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MILLBROOK AND OMEMEE MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 18. NO. 14. $1 per annum. MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1906. C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The Wilful Ottilie;

Or, The Privilege of a Princess.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

Narrative of an episode at White's Club, in which Captain Jennico was concerned, set forth from contemporary accounts.

The tenth hour of an October night had rung out over a fog-swathed London; yet, despite the time of year, unfashionable for town life, despite the unpropitious weather, the long card-room at White's was rapidly filling. The tables, each lit by its own set of candles, shone dimly like a little green archipelago in a sea of mist. Groups were gathering round sundry of these boards; the dice had begun to rattle, voices to ring out. The nightly scene was being repeated, wherein all were actors, down to the waiters, who had their private bets, and lost and won with their patrons.

Somewhat apart in the seclusion of a window-recess, cosily ensconced so as to profit of the warmth of the great yellow fire, sat three gentlemen. A fourth chair remained vacant at their table; and from the impatient glances which two of the parly now and again turned upon the different doors, it was evident that the arrival of its expected occupant was overdue. The third gentleman, who bore a stamp of a distinctly foreign race,—although his hair, which he wore but slightly powdered, was of a fair hue, and his face rather sanguine than dark,—seemed to endure the delay with complete indifference. His attention was wholly given to the shuffling of a pack of cards, which he manipulated with exereme dexterity, while he listened to his companions' remarks with impassive countenance. He was a handsome man, despite a bulk of frame and feature which almost amounted to coarseness; hardly yet in the prime of life, with full blue eyes and full red lips, which took, when he spoke or smiled, a curious curve, baring the canine in almost sinster fashion. The Chevalier de Ville-Rouge, introduced at White's by the Prussian Ambassador, as a distinguished officer of the great Frederick visiting England for his pleasure, had shown himself so daring a player as to be welcomed among the most noted gamblers. He had lost and won large sums with great breeding, and had in his six weeks' stay contrived to improve an imperfect knowledge of an alien tongue in such fashion as to make intercourse with his English companions quite sufficiently easy.

The youngest of the trio at the table in the corner, this foggy night, was naturally the one to display his feelings most openly. A clean-faced, square-built English lad, fresh it would seem from the playing fields of school, yet master of his title and fortune, and cornet in the Life Guards, Sir John Beddoes was already a familiar figure in the club, as indeed his finances could bear doleful testimony. The green cuff-guards adjusted over his delicate ruffles, the tablets and pencil ready at his elbow, it was clear he was itching to put another slice of his patrimony to the hazard. His opposite neighbor, Beau Carew (as he dearly loved to hear himself dubbed), was a man of another kidney, and fifteen years of nights, systematically turned into days, had left their stamp upon features once noted for their beauty. Though ready now with a sneer or jest for his companion's youthful eagerness, his eyes wandering restlessly from the clock to the doors betrayed an almost equal anxiety to begin the business of the evening.

"Devil take Jennico!" cried the Baronet at last, striking the table so that the dice leaped in their box; "'pon my soul it's too bad! He gave me an appointment here at ten to-night, and it wants now but six minutes to eleven."

"Bet he comes before the clock strikes," interposed Mr. Carew; "ten guineas?"

"Done with you, Dick," said John promptly.

The bet was registered, and five minutes passed in watching the timepiece on the mantel-shelf; all the young Baronet's eagerness being now against the event he had been burning to hasten. The strokes rang out. With a smile he held out his broad palm, into which Carew duly dropped ten pieces.

"'Tis the first bit of luck the fellow has brought me yet. Gad, I believe my luck has turned! Why the devil don't he come, that I may ease him of a little of that superfluous wealth of his? I swear he gets more swollen day by day, while we grow lean—eh, Carew?— like the kine in the Bible. D—— him!"

"The water goes to the river, as the French say, in spite of all our drains," sniggered Carew; "but as for me I am content that you should go on playing with Jennico so that I may back him; my purse has not been in such good condition for many a long day. Poor devil! How monstrous unfortunate his amours must still be! I only wish," with a conscious wriggle, "he could give me the recipe."

"Yet you have lost on him now," retorted Beddoes, tapping his breast pocket, "and if you back him to-night, you lose on him again, I warn you. I am in the vein, I tell ye! But there is the quarter! Rot him, I believe he is going to rat after all! Bet you he don't come till half-past, Carew. Fifty?"

"Done," said Carew quietly, noting down the entry. "He is erratic, I grant you—he, he, he!—did you note me, Chevalier? But he has a taste for the table, though I believe he'd as soon lose as win, were it only for the sake of change. 'Tis about all he cares for—the dullest dog! Bet you there is not a man in the room has heard him laugh."

"You won't find any fool to take up that bet, Carew. Heigh-ho! I'd willingly accommodate myself with a little of his melancholy at the price."

"Better look up a princess for yourself then, Jack," said Carew; "perhaps the Chevalier here can give you an introduction to some fascinating German Highness."

"Won't it do over here?" asked Beddoes, with a grin. "D'ye think I'd have a chance with Augusta? Twenty past! Let him keep away till the half-hour now. Zounds! 'twould be a mean trick if he failed me on my lucky night; though I don't want him for ten minutes yet. He has fairly cleared me out; the team will have to go next if I don't get back some of my I O U's."

"Why, it would be a very good thing for thee, Jack, if he played thee false. I say so though I should lose most damnably by it. Thy team will go, thy coaches will go, thy carts, thy grooms, thy dog, thy cat. Why, man, thou must lose—'tis as plain as the nose on Lady Maria's face. And he must win, poor wretch, and I too, since I back him. Ask the Chevalier if it is not a text of truth all the world over: lucky at cards, unlucky in love. Never look so sulky, boy; 'tis providential compensation.

"You surprise me, gentlemen," said the Chevalier, with a strong gutturnal accent, lifting as he spoke his heavy lids for the first time. "It was not aware that Captain Jennico was so afflicted in his affections."

"You surprise me, Chevalier," returned Carew gaily. "I deemed you and he such friends. Why, I won a hundred from Lord Ullswater but yestereven by wagering him that you would be the only man in the room to whom Jennico would speak more than ten words within the hour. The counting was not difficult. He said sixty-four to you and five to Jack."

"Mr. Jennico has certainly shown me both kindness and sympathy," said Chevalier, who had now folded his strong white hands over the pack of cards, and sat the very embodiment of repose. "Doubtless our having both served in the same part of the world, though under different standards, has somewhat drawn us together; but he has not made me his confidant."

"And so you don't know the tale of Jennico and the Princess? 'Tis a dashed fine tale. Carew, you are a wit, or think you are—it comes to much the same thing: tune up, man, give your version; for," turning to the Chevalier again, "there are now as many versions current as days in the month. 'Tis twenty-five minutes past; you had better get your I O U ready, Master Carew."

"I have three hundred chances yet," said Carew. Then turning to the foreigner, "Would you really, sir, care to hear the true story of our friend's discomfiture? I am about the only man in town that knows the true one; but all that's old scandal now—town talk of last year, as stale as Lady Villiers's nine virgin daughters. There are a dozen new ones since. Would you not rather hear the last of his Royal Highness the Duke of C. and Lady W.? That is choice if you like, and as fresh as Rosalinda's last admirer—eh, John?"

"I am not fond," said the Chevalier dryly, of hearing those discussed who, bein High Born, have the right to claim respect and homage. But I confess to some interest in my friend Mr. Jennico."

"Begad, then," responded Mr. Carew, flicking a grain of snuff from the ruffles of his pouting bosom, "I cannot promise to spare your scruples concerning scandal in high quarters, for the heroine of the romance is, it would appear, one of your own German royalties; but since you wish the story, you shall have it. There is then a certain Dorothea Maria Augusta Carolina Sophia, etc., etc., daughter of some Duke of Alsatia, Swabia, Dalmatia—no, stay, Lusatia, wherever that may be; ay, that's the name—one of your two hundred odd principalities—you know all about it, I don't—and Jennico, who, as you are aware, was in the Imperial service, met this wondrously beautiful Princess at some Court function somewhere. They danced, they conversed, she was fair and he was fond—fill it in for yourself. He thought himself a tremendous cock of the walk; to be brief, he aspired to act King Cophetua and the beggar maid, turned the other way, with the exception that he is as rich as Crœsus. He made so sure of the lady's favor that he wrote over to his mother to announce the marriage as a settled thing. A royal alliance, with the prospect of speedily mounting to the throne on the strength of his wife's pretensions! Ha, ha!"

"'Tis a droll story," said the Chevalier gravely; "and then?"

"Oh, then!—ounds! you can conceive the flutter in the dovecot over him. My Lady Jennico, his mother, was blown out with pride, swimming in the higher regions, a perfect balloon! Gad, she would no longer bow to any one less than a Duke! She ran hither and thither cackling the news like the hen that has laid an egg. She sent—I was told on the best authority—to the Lord Chamberlain to know what precedence the young couple would be given at the next Birthday. She called at the College of Arms to inquire about the exact marshalling of the coat of Lusatia with that of Jennico. He, he! And whether the resultant monstrosity would comport a royal crown!"

"Faith, that's a good one," said Sir John, with a guffaw; "I had not heard that, Carew."

"Fact, fact, I assure you, smiled the wit.

"Very droll," repeated M. de Ville-Rouge, with impassive muscles.

"When," continued Carew, "lo and behold, what a falling off was there, as young Roscius says! What a come down! Humpty-Dumpty was nothing to it—poor Lady Jennico's egg! Ah! well, we know pride must have a fall. Your fair compatriot, sir, had but amused herself with the fine Englishman, for which I would be loath to blame her. She gave him, it is said, indeed, every pledge of her affection. But when he began to prate of rings and marriage lines, and pressed her to become Mrs. Jennico, she found him a little too presumptuous—at least, I take it so; and being, it would seem, of a merry turn of mind, devised a little joke to play upon him. Pretending to yield at last to his urgency, she gave her consent to a secret marriage, and in the dark chapel palmed off her chambermaid upon him! Ha, ha! So the poor devil, carrying off his bride by night in high glee, thinking himself a fine fellow indeed, never discovered till he had given his hand and name to a squinting, sausage-nosed, carroty maid, daughter of the Court confectioner, called in baptism by the Princess's names, like half the girls in the town. The story goes that the Princess with all the Court were waiting at his house to see the happy pair arrive, and I have had secret, but absolutely incontestable, information that the Princess laughed till she had to be bled."

M. de Ville-Rouge smiled at last in evident appreciation of the humor of the situation.

"It is, on my honor, a most comic story," he said. "But how come you so well acquainted with the matter? Surely my poor friend Jennico has ill-chosen his confidant."

"Devil a word have I heard from Jennico," said Carew. "Faith, he has even been the same cheerful, conversational fellow you wot of, and it would take a bold man to question him. But truth, you know, will out—truth will out in time."

"Ay," said the Chevalier, and was shaken with silent merriment.

"Half-past eleven," roared the Baronet, suddenly, stretching out a great paw and snapping his fingers under the beau's face.

"Zounds!" cried the wit, turning to look at the clock with some discomposure; "no, Jack, no, there is still a fraction of a minute—the half-hour has not struck. And, by Heaven, here's our man! Had you not better sup with Rosalinda to-night?"

Sir John, in the act of looking round pettishly—he had not yet reached that enviable state of mind in which a gambler declares that the greatest delight after winning is that of losing—found his attention unexpectedly arrested by the countenance of the Chevalier de Ville-Rouge, which presented at that moment such an extraordinary appearance that the young man forgot his irritation, and remained gazing at it in open-mouthed astonishment.

The features, usually remarkable for their set, rather heavy composure, were perturbed to the verge of distortion. The whole face was stained with angry purple, the veins of the forehead swollen like whipcord.

Sir John Beddoes's wits were none of the sharpest, but it was clear even to him that the emotion thus expressed was one of furious disappointment.

But while he cudgelled his brains for an explanation of this sudden humor in a man who was neither winner nor loser by Basil Jennico's appearance, the face of the Chevalier resumed its wonted indifferent expression and dulness of hue with a rapidity that altogether confounded the observer.

By this time the tall figure of the new-comer had wended its way down the room and was close upon them. All turned to greet him, and poor Sir John found his feelings once more subjected to a shock.

The acquaintances of Basil Jennico were accustomed to find his brow charged with gloom, to see his cheek wear the pallor of one who sleeps little and thinks much. But in his demeanour to-night was more than the usual sombreness, on his countenance other than natural pallor. As he stood for a moment responding absently to the Chevalier's hearty greeting, and Carew's bantering salutation of "All hail!" it became further apparent that his dress was discolored, that his ruffles were torn and blood-stained, that his brocade jacket was jaggedly rent upon the left side, and also ominously stained here and there.

"Gadzooks, man!" exclaimed Carew, his bleared grey eyes lighting at the prospect of a new wholesale scandal for his little retail shop "What has happened thee? Wounded? How? Ah, best not inquire perhaps! Beddoes, lad, see you he has got reasons for his delay. Who knows but that you may have a chance to-night after all. A deadly dig, well aimed under the fifth rib, a true Benedick's pinking; or shall we say goring?—ahem! Have a care, Jennico, these wounds from horned beasts are reputed ill to heal. Ah, sad dog, sad dog! I will warrant thou hast had the balance nevertheless to thy credit. Now do I remember a little lady was casting very curious looks at you at Almack's last night."

Basil had flung himself into the chair that had so long waited him, and seemed to lend but a half-appending ear to the prattler on his left, who, as he leant towards him, was hardly able to restrain his eager hand from fingering the hurt so unmistakably evidenced. On the right the Chevalier as unsuccessfully pressed him with earnest queries, manifesting, it would seem, a genuine anxiety.

"Great God, my friend! what has happened?"

The stentorian tones of Sir John Beddoes, who saw an opportunity of retrieving his fortunes, here broke in hastily upon Carew's flow of words: "Bet you double or quits it was not Lady Sue," and aroused Mr. Jennico's attention.

"I should be loath to spoil sport," he said, "but I advise no one to bet on my bonnes fortunes. This scratch—for it is nothing more, Mr. Carew, and I would show it to you with pleasure in reward for your flattering interest, but the surgeon has just bound it up very neatly, and it would be a pity to disturb his handiwork—is but the sixth of a series of attempts on my life, made within the last six weeks, by persons unknown, for the purposes likewise unknown."

"Dash it, Jennico, you might have let me enter the bet," said the Baronet sulkilly, while Carew, sniffing a choicer titbit of gossip than he had expected, wriggled with pleasure, and the Chevalier expressed unbounded amazement that such a state of things could exist, above all in England.

"It is even so," resumed Basil, turning to the last speaker as if glad to give vent to some of his pent-up irritation. "I confess that when I returned to my native land I did expect to find at least a quiet life. Why, in my house at Tollendhal, where those who surrounded me were half savages, ruled by the stick and the halter, where it was demeed imprudent for the master to walk the roads without his body-guard, there was never so much as a stone thrown after me. But here, in old England, my life, I believe, would not be worth backing for a week." He looked round with a smile in which melancholy and disdain were blended.

"Now, d—— me!" cried Sir John, struck in his easy good nature into sudden warmth and sympathy, "nay, now d—— me, Jennico! I will take any man a hundred guineas that you are alive this day month."

"Done!" said the Chevalier, with such unexpected energy that all three turned round to look at him with surprise; perceiving which he went on, laughing to conceal an evident embarrassment: "Your betting habits are infectious, but while I will not withdraw, I am prepared to be glad to lose rather than gain for once." He fixed Basil across the table with his brooding eye as he spoke, and bowed to him, then turned to the Baronet. "No, Sir Beddoes, I am going to recede from the wager."

This, as a wager worth recording, was forthwith entered into the club book. Basil looked on, half in amusement, half in bitterness.

"'Tis likely, after all," he said, addressing Sir John, "that you may win and that the Chevalier may be afforded the pleasure of losing, for I seem to bear a charmed life. Perhaps," he added with a sigh, "because I care so little for it. Though to be sure there is something galling to a man in being shot at from behind a hedge and set on in the dark; in not knowing where the murderer may be lying in wait for him, at what street corner, at what turn of the road, behind what hayrick. If I have not kept my appointment over punctually to-night, it is because a rogue has had me by the Park gateway in Piccadilly. There is more here than mere accident at villainy. The next will be that I shall see murder in my own servant's eyes. Or, who knows, find it lying at the bottom of my cup. Pah! I am as bold as most men; I would welcome death more readily than most; but, by Heaven! it is unfair treatment, and I have had more than my share of it."

"Why, Jennico," said Carew, "you never spoke a word of this before. A fellow has no right to keep such doings dark. Tell us the details."

"Ay, tell us all about it," said Sir John, with round eyes to start from their orbits.

"True," said Basil, "you have now an interest, Jack, in knowing what sort of odds are against you. Well, you shall learn all you wish; but let us go to supper, gentlemen, meanwhile, that we may lose no further time and start better fortified upon the evening's business, if Beddoes is still anxious for his revenge."

(To be Continued.)

EATEN BY CROCODILE.

English Trader Seized While Crossing a River.

A Salisbury, Rhodesia, despatch says: An Englishman named Warman, formerly employed at Salisbury Railway Station, has been eaten by a crocodile. Warman and a companion, Mr. H. E. Bennett, decided, at the end of last month, to go on a trading trip across the Kafue River. On arriving at the river they knocked together a rough boat, on which they placed all their belongings, and then embarked. When in mid-stream a crocodile atacked the boat and upset it, Bennett and Warman both being left floundering in the water. They struck out for the opposite shore, which Bennett reached, but on looking around he saw the crocodile seize Warman's leg and drag him under the water. Bennett had to travel 300 miles before he reached a white man's abode

KNEADED DOUGH WITH FEET.

Dirty Condition of Prussian Bakeries Denounced.

A despatch from Berlin, Germany, says: The Government Medical Department has issued a report on the sanitary condition of the Prussian bakeries and slaughter houses, to which the newspapers are giving sensational prominence, one of them using the caption "America in Prussia." The report says that many of the butchering establishments were found in a very unclean condition. The Government inspectors found the conditions in the bakeries to be particularly objectionable. In one town boys kneaded the dough with their feet and one bakery was found to be occupied by cats and hens. One baker admitted that his floor and vats were scrubbed only once a year.

RIOTERS LOOT CAPE TOWN SHOPS.

An Army of Unemployed Do Extensive Damage.

A Cape Town despatch says: Remarkable scenes were witnessed here on Friday. For some time past "unemployed" agitators have been vigorously at work, spreading Socialistic doctrines, and a deputation waited on Dr. Jameson, the Premier, demanding employment. At a certain stage of the interview Dr. Jameson promised food and shelter to the genuine unemployed, but after the deputation had gone two or three while agitators incited a crowd of 700 colored hooligans to loot the shops. Riots followed, and continued throughout the greater portion of the day. A large number of shops were looted, and the police charged the crowd, several conflicts occurring. Nine arrests were made. Very few white men are implicated in the riots, the looters consisting chiefly of a low type of colored hooligans. Order was restored in the evening.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Aug. 28.—Flour—Ontario — Exporters are bidding $2.75 for 90 per cent. patents, buyers' bags, outside.

Flour—Manitoba—Large milling companies quote $4.40 for first patents, $3.-90 for second patents and $3.80 for bakers'.

Bran—Firm at $14 to $15, in bulk, outside, shorts $18 to $18.50.

Wheat—Ontario—No. 2 white at 70c and red at 69c, outside.

Wheat—Manitoba—Firmer, at 80½ for No. 1 northern and 78c for No. 2, at lake ports.

Oats—New white is 30c for August and 31c for September shipment, outside; old firm at 36c to 36½c. Toronto.

Barley—No. 3 extra 44c, No. 3 42c, outside.

Rye—59c outside.

Peas—70c outside.

Corn—American No. 2 yellow 58½c to 59c, at Ontario points.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Holds firm in tone. Receipts continue light and the demand for good butter is active.

Creamery, prints	24c to 25c
do solids	22c to 23c
Dairy, prints	20c to 00c
do pails	19c to 00c
Inferior	17c to 18c

Cheese—Holds firm in tone at 13c for large and 13½c for twins.

Eggs—Dealers are axious to dispose of holdings and prices are easy in tone at 16c to 17c per dozen.

Potatoes—Deliveries were not heavy and prices hold firm at 70c to 75c per bushel.

Baled Hay—Prices all round are unchanged at $9 to $9.50 per ton for No. 1 in car lots here; old is firm at $10.50 for No. 1 and $7.50 for No. 2 mixed.

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

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Aug 28.—Grain — There is an improved demand for oats for local consumption, and a fair amount of business was done, with sales of car lots of No. 2 white at 38c, No. 3 at 37c, and No. 4 at 36c per bushel, ex-store.

Flour—Manitoba—Spring wheat patents, $4.50 to $4.70; strong bakers', $4 to $4.20, and straight rollers, $3.90 to $4.10 in wood; in bags, $1.85 to $1.95; extra, in bags, $1.25 to $1.50.

—Rolled Oats—$2.20 to $2.25 in bags.

Cornmeal—$1.40 to $1.45 per bag; granulated, $1.65.

Millfeed—Ontario—Bran, in bags, $18 to $19; shorts, in bags, $20 to $21.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, $18 to $19; shorts $21 to $22.

Beans—Prime pea beans in carload lots, $1.45 per bushel; hand-picked, $1 per bushel.

Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, $1.20 per bushel.

Potatoes—40c to 50c per bag of 40 pounds, nominal.

Honey—White clover, in comb, 13c to 13½c; buckwheat 10c to 11c per lb. section; extract, 7c to 7½c; buckwheat, 5½c.

BUFFALO MARKETS.

Buffalo, Aug. 28. — Flour — Steady. Wheat—Spring, nothing done; Winter strong; No. 2 white, 75c. Corn—Easier; No. 2 yellow, 56¾c; No. 2 corn, 55¾c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 34 to 34½c. Canal freights—Steady.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, Aug. 28.—Wheat, spot easy; No. 2 red, 77½c elevator; No. 2 red, 79c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, 86c f.o.b., afloat; No. 1 hard, 79¾c f.o.b. afloat.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Aug. 28.—The run of cattle offering at the City Cattle Market to-day was decidedly heavier than it has been for some time, and the prices of inferior butcher cattle suffered accordingly.

Export Cattle—Choice at $4.65 to $4.85, medium to good, $4.40 to $4.60; bulls, $3.50 to $3.75; bulls, light, $3.25 to $3.50; cows, $3.50 to $4.

Butcher Cattle—Choice are quoted at $4.40 to $4.75; medium to good, $4.25 to $4.40; inferior to medium, $3 to $4; bulls, $2.25 to $3; cows $2.50 to $3.50; canners, $1.50 to $2.

Stockers and Feeders—Stockers, choice $3 to $3.65; light, $2.25 to $3; cows, $2 to $2.40; bulls, $1.75 to $2.25; short-keep feeders, $4.35 to $4.50; heavy feeders $4.20 to $4.35.

Milch Cows—Prices are unchanged at $20 to $50 each.

Calves—Prices are easier at 3c to 6c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Export ewes are quoted 10c to 25c per cwt. higher at $4.-50 to $4.75, and bucks 10c up at $3.50 to $3.75. Lambs are about 15c higher, at $6.25 to $7.

Hogs—$6.90 per cwt. for selects and $6.65 for lights and fats, fed and watered. Dealers say the prospects are for lower prices.

BURGLARS LOOT POST OFFICE.

Professional Thieves Pay Ridgeway a Visit.

A despatch from Ridgeway, Ont., says: Thursday night burglars pried open the front door of the post-office here and blew the safe up, taking about $200 worth of stamps and about $90 in cash. No damage was done to the building, but the safe was badly wrecked. I. L. Pound also missed his horse and buggy on Friday morning, and he at once communicated with the chief of police at Fort Erie, and received word that his outfit was there. It is supposed that the burglars drove to Fort Erie and crossed over to Buffalo. The blowing up of the safe was no doubt done by professionals, as there are houses on both sides of the post-office and no one heard the explosion.

Mahala Lewis, a negress, said to be 120 years old, died at Ottawa, Kansas, on Tuesday night. She could tell many incidents in the life of George Washington, whom she insisted she had seen many times. Mrs. Lewis was a native of Virginia, and was unable to read or write.

TRAGIC SCENES AT VALPARAISO

Damage By Earthquake Estimated to be From $25,000,000 to $50,000,000.

A despatch from Valparaiso says: From the plaza de la Victoria as far as the plaza in the section called Las Delicias four-fifths of the houses are completely destroyed, and the remaining fifth are badly damaged. From the Plaza de la Victoria down to the Custom House only about one-third of the houses sustained damage. The banks and the customs warehouses were not damaged. With the exception of Espiriti Santo all the city's churches were destroyed, as were the hospitals and the theatres. The number of dead is more than two thousand. The offices of the Havas agency, although seriously damaged, is still being used.

The tragic scenes of the San Francisco disaster were reproduced here. There was the fight against fire, the lack of water, and robbery and pillage.

ALL THE FIRES OUT.

The authorities now are beginning to get in provisions, and water again is being supplied. All the fires are out. The first shock lasted four minutes and a half, and the second two minutes. Most of the houses were thrown down by the second shock. Estimates of the damage range from $25,000,000 to $50,-000,000. The Almendral quarter has been absolutely destroyed.

The people are still camping on the surrounding hills and the streets and plazas, and are calm and courage returning. The declaration is made that 80,000 persons will leave the city. The lack of food is not yet serious.

Telegraphic communication with Santiago was re-established on Tuesday. Several steamers are engaged in moving the people of the city to points to the north and south.

ANOTHER ESTIMATE.

The loss of life by the earthquake of Thursday, August 16, probably will not be short of 3,000, while the property destroyed is estimated at $100,000,000, and possibly is far in excess of that sum.

Order is being maintained with the utmost severity by the military, police and armed citizens' patrols, who are empowered to shoot on the spot. The authorities are showing the utmost energy in the protection of property.

With the first terrible shock of the earthquake buildings collapsed, their walls falling with tremendous noise. The inmates in many cases were unable to escape. The shock was followed almost immediately by a fierce storm, the wind prostrating walls that had been weakened by the earthquake, and these broke trolley wires, which flashed incessantly. The second shock was even heavier than the first.

SLIGHT SHOCKS CONTINUE.

A despatch from London says: A cable despatch filed late on Tuesday night by the agent at Valparaiso of Huth & Co., says that slight shocks continue, and that further large fires have occurred there.

AN OPTIMISTIC PREDICTION.

A despatch from New York says: Adolfo Ortuscar, Consul-General for Chile, said on Wednesday that he believed Valparaiso would be rebuilt within six months, and that trade would be completely re-established before that time. The Chilean representative's optimistic prediction as to trade was favorably seconded by several merchants who do business with the stricken city, though they did not believe that the damage done by earthquake and fire could be repaired in the time set by the Consul-General.

HORRIFYING DETAILS.

A despatch from Santiago says: Some of the horrifying details of the terrible disaster came here on Wednesday in the first mail that has been received since the earthquake began. Fifty children in one house were crushed and three Catholic nuns, who were attempting to rescue those in the ruins, were killed by another shock, which brought the remainder of the building down.

The only light on the first night of the earthquake was that thrown by the feeble rays from the ships in the harbor. The street were filled with wild, shrieking people. The crash of falling buildings on all sides and the noise of breaking glass was a terrific din. The next morning brought a terrible sight. Bodies lay exposed on all sides. No one has had the time or inclination to remove them, and they have been there since. Many squares are now piled with debris.

President Riesco has sent a telegram to the Rothschilds, declining their offer and aid, saying that Chili can rise unassisted. Congress is awaiting further information as to the extent of the disaster before acting on the proposition for raising a loan. Commercial interests are opposed to a scheme for the suspension of payments, claiming that the proposed issue of 80,000,000 pesos will save the situation.

Many rich families in Valparaiso have been completely ruined. One millionaire, Mr. Edwards, lost 40,000,000 pesos (about $15,000,000) alone.

Small islands have appeared in Valparaiso Bay, and incoming ships confirm the reports of depressions on the coast.

The Chilian insurance companies will sustain heavy losses by the disaster, as a recent law practically drove all foreign companies out of the country. There has been no decision yet regarding the payment of losses.

The Mayor has forbidden the erection of tents in the streets and public thoroughfares.

PLAGUE IS FEARED.

A despatch from Valparaiso, Chili says: Some of the business houses here reopened on Thursday for the first time since the earthquake. Telephone and telegraph communication with Santiago has been re-established, but the lines are almost exclusively used by the Government officials. The city is still under martial law, traffic ceases at 6 o'clock in the evening, and everybody is compelled to take some part in the work, under the direction of the Ministers of the Interior and Industry, assisted by the local Government officials, in restoring normal conditions here. As a first instalment the Government has appropriated $4,000,000 for the relief of the destitute. The Custom house was reopened on Thursday, and traffic by water and by rail has been resumed. The post service is also in operation.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by the authorities is the burial of the bodies recovered from the ruins, as all the cemeteries were destroyed. At the temporary morgue heaps of coffins have accumulated. The work of recovering the bodies is being pushed to the utmost in order to avoid an epidemic, in fear of which many families are leaving the city.

COMPANY TO RECONSTRUCT.

A movement is on foot to organize a company to facilitate the raising of the money necessary to reconstruct the city.

All the provinces of the north and south, which have not suffered from the earthquake, are sending supplies of food and money to the stricken cities and towns. The Department of Public Works at Santiago has appropriated $100,000 for the construction of sheds to shelter the refugees from Valparaiso and elsewhere, who continue to arrive at the Chilean capital in large numbers.

The railroad line between Limache and Quilpue, in addition to suffering severely from the earth shocks of August 16, has several enormous crevices, newly formed, in its vicinity.

Valpariso is still without street lights at night, but order is maintained, thanks to the severity of the authorities, who continue shooting all persons who are caught committing robberies.

Among the buildings which fell at the time of the earthquake are the Palace of Justice and the Maritime Prefecture.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Parry Harbor Man Used His Revolver With Terrible Effect.

A Parry Sound, Ont., despatch says: Crazed by jealousy, Henry Anderson, a middle-aged man, employed in the yard of the Parry Sound Lumber Company, on Tuesday night shot his wife dead at the door of a neighbor's house in Parry Harbor, and then returning to his own house placed the revolver to his head and ended his life with a bullet.

A relative of the dead woman, who was standing near, witnessed the first act in the tragedy. Anderson fired twice, both bullets taking effect. The woman was entering the door of the neighbor's house when the first shot was fired, striking her in the shoulder. She turned round facing her infuriated husband as he advanced upon her. Then taking deliberate aim Anderson fired again, the bullet striking her in the centre of the forehead, killing her instantly.

The weapon with which the deed was committed was a new one and had evidently been recently purchased.

Anderson's family relations have not been happy for a long time past, and he is reputed to have been cruel and overbearing towards his wife. He had been at one time arrested for beating and ill-treating her, and on one occasion she sought to have him bound over to keep the peace after he had repeatedly threatened her life. He was a man of fitful and violnt temper and subject to fits of violent jealousy. Two children, a boy and a girl, are left orphans as a result of the double tragedy.

TO HOLD FIRE INQUEST.

Provincial Inspector Rogers Has Gone to Haileybury.

A Toronto despatch says: Provincial Inspector Rogers will investigate the Haileybury fire on behalf of the Attorney-General's Department. Hon. J. J. Foy received a private telegraph message from Haileybury Tuesday to the effect that an investigation should be held, and in consequence he has decided to have Inspector Rogers hold a fire inquest. The Attorney-General's Department is strongly possessed of the idea that the destructive blaze at Haileybury was of incendiary origin.

The Provincial Government may be called on to assist the people of the burned town, which was the place of residence for nearly all those engaged in Cobalt mining operations. There is said to be a scarcity of lumber for rebuilding purposes, and the Government may be asked for special and immediate lumber concessions in the new Ontario district. It is understood that special assistance has been authorized by Hon. J. J. Foy, Acting Premier, where needed, and the conditions at Haileybury will be inquired into by the Government.

LABOR SCARCE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Curtailing Operations of Coal Mines and Steel Works.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Mr. John McDougald, Commissioner of Customs, has returned from a tour of inspection of the leading ports of the Maritime Provinces. Mr. McDougald confirms the reports already received of scarcity of labor in Nova Scotia, a condition which is curtailing the operations of the coal mines, and to some extent also of the iron and steel works.