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The Wilful Ottilie;

Or, The Privilege of a Princess.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

And with the progress of dissolution concerning the pleasure of idleness in wealth, grew more pressing the still small voice which murmured at my ear that it was not for such an end, not for the gratification of a mere libertine, gambler, and duellist, that my great-uncle Jennico had selected me as the depositary of his wealth and position.

"Sell and settle, sell and settle." The old man's words had long enough been forgotten. It was high time to begin mastering the intricacies of that vast estate, if ever I was to turn it to the profit of that stream of noble Jennicos to come. And in my state of satiety the very remoteness of my new property, its savageness, its proud isolation, invested it with an odd fascination. From one day to the other I determined on departure, and left the emptiness of the crowd to seek the fulness of this wild and beautiful country.

Here for a time I tasted interest in life again; knew a sort of well-filled peace; felt my soul expand with renewed vigor, keenness for work and deeds, hope and healthy desire, self-pride and satisfaction. Then came the foolish adventure which has left me naked and weak in the very midst of my wealth and power; which has left rudderless ar existence that had set sail so gaily for glorious happiness.

The bell of the horologue, from its snow-capped turret overlooking the gate of honor in the stronghold of Tollendhal slowly tolled the tenth hour of that tempestuous night; and the notes resounded in the room, now strongly vibrating, now faint and distant, as the wind paused for a second, or bore them away upon its dishevelled wing. Upon the last stroke as Basil Jennico was running over the last page of his fair paper, the door behind him, creaking on its hinges, was thrown open by Janos, the heiduck, displaying in the next chamber a wide table, lit by two six-branched chandliers, and laid for the evening meal. The twelve yellow leagues of flame glinted on the silver, the cut-glass, and the snow-white napery, but only to emphasize the sombre depth of the mediæval room, the desolate eloquence of that solitary seat at the hugs board. Janos waited till his master, with weary gesture, had cast his pen aside, and then ceremoniously announced that his lordship's supper was ready.

Impatiently enough did the young man dip his fingers in the aiguiere of perfumed water that a damsel on his right offered to him as he passed through the great doors, drying them on the cloth handed by another on his left. Frowning he sat him down in his high-backed chair behind which the heiduck stood ready to present each dish as it was brought up by other menials, to keep the beaker constantly filled, to answer with a bow any observation that he might make, should the lord feel disposed to break silence.

But to-night the Lord of Tollendhall was less disposed than ever in such a direction. He chafed at the long ceremony; resented the presence of these creatures who had seen her sit as their mistress at that table, where now lay nought but vacancy beyond the white cloth; resented even the silent colicitude that lurked in Janos's eyes, though the latter never broke unauthorized his rule of silence.

The generous wine, in the stillness and the black solitude, bred presently a yet deeper melancholy. After a prefactory meal the young man waved aside a last glass of the amber Tokay that was placed at his hand, rose and moodily walked to and fro for some time. Feeling that the coming hours had no sleep in reserve for a mind in such turmoil as his, he returned to his writing-table, and, whilst Janos directed the servants to bring in and trim fresh candles, and pile more logs upon the hearth, Basil Jennico resumed his task.

CHAPTER II.

My great-uncle's will, forcible, concise, indisputable as it was, had been (so the man of law informed me) drawn out in a great hurry, dictated, indeed between spasms of agony and rage. (The poor old man died of gout in his stomach.) Doubtless, had he felt sure of more time, he would have burdened the inheritance with many directions and conditions.

From his broken utterances, however, and from what I had known of him in life, I gathered a fair idea of what his wishes were. His fifty years of foreign service had filled him, old pandour that he seemed to have become, with but increased contempt for the people that surrounded him, their ways and customs, while his pride as an Englishman was only equalled by his pride as a Jenico.

"Sell and settle. . . . ."

The meaning of the words was clear in the light of the man as I knew him. I was to sell the great property, carry to England the vast hoard of foreign wealth, marry as befitted one of the race, and raise a new and splendid line of Jenicos, to the utter mortification and everlasting confusion, of the degenerate head of the house.

Now, though I knew it to be in me, and felt it, indeed, not otherwise possible, to live my life as true a Jennico as even my uncle could desire, I by no means deemed it incumbent upon me to set to work and carry out his plans without first employing my liberty and wealth as the humor prompted me. Nor was the old country an overpoweringly attractive place for a young man of my creed and kidney. In Vienna I was, perhaps, for the moment, the most noted figure—the guest most sought after that year. In England, at daggers drawn with my brother, I could only play an everyday part in an unpopular social minority.

It was in full summer weather that, as I have written, already tried by the first stage of my career of wealth, I came to take possession of my landed estates. The beauty and wildness of the scenery, the strangeness of the life in the well-nigh princely position to which this sudden turn of fortune's wheel had elevated me, the intoxicating sensation of holding sway, as feudal lord of these wide tracts of hill and plain, over so many hundreds of lives—above all, the wholesome reaction brought about by solitude and communion with nature after the turmoil of the last months — in short, everything around me and in me made me less inclined than ever to begin ridding myself of so fair a possession.

And do I wish I had not thus delayed in obeying the injunction that accompanied the bequest? Odds my life! I am a miserable dog this day through my disobedience; and yet, would I now undo the past if I could? A thousand times no! I hate my folly, but hug it, ever closer, ever dearer. The bitter savour of that incomprehensible yearning clings to the place: I would not exchange it for the tameness of peace. Weakling that I am, I would not obliterate, if I could, the memory of those brief, brief days of which I failed to know the price, until the perversity of fate cut their thread for ever—ay, perhaps for ever, after all! And yet, if so, it were wiser to quit these haunted walls for ever also. But, God! how meagre and livid looks wisdom, the ghost, by the side of love's warm and living line!

And now, on! Since I have put my hand to the task, undertaken to set forth and make clear the actual condition of that vacillating puppet, the new-fledged Lord of Tollendhal, I will not draw it back, cost me what it may.

No doubt it was this haunting pride of wealth, waxing every day stronger, even as the pride of birth which my great uncle had fostered to such good purpose, the overweening conceit which they bred within me, that fogged my better judgment and brought me to this pass. And no doubt, likewise, it is a princely estate that these lords of Tollendhal of old carved for themselves, and rounded ever wider and nutured—all that it should some day, passing through the distaff, come to swell the pride of Suffolk Jennicos!

My castle rises boldly on the northernmost spur of the Glatzer Mounts, and definitely overlooks the marches of three kingdoms. Its lands and dependencies, though chiefly Moravian, extend over the Bohemian border as well as into that Silesia they now are able to call Prussian. North and west it is flanked by woods that grow wilder, denser, as they spread inwards towards the Giant Mountains. On the southern slopes are my vineyards, growths of note, as I hear. My territories reach, on the one hand, farther than can be seen under the blue horizon, into the Eastern plains, flat and rich, that stretch with curious suddenness immediately at the foot of the high district; upon the other hand, on the Moravian side, I doubt whether even my head steward himself knows exactly how much of the timber-laden hill-ranges can be claimed as appertaining to the estate. All the peaks I can descry in a fine day from these casements are mine, I believe; on their flanks are forests as rich in game—boar and buck, wolf and bear, not to speak of lesser quarry — as are the plains below in corn and maize and cattle—que sais-je? A goodly heritage indeed!

I promised myself many a rare day's sport so soon as the time waxed ripe. Meanwhile, my days were spent in rambles over the land, under pretence of making acquaintance with the farms and the villages, and the population living on the soil and working out its wealth for my use, but in reality for the enjoyment of delicious sylvan and rustic idleness through which the memory of recent Viennese dissipations was like that of a fevered dream.

The spirit of my country-keeping ancestors lived again within me and was satisfied. Yet there were times too, when this freedom of fancy became loneliness—when my eyes tired of green trees, and ears hungered for the voice of sime human being whom I could of some human being whom I could consort, soul and wit. Then I would resolve that, come the autumn, I would fill the frowning stronghouse with a rousing throng of gallant hunters and fair women such as it had never seen before. Ay, and they should come over, even from old England, to taste of the Jenico hospitality!

It was in one of those glorious moods that, upon a September day, sultry as summer, although there was a touch of autumn decay in the air as well as in the tints around me, I sallied forth, after noon, to tramp on foot an as yet unexplored quarter of my domain. I had donned, according to my wont (as being more suitable to the roughness of the paths than the smallclothes, skirted coats, high heels and cocked hat of Viennese fashion), the dress of the Moravian peasant—I gather that it pleases the people's heart to see their seigneur grace their national garb on occasions. There was a goodly store of such costumes among the cupboards full of hereditary habiliments and furs preserved at Tollendhal, after the fashion of the country, with the care that English housewives bestow upon their stores of linen. My peasant suit was, of course, fine of cloth and natty of cut, and the symmetry of the handsome figue I saw in my glass reminded me more of the pastoral disguises that were the courtly fashion of some years back than of our half-savage ill-smelling boors. Thus it was pleasant as well as comfortable to wear, at at that time even so trifling a sensation of gratified vanity had its price. But, although thus freed of the incumbrance of a gentleman's attire, I could not shake off the watchful tyranny of Janos, the solemn heiduck who never allowed me to stir abroad at all without his escort, nor, indeed if my whim took me far afield), without the further retinue of two jagers, twin brothers, and faithful beyond a doubt. These, carbine on shoulder, and hanger on thigh, had their orders to follow their lord through thick and thin, and keep within sight and sound of whistle.

In such odd style of state, on this day, destined to begin for me a new chapter in life, I took my course; and for a long hour or so walked along the rocky cornice that overhangs the plains. The land looked bare and wide and solitary, the fields lay in sallow leanness bereft of waving crops, but I knew that all my golden grain was stacked safely in the heart of the earth, where these folk hoard its fruits for safety from fire. The air was so empty of human sounds, save the monotonous tramp of my escorts behind me, that all the murmurs of wind and foliage struck with singular loudness upon my ear. Over night there had, by my leave, been songs and dancing in the courtyard of Tollendhall, and the odd tunes, the capricious rhythm of the gipsy musicians, came back upon me as I walked in the midst of my thoughts. These melodies are fitful and plaintive as the sounds of nature itself, they come hurrying and slackening, rising and falling, with as true a harmony and as unmeasured a measure,—now in a very passion of haste, and now with a dreamy long-drawn sigh. I was thinking of this, and on the love of the Empress for that music (my Empress that had been when I wore her uniform, ay, and my Empress still so long as I retain these noble lands), when I came to a field, sloping from the crag towards the plain, where an aftermath of grass had been left to dry. There was a little belt of trees, which threw a grateful shade; and feeling somewhat weary I flung me down on the scented hay. It was on the Silesian portion of my land. Against the horizon, the white and brown of some townlet, clustering round the ace-of-club-shaped roof of its church-tower, rose glittering above the blue haze. A little beyond the field ran a white road. So I reclined, looking vaguely into the unknown but inviting distance, musing on the extent of those possessions so widespread that I had not as yet been able to ride all their marches, ever and anon recognizing vaguely in the voice of the breeze through the foliage an echo of the music that had been haunting my thoughts all day. Everything conspired to bring me pleasant fancies. I began to dream of past scenes and future fortunes, smiling at the thought of what my dashing friends would say if they saw le beau Jennico in this bucolic attitude, wondering if any of my Court acquaintances would recognize him in his peasant garb.

Ah me, how eternally and lovingly I thought of my proud and brilliant self then! . . . .

I cannot recall how soon this musing became deep sleep, but sleep I did and dream—a singular, vivid dream, which was in a manner of continuation of my waking thoughts. I seemed to be at a great fete at the Imperial Palace, one of the countless throng of guests. The lights were brilliant, blinding, but I saw many faces I knew, and we all were waiting most eagerly for some wonderful event. No one was speaking, the only sounds were the rustling and hushing of the ladies' brocades and the jingle of the officers' spurs, with over and above the wail of the czimbalom. All at once I knew, as we do in dreams, what we were expecting, and why this splendid feast had been prepared. Marie Antoinette, the fair young Dauphine of France, the memory of whose grace still hangs about the court, had come back to visit her own country. The crowd grew closer and closer. The crowd about me surged forward to catch a glimpse of her as she passed, and I with the rest, when suddenly my great-uncle stood before me, immensely bestarred and beribboned in his field-marshal's uniform, and with the black patch on his eye so black that it quite dazzled me.

"Na, Kerlchen," he was saying to me, "thou hast luck! Her Imperial Royal Highness has chosen the young Jennico to dance with . . . as the old one is too old."

Now I, in common with the young men about me, have grown to cherish since my coming to this land a strange enthusiasm for the most womanly and beautiful of all the Empress's daughters, and therefore, even in my dream, my heart began to beat very fast, and I scarce knew which way to turn. i was much troubled too by the music, which went on always louder and quicker above my head, somewhere in the air, for I knew that no such things as country dances are danced at Court, and that I myself would make but a poor figure in such; yet a peasant dance it undoubtedly was. Next, my uncle was gone, and though I could see her, I knew the Princess was coming by the swish of her skirt as she walked. I heard her voice as clear as a silver ell. "Ou est-il?" it said, and felt she was looking for me. I struggled in vain to answer or turn to her, and the voice cried again: "Ou est-il?" upon which another voice with a quaver in its tones made reply: "Par ici, Altesse!"

The sound must have been very close to me, for it startled me from my deep sleep into, as it were, an outer court of dreams. And between slumber and consciousness I became aware that I was lying somewhere very hot and comfortable; that, while some irresistible power kept my eyes closed, my ears were not so, and I could hear the two voices talking together; and, in my wandering brain believed them still to belong to the Princess Marie Antoinette and her attendant.

"It is a peasant," said the first voice: that was the princess of course. There was something of scorn in the tone, and I became acutely and unpleasantly conscious of my red embroidered shirt. But the other made answer: "He is handsome," and then: "His hands are not those of a peasant," and. "Regardez ma chere; peasants do not wear such jewelled watches!" A sudden shadow fell ever me and was gone in an instant. There was a flicker of laughter and I sat up.

During my sleep the shade of the sun had shifted and I lay in the full glare and so, as I opened my eyes, I could see nothing.

(To be Continued.)

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, May 22. — Flour — Ontario — Firm; exporters bidding $3.15 for 90 per cent. patents, buyers' bags, outside; first patents, $4.30 to $4.50, and seconds $3.90 to $4.

Wheat — Ontario, No. 2 white 81c bid outside, red 81c bid, mixed 81c bid.

Wheat — Manitoba — No. 1 northern 85c asked, Point Edward; No. 2 northern 82c asked, Point Edward, 82c bid.

Oats — 83c asked, outside, 82c bid.

Peas — 83c asked outside, 82c bid, C. P. R. or G. T. R.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butler — The market continues firm in tone.

Creamery	20c to 21c
do solids	19c to 20c
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 to 14½c for large and 11½c to 12c for twins.

Eggs — Firm at 16½c to 17c for new-laid and 13c to 13½c for splits.

Poultry — Chickens 15c to 16c per lb

Potatoes — Ontario are quoted at 70c to 85c out of store, eastern Delawares at 85c to 97½c, Quebec 73c, and Nova Scotia at 75c.

Baled Hay — No. 1 timothy $9.50 to $10 per ton in car lots on track here; No. 2 $7.50.

Baled Straw — Car lots on track here are quoted unchanged at $5.50 to $6 per ton.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, May 22. — Grain — The market for oats continues firm in tone.

Oats — No. 2, 41½c to 42c; No. 3, 40½c to 41c; No. 4, 39½c to 40c.

Peas — 78c f.o.b. per bushel, 78 per cent. points.

Barley — No. 3 extra, 53c afloat; May, No. 4, 51c.

Corn — No. 3 mixed, 57½c; No. 3 yellow, 58½c ex-track.

Flour — Manitoba spring wheat patents, $4.60; strong bakers' $4.10; winter wheat patents, $4 to $4.25; straight winter wheat patents, $4.20 to $4.40; straight rollers, $3.90 to $4.10; do. in bags, $1.85 to $1.95; extras, $1.50 to $1.65.

Millfeed — Manitoba bran in bags, $18 to $19; shorts, $20 to $21 per ton; Ontario bran, in bulk, $18.50 to $19.50; shorts, $20 to $20.50; milled mouille, $21 to $25; straight grain mouille, $25 to $27 per ton.

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

Hay — No. 1, $9 to $9.50; No. 2, $8 to $8.50; clover, mixed $6.50 to $7, and pure clover, $6.

Cheese — Market continues firm at 11¾c to 11½c for white, and 11c to 11¼c for colored. Business quiet.

Butter — Prices steady at 20c to 20½c for choice creamery, 19c to 20 for undergrades. Dairy in good demand at 17c to 17½c for finest, 16c to 17c for second quality.

Eggs — 16c to 16½c, with single cases selling as high as 17c.

Provisions — Barrels of heavy Canada short cut pork, $23; light short cut, $21.50; barrels clear fat back, $22.50; compound lard, 7½c to 8c; Canadian pure lard, 11½c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12½c to 13c; hams, 13½c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 17c to 18c; Windsor bacon, 15½c to 16c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, $10.25; alive, $7.50 to $7.75 per hundred pounds.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, May 22. — Flour — Firm. Wheat — Spring steady; No. 1 Northern, 87c carloads; Winter, offerings light; No. 2 hard, 79½c carloads. Corn —Strong; No. 2 yellow, 56¾c; No. 3 corn, 56¼c. Oats — Strong; No. 3 white, 38¼c. Rye — Strong; No. 1, in store, quoted 66½c. Barley — Nothing done.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, May 22. — Wheat — Spot firm; No. 2 red, 92c nominal in elevator; No. 2 red, 93c nominal f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, 91¾c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 90½c f.o.b. afloat.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, May 22—The market was a dull one, with practically little changes of consequence.

Choice export stuff ranged from $4.75 to $5.10 per cwt, and ordinary sold as low as $4 per cwt. with a light demand.

Good butcher cattle wanted and scarce. Quotations were:— Choice, $4.75 to $4.90; medium, $4.25 to $4.65; cows $2.75 to $4.25; bulls, $3.25 to $3.50; canners $1.75 to $2.

Feeders and stockers were dull. Quotations were:— Choice $3.50 to $3.75; common, $3 to $3.40; bulls, $2 to $2.25; heavy feeders, $460 to $4.75; shortkeeps, $4.75 to $4.85.

Good to choice milch cows were a ready sale at from $35 to $55 each; others were quoted down to $20 and $25 each.

Sheep and lambs were not quotably changed, trade was easy. Prices ruled: Export ewes, $4.75 to $5.25; culls and bucks, $3.50 to $4; grain-fed lambs, $5.75 to $6.50; calves, $3 to $6 per cwt.; Spring lambs, $3 to $6 each.

Calves are steady at 3¼ to 6c per pound.

Hogs—$7 per cwt for choice, and $6.75 for fat and light.

LAID OUT FOR BURIAL.

A Faint Cry Warns Friends That She Still Lives.

A despatch from Middlebro', Mass., says: While the body of Mrs. Bertha Haskins, wife of John A. Haskins, who was believed to have died late on Wednesday afternoon, was being prepared for burial next day she suddenly revived and uttered a faint cry. The funeral arrangements were called off, and Mrs. Haskins may yet recover. The woman, who has pneumonia, is living with the family of William Nichols, on Oak Street. During her illness she was attended by Dr. T. S. Hodgson of South Main Street. He and the nurse, Mrs. T. F. Claverly, were greatly surprised when the woman thought dead was found to be alive. Her breathing had ceased, it was said, and there was no perceptible action of the heart.

GREAT FOREST FIRE.

It Is Raging Around Cities in Northern Michigan.

A despatch from Detroit says: Fragmentary reports have reached Detroit from Escanaba and Gladstone, Mich., stating that a disastrous fire is raging in the upper peninsula in the neighborhood of the two cities mentioned. It is reported that three towns have been destroyed, that thirty square miles of territory have been devastated, and that several persons have been burned.

A despatch from Marinette, Wis., says: The best information obtainable at this hour is that the forest fire which is sweeping the country north of here has reached Iron county, north of Dickinsons. This makes four counties which are suffering from fire. The area is 200 square miles. The country swept by the flames varies from pine timber land to barrens. Part is iron mining country, and the district includes immense tracts of hardwood. In the barrens settlers have taken up their residence, and it is for these that the greatest anxiety is felt. Information received at Marinette, is that the village of Shaffer on the Metropolitan branch of the Northwestern Railroad in Dickinson county was wiped out. No word could be received as to loss of life there. The village of Saunders in Iron county, a lumber town, directly north of Florence, Wis., also has been swept by the flames. Here, as at Shaffer, many may have met death. The town consists of a few residences, four saloons, a couple of hotels and a big sawmill.

PRINCE ARTHUR HOME.

He Arrived Safely in London on Friday Night.

A London despatch says: Prince Arthur arrived in London on Friday evening. At the station he was received by Col. Sir Alfred Egerton, Comptroller of the Duke of Connaught's household; Sir Edward Seymour, General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, the Japanese Charge d'Affaires and Major Green Wilkinson, private secretary to the Duke of Connaught. The party drove away in carriages sent by the King to Buckingham Palace.

On landing from the Virginia he was welcomed by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Referring to his extended trip, the Prince said it had been most delightful in every way. The run across the Atlantic had been pleasant throughout, except for the wait necessitated outside of Liverpool by the prevalence of a heavy fog for several hours.

CROWDED WITH IMMIGRANTS.

Hospital Accommodation at Quebec Severely Taxed.

A Quebec despatch says: The temporary immigration hospital, located at Savard Park, on the outskirts of this city, is taxed to its utmost limit with immigrants suffering from various physical ailments, including trahcoma, who have been detained by the medical examiners connected with the immigration department. No less than 141 foreigners, who arrived by the steamer Montrose, were detained after inspection, and now crowd the Government house of detention. In the meantime the work of construction of a new hospital, to replace the old one destroyed by fire last fall, has been commenced.

ANOTHER BIG NUGGET.

Was Found on Rothschild Property, South of Giroux Lake.

A despatch from Cobalt says: A nugget, the second largest yet found in the camp, is reported to have been discovered on the Rothschild property south of Giroux Lake. This claim adjoins the celebrated Nugget claim, an interest in which was recently sold to American capitalists. A party of four men left on Thursday morning for Fox Rapids to search for the bodies of Bellisle and his companion, lately drowned while attempting to pole a canoe against the current.

EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE.

Twenty-Fve Houses Were Wrecked at Cobalt.

A Cobalt, Ont., despatch says: Cobalt, the silver city of Ontario, experienced its first disaster on Friday, when several tons of dynamite in the northwestern section of the town exploded, wrecking 25 houses and throwing the citizens into a panic. A number were more or less injured by flying debris, but in no case was the injury of a very serious nature. The explosion was caused by a forest fire igniting the building in which the explosive was stored. The shock was terrific, and a number of houses in addition to those destroyed suffered more or less, the glass in the windows being shattered. The wildest excitement prevailed for some time, but as soon as the people realized the limited extent of the disaster quiet was restored.

TORPEDO BOAT CAPSIZES.

Was in Tow of a Cruiser When Accident Occurred Off Port Said.

A despatch from London says: Lloyds' agent at Port Said telegraphs that British torpedo boat No. 56 capsized off Port Said during Friday night and that seven of her crew were drowned. The complement of a British torpedo boat is usually 18 men. The Admiralty has issued a statement that the boat capsized and sank while she was in tow of the cruiser Arrogant.

UNIVERSAL WEDDING DAY.

Many Spanish Couples to Marry the Same Day as the King.

A despatch from Madrid says: The priests of the various parishes here will have a busy time on Alfonso's wedding day. There is a rush of betrothed couples of the poorer classes to be married on the same day as the King. In one parish alone the banns of forty couples have been published. This is typical of the other parishes.

DOUMA PASSES REPLY TO CZAR

Adopted in Same Form as at First Proposed.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: Sitting until long after 2 o'clock on Friday morning, the Lower House of the National Parliament set its seal upon its first great work, the adoption of the address in reply to Emperor Nicholas' speech from the throne at the Winter Palace and setting forth the aims and aspirations of Russia's millions.

Despite attacks both from the right and left, the leaders of the Constitutional Democratic party held their followers together to the last, and the address was adopted substantially in the form in which it was proposed by the commission. The amendments adopted Wednesday and Thursday, affect important details but do not change the general tenor of the document, which, extreme as it may be in the eyes of the autocracy, falls far short of the expectations of the Radicals. Time after time, during the long three days' of debate, the extremists, with their undying hatred of the whole ancient order, launched their fiery attacks against the "mildness" of the various paragraphs only to break against the firmness of the restraint of the chiefs of the party. When the discussion had been finished, the deputies, with the exhortations of the country, to speedy action ringing in their ears, ventured no further delay, and, though they had been already in session 14 hours, took a recess until 2 o'clock on Friday morning for the reading and adoption of the final draft of the address, instead of postponing this formality until the opening of Friday's session.

DOUMA ACHIEVES AMNESTY.

As if running a race to see which should be the first to present to Emperor Nicholas a demand for amnesty, the Council of the Empire also was in session well into the early morning hours, discussing its address in reply to the speech from the throne. This document, which is far simpler and more conservative than that of the Lower House, proposes an amnesty which does not include those who coupled with political offences, murder or violation of property rights. In other words,, political assassins, or participants in agrarian excesses.

The Lower House demand for amnesty, the kernel and most pressing point in its address was altered at the last moment by the commission itself, which, in response to complaints as to the indefiniteness of the expression, "full political amnesty," substituted amnesty for all crimes committed from religious or political motives, as well as agrarian offences.

The commission also accepted a new clause to meet the wishes of the discontented in the army and navy, asking the Emperor to revise the conditions of service on the basis of right and justice.

Most of the amendments proposed in the closing hours of the debate of the wayside only one out of 31 proposed alterations of the agrarian paragraph, for example, being accepted. The discussion of this plank lasted four hours, practically every peasant in the House taking the rostrum to voice the demands of their constituents for "Land and Liberty."

The paragraph with regard to the rights of the various nationalities was adopted without change, and practically without discussion, though it was expected that the Poles would demand a fuller statement for autonomy.

The last feature of the debate was an attempt by Prof. Kovalevskym to introduce a declaration in favor of peace and pan-Slavism as the guiding principle of the empire, but an amendment commending the Emperor Nicholas for his peace manifestoes, and pledging the Government to cherish the aspirations of the Slavonian peoples outside the empire was rejected.

GIRL IS AVENGED.

A despatch from Tamboff says: Sehanoff, a police officer who participated in the brutal maltreatment of Maria Spirinodnovo, was shot and killed on the streets here on Thursday by an unknown person. The avengers of the young revolutionist recently meted out the same fate at Borissoglebsk to Abramoff, the Cossack officer who boasted of his cruelty to her while she was in prison.

AMNESTY TO BE GRANTED.

The Times' correspondent at St. Petesburg cables on Saturday as follows: I am able to state positively that the Emperor will grant amnesty, though I cannot say whether the Sovereign will place limits to his prerogative. The Ministry of Education has already notified the academic councils that they will have the widest discretion in applying amnesty to all students expelled for political offences.

ALARMING REPORTS FROM ODESSA.

The Retch reports from Odessa alarming accounts of a projected massacre of the Jews. Arrests and other repressive measures continue in full swing throughout the country.

STRENGTHENS REACTIONISTS

Count Witte has notably strengthened partisans of reaction by his insidious onslaught upon the Duma. There is only one opinion in St. Petersburg regarding his extraordinary pronouncement; it is that he has at last shown himself in his true colors, and proclaimed himself a reactionary. The majority of the Council of the Empire have little in common with his opinion either in St. Petersburg or throughout Russia at large, and to this small group of survivals Count Witte's words carried the conviction that amnesty would lead to another revolution. I hear Count Witte is soon going abroad. If this be true it looks as though his speech were a deliberate attempt to render the hoped-for reconciliation between the Czar and people impossible, thus paving the way for Witte's return to power.

$100,000,000 TO REBUILD CITY.

Huge Mortgage Corporation Formed in New York.

A despatch from New York says: It was determined on Tuesday that $100,000,000 shall be the capitalization of the new mortgage loan corporation which is to be organized here to advance money for the rebuilding of San Francisco. The promoters of the enterprise at first argued that $10,000,000 capitalization would provide an ample vehicle for handling hundreds of millions of investments, but it was found that San Francisco favored a much larger capitalization than the $10,000,000 at first proposed, thus giving opportunity for investment by the Pacific Coast interests. Plans for the perfecting of the huge corporation have been adopted, and it is now expected that all the preliminaries will be completed this week, and the work of advancing $100,000,000 or more for the reconstruction of the destroyed city will begin within thirty days.

IMPROVING BRITISH NAVY.

21 Vessels Removed From Fighting Effective and 19 Reclassed.

A London despatch says: The rapidity with which Great Britain is removing from the navy all but her really efficient warships was evidenced by a statement presented to Parliament, on Wednesday, showing that no less than 40 battleships and cruisers have been practically removed from the list since 1902. The exact figures are eight battleships, ten armored cruisers, and three protected cruisers removed from the fighting effective, while three battleships and 16 protected cruisers were reclassed, placing them on the list of ships of the smallest fighting value. During the same period the construction of 13 new battleships, 18 armored cruisers, and four protected cruisers was commenced.

STEPPED ON A MATCH.

Mrs. Dora Dunn Received Very Serius Burns.

A Toronto despatch says: About 6 o'clock Thursday evening Mrs. Dora Dunn was taken to St. Michael's Hospital suffering from severe burns about the legs and arms. She was employed as cook at the Hewitt House, and Thursday afternoon visited some friends at the rear of 63½ Queen Street west. How the accident occurred cannot be ascertained, but it is thought that Mrs. Dunn stepped on a match, which set fire to her underclothes. In trying to extinguish the flames she had her arms badly burned also. She was immediately taken to the hospital, and her injuries have proved very serious.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

NOTES AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE OTTAWA HOUSE.

FOREIGN-MADE BUOYS.

Mr. Foster was informed by Mr. Broderur that 227 foreign-made buoys had been purchased by the Government between July 1, 1904, and March 30, 1906, for use in Canadian waters.

SALE OF TIMBER.

Mr. Bennett learned from Mr. Oliver that the timber on the Whitefish Lake Indian reserve, near Sudbury, had been sold by the Indian Department during the past year. The sale had been by tender, after advertisement in the press.

IMMIGRATION MATTERS.

Mr. Smith (Nanaimo) was told by Mr. Oliver that since 1896 standing instructions had been in force in the Immigration Department to encourage none but agricultural classes or domestic servants to emigrate to Canada. Subsequently, when the immigration bonus was increased to $5, the class was enlarged to include miners, navvies, etc., who intended to go in for farming in Canada.

THE ROSS RIFLE.

Col. Hughes was given some details of the report by the commission which examined the Ross rifle before it was adopted by the Government. The gist of the information was that the rifle was a better one generally than the Lee-Enfield, and that a few defects discovered could be easily corrected.

PLACER MINES IN THE YUKON.

Mr. Oliver's bill respecting placer mining in the Yukon was given a second reading, and considered in committee.

Mr. Thompson (Yukon) explained that the bill was the outcome of the work of the commission, which had examined the whole subject in the Yukon. The principle of the bill was agreed to practically by everybody in the Yukon.

Mr. Oliver explained that the object was to crystalize the regulations which had been found to be acceptable, and give them the stability of an Act of Parliament. The present regulations were unsatisfactory, because they were not of a permanent nature. Most of the clauses of the bill were carried and a few were allowed to stand.

BIG VOTE FOR PROHIBITION.

King's County, P.E.I., Goes 1,547 For to 203 Against.

A despatch from Charlottetown, P.E.I., says: The full returns of the prohibition plebiscite elections in King's county were declared on Thursday. For prohibition 1,547, against 203.