

The Wilful Otilie;

Or. The Privilege of a Princess.

CHAPTER V.

What first entered my brain as the wildest possibility grew rapidly to a desire which possessed my whole being with absolute passion.

On the evening of a day passed in their company, with the impression strong upon me of the Princess's rare and noble look, which had held, I fancied, something different to its wont; with the knowledge that I had, unrebuked, pressed and kissed that fair hand after a fashion more daring than respectful.

The next time the ladies visited me, Mademoiselle Otilie—flitting like the elusive brown moth about the room, and glancing at me from beneath my uncle's portrait, and now and again pausing to make a comical grimace at his forbidding countenance, while I entertained her mistress at its further end—must needs be pricked by the desire to study the important document which I had, as I have said, already submitted to her view.

Struck by the sudden silence and stillness, I rose and crossed the room to find her with the parchment rolled out before her, absorbed in contemplation. Her elbows on the table, her face leaning on her hands, with a gleam of blood in her cheeks, in a confusion that set every pulse throbbing, I attempted to withdraw from her the evidence of what must seem the most impudent delusion. But she held tight with her elbows, and then, disregarding my muttered expostulations, she said: "Why not?"

stretched hand, and said in my ear as crossly as a spoilt child: "You are not a very ardent lover, M. de Jennico. The days are going by; the Countess Schreckendorf is beginning to speak quite plain again."

"I caught her hand as she would have hurried away. "If I could be sure that this is not some foolish jest," I said in a fierce whisper in her ear.

And she to me back again as fiercely: "You are afraid!" she said with a curling lip.

That settled it. I rode straight home, though I was expected to have joined the ladies on some expedition. I spent the whole day in a most intolerable state of agitation; and then my mind made up, I sat down after supper to write, beneath my uncle's portrait. And the first half of the night went in writing and re-writing the letter which was to offer the hand and heart of Basil Jennico to the Princess Marie Otilie of Lausitz.

"Monseigneur de Jennico," it began abruptly, "I ought to call you mad, for when you propose is nothing less than a deed than madness. You little know the fetters that bind such lives as mine, and I could laugh and weep together to think of what the Duke, my father, would say were you really to present yourself before him as my suggest."

So it ran, and as I read I thought I was confounded, and in fury would have crushed the letter in my hand, when a word below caught my eye, and with the intensity of joy on a par only with the rage for the reason that had preceded it, I read on:

"But, dear Monsieur de Jennico," so ran the letter then, since you love me, and since you honor me by telling me so, since you offer me so generously all you have to give, I will be honest with you and tell you that my present life has no charm for me. I know only too well what the future holds for me in my own home, and I am willing to trust myself to you and to your promise rather than face the lot already drawn for me.

And fondling her sleek coat, when of a sudden, without my having had the least warning of her coming, I turned to find Mademoiselle Otilie before me.

"I saw you coming all the way along the white road from the moment it turns the corner, and I saw how your man fought you, and how difficult it was to bring her past the great beam of the well yonder. You made her obey, but you have not a scratch upon her sides—yet you wear spurs?"

"She looked at me with the most earnest inquiry, and, ruffled by the futility of the question when so much was at stake, I said to her somewhat sharply: "What has this to do, Mademoiselle, with our meeting here to-day?"

"It has this to do, Monsieur," she answered me comely, "that her Highness's interests are as dear to me as my own, and that I am glad to learn that the man she is to wed has a merciful heart. I know a man, she went on, "in our own country who passes for the finest, the bravest, the most gallant, but when he brings a horse in from the chase his legs will be trembling and it will be panning so that it can scarcely draw breath because the rider is so brave and dashing that he must go the fastest of all, and he will have left his mark upon the poor beast's sides in great furrows where he has plunged them with his spurs. He is greatly admired by every one; but his horse die, and his hounds shrink when he moves his hand; that is what my country-people call being manly—being a real cavalier!"

The scorn of her tone was something beyond the mere girlish pettishness I generally associated with her; but to me, except as she represented or influenced her mistress, she had never had any interest. And so again impatiently I brought her back to the object of our meeting.

"Her Highness has entrusted you with a message," I asked.

"Her Highness would first of all know," said the maid of honor, "if you fully realize the difficulties you may bring upon yourself by the marriage you propose?"

"I resolved to abide, I believe, that was an odd mixture of consciousness of my own timidity in aspiring so high, and at the same time of conviction that the house of Jennico could only confer and not receive, honor. I even proposed to present myself bodily with my credentials at the Court of Lausitz (and here it is to be remembered that the pedigree came in once more), and I modestly added that, considering my wealth and connections, I ventured to hope the Duke, my father, might favorably consider my pretensions.

"And, that being settled, and you being willing to take this lady for your wife,—probably without a silver, and certainly with her father's curse!" I certainly with her father's curse!" I said proudly in the arrogance of my heart.

"I wish," said I, and could not keep the note of exultation from my voice at having my reach—"I wish you would ask me for some harder proof of my complete devotion to her Highness."

"Well, then," she said hastily, whispering as if the pines could overhear us, "be it! I have not been idle to-day, and I have a plan. I will take you to the little church in this wretched village of Wilhelmstal we passed through two days ago? The priest there is very old and very poor and like a child, because he has always lived among peasants; that the man she is to wed is almost too old to be their priest. I saw him to-day, and told him that two of those who loved each other were in great straits because people wanted to wed the maid to a bad and cruel man,—that is true, Monsieur de Jennico—I told him that these two would die of grief, or lose their souls, perhaps, were they separated, because of the love they bore each other. . . . There, sir, I permitted myself a poetical license. To be brief, I promised him in your name what I intended to do, and he has promised me to wed you on Wednesday night, at eight of the clock, secretly, in his poor little church. He is so old and so simple it was like misleading a child, but nevertheless, the opinion was expressed by a prominent grain exporter this morning that the English market would soon come up to meet Canadian quotations.

"You will not see the maid of honor perhaps ever again. Her task is done," she added, with a look of triumph.

"I took her hand, touched by her accent of earnestness, and gratefully awoke to the fact that she alone had made the impossible possible to my desire. I looked at her face, close to mine, in the faint light, and as she smiled at me, a little sadly, I was struck with the delicate beauty of the curve of her lip, and the exquisite finishing touch of the dimple that came and went beside it, and the thought flashed into my mind—"That little maid may one day drive me mad."

"I slipped her hand from mine as I would have kissed it, and nodded at me with a return of a cool impudence that had so often vexed me, "mocking, gallant cavalier," she said.

"She whistled as if for a dog, and I saw the black figure of the nurse start from the shadow of the trees a few yards away, and meeting, they joined in the mist and merged swiftly into it.

"Good-bye, I mounted the saddle, who was sorely tried by her long waiting; and as we parted homewards I was haunted, through the extraordinary blaze of my triumphant thoughts, by my own exasperation and surprise, oddly and awfully, by the arch sweetness of her smile, and the way in which she had looked at me in the darkness for the shame of such a thought in my mind at such a moment! I caught myself picturing the sweetness of a man might find in pressing his lips upon the tantalizing dimple." (To be continued.)

FARM LABOR IS SCARCE.

Immigrants Are Going Into Industrial Concerns at Good Wages.

A Toronto despatch says: A new situation has arisen in connection with the demand for farm labor in the province. From the recent experiences of the provincial officials it seems apparent that industrial concerns are entering into competition with the farmers for the services of the newly-arrived settlers.

ONE OF LIGHT BRIGADE.

Richard Yates is Dead at Detroit, Michigan.

A despatch from Detroit, Mich., says: Richard Yates, 77 years of age, is dead here. Mr. Yates was said to be the only living survivor in the United States of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. He served all through the Crimean war in the Fifth Dragoons, and was honorably discharged in 1863, and had several medals commemorative of bravery and good conduct. He landed in New York in 1863, and at once enlisted in the northern cause in the civil war, and served until his discharge. He then moved to Woodstock, Ont., later going to Windsor and six years ago moved to Detroit.

RISING IN SOUTH NIGERIA.

The British Assistant Commissioner Murdered.

A London despatch says: The Morning Post's correspondent at Lagos reports a political rising in Southern Nigeria. The British Assistant Commissioner, Oswald Crewdson, has been murdered in the Asaba Hinterland. The Southern Nigeria Regiment has been hastened thither. Heavy fighting is expected.

LEADING MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, June 19.—Flour—Ontario—Exporters bid \$3.15 for 90 per cent. patent, buyers' bags, for export; millers ask \$3.20; Manitoba—First patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; seconds, \$4 to \$4.10; bakers' \$3.50 to \$4.

Wheat—Manitoba—No. 1 northern offered at 86 1/2c, Point Edward; No. 2, 82 1/2c bid, Owen Sound; offered at 87 1/2c; 86 1/2c bid, Point Edward.

Butter—Both creamery and dairy are coming forward freely. Creamery, prints . . . 20c to 21c do solids . . . 19c to 20c Dairy prints . . . 15c to 17c Tubs . . . 14c to 15c

Cheese—Unchanged at 15c for old and 11 1/2c to 12c for new. Eggs—New-laid are quoted at 17c to 17 1/2c and splits at 14c.

Montreal, June 19.—Grain—The opinion was expressed by a prominent grain exporter this morning that the English market would soon come up to meet Canadian quotations.

Oats—No. 2, 43 1/2c to 43c; No. 3, 42 1/2c to 43c; No. 4, 41 1/2c to 42c. Peas—78c f.o.b. per bushel, 78 per cent, 4.5c.

Corn—No. 3 mixed, 56 1/2c; No. 3 yellow 57 1/2c ex-truck. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.60 to \$4.70; strong bakers', \$4.10 to \$4.20; winter wheat patents, \$4.10 to \$4.20; straight winter wheat patents, \$4.30 to \$4.50; straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4.20; in bags, \$1.85 to \$2; extras, \$1.50 to \$1.70.

Buffalo, June 19.—Flour—Strong. Wheat—Spring steady; No. 1 Northern, 88 1/2c, carloads. Corn—Dull, about firm; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2c; No. 2 corn, 56 1/2c; Oats—Strong; No. 2 white, 33c. Barley—Nominal. Bye—Stronger; No. 2 in store, 67c. Canal freights—Steady.

New York Wheat Market. New York, June 19.—No. 2 red, 96c nominal in elevator and 96c nominal f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, 92 1/2c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 90 1/2c f.o.b. afloat.

Live Stock Markets. Toronto, June 19.—Prices held steady to firm for good and choice exporters and butchers, but an easier tone was noticeable in the medium and common grades as a result of the large influx.

Richest Claim Yet. A Very Big Find Reported From the Township of Coleman.

A Cobalt despatch says: A very rich find has been reported from lot 1, concession 3, township of Coleman. The discovery was made by Andy Devine a few days ago, but the matter was kept quiet until the inspector saw and passed the claim. "It is very rich in silver and cobalt, and reports credit the inspector with stating it to be the richest and best claim he has seen. He states that it will develop into one of the richest in the district. Another rich find is reported from Gillies Depot, 5 miles south of here, where a party of prospectors discovered nine good veins of cobalt and silver. The samples shown are as rich as any we have seen, and give promise of good results.

Release of Brouthier. Mr. Macpherson brought to the attention of the House the action of the Minister of Justice in having advised his Excellency to release from British Columbia Penitentiary one Brouthier, a convict. The city of Vancouver, he said, was stirred to its depths by the release of this man, who had offended against all decency. He had been accused by friend and foe of having secured the

CAZAR'S UNHAPPY EMPIRE

Terrible Scenes Enacted in a Russian Town.

MASSACRE OF JEWS. A despatch from Bielsk, Russia, says: A massacre of Jews occurred here on Thursday, in which hundreds were killed and wounded and Jewish shops demolished. The outbreak was the result of the throwing of a bomb at Corpus Christi procession that was passing Alexandrovski Street. Someone threw a bomb from a balcony among the processions, killing a priest and many others. It is alleged that a Jewish Anarchist threw the bomb, and it is asserted that other Jews immediately followed the throwing of the bomb by discharging revolvers from windows into the crowd. Soldiers hastily surrounded the house and poured volleys through the window openings. Meanwhile Christians attacked the whole Jewish quarter, smashing shops and houses, trampling upon goods that had been thrown into the streets, and hunting the Jews, whom they beat and hacked. A number of Jews, who were pursued by a mob, fled to the railway station, where several of them were caught and killed. Three were taken from the upper story of the station to the street. The Jews are fleeing from Bielsk to the neighboring forests, and mobs are pursuing them. Detachments of dragons have been sent out to protect the Jews. Jews arriving here on trains have been dragged from the cars, and many of them have been murdered. Troops have cleared the railway station.

SITUATION IN PROVINCES. The London Times correspondent at St. Petersburg cables as follows:—The Bourse on Thursday was terribly depressed on large selling orders from Paris. Fours fell to the unprecedented level of seventy-two. It is rumored that some provincial banks are on the eve of suspending the payment of interest on their bonds. Such a step would infallibly cause a financial calamity. The situation in the provinces is going from bad to worse and agrarian disturbances are reported to be extending north, involving even Tver and Novgorod. Outrages in the Baltic provinces are daily increasing and another revolutionary outbreak there appears imminent.

PEASANTS HARRY JEWS. A despatch from Bielsk says: After a lull in the mutiny, the Jews on Friday evening again began to harry the Jews and pillage their shops. The mob was swelled by thousands of peasants, who are now plundering and burning the deserted residences of Jews. Almost all the Jewish shops are being mercilessly who have not fled are being mercilessly harried. The women are spared, but the men are bludgeoned, stabbed, and shot. Firing is heard in many directions. Six thousand Jews are now camped in the forests, surrounded by soldiers. Another bomb was thrown at a Jewish quarter, killing a policeman and wounding others.

It is known that thirty Jews were killed and more than 100 were wounded in the rioting which occurred on Thursday, when a mob attacked the Jewish quarter because a bomb was thrown into a Corpus Christi procession. The hospitals are overcrowded, and many injured persons are hidden in private houses.

All the Jewish shops on the four principal streets of the town were sacked by the mob. The anger of the crowd was fed by a rumor in the afternoon that Jews had killed Christian girls in neighboring villages.

The Christians' exasperation is increasing and the Jews' vengeance on the two young Jews who are under arrest on suspicion of having thrown the bomb.

The city is in possession of soldiers of the Vladimir Regiment. The streets and railroad stations are occupied by the military and entrance into the town is prohibited.

TRAIN ATTACKED. A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The Schastopol express arrived in St. Petersburg on Thursday six hours late, owing to its having been attacked by 2,000 armed peasants. The passengers were not hurt, but the windows of the train were smashed.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

EMIGRANTS FOR ONTARIO. Mr. Armstrong was informed by Mr. Oliver that the total number of emigrants destined for Ontario from the countries covered by the North Atlantic Trading Company during the years 1903 and 1904 and nine months of the year covering 1905 and 1906 was 9,191.

MILITIA PENSION ACT. The House went into committee on Sir Frederick Borden's resolution to amend the Militia Pension Act so as to provide that time served in His Majesty's regular forces might be counted in the time of service for pension in the case of an officer transferred to the permanent force in connection with the taking over by Canada of the garrisons at Halifax and Esquimaux, and also to provide that time served in the regular forces might be counted towards pension similarly transferred. The resolution was carried in committee, and a bill based upon it was introduced and read a first time, and a similar resolution, auxiliary to this one was also introduced and carried, and a bill based upon it given a first reading.

NO NEW WORKS NEXT YEAR. It is understood that in the supplementary estimates for next year the Government is undertaking no new works, but merely providing for the completion of what has already been undertaken.

MR. CINQMARS CENSURED. The House of Commons asserted its authority, and passed a motion of censure on Mr. Cinqmars, the correspondent of La Presse, for a portion of his article criticizing Mr. Foster, of which the latter had some time ago made special complaint.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES. In reply to Mr. Hughes (King's), Hon. Mr. Fielding reiterated the statement that the Insurance Commission would inquire into operations of companies doing business under the assessment plan.

RELEASE OF BROUTHIER. Mr. Macpherson brought to the attention of the House the action of the Minister of Justice in having advised his Excellency to release from British Columbia Penitentiary one Brouthier, a convict. The city of Vancouver, he said, was stirred to its depths by the release of this man, who had offended against all decency. He had been accused by friend and foe of having secured the

The Cemetery Board of Hamilton has requested the public to abstain from Sunday burials. The Bell Telephone Company have voted \$500 towards the memorial to Alexander Graham Bell in Brantford.