

SUFFRAGETTES STORM PARLIAMENT

Probably 100,000 Participated in a Mob Scene in London.

ONE WOMAN A HEROINE.

BY STRATEGY SHE RUSHES PAST GUARDS, APPEARS BEFORE HOUSE AND ASKS MEMBERS TO CONSIDER THE WOMEN.

London, Oct. 14.—The climax of the suffragette campaign was reached last night when an enormous mob hemmed in Parliament and stopped traffic in all streets leading to Westminster. For more than three hours the crowds scuffled good naturedly with the police, interfered with theater goers, broke windows and disorganized things generally in the central part of London.

The heroine of the day was Mrs. Travers Symonds, formerly secretary to James Kier-Hardie, the socialist and Independent member of Parliament, who reached the door of the house of commons by strategy. The house was debating a bill to prevent children from cigarette smoking when the woman dashed past the doorkeeper to a position in front of the speaker's chair and shouted:

"Leave off discussing children and talk about women."

Three officials seized Mrs. Symonds and carried her out. She was led to the outer door and dismissed. As a result of the coup an order was issued that hereafter women shall not be permitted to the building on any pretext whatever, and in the future the historic grille will not screen feminine spectators.

The appeal issued by the suffragettes a few days ago for 50,000 persons to help them "rush" Parliament at 7:30 o'clock last evening was the most successful stroke yet. Not less than twice that number responded to the call, and nine-tenths of these were young persons who came to see the fun. There was also a few hundred of the unemployed and their sympathizers.

Parliament in State of Siege.

Parliament was in a state of siege. A close triple line of police was drawn around the three sides of the square in front of the building. The yard within the gates swarmed with police and 200 guarded the terrace in the rear against assault by water, which the women twice attempted. A small fleet of police boats also patrolled the Thames approaches.

Football Rush Attempted.

A delegation of thirteen suffragettes, which approached the police cordon and was formally refused admission to Parliament, attempted a football rush, but the police chivalrously repulsed the women with the least possible roughness. Two bodies of the unemployed, however, which approached the line were driven off with little saving grace, one across Westminster Bridge and the other to St. James Park.

The police were pelted with vegetables and some stones in a few minor skirmishes, but nobody was seriously hurt.

Twenty-four suffragettes and twelve of the unemployed were arrested. Many persons fainted. A few were trampled upon and taken to the hospitals.

"INDIVIDUAL" GETS BUT ONE DOLLAR

Woman Wills Man Who Wed Her a Small Sum.

Chicago, Oct. 14.—Andrew Heckler, by the terms of his wife's will, filed in the probate court is bequeathed \$1, payable in four monthly installments of 25 cents. In the document the woman, Mrs. Catherine E. Heckler, of Portland, Ore., referred to Heckler as: "The individual who married me in 1905 in San Diego, Cal., and who got from me thousands of dollars, and when he could get no more deserted me."

SUSANNE: Good housewives prefer Gold Medal Flour.



WE COULDN'T AFFORD to send you a poor grade of coal the first time or subsequently, if we wanted to remain in business for the first bad lot would mean our last order. We have the coal to make your fire for heating or cooking, burn the way you want it, most of heat, least of ash, nothing of slate or dirt. Only reason for asking your orders.

H. C. BULLERDICK & SON
Phone 1235

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,

Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY EDWARD J. CLODE.

"Yes. It was no good trying to bluff him. Only on the guarantee that I would never meet Miss Atherley again would he consent not to expose me. I'm done. My last chance is gone. I have wasted my money on Grenier's mad notions and was fool enough to think you meant what you said when you swore to have Anson's life."

Grenier, who had heard every word, repeated.

"Does Philip Anson know that Mr. James Crichton Langdon is Sir Philip Morland's stepson?" he asked.

"I can't tell. What does it matter, anyhow?"

"Think, man, think! Does he even know your name?"

"He can easily find it out."

"Not he. This young spark has a fine sense of honor. You promised to keep away from the lady in future. He will never even mention you. And your money is not lost. It has been well spent, every farthing. Take care Miss Evelyn does not see you until she is heartbroken about Philip Anson. She will be, you can be quite sure of it. Then your opportunity will come."

CHAPTER XVII.

PHILIP walked on roses during those glorious days. He had found his mate. His life was complete. How bright the world and how fair the future.

The only disagreeable incident marring the utter joy of existence, and that only for an instant, was his encounter with Langdon at Mrs. Atherley's pretty flat in Mount street.

Grenier, endowed by nature with an occasional retrospective glimpse of a nobler character, read him correctly when he said that Anson would never condescend to name the intruder in the presence of the woman he loved.

But he did ask a servant who it was with whom he had just been conversing in the entrance hall, and the girl said the gentleman was a Mr. Langdon. No; Mrs. Atherley did not know him well. He was brought to her "at home" on a previous Wednesday by a friend.

Obviously Evelyn could not have more than a passing acquaintance with the man or she would have recognized him herself. Her agitation that night in the park, the terror of a difficult situation, was enough to account for her failure in this respect, nor was Philip then aware that at her previous meeting with Lady Morland's son she entertained a curious suspicion, instantly dispelled by his glib manner, that Langdon was the man who sought to thrust his unwelcome attentions upon her.

Mount street—how came Mrs. Atherley and her daughter to return to the precincts of Mayfair? That was a little secret between Philip and Lord Vanstone.

When Evelyn slyly endeavored to make her new admirer understand that there could be no intimacy between a millionaire and a young lady who was embarking on a professional career—she thought so, he recorded; this is no canon of art—he seemingly disregarded the hint, but interviewed Lord Vanstone next morning.

The conversation was stormy on one side and emphatic on the other. Philip had heard sufficient of Mrs. Atherley's history by judicious inquiry to enable him to place some unpleasant facts before his lordship.

When the facts had been thrust down the aristocratic gorge Anson turned to pleasanter topics. He informed Lord Vanstone, who bore the

title as the third son of a marquis, that his niece's future was more important than his lordship's dignity. He must eat mud for her sake, and willingly withal.

Various firms of solicitors set to work, and, marvelous to relate, Lord Vanstone was able to write and inform his half sister that certain speculations in which he had invested her fortune were turning out well. A cash payment of £2,000 would be made to her at once, and she possessed an assured income of at least £1,500 per annum during the remainder of her life.

The poor lady had heard these fairy tales before. Indeed, some such story of more gorgeous proportions had converted her consols into waste paper.

But a lawyer, not Lord Vanstone, sent her a check for the larger amount and at a subsequent interview affirmed the statements made by her unreliable relative.

So she went back to her caste, and her caste welcomed her with open arms, and the dear woman thanked Providence for the decree that her daughter might now accept the attentions of any man, no matter how rich he might be, for she saw the drift of Philip's wishes, and if Evelyn were married to him, surely all their previous trials might be deemed fortunate. She little dreamed that imperious Philip had ordered matters his own way.

It was not to his thinking that his bride should come to him from the genteel obscurity of Middle Crescent. He would give her a great position, worthy of the highest in the land, and it was better for her that he should woo and win her from the ranks of her order.

It should not be imagined that he was hasty in his decision. To his mind, Evelyn and he were known to each other since they were children. It was not by the wayward caprice of chance that he met her on the night of the meteor's fall nor again that he came to her assistance a second time after the lapse of years.

It was his mother's work. He was faithful to her memory—she to her trust. Never did his confidence waver. On the day that Evelyn consented to marry him he showed her his mother's photograph and told her his belief.

The girl's happy tears bedewed the picture.

"A good husband."

she murmured. "Mamma says I have been a good daughter, and I will try to be a good wife, Philip."

Apparently these young people had attained the very pinnacle of earthly happiness. There was no cloud, no obstacle. All that was best in the world was at their feet.

Some such thought flitted through Philip's active brain once when Evelyn and he were discussing the future.

"Of course we will be busy," he said, laughing. "You are such an industrious little woman—what? Well, such an industrious little woman that the days won't be long enough for all you will find to do. As for me, I suppose I must try and earn a penny, just to give you your proper place in society, and then we will grow old gracefully."

"Oh, Philip," she cried, placing her hands on his shoulders, "we met once as children for a few minutes! Fate ordained that we should meet again under strange circumstances. We were separated for years. Can fate play us any unkindly trick that will separate us again?"

"Well, sweetheart, fate, in the shape of Fate, is coming for me at 6. Unless you wish me to send for my man and dress here!"

"Sometimes I cannot quite credit my good fortune," she said softly. "Tell me, dearest, how did you manage to live until you were twenty-five without falling in love with some other girl?"

"That is ridiculously easy. Tell me how you managed to escape matrimony until you were twenty-two and you are answered."

"Philip, I—I liked you that night I saw you in the square. You were a wondrous little boy, but you were so brave and gave me your hand to help me from the carriage with the air of a young lord."

"And I have cherished your face in my waking dreams ever since. You looked like a fairy. And how you stuck up for me against your uncle!"

"Tell me, what did you think of me when you saw me standing disconsolate in the park?"

Tell, tell, tell—it was nothing but sweet questions and sweet assurances that this pair of turtle doves had been seeking each other through all eternity. Their wedding was fixed for the middle of July. Sharp work, it may be said, but what need was there to wait? Mr. Abington was greatly pleased with Philip's choice and urged him to settle down at the earliest possible date.

Mrs. Atherley, too, raised no protest. The sooner her beloved daughter was married the more rapidly would life resume its normal aspect. They would not be long parted from each other.

The young people had no housekeeping cares. Philip's mansions were replete with all that could be desired by the most fastidious taste. His yacht was brought to the Solent so that they could run over to Portsmouth on a motor car. In every respect Philip and Evelyn instantly determined that their honeymoon in Etruria should be curtailed to permit them to go for a three weeks' cruise around the British coast.

This suggestion of course appealed to Philip. Nothing could be more delightful. He whispered in Evelyn's ear that he would hug her for the idea at the first favorable opportunity.

One morning, a day of June rain, a letter reached Philip. It bore the printed superscription, "The Hall, Betham, Devon," but this was struck out and another address substituted. It was written in a scrawling, wavering hand, the calligraphy of a man old and very ill. It read:

My Dear Philip—I am lying at the point of death, so I use no laborious words to explain why I address you in such manner. I want to tell you how bitterly I regret the injustice I showed to your dear mother and my sister. If, of your charity, you will come to my bedside and tell me I can meet the coming ordeal strong in the certainty that Mary Anson will not refuse what you have given in her behalf. Your sorrowing uncle.

PHILIP MORLAND.

With this piteous epistle was inclosed another:

Dear Mr. Anson—I join my earnest supplication to your husband's that you will console his last hours with a visit. He blames himself for what has happened in the past, yet the fault was more mine than his—far more. For his sake I will, if I have time, tell you how much I regret my sin. Ruined in fortune, with my husband at death's door, I am indeed a sorrowing woman. Yours faithfully,

LOUISA MORLAND.

The angular Italian handwriting of the second letter recalled a faded script in his safe at that moment. The address in each case was a village on the Yorkshire coast, a remote and inaccessible place according to Philip's unaided recollection of the map. "Grange House" might be a farm or a broken down manor, and Lady Morland's admission of reduced circumstances indicated that they had chosen the locality for economy's sake.

These appeals brought a frown of indecision to Anson's brow. His uncle and his uncle's wife had unquestionably been the means of shortening and embittering his mother's life. The man might have acted in ignorance; the woman did not.

Yet what could he do? Refuse a dying relative's last request? They or one of them refused his mother's pitiful demand for a little pecuniary help at a time when they were rich.

And what dire mischance could have sunk them into poverty? Little more than two months had passed since Sir Philip Morland was inquiring for Messrs. Sharpe & Smith with a view toward making him his heir.

Was the inquiry Lady Morland's last ruse to save an encumbered estate? Why was all pretense of doubt as to his relationship swept aside so completely?

He glanced again at the address on the letter and asked a servant to bring him a railway guide. Then he ascertained that if he would reach Scarsdale that day he must leave London not

later than noon. There was a chance of nearly seven hours by rail; no chance of returning the same night.

He went to the library and rang up Sharpe & Smith on the telephone. A clerk assured him that Mr. Sharpe, who attended to Sir Philip Morland's affairs, had been summoned to Devonshire the previous day.

"To Devonshire?" cried Philip. "I have just received letters from Sir Philip and Lady Morland from Yorkshire."

"Mr. Sharpe himself is puzzled about the matter, sir. Lady Morland wrote from Yorkshire, but told him to proceed to Devonshire without delay."

"Has there been some unexpected development affecting the estate?"

"I am sorry, sir, but you will see I can hardly answer any further questions."

Of course the clerk was right. Philip had hardly quitted the telephone when a note reached him by hand from Evelyn: "Please come at once. Must see you."

He was at Mount street in three minutes.

Evelyn looked serious and began by holding out a letter to him. He recognized Lady Morland's writing.

"Philip—those people who behaved so badly to your mother!"

"Have they dared to trouble you?"

"Oh, it is so sad. Your uncle is dying. They are wretchedly poor; an unforeseen collapse. See." And she read:

Of your pity, Miss Atherley, ask your affianced husband to come to us and to help us. I want nothing for myself, but the mere sight of a few checks by my tradespeople, doctor and the rest will soothe Sir Philip's last hours. He is a proud man, and I know he is heartbroken to think he is dying a pauper among strangers.

So it ended as might be expected. Philip wrote to Charles House, Scarsdale, to announce his coming. Accompanied by his valet, he left King's Cross at 12 o'clock, but his parting words to Evelyn were:

"See Mr. Abington after luncheon, dear, and tell him what I am doing. I will return tomorrow, meanwhile I will keep you informed by telegraph of my movements."

After leaving the main line at York there was a tiresome crawl to the coast, broken by changes at junctions—wearily intervals spent in pacing monotonous platforms.

At last the train reached Scarsdale at twenty minutes to 7. A few passengers alighted. The place was evidently a small village not given over to the incursions of summer visitors.

A tall man with "decor" wait large on his silk hat and frock coat approached Philip.

"Mr. Anson?"

"Yes."

"I am Dr. Williams. I have brought you a letter from Lady Morland. Perhaps you will find it now. I expect it explains my errand."

"Sir Philip is still living?"

"Yes, but sinking fast."

Anson tore open the note. It was brief.

Thank you for your prompt kindness. Dr. Williams will drive you to the house. If you have brought a servant he might take your luggage to the Fox and Hounds inn, where Dr. Williams has secured rooms for you. I regret, specifically we have no accommodation here, but, in any event, you will be more comfortable at the inn.

He looked at the doctor. In a vague way his voice recalled accents he seemed to recognize.

"Is there a telegraph office here?"

"Yes. We pass it. It closed at 8."

"I will not be back from the Grange House before then?"

"Hardly. It is a half hour's drive."

"Thank you. You will stop a moment at the telegraph office?"

The doctor hesitated.

"There is so little time. Is it of great importance? Of course!"

"Oh, I know what to do! Green, take my traps to the Fox and Hounds inn; then go to the telegraph office and send a message in my name to Miss Atherley, saying: 'Arrived. Sir Philip worse.' That is all."

Anson's valet saluted and left them. Dr. Williams said cheerfully:

"That disposes of a difficulty. Are you ready, Mr. Anson?"

They entered a ramshackle dogcart, for which the doctor apologized.

"These hills knock one's conveyances to pieces. I am having a new cart built, but it will be done for in a couple of years. Out in all weathers, you see. To carry you I had to leave my man at home."

The doctor himself seemed to be young and smart looking. Evidently Scarsdale agreed with him if not with his vehicles. The horse, too, was a good one, and they moved through a scattered village at a quick trot.

They met a number of people, but Dr. Williams was talking so eagerly to his companion that he did not nod to any of them.

As the road began to climb toward a bleak moorland he became less voluble, more desirous to get Anson to speak. Philip thought that the doctor listened to him with a curious eagerness. Probably Sir Philip and Lady Morland impressed him as an odd

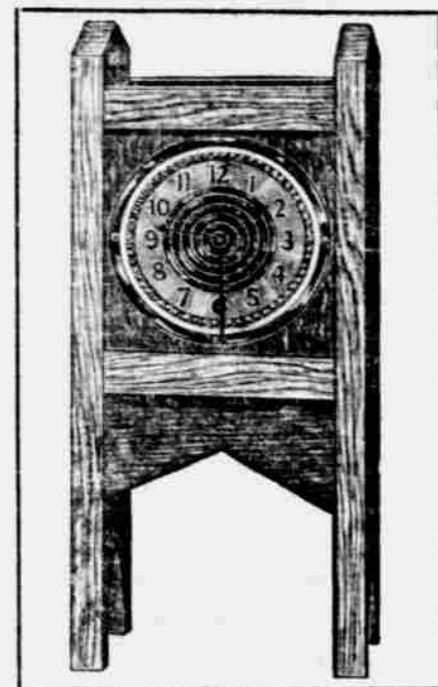


"Sir Philip is still living?"

couple. He would be anxious to learn what sort of relative this was who had traveled from London to see them. Philip was in small humor for conversation. He looked forward to an exceedingly unpleasant interview.

Knollenberg's Notion Dept

Handsome Mission Parlor and Alarm Clock - - - **\$1.22**



See Our
East
Window

See Our
East
Window

This guaranteed Clock is an excellent time keeper and attractive ornament. The movements are constructed with cut steel pinions throughout time and alarm trains, and all train wheels have cut teeth (not pressed). The case is absolutely dust proof. The frame is made of heavy oak, mission finish.

Just think of buying this handsome parlor and alarm clock, worth \$3.00 for

ONLY \$1.22

Notion Department

The Geo. H. Knollenberg Co.

SURPRISE ON WILEY.

A Large Number of Friends Were Present.

Bethel, Ind., Oct. 14.—Last Sunday being C. E. Wiley's birthday anniversary, his daughter, Mrs. Amber Ireland and his sister, Mrs. Jacob Polley, planned to surprise Mr. and Mrs. Wiley and their sons, Russell and Earl. The invited guests with well filled baskets gathered at their home while they were at church. Upon their return from church, they were greatly surprised to find the house filled to overflowing with neighbors and friends. After the dinner the afternoon was spent in a social manner.

Those present were: Mr. B. S. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Van Nuy, Mr. and Mrs. David Harlan, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Anderson, Masters Fred and George Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Anderson, Master Omer Mann, Mr. and Mrs. George Ireland, Masters Cornelius and Paul Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Polley, Ray Polley, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Davis, Master John Davis, Miss Mary Davis, Misses Frances and Hazel Harlan, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Endsley, Miss Lillian Endsley, Mrs. A. L. Wiley and Mrs. Jane Anderson of Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boren and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt of Fountain City, Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Coffey, Master Denver Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt, Master Dyon Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wiley, Miss Gladys Wiley, Mr. and Mrs. George Reid and Mrs. Boone Barton, Miss Esther Reid of Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Elliot and Miss Blossom Elliot, of Ellet, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ireland, Mrs. Nora Spencer and Miss Vinetta Hughes of Hollansburg, O.

"Is that the Grange House?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Why on earth did two old people, one of them an invalid, select such a lonely residence?"

"That has been puzzling me for days."

"How long have they been here?"

"I cannot say. I was only called in four days ago."

They passed a policeman patrolling his country beat. The doctor gave him an affable smile. The man saluted promptly, but looked after them with a puzzled air. He continued to watch them at intervals until they reached the Grange House.

Anson noticed that the track—it was a gate guarded bridge path now—mounted steadily to the very threshold. "The place stands on the edge of a cliff," he said.

"Yes. It was built by some recluses. The rock falls sheer—indeed, slopes inward to some extent—for 300 feet."

"Some day, I suppose, it will fall into the sea."

"Probably, but not in our time. Here we are. Just allow me to hitch the reins to the gate post."

He jumped lightly out of the dogcart.

"Are there no servants?"

"Only an old woman and her daughter. They are busy at this hour."

Philip understood that a meal might be in preparation. He hoped not. Personally he could not eat there.

Dr. Williams pressed the latch of an old fashioned door. He whispered:

"Be as quiet as possible. He may be asleep. If he is, it will not be for long. Poor fellow."

Indeed the doctor himself betrayed some slight agitation now. He perspired somewhat, and his hand shook.

Anson followed him into a somber apartment, crudely furnished, half dining room, half kitchen. Though the light of a June evening was clear enough outside, the interior of the house was gloomy in the extreme. There were some dark curtains shrouding a doorway.

"Lady Morland is in there," murmured the doctor brokenly. "Will you go to her?"

Philip obeyed in silence. He passed through the curtains. It was so dark that he imagined he must be in a passage with a door at the other end.

(Continued.)

You Can Have a Cool Kitchen.

A soap that can be used without boiling is a great blessing to woman-kind. Its use means the absence of those steamy, sudsy smells that makes wash day intolerable. Think of avoiding the roasting fires, and the big fuel bills that go with them. All this comfort may be had by the users of Easy Task soap. Isn't it worth a trial? So a cake everywhere.

PROVIDE PERFECT PROTECTION FOR YOUR FAMILY HOME INCOME...

By Insuring With E. B. KNOLLENBERG, 11 South 8th Street

Dr. A. O. Martin, Dentist

For satisfactory plate work. Special service on repair work. Colonial Bk. New phone 1637.

\$41.55

One Way to
California
Washington
Oregon
Etc.

Call C. C. & L.
Agt for Particulars.
Home Tel. 2062

Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Co.

Eastern Division

(Time Table Effective Oct. 27, 1907.)
Trains leave Richmond for Indianapolis and intermediate stations at:
6:00 a. m. *7:25, 8:00, *9:25, 10:00,
11:00, 12:00, 1:00, *2:25, 3:00, 4:00,
*5:25, 6:00, 7:30, *8:40, 9:00, 10:00,
11:10.

*Limited trains.
Last car to Indianapolis, 8:40 p. m.
Last car to New Castle, 10:00 p. m.
Trains connect at Indianapolis for
Lafayette, Frankfort, Crawfordsville,
Terre Haute, Clinton, Sullivan, Paris
(Ills.) Tickets sold through.

WE PACK FURNITURE

FOR SHIPPING OR STORAGE

DUNHAM'S

FURNITURE STORE

627-629 MAIN ST.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS PAY.