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LITTLE MADELINE;

OR, A HEART'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"What has happened?" I cried, running up and facing the terror-stricken men.

One of them, Michael Pennaur, a stalwart fellow of five-and-twenty, stepped forward and acted as spokesman.

"What you always said would happen, Master Hugh, but the main shaft was flooded with the sea. What this betokened I well knew; if the sea had entered, that portion of the mine was destroyed forever."

"That's a bad word to come about; and if there is no one down below, and no life lost, perhaps 'tis all for the best."

"As I spoke, I saw them look wildly at one another, and I guessed that I guessed that they had something more to tell."

"What is it, lads?" I cried.

"Come outside, Master Hugh," answered Michael Pennaur. "I'll tell you there."

"But my aunt, with a wild cry, sprang forward and grasped him by the arm."

"You shall tell it now!" she cried. "I can see it in your face, and my dreams have come true. Summit's him speak!"

"At that moment Annie entered the room, descending from the chamber above, and the moment she appeared my aunt addressed her wildly.

"You had come in time, Annie Pendragon. All clear directly my resolve was made. Listen, lads!" I said. "There's hope yet, and I'm going down."

"Oh, Hugh, what is it?" exclaimed poor Annie, coming to my side. I told her that the waters had flooded the mine.

"And father? where is father?" she said, with a sharp presentiment of the truth.

Michael Pennaur exchanged another rapid look with his companions, and then replied:

"Your father he down below, with the young master!"

"My aunt uttered a scream, and threw her hands up into the air.

"Dead!" she cried, "my dream again! You had killed him, Annie—you had killed your father!"

"No, no mother! Don't say that!"

"Speak, lads!" I said. "Tell me every word of God's work!"

Then Michael Pennaur, as spokesman, told me, in a few rapid words, all he knew; that in the course of the afternoon George Redruth had succeeded the mine in company with my uncle for the purpose of inspecting the outer galleries—my uncle, indeed, having fetched him for that very purpose; that suddenly, while all were busy below, the alarm had been given, and that several of the tools, the men had rushed up the ladders, while simultaneously they heard a rush and roar like the sound of the entering sea; that as they ascended in wild alarm, the lower ladder broke beneath the weight of some of the men, who were precipitated with it into the darkness; and that, finally, when they collected at the mouth of the mine, they missed, besides several of their comrades, both George Redruth and my uncle.

I rushed to the door. By this time it was quite dark, and it was blowing hard from the southwest, with hail and rain. I thought with horror of that submarine darkness, and of those who were lying even then within it, alive or dead. My mind was made up in a moment. I did not even wait to speak to Annie or my aunt, but, calling on the men to follow me, ran right away in the direction of the mine.

The men followed me in a body. When we reached the cliffs we found the wild news had spread, and an excited throng was gathered at the mine-head, the weight of some of which cast lurid gleams on the rainy darkness. A heavy sea was rolling in on the strand beneath, and the white billows were flashing and crashing.

Some of these were shaky, and I had to use great caution; but I knew the way blindfold, and all my hope of the place stood me in good stead.

At last, with no harm done to anyone, we reached the central platform. Here the roar was deafening, and the solid rock seemed splitting with the sound.

I bent over the abyss, and held down the light, using my hand as a reflector. Surely enough, several of the ladders had broken away, leaving only the precipitous shaft, steep as the sides of a well. I strained my eyes into the darkness, and fancied I discerned, far beneath, something like the gleam of a dusky water! Then I shouted—but my shout was drowned in the subterranean tumult.

On the central platform was a windlass, with the portion of an old disused crane. Round this I passed one of the ropes, instructing the men to hold one end and gradually give way or draw in as I should direct. Then I took the other end, and fastened it securely under my armpits.

"It be now use, Master Hugh!" cried Michael Pennaur. "Dawn't 'e go. It be giving to your death!"

But finding that I was not to be persuaded, I bravely followed, wrapping my hand, and promised to do his best to help me; nor were the others less kindly and sympathetic. As they lowered me over the platform, I put my foot against the rope, and the slinky ropes, but the next moment I was suspended in air. Slowly, carefully, I let me down, the candle on my person flickering and dancing, and lighting up the damp and oozy walls. In every step I descended, my foot rested on a ladder, descending which I reached the lowest platform of all.

Looking up, I saw far above me, as in a narrow shaft, the faces of the men. I shouted to them, but they could not hear; but I waved a signal to them, and they answered back. Then I released myself from the rope and prepared to look around.

Suddenly my foot struck against something soft, like a body; and, stooping down, light in hand, I saw the face of a man lying among the dead, and dreadfully disfigured. It was Jen Tredgar, a colossal young fellow from Penzance, six feet high, and weighing over fifteen stone. From his head, which was broken, and death had been instantaneous.

Full of a new horror, I leaned over the platform and looked down. As I did so, my good went round, and I should have fallen had I not clutched again at the rope, which swung loose close to my hands.

Light under me, flooding the bottom of the mine, roared the sea, boiling backward and forward with pulsations and surges, and galling ladders through which it had broken in. A salt spray rose from it, and the walls of the shaft were dripping and dashed with clots of foam. From below, where I stood, the last ladders had been entirely washed off or broken away.

The roar was deafening, but I shouted with all my might. I paused and listened, no answer came.

Again I shouted; again I paused and listened.

Suddenly, from the darkness beneath, I heard a faint voice answering me.

"My heart stood still. Then, with an effort, I shouted again.

The faint cry was repeated.

"Who's there?" I called; but the sound of my voice was blown away, and only the same faint cry came in answer.

I seized the rope, and looking up to the men above me, pointed downward; they signalled, and seemed to understand. Then I secured the rope again under my armpits, and signalled to the men to give away, swinging over the platform.

My instructions to the men had been simple. When I tugged once at the rope they were to lower away, and when I tugged twice they were to stop lowering, when I tugged three times, sharply, they were to haul in. The further I descended, the greater grew my peril; for the rope was not a strong one, and many of the outcropping points of rock were sharp enough to sever it by friction; and to which, that the long swing at such a distance rendered it liable to break should there by anywhere a weak or rotten strand.

As I went down, I was conscious of flying spray and splashing water, and when I had descended some fifteen yards, my feet touched the sea. However, I made no sign, but entered the water, and tugged at the rope. Then I tugged twice at the rope and looked about me.

The spot where I stood formed a sort of submerged shingle, sloping down to the deeper portions of the sea and galleries. On every side the sea rushed and boiled. As I stood there, it surged up to my breast and extinguished the lights I carried on my person—only those escaping which were stuck, miserably, in my hat by friction.

I shouted again, almost despairing of an answer. To my amazement, a voice answered close by, and, straining my eyes, I saw, crouching on a ledge of rock, just flashing water, two human figures with their heads and arms raised.

One sat recumbent with his head against the wall; the other lay senseless, resting his head on the first one's lap. More like gnomes or wild beasts they looked, dripping wet, and covered with silt and ooze. But even in the faint light I recognized them.

The man sitting was my uncle, John Pendragon. The man lying senseless was George Redruth.

(To be continued.)

"I reckon you don't often have such a jolly little party as this to drive?" remarked one of a rather noisy company of young fellows during a day's drive in the country.

"Not now!" was the quiet response of the driver. "I ain't driven such a lot 'sin' I left my last job!" "What was that?" "Coachman at a lunatic asylum!" came the cool reply.

KEY TO A SUCCESSFUL LIFE

Secret Whereby Reverses May be Transformed Into Triumphs.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, by Wm. Bailey, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says:—Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Joshua 1, 5, "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee."

One of the greatest novels ever written, so considered by many of our best critics, is Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Misérables." Amid all the art gallery of that treasure trove, the most wonderful description is the word painting by which the denouncer of "Napoleon the Little" pictures the downfall of "Napoleon the Great" at the battle field of Waterloo. When this great masterpiece of literature, in French, French colossus, the earth trembles and the dead centuries come forth out of their dusty tombs and look on the perpetual wonderment.

Yet almost in reading the thrilling story I am impressed with the thought of what happened as what did not happen. For many hours the eagle of victory seemed undecided which standard to alight. She yielded forth some thirty, some sixty, and some hundred fold. It was God's work, and God's work alone.

GOD WILL BLESS OUR WORK.

God will bless the lives of modern Christian workers over through the death of his servants. Death is often a spiritual pruning hook. It lops off certain branches of the great tree of the human race in order that the other branches may better develop and grow. We are all ready to recognize the usefulness of a pruning hook in a temporal sense. Why can we not do this in a spiritual sense? Let me illustrate this truth in a simple way: Some years ago there lived your town a noble, true family, who was the father of a large family. Suddenly he died. The friends who came into the bereft home not only sympathized with the widow because she had lost her husband, but because she seemed to have no visible means of support. Her eldest son was a nothing. He was a hotheaded man. He had demanded in the past entirely upon his father. Mentally and morally he seemed to be entirely unfitted to assume the responsibilities of the home. But hardly had the father died, but change came over the boy. Instead of being clinging, vine he stiffened into a stalwart oak. He went to work to supply bread for that family of little ones. He became the staff upon which his mother leaned. It was the death of his father that developed him. It was the hillock of a paternal grave which the son was able to find to \$1,200. Cows are unchanged at \$1.50 to \$3.70.

Butcher Cattle—There was again a scarcity in the best cattle, and 100 large percentage of rough and inferior stock offered. Quotations for the best are nominal, and prices all round are unchanged. There were quoted at \$4.40 to \$4.60. Choice yearlings at \$4.20 to \$4.40, and others at \$4.20 to \$4.30. Cows are unchanged at \$1.50 to \$3.70.

Export Cattle—Very few cattle were offered, and the demand was very light. Sales were few and far between, and quotations are nominal and unchanged. Extra choice 600 lb at \$4.70 to \$4.80, choice at \$4.40 to \$4.60, and others at \$4.20 to \$4.30. Cows are unchanged at \$1.50 to \$3.70.

THE SWBETEST NOTES OF GOD.

The sweetest gospel music is more often found in the choir of a dirge than to come from a fantasia or a serenade or a dithyramb. Mozart's "Last Requiem," composed for his own obsequies, was his masterpiece. A beautiful legend teaches this: Many years ago a German knight wanted to change the towers of his castle into a great aeolian harp. When the strings were first strung from the towers no sound came therefrom. No note was struck, because the slender fingers of the spirits of the summer winds were not strong enough to bend the strings upon their divine art. Lightly touch them. But when winter came, then the blizzards had wrists bunched with muscles. With the strong touch of musical masters they began to run the gamut of every scale. Accompanied by the shriekings of the tornadoes, the strings of the castled towers began to vibrate and send forth the sweetest of melodies. God sends his sweetest notes upon the harp strings of our spiritual hearts when we seem to be the most weak and helpless.

He often develops his children by the pruning hook of trouble. He makes us lean heaviest upon the divine heart when our own hearts have been gashed open by the gravest digger's spade, and when the dark nights of sorrow have obliterated all constellations save the one star which gleamed over the Bethlehem crib on the night that Jesus was born.

NEVER TOO OLD.

How old was Moses when he began to lead forth the children of Israel into the wilderness? Was he a young man? No. His hair must have been wrinkled. Michael Angelo's wonderful chisel has cut him in the Roman capital to-day, with arms and back knotted in muscles, with beard tossed of a tempest, with features swartly enough to frown upon any mob and with fist like a sledge hammer. But with all of Michael Angelo's genius he could not change the facts. His chisel had made a Moses an old man. He had almost passed his eightieth milestone of life when he went forth to liberate the children of Israel from Egypt.

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Aug. 25.—Wheat—Continues steady, 75c for old No. 2 red and white east, or middle freights. New red and white are quoted slightly easier in sympathy with Chicago, at 75c outside low freights to New York. Goose is quiet at 65c to 66c for No. 2 east. Spring wheat is steady at 74c for No. 1 and 78c for No. 2 east. Manitoba and 97c for No. 1 hard north, Georgian Bay ports, and 6c more grinding in transit.

Flour—Offerings are light, the demand is good, and the market keeps fairly firm. Local exporters are bidding \$2.90 for 90 cent patent, holders are asking \$2.95 and \$3.00. Canada flour is firm at \$4.45 for cars of Hungarian patents, \$4.15 for second patents and \$4.05 for strong bakers' bags included, on the track. Toronto.

Milled—Cans of shorts are unchanged. Cars of shorts are quoted at \$17.50 to \$18 and bran at \$13.50 to \$14 in bulk east or middle freights. Manitoba milled is steady at \$19 for cars of shorts and \$17 for bran, sacks included, Toronto freights.

Barley—Is steady at 42c for No. 3 extra and 40c for No. 3 and feed east or middle freights. American is steady at 59c for No. 2 east or middle freights. New is quoted at 49c to 50c outside.

Corn—Is steady. Canada is nominal at 54c for cars west. American is steady at 59c for No. 3 mixed, 60c for No. 3 yellow and 60c for No. 2 yellow in car lots on the track.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—There is a marked deterioration in the quality of the dairy pound rolls coming forward, and on account of this there is a better demand for good creamery prints. They are quoted 1c per lb. dearer at 19c to 20c. In other grades of butter it is a matter of pushing sales, and trade is dull. Quotations for dairies have an easier tone.

Creamery prints 19c 20c
do solids 17c 18c
Dairy pound rolls, choice 15c 16c
do tub, good to choice 14c 15c
do low grade to medium 12c 14c

Butter shipments from Canadian ports to Europe during week ending August 17 totalled 16,698 packages, against 16,621 for same week last year and 26,066 for 1901. Total shipments since May 1 are 136,142 packages, against 228,314 for the same time last year and 180,622 in 1901.

Cheese—The tone at outside points continues firm, and the market here keeps up in sympathy. Quotations are unchanged at 10c per lb. for large and 11c for small.

Shipments of cheese from Canadian ports to Europe during week ending August 17 totalled 115,270 boxes, against 39,368 for same week last year and 65,823 in 1901. Total shipments since May 1 are 1,026,396 for same time in 1902, and 770,152 in 1901.

Eggs—Receipts continue fairly free, but there is still a shortage of good eggs, and quotations are unchanged at 14c to 15c per dozen.

Poultry—The demand continues good, while there is still not much to be had. The market is quiet. Spring chickens are quoted at 11c to 12c per lb., fowls at 7c to 8c. These prices are for live weights.

Potatoes—Are offering freely. Quotations for out of store Ontario stocks are steady at 65c to 70c per bag.

Baled Hay—The market is easy in tone, but quotations are unchanged at \$8 per ton for car lots on the track here.

Baled Straw—Is unchanged at 05c per ton for car lots on the track here.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Aug. 25.—The market is unchanged and featureless. Manitoba wheat advanced owing to scarcity. No. 1 hard being quoted at 98c and No. 1 northern 96c at Goderich. No. 2 oats afloat, 35c; No. 2 oats, in store, 38c; for local trade. No. 2 peas, 61c high freights and 71c afloat; No. 2 rye, 52c east, 58c afloat; No. 3 extra barley, 43c middle freights and 51c afloat.

Hogs—The run was unusually heavy, but the demand was good and prices were well maintained. Selects are quoted at \$6.50 per cwt. and lights and fat at \$6.25.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, Aug. 25.—Wheat, foreign and English steady. Corn, American and Danubian, steady. Flour, American and English firm.

Paris, Aug. 25.—Wheat firm; Aug. 22c; 25c; November and February, 21c 55c. Flour firm; August, 50c 60c; November and February, 28c 60c. French country markets dull.

Antwerp, Aug. 25.—Wheat, spot firm; No. 2 red winter, 17c.

A NEW KIND OF GLASS.

A new kind of glass that resists great heat as well as sudden changes of temperature is made from Brazilian quartz pebbles, says an exchange. The pebbles are heated red-hot and then thrown into distilled water. The pieces are next selected, and welded with the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe into long stems like knitting needles, from which glass vessels of any shape can be made. The purest quartz glass is chiefly employed for making laboratory apparatus. Into a test-tube made in this way a white-hot coal can be dropped without breaking it. Vessels of other forms can be heated white-hot and then plunged into cold water without cracking.