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Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued).

He was getting on the friendliest terms with Violet. He was almost as much at home with her as Rorie was, except that she never called him by his Christian name, nor flashed at him those lovely, mirth-provoking glances which he surprised sometimes on their way to Mr. Vawdrey. Those two had a hundred small jokes and secrets that dated back to Vixen's childhood. How could a new-comer hope to be on such delightful terms with her? Lord Mallow felt this, and hated Roderick Vawdrey as intensely as it was possible for a nature radically good and generous to hate even a favored rival. That Roderick was his rival, and was favored, were two ideas of which Lord Mallow could not dispossess himself, notwithstanding the established fact of Mr. Vawdrey's engagement to his cousin.

"A good many men begin life by being engaged to their cousins," reflected Lord Mallow. "A man's relations take it into their heads to keep an estate in the family, and he is forthwith set at his cousin like an unwilling terrier at a rat. I don't at all feel as if this young man were permanently disposed of, in spite of all their talk; and I'm very sure Miss Tempest likes him better than I should approve of were I the cousin."

While he loitered over his second cup of coffee, with the ducal card of invitation in his hand, it seemed to him a good opportunity for talking about Lady Mabel.

"A very elegant girl, Lady Mabel," he said, "and remarkably clever. I never talked to a young woman, or an old one either, who knew so much about Ireland. She's engaged to that gawky cousin, isn't she?"

Vixen shot an indignant look at him, and pouted her rosy underlip.

"You mean young Vawdrey. Yes; it is quite an old engagement. They were affianced to each other in their cradles, I believe," answered Captain Carmichael.

"Just what I should have imagined," said Lord Mallow.

"Why?"

"Because they seem to care so little for each other now."

"Oh, but dear Lord Mallow, remember; Lady Mabel Ashbourne is too well bred to go about the world advertising her affection for her future husband," remonstrated Mrs. Carmichael. "I'm sure, if you had seen us before our marriage, you would never have guessed from our manner to each other that Conrad and I were engaged. You would not have a lady behave like a housemaid with her 'young man.' I believe in that class of life they always sit with their arms round each other's waists at evening parties."

"I would have a lady show that she has a heart, and is not ashamed to acknowledge its master," said Lord Mallow, with his eyes on Vixen, who sat stolidly silent, pale with anger. "However, we will put down Lady Mabel's seeming coldness to good breeding. But as to Mr. Vawdrey, all I can say about him is that he may be in love with his cousin's estate, but he certainly is not in love with his cousin."

This was more than Vixen could brook.

"Mr. Vawdrey is a gentleman, with a fine estate of his own," she cried. "How dare you impute such a meanness to him?"

"It may be mean, but it is the commonest thing in life."

"Yes, among adventurers who have no other road to fortune than by marrying for money; but do you suppose it can matter to Roderick whether he has a thousand acres less or more, or two houses instead of one? He is going to marry Lady Mabel because it was the dearest wish of his mother's heart, and because she is perfect and proper, and accomplished and wonderfully clever—you said as much yourself—and exactly the kind of wife that a young man would be proud of. There are reasons enough, I should hope," concluded Vixen, indignantly.

She had spoken breathlessly, in gasps of a few words at a time, and her eyes flashed their angriest light upon the astounded Irishman.

"Not half a reason if he does not love her," he answered, boldly. "But I believe young Englishmen of the present day marry for reason and not for love. Cupid has been cashiered in favor of Minerva. Foolish marriages are out of fashion. Nobody ever thinks of love in a cottage. First, there are no more cottages; and secondly, there is no more love."

Christmas was close at hand; a trying time for Vixen, who remembered the jolly old Christmas of days gone by, when the poor from all the surrounding villages came to receive the squire's lavish bounty, and not even the tramp or the cadger was sent empty handed away. Under the new master all was done by line and rule. The distribution of coal and blankets took place down in Beechdale, under Mr. and Mrs. Scobel's management. Vixen went about from cottage to cottage in the wintery dusk, giving her small offerings out of her scanty allowance of pocket-money, which Captain Carmichael had put at the lowest figure he decently could.

"What can Violet want with pocket-money?" he asked, when he discussed the subject with his wife. "Your dressmaker supplies all her gowns and bonnets and hats. You give her gloves—everything."

"Her papa always gave her a good deal of money," pleaded Mrs. Carmichael. "I think she gave it almost all away to the poor."

Naturally. She went about pauperizing honest people because she had more money than she knew what to do with. Let her have ten pounds a quarter to buy gloves and eau-de-Cologne, writing-paper, and postage-stamps, and trifles of that kind. She can't do much harm with that, and it is quite as much as you can afford, since we have both made up our minds to live within our income."

Mrs. Carmichael sighed and assented, as she was wont to do. It seemed hard that there should be this need of economy; but it was in a manner Violet's fault that they were all thus restricted, since she was to take so much and to reduce her mother almost to penury by and by.

"I don't know what would become of me without Conrad's care," thought the dutiful wife.

Going among the poor this Christmas with almost empty hands, Violet Tempest discovered what it was to be really loved. Honest eyes brightened none the less at her coming, the little children flocked as fondly to her knee. The changes at the Abbey House were very well understood. They were all put down to Captain Carmichael's account, and many a simple heart burned with indignation at the idea that the squire's golden-haired daughter was being "put upon."

One bright afternoon in the Christmas holidays Vixen consented, half reluctantly at the last, to let Lord Mallow accompany her in her visits among the familiar faces, and that was a rare day for the squire's old pensioners. The Irishman's pockets were full of half crowns and florins and sixpences for the rosy-faced, bare-footed, dirty, happy children.

"It puts me in mind of the old country," he said, when he had made acquaintance with the interior of half a dozen of cottages. "The people seem just as kind and friendly, and improvident and idle, and happy-go-lucky as my friends at home. That old Sassenach forester, now, that we saw sitting in the winter sun, drinking his noonday pint on a bench outside a rustic beer-shop, looking the very image of lazy enjoyment; what Irishman could take life more lightly or seem better pleased with himself? a free-born child of the sun and wind, ready to earn his living anyhow except by the work of his hands. Yes, Miss Tempest, I feel a national affinity to your children of the Forest. I wish I were Mr. Vawdrey and bound to spend my life here."

"Why, what would life be to you if you had not ould Ireland to fight for?" cried Vixen, smiling at him.

"Life would be simply perfect for me if I had—"

"What?" asked Vixen, as he came to a sudden stop.

"The dearest wish of my heart. But I dare not tell you what that is yet awhile."

Vixen felt very sorry she had asked the question. She looked mildly for another cottage. They had just done the last habitation in a straggling village in the heart of the woods. There was nothing human in sight by which the conversation might be diverted from the uncomfortable turn it had just taken. Yes; yonder under the beechen boughs Vixen descried a small child with red legs, like a Jersey partridge, dragging a smaller child by the arm, and ankle-deep in the sodden leaves. To see them and to dart across the wet grass toward them were almost simultaneous.

"Tommy," cried Vixen, seizing the red-legged child, "why do you never come to the Abbey House?"

"Because Mrs. Trimmer says there's nothing for me," lisped the infant. "The new master sells the milk up in Lunnun."

'Laudable economy,' exclaimed Vixen to Lord Mallow, who had followed her into the damp woodland and heard the boy's answer. "The poor old Abbey House can hardly know itself under such management."

"There is as big a house where you might do what you liked; yes, and give away the cows as well as the milk, if you pleased, and none should say you nay," said Lord Mallow, in a low voice, full of unaffected tenderness.

"Oh, please don't!" cried Vixen—"don't speak too kindly. I feel sometimes as if one kind little word too much would make me cry like a child. It's the last straw, you know, that crushes the camel; and I hate myself for being so weak and foolish."

After this Vixen walked home as if she had been winning a match, and Lord Mallow, for his life, dared not say another tender word.

This was their last tete-a-tete for some time. Christmas came with its festivities, all of a placid and eminently well-bred character; and then came the last day of the year and the dinner at Ashbourne.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Mrs. Carmichael, on her marriage, by the Duchess of Dovedale."

That was the sentence which went on repeating itself like a cabalistic formula in Pamela Carmichael's mind, as her carriage drove through the dark silent woods to Ashbourne on the last night of the year.

A small idea had taken possession of her small mind. The duchess was the fittest person to present her to her gracious mistress, or her gracious mistress's representative, at the first Drawing-room of the coming season. Mrs. Carmichael had old friends, friends who had known her in her girlhood, who would have been happy to undertake the office. Captain Carmichael had an ancient female relative living in a fossil state at Hampton Court, and vaguely spoken as "a connection," who would willingly emerge from her aristocratic hermitage to present her kinsman's bride to her sovereign, and whom the captain deemed the proper sponsor for his wife on that solemn occasion. But what social value had a fossilized Lady Susan Carmichael, of whom an outside world knew nothing, when weighed in the balance with the Duchess of Dovedale? No; Mrs. Carmichael felt that to be presented by the duchess was the one thing needful to her happiness.

It was a dinner of thirty people; quite a state dinner. The finest and newest orchids had been brought out of their houses, and the dinner-table looked like a tropical forest in little. Vixen went in to dinner with Lord Ellangowan, which was an unappreciated honor, as that nobleman had very little to say for himself, except under extreme pressure, and in his normal state could only smile and look good-natured. Roderick Vawdrey was ever so far away, between his betrothed and an enormous dowager in sky-blue velvet and diamonds.

After dinner there was music. Lady Mabel played a dreary minor melody, chiefly remarkable for its delicate modulation from sharps to flats and back again. A large gentleman sang an Italian buffo song, at which the company smiled tepidly; a small young lady smiled and languished through "Non e ver;" and then Miss Tempest and Lord Mallow sung a duet.

This was the success of the evening. They were asked to sing again and again. They were allowed to monopolize the piano; and before the evening was over every one had decided that Lord Mallow and Miss Tempest were engaged. Only the voices of plighted lovers could be expected to harmonize as well as that.

"They must have sung very often together," asid the duchess to Mrs. Carmichael.

"Only within the last fortnight. Lord Mallow never stayed with us before, you know. He is my husband's friend. They were brother officers, and have known each other a long time. Lord Mallow insists on Violet singing every evening. He is passionately fond of music."

"Very pleasant," murmured the duchess, approvingly; and then she glided on to shed the sunshine of her presence upon another group of guests.

Carriages began to be announced at eleven—that is to say, about half an hour after the gentlemen had left the dining-room—but the duke insisted that people should stop till twelve.

"We must see the old year out," he said. "It is a lovely night. We can go out on the terrace and hear the Ringwood bells."

This is how Violet and Lord Mallow happened to sing so many duets. There was plenty of time for music during the hour before midnight. After the singing, a rash young gentleman, pining to distinguish himself somehow—a young man with a pimply complexion, who had said with Don Carlos, "Three-and-twenty years of age and nothing done for immortality!"—recited Tennyson's "Farewell to the Old Year," in a voice which was like anything but a trumpet, and with gesticulation painfully suggestive of St. Vitus.

The long suite of rooms terminated in an orangery—a substantial stone building, with tesselated pavement, and wide windows opening on the terrace. The night was wondrously mild. The full moon shed her tender light upon the dark forest, the shining water pool, the distant blackness of a group of ancient yew-trees on the crest of a hill. Ashbourne stood high, and the view from the terrace was at all times magnificent, but perhaps finest of all in the moonlight.

The younger guests wandered softly in and out of the rooms, and looked at the golden oranges glimmering against their dark leaves, and put themselves into positions that suggested the possibility of flirtation. Young ladies whose study of German literature had never gone beyond Ollendorff gazed pensively at the oranges, and murmured the song of Mignon. Couples of maturer growth whispered the details of unsavory scandals behind perfumed fans.

Vixen and Rorie were among these roving couples. Violet had left the piano, and Roderick was off duty. Lady Mabel and Lord Mallow were deep in the wrongs of Ireland. Captain Carmichael was talking agriculture with the duke, whose mind was sorely exercised about guano.

"My dear sir, in a few years we shall have used up all the guano, and then what can become of us?" demanded the duke. "Talk about our exhausting our coal! What is that compared with the exhaustion of guano? We may learn to exist without fires. Our winters are becoming milder; our young men are going in for athletics; they can keep themselves warm upon bicycles. And then we have the gigantic coal-fields of America, the vast basin of the Mississippi, to fall back upon, with ever-increasing facilities in the mole of transport. But civilization must come to a dead lock when we have no more guano. Our grass, our turnips, our mangel, must deteriorate. We shall have no more prize cattle. It is too awful to contemplate."

"But do you really consider such a calamity at all possible?" asked the captain.

"Probable, sir? It is inevitable. In 1868 the Chincha Islands were estimated to contain about six million tons of guano. The rate of exportation had at that time risen to four hundred thousand tons per annum. At this rate the three islands will be completely exhausted by the year 1888, and England will have to exist without guano. The glory of the English people as breeders of prize oxen will have departed."

"Chemistry will have discovered new fertilizers by that time," suggested the captain, in a comforting tone.

"Sir," replied the duke, severely, "the discoveries of modern science tend to the chimerical rather than the practical. Your modern scientists can liquefy oxygen, then can light a city with electricity, but they cannot give anything to increase the size and succulence of my turnips. Virgil knew as much about agriculture as your modern chemist."

While the duke was holding forth about guano Vixen and Rorie were on the terrace, in the stillness and moonlight. There was heardly a breath of wind. It might have been a summer evening. Vixen was shrouded from head to foot in a white cloak which Rorie had fetched from the room where the ladies had left their wraps. She looked all white and solemn in the moonlight, like a sheeted ghost.

Although Mr. Vawdrey had been civil enough to go in quest of Violet's cloak, and had seemed especially desirous of bringing her to the terrace, he was by no means delightful now he had got her there. They took a turn or two in silence, broken only by a brief remark about the beauty of the night and the extent of the prospect.

"I think it is the finest view in the Forest," said Vixen, dwelling on the subject for lack of anything else to say. "You must be very fond of Ashbourne."

"I don't exactly recognize the necessity. The view is superb, no doubt, but the house is frightfully commonplace. It is a little better than Briarwood. That is about all which an enthusiastic admirer could advance in its favor. How much longer does Lord Mallow mean to take up his abode with you?"

Vixen shrugged her cloaked shoulders with an action that seemed to express contemptuous carlessness.

"I haven't the least idea. That is no business of mine, you know."

"I don't know anything of the kind," retorted Rorie, captiously. "I should have thought it was very much your business."

"Should you really?" said Vixen, mockingly.

If the gentleman's temper was execrable, the lady's mood was not too amiable.

"Yes. Are you not the loadstar? It is your presence that makes the Abbey House pleasant to him. Who can wonder that he protracts his stay?"

"He has been with us a little more than a fortnight."

"He has been with you an age. Mortals who are taken to paradise seldom stay so long. Sweet dreams are not so long. A fortnight in the same house with you, meeting with you at breakfast, parting with you at midnight, seeing you at noontide and afternoon, walking with you, riding with you, singing with you, kneeling down to family prayer at your side, mixing his 'Amen' with yours: why, he might as well be your husband at once. He has as much delight in your society."

(To be Continued.)

POLICEMAN KILLS A MAN.

Arrested the Wrong Man First, and a Free Fight Occurred.

A despatch from Dalhousie, N. B., says: A shooting affray took place on Thursday morning in St. Maure, when Peter Fontaine was shot dead by Policeman Sealy, from the town of Dalhousie. Sealy and Constable Gallop left Dalhousie early on Thursday morning with warrants for the arrest of Andrew Fontaine and Peter Fontaine, charged with assault. On arriving at the home of Andrew Fontaine they placed him under arrest, and George Sealy left alone to go to the next house, where Peter Fontaine made his home. On Sealy's arrival there he met George Jalbert, with whom Peter Fontaine lived. He arrested Jalbert, by mistake for Peter Fontaine. Jalbert, not having committed any offence, was surprised to find himself in the hands of the law, and, not knowing who Sealy was, and seeing he had a revolver in his hand, he says he mistook him for a burglar, and made a fight, as he was very much afraid. Meanwhile he called on his wife and Peter Fontaine for help. Fontaine came downstairs undressed, and, seeing a stranger with a revolver, a general row occurred. The policeman noticing his mastake, let Jalbert go and made an attempt to arrest Fontaine. Jalbert, having received a severe blow, made for the woods. Meantime Gallop came on the scene and took part in the scuffle, which resulted in Fontaine receiving several shots, one ball lodging in his liver and another just above the heart, death ensuing in a few minutes. Sealy surrendered himself to the County Sheriff.

DRAWN UNDER TRAIN.

Mr. George Wright, of Gordon Lake, Loses His Foot.

A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., says: Mr. George Wright, a merchant of Gordon Lake, was returning from the Soo on Thursday by the afternoon train, and in attempting to alight at Desbarats while the train was in motion was drawn under the wheels, his left foot being ground to a pulp. He was brought back to the Soo and his foot was amputated at the General Hospital.

J. Pasuth, an Italian, was killed on the Algoma Central Railway through the collision of a handcar on which Pasuth was riding, and No. 3 engine. The car and engine met in a rock cut. The noise of the approaching engine was not heard until loo late.

RAN PAST THE SIGNALS.

Engineer James Fanning Killed at Sand Point.

A despatch from Carleton Place says: Two miles from Sand Point at about 10.30 on Friday morning a locomotive drawing a freight train was derailed and fell over into the ditch, crushing Engineer James Fanning to death. Fanning was aged 46 years, a resident of this town and a native of Beckwith township. He leaves a widow. The fireman, Robert Nolan, escaped serious injury. The accident occurred at Stewart's Bay, two and a half miles west of Sand Point. The sectionmen were changing a rail, and the freight train ran past the flags that were put out as danger signals on the curved track. The engine ran over the end of the rail and upturned.

CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

Comparative Helplessness Was a Great Shock to His Friends.

A despatch from Birmingham, England, says: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain arrived here on Thursday from London. The health of Mr. Chamberlain is improving, but his comparative helplessness was a great shock to his friends who assembled at the railroad station to meet him. All hats were raised in respectful silence as his carriage drove away.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, June 18.—Flour — Ontario wheat 90 per cent. patents are quoted at $3.35 to $3.45 in buyers' sacks outside for export. Manitoba first patents, $4.75; second patents, $4.20 to $4.30, and strong bakers', $4.05 to $4.25.

Wheat—No 1. Manitoba hard is quoted at 95½c lake ports; No. 1 Northern at 93½c, and No. 2 Northern at 91c. Ontario wheat is steady, with No. 2 quoted at 88 to 89c outside.

Corn—No. 2 American corn is quoted at 61½c Toronto, lake and rail.

Bran—Prices nominal at $19 to $20 outside in bulk; shorts are quoted at $20 to $21 outside.

CALL BOARD.

Oats—No. 2 white offered at 46c outside, without bids.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Good to choice Winter stock, $2.50 to $3.50 per bbl.

Beans—Hand-picked quoted at $1.50, and primes at $1.35 to $1.40.

Honey—Strained quoted at 11 to 12c per lb., and comb honey at $2 to $2.50 per dozen.

Hay—No. 1 timothy is quoted at $14 to $15 here, and No. 2 at $12 to $13.

Straw—$7 to $7.50 a ton on track here.

Potatoes—Ontario, $1.15 to $1.20 per bag on track, and New Brunswick, $1.30 per bag.

Poultry—Turkeys, alive, 12 to 13c; chickens, alive, 12c per lb.; fowl, 8 to 9c.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound rolls are quoted at 18 to 20c; tubs nomilal at 18 to 19c., large rolls are quoted at 18c. Creamery prints sell at 21 to 22c, and solids at 20 to 21½c.

Eggs—Case lots sell at 17½ to 18c a doz.

Cheese—Large are quoted at 13c per lb., and twins at 13¼ to 13½c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Bacon—Long clear, 11 to 11½c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, $21 to $21.50; short cut, $23 to $23.50.

Hams—Light to medium, 15½c; do., heavy, 14½c; rolls, 11½c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 16½c; breakfast bacon, 15½c.

Lard—Tierces, 12¼c; tubs, 12½c; pails, 12¾c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, June 18.—Grain—Manitoba, No. 2 white, 49½c; Ontario, No. 2 at 49c; No. 3 at 48c; No. 4 at 47c per bushel ex store. Flour—Choice spring wheat patents, $5.10 to $5.20; seconds, $4.50 to $4.60; Winter wheat patents, $4.85; straight rollers, $4.10 to $4.25; do., in bags, $1.50 to $2; extras, $1.60. Feed—Manitoba bran, in bags, $21; shorts $22 per ton; Ontario bran in bags, $21 to $21.50; shorts, $22 to $22.50; milled mouille, $24 to $28 per ton, and straight grain, $30 to $32. Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess, $22 to $22.50; half-barrels, $11.25 to $11.75; clear fat back, $23.50 to $24.50; long cut heavy mess, $20.50 to $21.50; half-barrels do., $10.75 to $11.50; dry salt, long clear bacon, 10½ to 11½c; barrels, plate beef, $14 to $16; half-barrels do., $7.50 to $8.25; heavy mess beef, $10; half-barrels do., $5.50; compound lard, 10¼ to 10¾c; pure lard, 12¼ to 12¾c; kettle rendered, 13 to 13½c; hams, 14 to 16c; breakfast bacon, 14½ to 15c; Windsor bacon, 15½ to 16c; fresh killed, abattoir dressed hogs, $10; alive, $7.25 to $7.40. Eggs —17½ to 18½c. Butter—Township, 20½ to 20¾c; Quebec, 20¼ to 20½c; Ontario, 20c; Western dairy, 18 to 18½c. Cheese—Western, 11⅞c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Duluth, June 18.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, 96⅞c; No. 1 Northern, 95⅞c; No. 2 Northern, 94⅜c; July, 95⅞c; Sept., 98¼c; Dec., 94½c.

Milwaukee, June 18.—Wheat — No. 1 Northern, $1.03 to $1.04; No. 2 Northern, $1 to $1.02; July, 90¾c. Rye—No. 1, 87, 52¼ to 53½c; July, 53c.

Minneapolis, June 18.—Wheat — July, 95½c; September, 94½c; No. 1 hard, 98¾ to 99c; No. 1 Northern, 97¾ to 98c; No. 2 Northern, 95¾ to 96¾c; No. 3 Northern, 93 to 94c. Flour — First patents, $5 to $5.10; second patents, $4.90 to $5; first clears, $3.55 to $3.65; second clears, $2.75 to $2.85. Bran in bulk, $16 to $16.25.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, June 18.—Export trade was quiet, but with a continued good demand for heavy, well-finished stock. Choice quality sold from $5.30 to $5.90, but picked cattle were sold at still higher prices, thre extra fine steers, weighing altogether about 4,700 lbs., bringing $6.12½.

Butcher cattle were offered freely. Top quality sold at from $5.60 to $5.85, with a few cattle picked from choice loads selling around the $6 mark. Good ordinary butchers' sold from $5.40 to $5.60. Medium, $5 to $5.25; choice cows sold from $4.50 to $4.75; common cows, $3 to $3.50.

Stockers of 800 to 900 lbs. were in demand at $4 to $4.50; lightweights sold at $3.25 to $3.75.

Milch cows were firm at $35 to $60 for choice and $25 to $30 for common.

Veal calves were steady at 3c to 6c per lb.

Sheep and lambs were firm and slightly higher.

The market for hogs is easy, but quotations are unchanged at $6.90 for selects.

It is proposed to store some 60,000 tons of coal in Saskatchewan during this summer to prevent another famine next winter.

The O'Boyle Brothers' Construction Co., of North Bay, have been awarded the contract for the Temiskaming Railway stores building at that place.

MUTINY OF RED HUSSARS

Serious Disaffection in the Czar's Favorite Regiment.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: What technically was a mutiny, closely resembling the mutiny of the Preobraiensky Regiment just before the dissolution of the Duma last year, has occurred in the ranks of the Life Hussars, better known as the "Red Hussars," at Tsarskoe-Selo.

The existence of serious disaffection came to light when Colonel Molostvoff, commanding the regiment, ordered the punishment of several soldiers, but the other soldiers refused to inflict it. They also refused to shout the usual salutation to the commander on parade.

The upshot of the affair was the arrest on Monday at Tsarskoe-Selo of the commander of the "Red Hussars," General Petrovo Solovo, aide-de-camp to and personal friend of the Czar. The General was conveyed to St. Petersburg and placed under domiciliary arrest in the Winter Palace.

The fourth squadron of the regiment has been deprived of the privilege of carrying the regimental colors. All the officers have been arrested, and the regiment will probably be transferred to Melviet, where the Japanese prisoners lived, and where the Preobrajensky Regiment was sent last year by way of punishment. A series of courts-martial will follow in due course.

From personal investigations it is concluded that the mutiny was not caused by direct political agitation, but was the result of the loosening of all the bonds of discipline due to the present long-drawn crisis. The soldiers are vaguely dissatisfied, but they don't know exactly what they want. Hence anarchy is more probable than a swift, clean-cut military revolution. The singular fact about these mutinies is that they occur in the regiments most closely connected with the Czar. The Hussars are even dearer to him than was the Preobranjensky Regiment, for the Czar served in the sixth squadron, and at the last regimental fete spoke most feelingly of how proud he felt at being entitled to wear the uniform of the famous regiment.

NAVAL MUTINY THREATENS.

A despatch to a London news agency from Sebastopol says that Vice-Admiral Wiren, who recently was appointed successor of Admiral Skrydloff, in command of the Black Sea fleet, has sifted out and arrested the disaffected seamen at thaat port and placed 600 of them on board a cruiser, under a strong guard of the Pragski Regiment. Additional arrests are being made, and it probably will be necessary to fit out another penal cruiser. The seamen of the fleet are exasperated, because no charges have been preferred against the arrested men, and it is said that a mutinous outbreak is likely to occur.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Telegraphic Briefs From Our Own and Other Countries of Recent Events.

CANADA.

Toronto Street Railway earnings for May were $279,773.12.

Plans are being prepared for a new wing to the Provincial Parliament buildings.

Hamilton Board of Education has increased teachers' and caretakers' salaries.

The I. C. R. will hereafter be known as the "I. R. C." Intercolonial Railway, Canada.

The Duluth, Rainy Lake and Winnipeg Railway has begun erecting its bridge across Rainy River.

Eighteen restaurant keepers at Winnipeg were fined $1 and costs each for selling on Sunday.

Dr. R. W. Bell, Provincial Health Inspector, reports many cases of smallpox in Leeds and Grenville counties.

The Montreal Street Railway Company will give the poor of the city free rides in special cars during the hot months.

It is said that an offer well up in the millions has been made the Government for the mineralized portion of the Gillies limit.

The earnings of the London and Port Stanley Railway for 1906 total $143,736.06, and London receives ten per cent. on all receipts above $80,000.

Mrs. William Allbright, "prophetess," has warned the Mayor of Vancouver to "come out and bring the people, as there will be a tidal wave and mountain eruptions."

A hobo fitted himself quarters in a small steam yacht shipped on the C. P. R. from Montreal to Seattle and rode across the continent unnoticed.

Dr. Falconer formally accepted the Presidency of the University of Toronto at a meeting of the Board of Governors on Friday.

The Frontenac Grand Jury was refused permission to inspect the Kingston penitentiary, and asks that the case be laid before the Minister of Justice.

The bodies of Samuel Rankin and Mrs. Patterson, both old residents of Stratford, were found in the water on Thursday. Both had committed suicide at different places and times.

A number of hay dealers of Montreal have entered suit in the Exchequer Court to collect $340,000 for hay shipped by them to South Africa during the war and not taken by the Government.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The retirement of Lord Dundonald from the British Army has been announced.

Crop reports from Europe indicate that the wheat yield will be greater than at first expected.

The first reading of the amendment to the British North America act rendered necessary by the agreement to increase Provincial subsidies was passed in the British House of Commons on Thursday.

UNITED STATES.

The operators of the Western Union Telegraph Company are threatening to strike.

The longshoremen at New York have decided to return to work on the best terms obtainable.

Japanese in the United States blame the German Emperor for the race troubles in San Francisco.

A big white cat is the loving foster mother of four Dalmatin puppies in a New York fire station.

John M. Parker, who says he is from Toronto, has confessed to the Philadelphia police that he is a burglar.

At Winstead, Conn., three cows ate heartily of grass on which had been emptied some paris green. They died.

Two women were killed and three other persons were seriously hurt in an automobile accident in Indianapolis, Ind.

The United States Government has offered Britain the same trade concessions as were given Germany by the recent agreement.

Carrie Nation, after haranguing a crowd in front of a down-town saloon in Washington, was arrested for being disorderly.

Official statements from the Iowa crop service place the Iowa crops from 17 to 18 per cent. behind their condition a year ago at this time.

Because his mother had spanked him, Calif McCoy, aged eleven years, shot and instantly killed her at their farm, nine miles north of Bassett, Neb.

President Roosevelt, speaking to the National Editorial Association at Jamestown, urged the necessity of changes in the system of taxation and in the utilizing of natural resources.

Trying to part two men who were fighting, Father John A. Clark, rector of the Catholic church at Collinsville, Conn., was set upon by both and his skull fractured by their blows.

With five children desperately ill with scarlet fever and one dead, Herbert Whitney a Christian Scientist living near Concord N.H., has refused to allow them to be attended by a physician.

GENERAL.

The Kaiser is to meet the Czar during a summer trip in Scandinavia.

The President of Nicaragua has denied that his State has declared war on Guatemala.

Walter Volz, a well-known Swiss traveller, has been burned to death by natives in Liberia.

Twenty-eight passengers were drowned by the foundering of a French steamer off the Barbados.

The better classes of Tokio take no stock in the alarmist cries over the San Francisco troubles.

JAMAICA AGAIN SHAKEN

Violent Earthquake Throws Down Newly Erected Walls.

A despatch from Kingston, Jamaica, says: A violent earthquake occurred at 1.20 a.m. here on Thursday. It was the first in six weeks and came from the southeast. It was especially severe at Port Royal, destroying the walls of the temporary buildings under construction.

The violent shaking caused a panic among the troops there, and in the dash for the open forty men of the Royal Garrison Artillery and Royal Engineers were injured. Eleven of them were seriously hurt and fifteen are in the hospital.

The panic was intensified by a curious turbulence of the sea near the coast. Prices, three extra fine steers, weighwere injured at Uppack camp in a similar dash to the open. No casualties are reported among civilians.

A despatch from Santiago, Chile, says: A severe earthquake was experienced on Thursday at Valvivia. Several buildings and the railroad bridges there were destroyed and five persons were killed. Valvivia is on the seacoast, about 500 miles south of Valparaiso. It has a population of 10,000.