be mistaken.

"You didn't take it?" she asked, slowly.

"I? Alison, you cannot seriously think I did that?"

She was silent, but they read the same thought in each other's eyes.

"Then it must have been—," he stopped. Why say what was obvious! And Alison's gesture was eloquent. Emily was dead.

She frowned thoughtfully. "Then you haven't known, Mark, all these years, what was in my diary?"

He shook his head.

She looked at him in grave wonder. "Then what made you change to me?"

He bit his lip. Did she think that five years could heal such wounds.

"Have you forgotten?" he asked.

"I never knew," she said, steadily.

"I saw that you grew cold. I knew you had ceased to love me. Could the reason why have comforted me?"

"I thought you must have guessed," he murmured.

"Oh, I guessed and guessed. And I decided that you had considered yourself entitled to read my diary."

"Alison!"

"And to be offended by its contents. But that, you say, was a wrong guess."

"Yes."

"Then—"

"Alison, did you never treat me to my face as though you liked me—when you were alone—and behind my back make fun of me, caricature me, criticize my clothes, my walk, my way of speaking and laughing?" He spoke with quiet bitterness.

She nodded emphatically. "Often. Most of it's in the diary."

"—heard."

"You heard?" Her look was questioning. "I think you ought to tell me something, if only one thing, that you heard."

He was silent.

"It's only fair," she urged.

He looked up desperately. "Well, didn't you, for instance, say that I reminded you of Matthew Arnold's definition of the Athanasian Creed—'Learned science, with a strong dash of temper'?"

She laughed a little. "I'd forgotten, but I do believe I did." She turned the leaves of the diary rapidly.

"Yes, here it is: 'March 18—Emily resumed cross-examination. Wanted to know if I didn't consider his scientific learning colossal, unparalleled, etc. Quoted Arnold on the Athanasian Creed to her. Shock satisfactory.'"

He was looking at her with startled eyes. "The date," he breathed; "what date did you say?"

She referred to the diary. "March 18."

"But—that was before we were engaged."

"Oh, yes."

"But—Emily—"

"Ah, I sometimes thought—"

Their eyes met. "Don't!" she said breathlessly. "I see, I see."

He began to see, too.

"I have always wondered," she mused, "why you didn't understand, even if you had read every word of the diary. I felt so sure you would see it was all in self-defense. Could a girl bear to let people think she cared for a man before he had spoken? There were girls who did it—her momentary hesitation revealed to him as clearly as words that Emily had been one of them, and he red-dened—but—but that only sent me flying to the other extreme. When people tried to—to pump me about you. I said anything—laughed, mocked, mimicked, caricatured—in sheer terror lest any one should discover how much I cared."

He nodded. "I never knew," he said slowly. "I was told—I thought all the things that came to my ears were said by you after we were engaged."

"Mark!" she said; and her voice quivered.

He was walking restlessly up and down. "Our insane pride!" he groaned. "If only we had spoken—asked questions!"

"Yes," she agreed tremulously; and through both their minds passed a flash of wonder that Emily could have proved so good a judge of character, should have calculated on just that proud silence with which they had met catastrophe. And yet—she must have been in some doubt, or why had she removed Alison's only proof, the diary?

Suddenly Alison arose. "I must go, Mark. I acted on a sudden impulse in coming, and my impulses are always wrong." Her smile was very sad.

"Not this one," he urged, eagerly. "Alison, not this one! You are in town? I shall see you again?"

She answered his unspoken thought. "Ah, Mark, has life led you to expect such miracles?"

"Alison!" he implored, "you'll forgive me—some day?"

"Forgive?" She turned away with a sigh. "It would have been hard, wouldn't it," she mused, "if I had married five years ago?"

He caught his breath. "Alison! You didn't?"

She shook her head. "No, I didn't; that would have been only hard." She turned toward the door. "Really, I must go, or I shall miss the train."

His voice was heavy with disappointment. "Then you aren't on a visit in town?"

She stood still. "A visit in town?" she echoed, and her lips were white. "Oh, no." Suddenly she swayed toward him. "Help me, Mark," she breathed piteously.

He bent and kissed her hands. "My dear! My sweet!" He stopped with a hoarse cry. "Alison, you said you—," He pointed to one of her hands.

"It was five years ago," she gasped.

"Oh, Mark, if it had been, I think—I could have forgiven her."

His eyes questioned her passionately. With a little cry she released her hands and stumbled to the door.

"Don't go, Alison," he implored.

She shook her head. "I must. Don't you understand?" She turned for an instant. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't a visit?" Her voice broke. "Mark! Mark! Don't look at me! There are no miracles! It's a honeymoon."—The Sketch.

He shook his head.

She looked at him in grave wonder. "Then what made you change to me?"

He bit his lip. Did she think that five years could heal such wounds.

"Have you forgotten?" he asked.

"I never knew," she said, steadily.

"I saw that you grew cold. I knew you had ceased to love me. Could the reason why have comforted me?"

"I thought you must have guessed," he murmured.

"Oh, I guessed and guessed. And I decided that you had considered yourself entitled to read my diary."

"Alison!"

"And to be offended by its contents. But that, you say, was a wrong guess."

"Yes."

"Then—"

"Alison, did you never treat me to my face as though you liked me—when you were alone—and behind my back make fun of me, caricature me, criticize my clothes, my walk, my way of speaking and laughing?" He spoke with quiet bitterness.

She nodded emphatically. "Often. Most of it's in the diary."

"—heard."

"You heard?" Her look was questioning. "I think you ought to tell me something, if only one thing, that you heard."

He was silent.

"It's only fair," she urged.

He looked up desperately. "Well, didn't you, for instance, say that I reminded you of Matthew Arnold's definition of the Athanasian Creed—'Learned science, with a strong dash of temper'?"

She laughed a little. "I'd forgotten, but I do believe I did." She turned the leaves of the diary rapidly.

"Yes, here it is: 'March 18—Emily resumed cross-examination. Wanted to know if I didn't consider his scientific learning colossal, unparalleled, etc. Quoted Arnold on the Athanasian Creed to her. Shock satisfactory.'"

He was looking at her with startled eyes. "The date," he breathed; "what date did you say?"

She referred to the diary. "March 18."

"But—that was before we were engaged."

"Oh, yes."

"But—Emily—"

"Ah, I sometimes thought—"

Their eyes met. "Don't!" she said breathlessly. "I see, I see."

He began to see, too.

"I have always wondered," she mused, "why you didn't understand, even if you had read every word of the diary. I felt so sure you would see it was all in self-defense. Could a girl bear to let people think she cared for a man before he had spoken? There were girls who did it—her momentary hesitation revealed to him as clearly as words that Emily had been one of them, and he red-dened—but—but that only sent me flying to the other extreme. When people tried to—to pump me about you. I said anything—laughed, mocked, mimicked, caricatured—in sheer terror lest any one should discover how much I cared."

He nodded. "I never knew," he said slowly. "I was told—I thought all the things that came to my ears were said by you after we were engaged."

"Mark!" she said; and her voice quivered.

He was walking restlessly up and down. "Our insane pride!" he groaned. "If only we had spoken—asked questions!"

"Yes," she agreed tremulously; and through both their minds passed a flash of wonder that Emily could have proved so good a judge of character, should have calculated on just that proud silence with which they had met catastrophe. And yet—she must have been in some doubt, or why had she removed Alison's only proof, the diary?

Suddenly Alison arose. "I must go, Mark. I acted on a sudden impulse in coming, and my impulses are always wrong." Her smile was very sad.

"Not this one," he urged, eagerly. "Alison, not this one! You are in town? I shall see you again?"

She answered his unspoken thought. "Ah, Mark, has life led you to expect such miracles?"

"Alison!" he implored, "you'll forgive me—some day?"

"Forgive?" She turned away with a sigh. "It would have been hard, wouldn't it," she mused, "if I had married five years ago?"

He caught his breath. "Alison! You didn't?"

She shook her head. "No, I didn't; that would have been only hard." She turned toward the door. "Really, I must go, or I shall miss the train."

His voice was heavy with disappointment. "Then you aren't on a visit in town?"

She stood still. "A visit in town?" she echoed, and her lips were white. "Oh, no." Suddenly she swayed toward him. "Help me, Mark," she breathed piteously.

He bent and kissed her hands. "My dear! My sweet!" He stopped with a hoarse cry. "Alison, you said you—," He pointed to one of her hands.

"It was five years ago," she gasped.

"Oh, Mark, if it had been, I think—I could have forgiven her."

His eyes questioned her passionately. With a little cry she released her hands and stumbled to the door.

"Don't go, Alison," he implored.

She shook her head. "I must. Don't you understand?" She turned for an instant. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't a visit?" Her voice broke. "Mark! Mark! Don't look at me! There are no miracles! It's a honeymoon."—The Sketch.

## Palmetto State News

### Petitions Fell Short.

After carefully checking the names appearing on the petitions calling for an election on the liquor question in Newberry county, with those contained in the registration books of the county, Supervisor Wicker has announced that the petitions fell short of the required number of names of registered voters by about two hundred voters, and the prayer of the petitioners was therefore refused.

### Want Gov. Ansell's Views.

An interesting report of the boom that is being launched for Governor Ansel Monday morning from the New York Times. It was as follows:

"Can you favor the New York Times with a telegraphed expression of your views on the North Carolina situation and on Governor Glenn as a democratic presidential candidate? Dispatches say the state will put him forward in the convention and Bryan will support him."

### Lunatic Shoots Constable.

A Columbia dispatch says: Monday, Magistrate J. I. Valentine of Cope, Orangeburg county, sent his constable, H. E. Valentine, to arrest R. P. Franklin, a negro, one a charge of larceny. Franklin lives on E. S. Spire's place, about four miles from Norway. Constable Valentine pressed into service W. N. Carter, and both went to Franklin's house to arrest him.

On arriving at the house, Valentine went to the front door and got in, and the negro drew his pistol and fired at him. The ball entered his left side and penetrated the stomach. The negro wrenched Valentine's pistol from him, and it fired, striking the negro in the shoulder. Valentine was fatally wounded.

The negro is still at large, and is being chased by a posse of men.

### Lumber Plants May Close.

The lumbermen of North and South Carolina met in Sumter the past week. The meeting was held behind closed doors and the only statement given out was to the effect that the separation of the South Carolina men from the North Carolina Association was not mentioned. It was decided by the mill men of both states to close their mills for thirty days to secure better prices and conditions. It was also decided to hold a meeting of the representatives from both states at Norfolk, August 6, when an effort will be made to extend the general movement for better prices into Virginia and Maryland. Should the mills close down thousands of employees will be thrown out of work.

The lumbermen will not discuss the matter, save to say that nothing will be done until the association considers the proposition next month.

### Restriction to Be Tested.

An interesting suit has been started in the state circuit court at Charleston to test the legality of the restriction placed upon its employees by the Atlantic Coast Line, which requires them to join the relief association and forbids them from entering suit for such damages as they may receive. The point is to be made in the case of Norris S. Neville, who was hurt in the capsizing of a flat car in process of unloading. In this case, the section master is also made a party to the suit for the purpose of preventing the railroad company from moving the cause to the United States court, frequently done under the non-resident provision.

On account of these two questions, the suit becomes one of great importance, although brought only for the sum of \$10,000, for a victory for the plaintiff will probably prove the breaking up of the relief system and the filing of many actions against the road.

### Meeting of Farmers' Union.

The state convention of the Farmers' Union of South Carolina was held in Greenwood, and was a success in every feature.

Mayor Baker of Greenwood delivered the address of welcome. The initial session was occupied in routine work and the appointment of committees. Warehouses, fertilizers and the immigration question received due consideration. The principal feature of the first day's session was the magnificent address of Chas. S. Barrett of Georgia, national president of the union. The address was well received and frequently interrupted by applause. G. M. Davis of Georgia made a strong speech at night.

At the second day's session the re-

ports of the committees on warehouses and fertilizers were received. The report of the committee on warehouses shows a number of warehouses now chartered and in full operation. The report of the committee on fertilizers was full and comprehensive.

J. C. Stribling of Anderson was elected delegate to the national convention, which meets in Little Rock, September 3. W. C. Moore, with others, will represent the Farmers' Union of this state at the spinners' and growers' convention to be held in Atlanta in October.

The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: O. P. Goodwin, president; T. T. Wakefield, vice president; B. F. Earl, secretary; J. B. Black, chaplain; H. T. Campbell, doorkeeper; C. W. Dickerson and W. E. Hopkins, sergeant-at-arms. Executive committee is as follows: J. B. Pickett, John T. Boggs, J. C. Brown, W. L. Kenedy and W. L. Anderson.

The convention was, in every way, most successful, and shows the strength of the Farmers' Union in South Carolina. More than half of the counties of the state have organizations, and the work is progressing rapidly and satisfactorily. The outlook for the present year gives promise of every county in the state being fully organized.

The officers elected express themselves as being confident that almost every person in the state who is eligible for membership will become connected with the union during the year.

### SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

Noted by Georgia and Alabama Industrial Index.

The Georgia and Alabama Industrial Index says in issue of the past week: "News of plans for the building of more cotton factories and more inter-urban electric railways and a typical purchase by Ohio and Pennsylvania capitalists of a large tract of South Alabama land upon which improvements to cost \$100,000 will be made are interesting features of advance reports to the Index this week.

"A \$200,000 cotton mill is projected at Junction City, Ga. At Douglasville, Ga., a company which is to build a \$200,000 cotton mill, has effected organization, will subscribe the entire capital stock and by January 1, 1908, expects to have a 10,000 spindle factory in operation.

"Electric railways between Blackshear, Ga., and Waycross, Ga., and between Eatonton, Ga., and Madison, Ga., are projected. Organization will be effected in a few days by the company which will build an electric railway, previously reported, between Quitman, Ga., and Valdosta, Ga.; surveys are being made for the line projected between Griffin, Ga., and Social Circle, Ga., and contracts will be awarded and construction begin in a few days upon the electric railway between Macon, Ga., and Albany, Ga., via Americus, Ga.

"Besides the development of water power and the supplying of electric energy for the manufacturing purposes, no one factor promises more for the upbuilding of Georgia and Alabama than the building of inter-urban electric lines, by bringing great resources into close touch with markets, will increase the rural population so that one town and village with its schools, churches and smaller industrial enterprises will hardly leave off before another begins, eventually.

### WILLIAMS A WINNER.

According to Unofficial Returns from Mississippi Election.

A New Orleans dispatch says: Complete returns from Mississippi give Williams the election with a plurality of 2,259 votes. This count is unofficial, but is based on the official returns made by individual counties.

E. F. Noel and Earl Brewer are the two leaders in the gubernatorial race, according to the count, and will enter the final primary.

### JONES IS OPTIMISTIC.

Says the Whole United States Will Go "Dry" Before Very Long.

"Every state in the union will, at a comparatively early date, be free from legalized liquor traffic." This statement was made Thursday night by Charles R. Jones, chairman of the national prohibition committee. Mr. Jones based his optimistic prediction on the action of Georgia in enrolling itself among the "dry" states.

### EMPLOYEES IN BIG LUCK.

Wealthy Hat Manufacturer Left Business to Them on His Death.

Dying in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, from the wound inflicted by Frank H. Warner, who just before had killed his former cashier, Miss Norling, John C. Wilson, a hat manufacturer, left his business and personal estate valued at more than \$1,000,000 to six of his employees and Bernard J. McCann, an old friend, to share and share alike. Mr. Wilson had no near relatives.

## ON STATES RIGHTS

### Supreme Court of South Carolina Renders Decision.

### GARY BIFFS PRITCHARD

Damage Case Against Atlantic Coast Line is Kept from Federal Court. Road is Declared Domestic or a Common Trespasser.

Justice Ernest Gary of the South Carolina supreme court, at Columbia, Thursday, delivered an opinion in a states rights case. It was in the suit of W. G. Geraty against the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad company. Judge Gary's ruling is of more than ordinary interest, for it is in direct opposition to a recent opinion handed down in the federal court by Judge J. C. Pritchard in a similar case.

This is a case for damages against the Atlantic Coast Line for a sum exceeding \$2,000. Relying upon the decision of Judge Pritchard in the case of Leo vs. the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad company, in which it was held that the defendant corporation was not to be considered a domestic corporation of the state of South Carolina, but a Virginia corporation, and property within the jurisdiction of the United States court, in such cases alleging damages, the defendant company made a motion before Judge Gary, which was argued before him at chambers, in Columbia, last week, to set aside the service of summons in this case on the ground that the defendant is not a corporation organized under the laws of South Carolina, as alleged in the complaint.

Judge Gary dismissed the motion, holding that this railroad company is a South Carolina corporation. If it is not a domestic corporation, then he holds "the operation of its railroads in this state is unlawful."

The opinion was filed Thursday night with the clerk of the court of common pleas for Charleston county. It is not known what will be the next step to be taken by counsel for the defendant company.

Judge Gary's decision is that the Atlantic Coast Line company was formed by merger enactment of the constitution of 1905. Therefore the Coast Line is operating in South Carolina under a charter given by the state. And if it is not, then it is a trespasser and has no right within the state, under Judge Gary's ruling. He declares a "domestic corporation" to be a foreign corporation, and insists that the laws of the state apply to one just as to the other.

### WILLIAMS LEADS VARDAMAN.

According to Unofficial Returns from Mississippi State Election.

Mississippians held their state election Thursday. The returns first received from more than one-half of the counties showed a maintained majority in favor of Williams of about three to one, but this majority, it is claimed at the headquarters of Governor Vardaman, will be counterbalanced by the vote in the rural precincts, many of which had not been heard from. At Williams' headquarters his election is claimed by a majority of 20,000.

In the contest for governor Charles Scott was leading. His nearest competitor being E. F. Noel, and a second primary will doubtless be necessary to decide.

A complete state ticket was voted for as well as county officers in every county.

### TO DAVIS AND MORGAN

Alabama Will Erect Monuments Through Legislative Action.

The Alabama senate has passed bills for monuments to the late Senator Morgan and Jefferson Davis, first and only president of the confederacy. The Morgan monument is to take the only remaining place of the state in Statuary Hall, Washington, and will cost \$15,000.

The Davis monument is to have place on the capitol grounds in Montgomery and will cost \$15,000.

### NEGRO VILLAGE WIPED OUT.

Wisconsin Farmers Object to Black Colony in Their Midst.

Porterville, a newly organized village in Wisconsin, the inhabitants of which are negroes, was completely destroyed by fire Saturday night. It is reported that the fire was started by farmers, who were incensed at the action of the negroes in building up a negro village in the vicinity.

## COTTON HAS IMPROVED.

Government Report for July 25 Shows Good Average Condition—Three Per Cent Gain Over June.

The crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture at Washington finds from the reports of the correspondents and agents of the bureau that the average condition of cotton on July 25 was 75.0 as compared with 72.0 on June 25, 1907; 82.9 on July 25, 1906; 74.9 on July 25, 1905, and a ten-year average of 82.6.

The following table shows the condition on July 25 in each state:

Virginia	65
North Carolina	75
South Carolina	81
Georgia	81
Florida	81
Alabama	82
Mississippi	71
Louisiana	71
Texas	75
Arkansas	68
Tennessee	75
Missouri	66
Oklahoma	74
Indian Territory	74
United States	75

When the report was posted in the New Orleans exchange at 11 o'clock Friday morning, there was an advance in values. The October option, which stood at 12.22 just before the report was made, jumped to 12.48 on the first bid and then advanced to 12.50. There were similar advances on the other options. It was generally expected that the report would be bullish in its nature, but it was never anticipated that it would be lower than 77, and when 75 was posted as the condition, even the most sanguine of the bulls were thoroughly surprised.

At New York the report was considered bullish, and there was considerable excitement in the local futures market. The immediate effect was an advance of 25 to 50 points from the low point of the morning.

### CHINAMEN ON BLOODY RAID.

New York Clan Swoops Down on Boston Colony and Kills Three.

Burning with hatred for their deadly enemies belonging to the rival on Long Tong Society, a band of New York Chinamen, numbering a dozen or more, and said to be members of the notorious Hip Sing Tong organization, entered a narrow alley in Chinatown at Boston, Mass., Friday night and, drawing revolvers, fired upon half a hundred Chinamen, killing three and injuring seven. At the first volley the Chinamen rushed for their quarters, stumbling over one another in their haste to reach shelter. The Hip Sing Tong men chased their victims into their own doorways and shot them down as they rushed upstairs or into side rooms. Then casting away their guns, the strange visitors ran away from the Chinese quarters, most of them escaping the police.

Immediately after the shooting, one of the Hip Sing Tong men from New York was captured by a policeman as he was running away. The man gave the name of Nim Sing. He was dressed in American clothes. Later an officer at the south station took into custody Hong Woon, aged 34, of New York, whose hands were powder stained. Both prisoners are charged with manslaughter.

The police placed under arrest on suspicion seven other Chinese who are strangers in the local colony.

The shooting occurred in Oxford place, in the center of Chinatown, where about fifty Chinamen were smoking in the open air. Fully fifty shots were fired. That the visitors shot with careful accuracy was apparent from the fact that each of the three killed was shot through the heart.

The trouble has been anticipated for more than a week. About ten days ago nearly a dozen Chinamen who were all strangers, came to Boston and rented rooms near Chinatown.

### RAMASES AN OLD FRAUD.

Is Not Entitled to Credit Given Him by Historians.

Egyptologists claim they have discovered that Ramesses II was a fraud and that he is not entitled to the appellation of "great" which historians have given him. Recent explorations have developed the fact that the many temples and monuments bearing his name, and therefore supposed to be his work, existed a thousand years before him. The explorers believe the king was vain and caused his name to be cut everywhere.

### COMER SIGNS CLOSING BILL.

Alabama Saloons Must Shut Doors Early After First of Year.

The saloons of Alabama, after the first day of next January, will have to close up early. Those in cities of over 15,000 at 9 p. m., 15,000 down to 10,000 at 8 p. m. and below that at 7. The bill to this effect has been signed by Governor Comer and becomes a law the first of the year.