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The Wilful Ottilie;

Or, The Privilege of a Princess.

CHAPTER I.

As the wind rattles the casement with impotent clutch, howls down the stair-turret with the voice of a despairing soul, creeps in long irregular waves between the tapestries and the granite walls of my chamber and wantons with the flames of logs and candles; knowing, as I do, that outside the snow is driven relentlessly by the gale, and that I can hope for no relief from the company of my wretched self,—for they who have learnt the temper of these wild mountain winds tell me the storm must last at least three days more in its fury—I have bethought me, to keep from going melancholy crazed altogether, to set me some regular task to do.

And what can more fitly occupy my poor mind than the setting forth, as clearly as may be, the divers events that have brought me to this strange plight in this strange place? although I fear me, it may not in the end be over-clear, for in sooth I cannot even yet see a way through the confusion of my thoughts. Nay, I could at times howl in unison with yonder dismal wind for mad regret; and at times again rage and hiss and break myself, like the fitful gale, against the walls of this desolate house for anger at my fate and my folly!

But since I can no more keep my thoughts from wandering to her and wondering upon her than I can keep my blood from running—running with such swiftness that here, alone in the wide vaulted room, with blasts from the four corners of the earth playing a very demon's dance around me, I am yet all of a fever heat—I will try whether, by laying bare to myself all I know of her and of myself, all I surmise and guess of the parts we acted towards each other in this business, I may not at least come to some understanding, some decision, concerning the manner in which, as a man, I should comport myself in my most singular position.

Having reached thus far in his writing, the scribe after shaking the golden dust of the pounce box over his page paused, musing for a moment, loosening with unconscious fingers the collar of his coat from his neck and gazing with wide grey eyes at the dancing flames of the logs, and the little clouds of ash that ever and anon burst from the hearth with a spirit when particles of driven snow found their way down the chimney. Presently the pen resumed its travels:

Everything began, of course, through my great-uncle Jennico's legacy. Do I regret it? I have sometimes cursed it. Nevertheless, although tossed between conflicting regrets and yearnings, I cannot in conscience wish it had not come to pass. Let me be frank. Bitter and troubling is my lot in the midst of my lonely splendor; but through the mist which seems in my memory to separate the old life from the new, those days of yesteryear (for all the carelessness and fancy freedom) seem now strangely dull. Yes, it is almost a year already that it came, this legacy, by which a young Englishman, serving in his Royal and Imperial Majesty's Chevau-Legers, was suddenly transformed, from an obscure Rittmeister with little more worldly goods than his pay, into one of the richest landowners in the broad empire, the master of an historic castle on the Bohemian Marches.

It was indeed an odd turn of fortune's wheel. But doubtless there is a predestination in such things, unknown to man.

My great-uncle has always taken a peculiar interest in me. Some fifty years before my birth, precluded by the religion of our family from any hope of advancement in the army of our own country, he had himself entered the Imperial service; and when I had reached the age of manhood, he insisted in my being sent to him in Vienna to enter upon the same career. To him I owe my rapid promotion after the Turkish campaign of 1769. But I question, for all his influence at Court, whether I should have benefited otherwise than through his advice and interest, had it not been for an unforseen series of moves on the part of my elder brother at home.

One fine day it was announced to us that this latter had been offered and had accepted a barony in the peerage of Great Britain. At first it did not transpire upon what grounds a Catholic gentleman should be so honored, and we were obliged, my uncle and I, to content ourselves with the impossible explanation that "Dear Edmund's value and abilities and the great services he had rendered by his exertions in the last Suffolk Elections had been brought to the notice of his Majesty, who was thus graciously pleased to show his appreciation of the same."

(To be Continued.)

The Blow That Killed

CHAPTER XXIV.

Time passed, and still there was but little change; but the great change was soon to come.

One day, near the end of summer, Leroy, contrary to his custom of late, passed out of the private grounds, and, taking the highway, walked forward in the direction his horse had so often carried him.

He walked on till night began to fall then suddenly stopped short and reflected for a moment, and slowly began to retrace his steps.

Presently, comprehending how far he was from home, he began to mend his pace, and, as he hastened onward as fast as his feeble strength would permit, his mind flew back to that pure abode upon which he now felt that he had looked for the last time.

"I shall never see them any more—never any more," he moaned. "Oh, Edith! Oh, my son! Alas, poor Agnes!"

Then the scene he had witnessed on that memorable evening rose up before him, and he moaned half aloud:

"Dear Father in Heaven, be good and merciful to my mother, my grandmother, to myself—and above all, dear God, to my unfortunate father."

The last few words were uttered with a sob.

"Oh, God! if there, indeed, be a God?" he suddenly ejaculated, "do—do indeed be merciful and release me forever from this horrible burden of life."

He had just reached the edge of the woods that marked the boundary of Beatrice's property.

As that prayer passed his lips a shadowy form sprang from the side of the road with uplifted hand, in which appeared a gleaming blade.

Leroy turned quickly and confronted his assailant. The next instant the blade descended and was buried in his bosom.

He threw up his hands, as if groping for some support, uttered a feeble moan and sunk to the ground.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the assassin, as he dropped on one knee beside his victim. "At last I am avenged!" and then bent over him: "Do you know me, Leroy Melville?"

Leroy opened his eyes wearily.

"George Forbes!" he said, with surprise.

"Yes, George Forbes, whom you struck with your whip, you coward. But who else?" and he suddenly removed the wig and moustache.

" have seen you before, but—I—cannot—remember — when —or where," slowly murmured the wounded man.

"I will help you," said the other, grimly. "I am he whose hopes you blighted, whose prospects you blasted and ruined long ago. Look at me again."

"George Lawton!"

"Yes, Leroy Melville, and now I am avenged. George Lawton has given you your deathblow."

Leroy slowly raised himself upon his elbow and looked his murderer in the face.

"George Lawton," he said, slowly and with great effort, "you have done me the greatest favor possible—I—thank—you," and fell back as though dead.

At that instant a piercing shriek rent the air, then a pistol shot rang out, and with a gasp George Lawton fell over the side of his victim. The next moment Beatrice Raymond was kneeling by her unconscious lover.

She had become alarmed by his long absence, and at length had ascended to his room. She had there found his pistol case open and one of the weapons gone. Thinking he contemplated suicide she had made hasty inquiries as to the road he had taken, and then had hurried after him, all the time unconsciously carrying the other pistol in her hand.

She was in time to catch Lawton's last words, and Leroy's reply. The next instant was the murderer's last.

A little later Darcy came up. In a few words Beatrice had told him what had happened.

"Give me that pistol," he said in a tone of decision.

She obeyed.

"Now we'll leave the villain where he lies, he's dead enough; and we'll take the master home," and with these words the strong man gently lifted Leroy in his arms.

Half an hour later Leroy was lying upon the bed in his own room.

He did not return to consciousness for some hours, and then the physician who had been called in said that although the wound was serious, it was not necessarily fatal.

Lawton's body was found the next day, and, after some slight inquiries, as it was not recognized, it was speedily buried, and nothing more came of it.

After some days Leroy appeared to slowly grow better. Lying in his bed he passed his time in a sad reverie, or in writing a few lines, when his strength would permit. His weakness indeed, seemed great, though he did not complain of any suffering.

In two or thre weeks Beatrice read in the features of Darcy a more marked disquietude than usual. He supplicated her once more to call the doctor, who, of late, the wounded man had declined to see.

The unfortunate woman, when the physician was shown into Leroy's apartment, leaned against the door, listening in agony. She thought she heard her lover's voice loudly raised, then all became quiet.

At length the doctor came out., and, when departing, he simply said to her: "Mrs. Raymond, his sad case now appears to me really serious—but not hopeless. I did not wish to press him to-day, but he allows me to return tomorrow."

In the night that followed, at nearly two o'clock, Beatrice heard someone calling her, and recognized the voice f Darcy. She arose immediately, threw a wrapper around her and admitted him.

"Mrs. Raymond," he said, "my master asks for you." and burst into tears.

"My God, what is the matter?"

"Come, madam, you must be in haste."

She accompanied him immediately.

From the moment she put her foot in the chamber she could not deceive herself. Death was there. Crushed by sorrow, this existence, so full, so proud, so powerful, was about to terminate. The dying man's head turned on the pillow, appeared alredy to have assumed a death-like immobility. His handsome features, sharpened by suffering, took the rigid outline of sculpture; his eyes alone lived yet and looked at her.

She approached him hastily and wished to seize the hand resting on the sheet.

He withdrew it.

She gave a despairing groan.

He continued to look fixedly at her. She thought he was about to speak, but he could not; but his eyes spoke. They addressed to her some request, at the same time with an imperious though supplicating expression, which she doubtless understood, for she said aloud, with an accent full of sadness and tenderness—"I promise it to you."

He appeared to make a painful effort, and his look indicated a large sealed letter lying on the bed. She took it and read the address.

"I promise you," she said again, falling on her knees, tears streaming from her eyes.

He extended his hand towards her.

"Thanks," was all he said.

Her tears redoubled. She kissed his hand, already cold. When she raised her head, she saw at the same instant the eyes of Leroy, slightly moist, rolling wildly—then extinguished.

She uttered a cry, threw herself on the bed, and kissed madly those eyes still open—yet void of light forever.

Three days later all that was mortal of Leroy Melville was laid away in the silent grave. The following morning, Darcy, dressed in deep mourning, appeared before Edith Melville and her mother, as they sat together on the broad verandah of their lovely home, while the little boy amused himself on the green just below them.

"I humbly beg pardon, ladies, for this intrusion," he said, in a sad tone, as he bowed before them; "but—"

"Are you not my husband's most trusted servant?" interrupted Edith, hastily.

"I was, ma'am, until four days ago," responded Darcy, with a sigh; "but—"

"But what?" demanded Agnes, suddenly starting to her feet, her face almost pale as death, while Edith also arose and seized the balustrade for support.

"My dear master is dead," faltered the faithful servant. "We buried him yeseterday."

"Dead! Dead! Leroy Melville dead?"

"Yes; and I have come to fulfill his last request."

"Why did you not come before?" asked Edith quickly.

"Mrs. Raymond would not permit it. She said something must be added to the intelligence before you received it."

"Well?"

"That we found this morning."

"Explain."

Mrs. Raymond's dead body was discovered on my master's grave at daylight to-day.'

"God have mercy upon them both!" murmured Agnes, with clasped hands she fell back into her chair.

"This is the package your husband left for you, Mrs. Melville," said Darcy, handing her a large sealed envelope, "and I promised Mrs. Raymond last night to place it in your hands myself, in case she did not order otherwise this morning."

"Take it, mother," faltered poor Edith.

Agnes took the package, and, after some hesitation, opened it.

A sealed envelope, directed to "My son, to be opened by him at the age of twenty-one years," dropped out. Then a letter addressed to his wife was found.

"Read it," said Edith, as her mother extended this last toward her.

Darcy at once asked permission to retire, and, after promising to wait upon them later, did so.

What that letter contained the world will never know. After it had been read, Edith gazed fondly toward her child for some moments, and then murmured in a sad, regretful tone:

"Henceforth I must live more fully for him than ever before."

THE END.

CAPTAIN AND TWO MEN DROWNED.

The Tug Clipper Sprang a Leak in Georgian Bay.

A despatch from Owen Sound Says: The steamer Manitou brought in the body of one of three victims of the first disaster on the lakes this season. The body is that of Edward Fletcher, engineer on the tug Clipper, which sank off the Bustard Islands early Monday morning with the loss of the lives of three out of the crew of four: Capt. McIntosh, French River. Edward Fletcher, Cutler, engineer; Robert Johnston, Midland, fireman.

On Sunday morning she cleared from Midland in command of Capt. Peter McIntosh, of French River. to go into commission for her new owners. Edward Fletcher, of Cutler, was acting as engineer, and Robert Johnson, of Midland, as fireman, with Albert Beatty, Midland, as cook. Between Byng Inlet and French River early Monday morning the boat began to leak so badly that an attempt was made to beach her, which was unsuccessful, and the crew attempted to save themselves in a small yawl, which, however, was not in a condition to hold them, and capsized. They managed to reach the sunken tug, the deck-house of which was not far below the water, and by climbing on it saved themselves for a time. A fishing boat was sighted, but could not be attracted by their signals of distress.

About 7 o'clock Monday evening Beatty started out on a raft made of a pall rack and a broken door, and made his way to a small island, one of the Bustards, where he remained till he was rescued about thirty hours later in a semi-delirious condition, from hunger and exposure, by a fisherman named William Hazzard. A search for the others proved fruitless, and Beatty was taken to the Bustard station of the Dominion Fish Company, where he was given every possible care.

The Canadian Northern Railway Company have filed location maps of proposed lines from Montreal to Georgian Bay, and from Toronto to Ottawa.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, May 8.—Flour — Ontario—Steady; 90 per cent. patents sell at $3.10, buyers' bags, outside, for export. Manitoba —$4.30 to $4.50 for first patents, and $3.90 to $4 for seconds.

Bran — $21 bid, Toronto, $21 asked to arrive Toronto, $17.75 asked, in bulk, outside.

Wheat — Ontario — No. 2 white, 81c asked, outside, mixed 80½c asked.

Wheat — Manitoba — No. 1 northern offered at 83½c, Point Edward; No. 2 offered at 82c, Point Edward.

Oats — No. 2 white offered at 36½c outside, 35½c bid main line, 38½c asked Toronto, 38½s bid.

Peas — 77½c bid, 80c asked, outside.

Barley — No. 2 52½c asked, outside, 50c bid f.o.b. main line, 51c bid east.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter — The market is quoted unchanged.

Creamery	22c to 23c
do solids	20c to 21c
Dairy lb. rolls, good to choice	17c to 18c
do large rolls	16c to 17c
do medium	15c to 16c

Cheese — Old is quoted at 14c for large and 14½c for twins.

Eggs — 16c for new-laid and 12c to 13½c for splits.

Poultry — Choice dry-plucked turkeys, 16c to 20c; fat chickens, 14c to 15c, thin 10c to 12c; fat hens, 9c to 11c, thin 7c to 8c.

Potatoes — Ontario 65c to 75c per bag out of store; eastern, 70c to 80c on track and 10c more out of store.

Baled Hay — $9.50 to $10 per ton for No. 1 timothy in car lots, on track, No. 2 selling at $7.50 per ton.

Baled Straw — $5.50 to $6 per ton for car lots on track here.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, May 8. — Cable offers in Manitoba wheat showed no improvement. Oats, No. 2, 41½c; No. 3, 40½c; No. 4, 39½c. Peas, 70c to 75c f.o.b. per bushel. Barley, No. 3 extra, 56c afloat, May; No. 4, 50. Corn. No. 3, mixed, 56c; No. 3 yellow, 56½c ex-track.

Flour — Manitoba spring wheat patents, $4.50 to $4.60; strong bakers', $3.90 to $4.10; winter wheat patents, $4 to $4.25; straight rollers, $3.80 to $3.90; do., in bags, $1.75 to $1.85; extra. $1.40 to $1.60.

Millfeed — Manitoba bran, in bags, $18.50 to $19.50; shorts, $20.50 to $21 per ton; Ontario bran, in bulk, $18.50 to $19.50; shorts $20 to $20.50; milled mouille, $21 to $2.; straight grain mouille, $25 to $27 per ton.

Rolled Oats — Per bag, $1.95 in car lots, $2.05 to $2.10 in small lots.

Cornmeal — $1.30 to $1.40 per bag.

Hay — No. 1, $9; No. 2, $8; clover mixed, $6.50, and pure clover, $6.

Cheese — Dealers offered only about 10½c to 10¾c.

Butter — Sales were made to-day at 18c to 19c.

Eggs — Prices firm at 15½c to 16½c.

Potatoes — 65c to 70c per bag.

Beans — Prime pea beans, $1.65 to $1.70 per bushel; hand-picked, $1.80 per bushel.

Honey — White clover, in comb, 13c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extra, 7c to 7½c; buckwheat, 5½c to 6c per pound.

Maple Syrup — 60c to 65c per nine-pound tin.

Maple Sugar — 9c to 10c per pound.

Provisions — Barrels heavy Canada short cut pork, $22.50; light short cut. $21.50; barrels clear fat backs, $22.50; compound lard, 7½c to 7¾c; Canadian pure lard, 11¾c to 12½c; kettle rendered, 12¾c to 13¼c; hams, 13½c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16c to 17c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 15½c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, $10.25, alive, $7.50 for selects.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, May 8. — Flour — Firm. Wheat — Nominal; one car No. 2 red sold at 89½c. Corn — Stronger; No. 2 yellow, 55½c; No. 2 corn, 54¾c. Oats —Stronger; No. 2 white, 37c; No. 2 mixed, 35½c. Barley — Store lots quoted 47 to 52c. Rye — Quiet; No. 2 in store quoted 65c, carloads.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKETS.

New York, May 8 — Spot barley steady; No. 2 red, 91c nominal elevator; No. 2 red, 93c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth., 89c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 88½c f.o.b. afloat.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, May 8.—A fairly heavy run of cattle was offering at the Western Market this morning.

Export Cattle — About the best cattle on the market sold at $5.10 per cwt. Choice are quoted at $4.90 to $5.15, medium to good at $4.50 to $4.75, bulls at $3.50 to $4, and cows at $2.75 to $4.25.

Butcher Cattle — Picked lots, $4.75 to $5, good to choice, $4.40 to $4.65; fair to good, $3.75 to $4; common, $2.50 to $3, cows, $3 to $4; bulls, $3 to $4; canners, $1.50 to $2.

Stockers and Feeders — Short-keep feeders are quoted at $4.75 to $4.85, heavy feeders at $4.40 to $4.90, medium at $2.50 to $3.50, bulls at $2 to $2.75, good stockers run at $3.75 to $4, light at $3.25 to $3.70, rough common at $2 to $2.75, and bulls at $1.75 to $2.50.

Milch Cows — Quotations are unchanged at a range of $30 to $60 each.

Calves — Quoted unchanged at 3c to 6c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs — They are quoted at $4.75 to $5.50 for ewes and $3.50 to $4 for bucks. Grainfed lambs are lower a $6.75 to $7.25, and spring lambs steady at $3 to $6.

Hogs — Quotations at this market are unchanged at $7.15 per cwt. for selects and $6.90 for lights and fats, fed and watered.

NO GARRISON NOW.

Britain May Return Wei-Hai-Wei to China.

A Shanghai despatch says: The Chinese regiment at Wei-Hai-Wei, which was organized by the British Government and was officered by British has been disbanded, and its commanding officer, Major H. Bower, left for England on April 28. Great Britain has no garrison there now. It is reported that it will return the port to China.

M. WITTE HAS RESIGNED

Goremykin Is Now the Premier of Russia.

The London Times' correspondent at St. Petersburg cables as follows:—Count Witte's resignation has been official since 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning. Delay in the announcement was due to the hope of a compromise. I am now in position to explain the motive of the Premier's departure. Count Witte insisted on immediate promulgation of the new immutable organic laws, the object of which was to leave him a free hand under the shelter of the autocracy and deprive the Duma of any initiative in matters concerning the future government of the country. The outburst of indignation consequent upon the revelation of this scheme showed the utter absurdity and danger of such an attempt to reconcile the old and new regimes, but the Emperor had no need of arguments to convince him and he declared the project unseemly, unwise and dangerous. "My wish," said he, "is that the Government be conducted in orderly fashion and that the country may have peace. These new laws would only stir up a conflict and compromise me before my people. We must wait till the Duma has begun its work and then see what changes are necessary." There is little doubt regarding the Emperor's sincere desire to abandon bureaucratic methods and invite the cordial, healthy co-operation of his subjects in the noble task of governing this great country. The logical course in such circumstances would seem to lie in the formation of a Cabinet recruited from the popular elements. There is considerable talk of such a Ministry.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The official announcement that Premier Witte's resignation had been accepted, coupled with the statement that former Minister of the Interior Goremykin would succeed him, was made on Wednesday. M. Goremykin's elevation to the Premiership created amazement. He is not only regarded as a reactionist, but the general opinion is that he is not equal to the task of facing the coming crisis.

AN UNRELENTING ENEMY.

M. Goremykin, the new Premier, was exposed by Witte in 1899, and since then has been the retiring Premier's unrelenting enemy. At that time the former Minister of the Interior made a report to the Emperor to the effect that the stories of famine and suffering which were said to exist in certain Provinces were untrue. Witte—then Minister of Finance—thereupon produced documents to prove that the conditions in the interior were as they had been represented. When the Emperor confronted M. Goremykin with this he is said to have fallen on his knees, to have wept and begged forgiveness. The Minister was so overcome that the Emperor himself brought him a glass of water. Later M. Goremykin took part in the Von Plehve cabal which drove Witte from the Ministry of Finance in 1903.

MAN OF INSIGNIFICANT PARTS.

M. Goremykin is reported to be a mediocre man of insignificant appearance, as well as capacity. He wears side whiskers, and looks like an English butler. While for some time past he has been called a Liberal, it was only in contrast with such men as Von Plehve and M. Sipiaguine, the late Interior Minister.

The new Premier comes from a noble but not prominent family of Novgorod Province, where his estates are situated. They are noted especially for the excellence of their cows and their dairy products, which are sent to St. Petersburg. In fact M. Goremykin practically supplies the capital with milk.

AFTER WITTE COMES DELUGE.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph again predicts that serious trouble will follow the retirement of Premier Witte. He says the autocracy is resolved to make another determined stand for existence, cost what it may, and in preparation for possible consequence eight more quick-firing guns have been sent to Moscow, bringing the total there to 32. The conviction is universal that the Douma has been invited to a Barmecide feast. Instead of a dessert there will be ructions. No conciliation is conceivable, no compromise is possible between the Crown and the nation. A conflict is certain, unavoidable, imminent. Even Count Witte could not now avert it.

The correspondent asserts that Count Witte only retained nominal power to secure the new loan. Neither France, England, Austria, nor England would have subscribed to enable Russia to wage civil war. They loaned their money for a reorganization of the empire, but the court camaralla resolved to employ it for their own interests, breaking the promise Count Witte was authorized to make. The Government of Russia, the correspondent declares, is now being carried on by secret influences, the centre of which is Gen. Trepoff. whose authority has continually gained since he quitted St. Petersburg for Tsarkoe-Selo.

Diplomatic circles are profoundly impressed by the disclosure of the Government's policy. The appointment of Goremykin as Count Witte's successor is regarded as the most fatal event since the war.

FACTORIES STARTING UP

Work Resumed in San Francisco's Big Ship Yards.

A despatch from San Francisco says: Conditions of life are gradually becoming more normal in this city, and the work of clearing up the wreck in preparation for rebuilding in the down town section of the city is going on more rapidly. Business is being resumed by certain tradesmen of every description throughout the destroyed section of the city. The commission firms located along the water front are doing a thriving business.

MUST USE CANDLES.

Mayor Schmidtz has announced that all the time restrictions as to the lighting of dwellings has been removed with the suggestion that candles be used until electricity can be resumed. Petroleum for lighting purposes is especially prohibited until the water supply is full restored.

The united railroads have already in operation seven lines of street cars, and now cover nearly all sections of the unburned district. The work of inspecting chimneys is proceeding rapidly. The inspectors are all architects or builders and are donating their services for the benefit of householders. Every chimney in the city will be thoroughly inspected before any permits are issued to make fires indoors.

FACTORIES STARTING UP.

Many of the largest factories left unharmed are starting up work with all the rapidity possible under the circumstances. At the Union Iron works, 2,300 men are now employed and the management expects within a fortnight to have the full complement of 4,000 at work. No damage was done to the three new warships being built at these works for the Government, the cruisers California and Milwaukee, and the battleship South Dakota. The steamer City of Puebla, which was sunk in the bay, has been raised and is being repaired. Workmen are also engaged fixing the steamer Columbia, which was turned on her side.

PLANS FOR REBUILDING.

At a conference held on Tuesday night at Gen. Greely's headquarters, plans for rebuilding the City of San Francisco with Government aid was discussed. There were present besides Gen. Greely, James D. Phelan, Dr. Edwaird Devine, Mayor Schmitz, and Secretary Victor Metcalf, of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It was thought Secretary Metcalf might be able to carry back to Washington a comprehensive idea of the needs of this city, and the ideas of some of her leading men that the discussion was held. No definite request was made, nor was any plain of action fully outlined.

PRAYERS OF HARDENED MEN.

Locked in separate cells in the city prison, 100 prisoners, whose crimes range from plain drunkenness to brutal murder, knelt in prayer when the earthquake of April 18 shook the Hall of Justice from basement to tower top. Sin-hardened men and women appealed to God to spare them. Their prayers for deliverance came only after it became apparent that the attendants could do nothing for them. The earthquake had so twisted and warped the cell locks that not a door could be opened for nearly an hour.

"I never want to witness such sights again," said Prison Matron Ryan of the Central Station Prison, who was on duty when the tremble came. "There were something like 80 men and 22 women in the cells on the morning of the earthquake. In our departmnet there were abandoned creatures charged with all manner of crimes, many of whom I deemed hopelessly lost. They cried and shrieked for mercy when the shock came, and pleaded pitifully for release. Not one cell could be opened, and when I advised my charges of this fact they knelt on the hard cement floor and offered up a fervent prayer in unison.

"In the department of the male prisoners the conditions were the same, and many of the men attempted to destroy their lives by battering their heads against the steel bars when they realized there was no chance for immediate release. They, too, prayed when the attendants in charge managed to get them calm enough, and when it was all over it was a meek and humble hundred that we removed to the branch county jail."

CLEANING AWAY DEBRIS.

Curtailment of the relief list, together with the decision of the police to arrest as vagrants all able men without visible means of support who refuse to work, to-day added to the number of men engaged in cleaning away debris from the recent earthquake and fire.

There is not yet an adequate flow of water for us in case of fire. Cooking is still carried on in the streets. All of the banks resumed business to-day in temporary quarters and reported that at each place the deposits exceeded the withdrawals. Five hundred retailers are now operating in new quarters.

City Engineer Woodward on Thursday submitted a comprehensive plan for the rebuilding of the city. It includes the broadening and the extension of many streets, the purpose being to insure better protection against the spread of fire.

ASYLUM IS RUINED.

A despatch from Sain Jose, Cal., says: Architect Hudson, of Los Angeles, who has inspected the Asylum buildings, at Agnews, declares that all the buildings had been irreparably ruined. In his report to the Governor, Mr. Hudson will recommended the speedy erection of cottages to accommodate the patients until modern structures, not as highly as formerly, and which will be effected by neither fire nor earthquake, can be erected by the State.

ODD EFFECTS OF EARTHQUAKE.

A despatch from Stockton, Cal., says: It has been discovered that in the vicinity of Woodbridge, the Mokeluma River has fallen twelve feet, the bed of the river having dropped from the effects of the recent earthquake shock. As the waterway has overflowed frequently, farmers along the stream are highly pleased with the change, since it can carry far more water than hitherto and not endanger their lands.

Another incident of the earthquake is the drying up of the Tracy Lake in the north-western part of San Joaquin County.

GREAT DESTITUTION.

A despatch from Washington says: The question of caring for the destitute in San Francisco is causing the officilas there great anxiety, as shown by the following telegram from General Greely, dated Friday, and received at the War Department:—

"The number of destitute being fed is enormous, aggregating by to-day as just reported 191,637 in San Francisco. Apparently conservative estimates placed destitute refugees at 40,000 in Oakland and Berkley. How these terrible conditions are to be met is a subject of most earnest consideration between Devine, finance committee and myself. While exertions of army to reduce aid to smallest possible limit had effected important changes, yet solution of situation without enormous suffering appears impossible. While daily hoping for great decreases in number of destitute, am not confident. Far-reaching extent of this disaster cannot be appreciated without personal observation."

POLICEMAN ARRESTED.

Charged with Breaking Into a Companions Trunk.

A Toronto despatch says: The police at the Court Street Station had in their custody on Friday night one of their number, Police Constable John Boyd (297), who is held on the charge of stealing $20 belonging to his comrade, Policeman R. J. Jeffers (102). The two constables roomed at 228 Wilton Avenue, and, it is alleged, that while Jeffers was out on duty on Friday Boyd broke open a trunk and abstracted the cash. Boyd was suspected by the landlady, because he was seen in the room, and claimed to be shining his shoes. Inspector Gregory and Detective N. Guthrie pursued the investigation and, questioning him, they learned that he had in his room eleven five-dollar bills and $4.33 on him. Searching him the officers found a ten and a five dollar bill of the Ontario Bank issue in the constable's watch pocket. Pending a report to Chief Grasett, Inspector Gregory suspended Boyd, who was afterwards arrested on the order of the Chief Constable. Boyd has been a member of the force since September of last year. He is 24 years old.

ZULUS MURDERED OFFICIAL.

The British Magistrate at Mahlabitini Killed.

A despatch from Pietermaritzburg, Natal, says: An outrage which may have serious consequences has occurred in Zululand. Mr. Stainbank, the British magistrate at Mahlabitini, Zululand, has been killed by Zulus while collecting taxes near that place. Mr. Stainbank and party, including Mrs. Stainbank, the magistrate's wife, a lady companion and some mounted police, were caught in an ambush by hostile natives, who fired a volley at them. The magistrate and one of the policemen were fatally wounded. Mr. Stainbank and the two ladies managed to reach Mahlabitini, where the magistrate died of his wounds.

Mahlabitini lies to the westward of the forests where Bambaata, the insurgent chief, formerly the regent of the Greytown district, Natal, who has been in arms against the local authorities for a month past, has been hiding, and it is asserted here that there seems to be no doubt that he has succeeded in inducing another tribe of Zulus to join the revolt.

GAS AT FORT FRANCES.

Workmen Boring for a Sewer Strike a Pocket.

A Fort Frances despatch says: Considerable excitement has been caused here by the discovery of natural gas. While boring to test the soil preparatory to putting in a sewer on Mowat and Scott streets, workmen bored to the depth of thirteen feet, and, noticing a smell of gas, a match was applied, and it burned with a clear flame for some time. There is no doubt that gas and lignite coal can be found in great quantities underlying the town site, as specimens of coal have been found in several places. It is quite probable that the Town Council will at once make a systematic search for gas, and if it should be found in quantities it will add another feature to the development of Fort Frances as an industrial centre.

WESTERN CROP MOSTLY IN.

The Canadian Northern Railway's Report of Seeding Operations.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The Canadian Northern seeding report for the week indicates that in the older districts the work is finished, and from 75 to 90 per cent. is completed in the northwestern part, and in the newer districts. Rain has fallen, doing much good, and in Battleford district there was a fall of snow, which was also of benefit. At Gladstone 50 per cent. is above ground. About 9,000 acres are seeded in Kamsack, and there are 3,000 acres yet to be seeded. At St. Jean 5,600 acres are under crop, while 20,000 will be seeded around Emerson, Lowe Farm, Acland, Dunrea and Minto. No rain has fallen around Neepawa. The growth in the majority of districts is very rapid.

Several hundred carpenters and joiners went on strike at Hamilton on Friday because the employers would not sign an agreement covering the season.

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