AN UNSOUGHT WEALTH

Or The Mystery of a Brother's Legacy.

CHAPTER IX.

"You have seen, ladies and gentlemen, that I did not exaggerate in what I said of the exceding beauty of the Devil's Diamond. In what I am now about to say I wish you to understand that I also earnestly desire to adhere to the truth. In that portion of our entertainment which we have presented to you, even in its most apparently incomprehensible portion, we frankly own that we have been tricking you. We have only performed certain — what are called conjuring tricks, and we only claim that they are good of their kind. But neither my wife, nor the gentleman sitting on the chair, nor I, have any connection with what is about to take place. We are not able to account for it any more than, I think, you yourselves will be."

"One moment, M. Nurvetchky." The interruption came from Mr. Leicester. "Do I understand you to say that you claim a supernatural origin for what we are about to see?"

"The gentleman who asks this question — I am sure he will forgive my mentioning it—is Mr. Percy Leicester, himself a first-rate conjuror, and whose name is known to the public as one who has made it his specialite to expose the impostures of so-called spiritualists. His presence on this occasion, which is for me an unexpected pleasure, is very fortunate. I can only say that I shall be very glad if he will explain to us how what we are about to see is done. I have only seen the stone myself for the first time within the last few hours, and it is as much a mystery to me as it can be to any person in this hall."

"It ain't a mystery to me! It ain't by any means a mystery to me!"

This again from Mr. Truelove in the gallery. Mr. Leicester persevered.

"Still one moment, M. Nurvetchky. In the face of the statement you have just now made, I presume that I am at liberty to take whatever means I please in order to explain what you are about to show us?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, either Mr. Percy Leicester or any person in this hall is at liberty to take any means he or she pleases which will explain what is now about to take place upon this stage. I will now replace the stone upon the table, and Madame Nurvetchky will introduce to you some of the peculiar properties of the Devil's Diamond."

He replaced the red-leather case upon the table. As he did so, all the lights in the building were suddenly extinguished. In the gloom which followed, the diamond was distinctly seen flashing on its bed of scarlet silk. A bright light streamed from it, throwing a large round disc on the wall at the back of the stage — the sort of disc which is thrown by a magic lantern. In the center of the disc appeared the words—

"Don't go too far!

I've had handling enough already."

The effect was a little startling. M. Nurvetchky's preliminary remarks had not been without their effect upon the people. Mr. Truelove's voluntary interpositions, and Mr. Schwabe's refusal to touch the stone, had not been entirely unnoticed, while the brief dialogue with Mr. Leicester had lent that element of excitement which the prospect of a coming struggle always does lend. The people stared at the writing on the wall with wondering eyes. As they did so, writing and disc and all disappeared, and the lights flashed bright again. M. Nurvetchky was discovered standing immobile in the center of the stage.

"It's better worth five bob than I thought it was!" exclaimed Willy Panton, quite out loud, in that youthful way of his.

"Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen," said M. Nurvetchky, "you will explain how that was done?"

"Perhaps, M. Nurvetchky," retorted Mr. Leicester, in that cool, soft monotone of his, "you are better able to explain than we are?"

"I can only assure you that I don't know how it was done."

"It's only a trick," said some one at the back. "Nonsense!" came very audibly from the chemical gentleman. "That's nothing to what you will see," was Mr. Truelove's contribution. "I begin to wish that I had stopped at home."

M. Nurvetchky retired. Madame Nurvetchky rose from her seat.

"I will take the diamond from its case."

She stretched out her hand to do so. There was a report and a flash of light. It was so unexpected that not a few of the audience started. Willy Panton did so very visibly. One or two timid female creatures screamed. Madame Nurvetchky moved — a little hastily — back from the table.

"Leicester, I think we're going to have some fun," remarked old Dewsnap to his friend. "Unless I'm mistaken, she got a little more that time than she quite bargained for."

Indeed, the lady did seem to be a little startled.

"I haven't got the stone," she said; but the smile with which she said it seemed to be a little forced. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!"

She again approached the stone, and again stretched out her hand — crack! There was a louder report than before, and a flash which was twice as vivid. She turned toward the audience with an odd look upon her beautiful face.

"I haven't got it yet!"

"No; but you will get it, if you persevere — you'll get it hot."

This was what the Colonel said.

"The third time is always lucky."

Apparently that particular proverb is not always to be depended on. At any rate, if the lady meant that the third time of trying she was sure to get the stone, she was certainly mistaken. Her failure was quite as dire as before. And yet the feat seemed easy enough. There was the diamond, reposing in tranquil beauty on its crimson bed. She had only to put out her hand and take it; yet when she did put out her hand, a blaze of flame sprang from the quiet-looking stone and roared at her. Madame Nurvetchky fell back just in time to avoid its fiery tongue.

The audience did not seem to quite know what to make of it; a disposition to applaud in the gallery was quickly stifled. There seemed to be a sort of feeling that the performance had been insufficiently rehearsed, and, therefore, did not work so smoothly as the performers intended. It was difficult not to believe that Madame Nurvetchky's surprise was real. Colonel Dewsnap, for one, was prepared to swear it was — it was impossible to act surprise quite so natural as that.

After a momentary pause, the lady turned to Mr. Hookham. Moving to him, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. They made a curious pair, the unclean old man and the beautiful young woman.

"Sir, the diamond is yours."

He put his hand to his brow, as if to collect his thoughts.

"Yes; the diamond is mine."

"Will you let me look at it?"

He hesitated, peering at her as if to catch her meaning. Then he rose from his seat, steadying himself, or appearing to steady himself, by clutching at the back of his chair. Then he turned to the flashing jewel. He took the red-leather case in his hand. As he stood gazing down at it, it seemed to change color, assuming a dozen different hues in rapid succession.

"That's a deucedly funny stone," whispered the Colonel to his friend. "Gad, this is really amusing."

The old man continued to gaze down at the jewel, as though it exercised upon him some species of fascination.

"This is Matthew's legacy," he said, speaking in a sort of stage whisper, and as if unconsciously.

Suddenly a voice was heard throughout the hall, which gave utterance to two words—

"Take care!"

It almost seemed as though the voice came from the diamond. Mr. Hookham stood straight up, and with his head thrown back seemed to gaze at the people up in the gallery.

"It spoke to me!"

The words were gasped rather than spoken. The Colonel whispered to his companion—

"That man ought to be on the regular boards — he's a great actor."

"That was an uncommonly good bit of ventriloquism," — this from Mr. Panton — "uncommonly good — it's worth that five bob down to the ground."

Mr. Leicester said nothing; but he shot a keen side glance at his appreciative young friend. Mr. Hookham turned to Madame Nurvetchky.

"It spoke to me!" he said.

"Do you think it will speak to me? Do you think it will let me touch it? Mr. Hookham," — the lady mentioned his name in possible forgetfulness of her husband's allusion to Mr. Lawrence Stacy — "will you sell it me?"

"Sell it?" his glance returned to the jewel. As it did so a flame — just such another as had roared at the lady — leaped into the old man's face. He staggered back, clapping his hands to his eyes. The people watched him. It seemed that they held their breath. He removed his hands from before his eyes. "I thought it had blinded me, but I can see." He began to address the jewel with a bitterness of passion so intense as to approach the grotesque. "Devil, if you are a devil, do you think I care for you? I will sell you if I will! — and I will!"

He addressed the stone, pointed to it with the outstretched index finger of his left hand, as though it were a living thing. As he continued pointing, something, which seemed to the gaping people to be a serpent some six or eight inches in length, issued from the heart of the stone and coiled itself round his finger. He stood staring at it motionless for about ten seconds, and the head of the serpent seemed to stare at him—for it had a head, which was upturned to the old man's face; and a little red tongue, or fang, protruded from its jaws. Then he threw his left hand above his head and flung the serpent from him into the air; the people saw it for a moment, writhing above their heads, and then it vanished from their sight.

"Who'll buy my diamond?"

The old man's voice rang out through the hall in an angry scream. He raised the red-leather case in his right hand, holding it up before them all. Then a curious thing happened to the stone. It grew perceptibly before their eyes, and grew, and grew, so that they could watch it grow, until it had so increased in size that it was at last a foot in diameter. Never in the whole history of the world, never in all the fairy tales that even yet were told, was such a diamond seen before. It dazzled their eyes to look at it — they had to screen them as though they were looking at the sun. Never did such a glorious glittering maze of fantastic coloring flash on mortal eyes.

"Who'll buy my diamond?" rang out the old man's voice again.

He alone of all the people there seemed to be unconscious of what had happened to the stone. But something in the people's faces, the way, perhaps, in which they put up their hands to shade their eyes, broke in upon his frenzy. He turned his head and saw the stone. And when he saw it he began trembling all over. And the glory of its radiance blinded him, and he put up both his hands to veil his eyes. And the stone fell to the stage. And as it touched the floor its new splendor vanished, and there, glittering on the carpet, was the diamond just as it had been before.

There was a pause, a sound as though the people were drawing their breath. Then a tumult of applause filled the hall. Mr. Panton, after the excitable manner of youth —when you have pierced through the veneer of manhood and reached the natural boy — sprang to his feet.

"By Jove!" he cried, "that's the best trick I ever saw!"

But Mr. Schwabe sat motionless in his fauteuil, and in the gallery Mr. Truelove wiped the perspiration from his brow. And the Colonel stroked his moustache with a meditative air, and Mr. Leicester now removed his glance from Mr. Hookham, who, as if unconscious of the tumult, continued to tremble and to press his hands upon his eyes.

When the applause began to languish, Madame Nurvetchky advanced a step or two towards the front of the stage.

"Perhaps you will explain that," she said.

And immediately the tumult broke out again. The Colonel, still caressing his moustache, gave his friend a curious glance out of the corners of his eyes.

"I wonder if those folks know what they are clapping at? I don't know what you think, Leicester, but it don't seem to me as though that old chap felt disposed to take the honor of a call."

But Mr. Leicester answered never a word.

When the applause again began to die away, Madame Nurvetchky touched the still trembling old man upon the arm.

"Mr. Hookham, do you think your diamond will let me touch it now?"

The old man took his hands from before his eyes and glanced round him in a dazed sort of way, as though he were looking for the stone, when his glance lighted on it gleaming on the carpet almost at his feet. He started and stared, as though unable to believe the evidence of his eyes.

"I thought — I thought it had grown — large."

He spoke almost in a whisper.

"It has grown small again, you see. Do you think it will let me touch it now?"

"Why not?"

As if taking this for an expression of his opinion in the affirmitive, she stooped as though to raise it from the ground. But before she could reach it a voice pealed through the hall — it would scarcely be straining a point to say like a peal of thunder—

"Take care!"

"By Jove, what a ventriloquist that fellow is!" cried Willy Panton. "I say, Mr. Leicester, I'm awfully obliged to you. This is the best five bob's worth I've ever had. I wouldn't have lost it for a pony."

But the Colonel, leaning over the side of his seat, muttered to his friend, "That's the second time of asking. The third time I shouldn't be surprised if we had ructions. You can't go on playing hankey-pankey tricks with Old Nick forever, don't you know. That's a well-plucked woman, sir," he added, as Madame Nurvetchky, regaining a perpendicular position, turned a smiling face towards the people. The tones of that wonderful voice were still reverberating through the building as she stretched out her hand with a graceful gesture.

"Our friend the diamond can express himself plainly when he pleases." Laughing gaily she turned to Mr. Hookham. "Your beautiful tone seems to have an objection, sir, to me. I don't know why. Will you raise it from the floor?"

Stooping slowly, Mr. Hookham did as she suggested.

"I though it had grown larger," he said, looking at it as he held it in his hand.

"I am particularly anxious," continued the lady, with a bewitching smile, "to know why your diamond protests so strongly against all hints of selling it. It seems to me to be a little strange. Were mine the wealth of Croesus there is no price I would not give to call it mine. Think! to have it gleaming against my breast, or glittering toung my neck, or flashing in my hair."

She moved forward and snatched it from Mr. Hookham's hand.

"I have it at last!" she cried. "Let us see how it would gleam against my breast." She pressed it against her breast. "Ciel! About my neck!" She put it to her neck. "Mon Dieu! In my hair!" She raised it to her head — in an instant all her beautiful golden hair was in flames.

Although M. Nurvetchky continued to look more than half asleep, and never for a moment lost his air of boredom, it was plain that he kept his presence of mind. He snatched up an Indian rug which was thrown carelessly over the back of a chair. With it he enveloped his wife's beautiful head. Her voice was heard beneath it; she seemed to be laughing. She put up her hands and tore it off again.

"Stefan! Do you wish to smother me? I am only singed!"

She stood before them in all her radiant beauty. A bright smile lit up her face. But though she spoke of being only singed, it was plain that her golden locks had been deprived of more than half their rich luxuriance. A smell of burning hair filled all the place. And on her neck, and on her white bosom, where she had touched it with the stone, were two great scars, as though they had been branded with a red-hot iron.

"Are you not hurt, my wife?"

"It is nothing. It would seem as though the diamond would not make friends with me; would it not seem so, Stefan?"

"Leicester," whispered the Colonel, "that's the sort of woman to lead a forlorn hope — she's burnt herself right through the skin!"

And when the people saw how cool and calm she was, and how she smiled, as though the strange thing which had happened to her was of no account at all, they burst into such a tumult of applause that it seemed as though they would shake the roof. And among the loudest of the clappers the enthusiastic Willy Panton led the van. When the dinceased M. Nurvetchky advanced to the front of the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I do not think that you will accuse me of having used exaggerated language. I think you will agree with me that the Devil's Diamond possesses some peculiar properties."

"Some very peculiar properties, indeed," chimed his wife.

"If there is any person here who can offer an explanation of what we have seen, speaking on behalf of my wife, Mr. Hookham, and myself, I can only say that we shall be glad to hear it."

Then Mr. Leicester rose from his seat.

(To Be Continued).

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

About the famous Roquefort cheese, the following legend is told: A shepherd lad, having more luncheon than he could eat, laid a large portion of his bread and cheese upon a natural shelf in one of the caverns near by. He forgot all about it until several months later, when he found the cheese, instead of being dried up or rotten, was rich, moist, creamy, and streak-with greenish-blue veins. He shared his piece of cheese with others, and the villagers were quick to recognize the improved texture and quality. Henceforth all their cheese were taken to these caves to ripen. The caves are now owned by a company, who employ six hundred women to tend the cheese.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

A SILKWORM OF THE SEA.

Silk is obtained from the shell-fish known as the pinna, which is found in the Mediterranean. This shell-fish has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shell-fish in the first instance, for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place, and there glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material when gathered (which is done at low tide) is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened, and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which, when spun, is a lovely burnished golden brown color.

WHY MEN SEE SNAKES.

A French scientist accounts for the fact that snakes are seen by those suffering from delirium tremens, as follows: "The minute blood vessels in the retina of their eyes are congested. In this condition they appear black and are projected into the field of vision, where their movements resemble the squirming of serpents." But the sufferer from delirium tremens may see anything from lice to elephants, and a case is recorded in which the sufferer martialed regiments of balloons. Could these come from motes in a Frenchman's eye?

"How many ways can you serve meat?"
"Three, mum."
"What are they?"
"Well done, rare, and raw."

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

POULTRY YARD.

Lack of gravel at this season is often the cause of indigestion and a crop-bound condition in the flock. A little buckwheat, about one-fourth of the grain ration, is good to encourage the hens to lay. Try it.

A few oats added to the daily ration and plenty of exercise for the breeding stock will ensure fertile eggs.

New blood for next year may be secured through the purchase of eggs this spring. You can watch the young birds grow and judge of their value.

Some people appear to think that any old barren soil will answer for a poultry farm. If the soil is rich enough to grow grain and grass the feed bill may be greatly reduced. Choose good land by all means.

The ideal nest for the sitting hen is one not so flat that the eggs roll away and become chilled, and yet not so concave that the eggs roll to the center so closely that when the hen steps among them she is liable to break some of them.

There may be nothing in it, but we always liked the old-fashioned way of keeping hatching eggs wrapped in woolen cloths. If it does nothing more it helps to maintain a uniform temperature and to prevent the loss of water from evaporation.

A hasty glance through the large number of catalogues of poultry and supplies lately received at this office, reveals the fact that there has been a wonderful improvement in recent years in their literary form and in the amount of information they impart.

"If your houses are warm and dry the birds will not have the roup," writes a correspondent. We can not endorse the statement without qualification. The most carefully guarded flock will contract the disease if the infection is in the atmosphere in their vicinity. We say this for the encouragement of careful poultry keepers and not for the other kind.

MAKING A STRAWBERRY BED.

The strawberry requires a deep, rich soil. Prepare the ground thoroughly before planting as this is important for best results. After planting do not let your cultivating be with the object of keeping the weeds out, but cultivate to keep the ground loose and mellow and the weeds will have no chance to gain a foothold. In setting the plants do not spread the roots near the surface nor twist them into a wad, but spread them out and allow them to reach straight down into the soil and press the fresh earth solid against the roots. It is a good plan to clip the lower ends of the roots before setting, as they start new growth more readily. Clipping early runners is not necessary and should not be done by inesperienced growers.

In northern latitudes plant early in May, if possible, and cultivate well with a view of getting a good growth of new plants before the hot, dry weather of late summer stops growth and prevents late runners from taking root. Early rooting runners make the best plants for next year's fruiting. If plants are prevented from rooting in early summer they are more liable to injury from the white grub, insects or accidents and each plant destroyed leaves a skip in the row, while if the runners are allowed to root early, less harm is done if the original plant is injured. Cover the bed in fall when freezing weather comes or if that is long delayed, any time in November is all right and a light covering is safest.

HORSE TALK.

If for any reason you can not exercise your driving horses regularly and still do not wish to turn them out for the winter, substitute wheat bran for a good part of the grain ration.

It will make them more quiet and keep them from becoming feverish, and still they will be ready for use and a full grain ration when needed. They should have some exercise every day, however, either in a paddock or by the halter.

horough grooming and plenty of ...ing go a long way in keeping the hair glossy and short.

your horse is very warm ...ing in the stable put on a ... and when he has steamed ... the blanket off, which will be ...d to be wet, and put on a dry, after giving him a good rubbing with a twist of straw.

ever leave a wet blanket on all night.

...b the legs dry.

...ed light in the morning feed lightly at noon.

...e-half of the grain ration for the day should be fed at night.

...ve plenty of bedding and have it ... shaken up and clean.

your horse has a tender mouth, use a large, smooth bit.

KEEPS FOWLS FOR EGGS.

I keep hens partly because I like to see them around, but principally in order to have a supply of fresh eggs and poultry at all seasons of the year and incidentally, writes Mr. J. Parker, I try to make them pay for their keep. I have tried a many different breeds of hens in the past 30 years that I have been keeping poultry, and have settled down on the Barred Plymouth Rock as the best all-round hen for my use. I have been very unfortunate with white hens of any breed, and have no use for a white hen of any kind. I believe in the survival of the fittest, and if a hen can't live and make herself useful under my management she is no hen for me. I waste no time doctoring them, and money providing them with fancy foods, etc. I feed them twice a day, food as I think best adapted to the ...

HOG MANURE.

Hog Manure is very rich and concentrated, as these animals live largely on concentrated feeds. It is easily worth more than a ton of horse manure. It is rather difficult to handle, unless it is given special care. Spread dry dust, rubbish of any kind over the lot to scrape all together when wanted for application to the feed. The manure decomposes very rapidly and unless a dry earth or some other kind of absorbent is at hand, the valuable gases will escape. If the horse stable is handy, horse manure may be thrown into the pig pen where it will be rooted over and result in the improvement of both.

WAKE STIRRING UP.

Nearly every class of people must have their attention called to some phase of their business from time to time. The farmer is no exception. He has to be stirred up occasionally in order to be set to thinking. People read and reread about fertility of soil and will continue to rob the soil of its richness without obtaining adequate compensation. Instead of ascertaining how much profit can be obtained with only enough tillage, we ought to see how much tillage can be given with profit in the production of crops.

THE ORCHARD.

An orchard is a necessity on the farm. It is well known that a farm without an orchard will sell at a fair price when farms with no orchard are sacrificed. The farmer always looks for the greatest number of advantages, and if apples, cherries, plums and the small fruits can be found, instead of only an orchard, the value of the farm will be increased more than the cost of the orchard. If the fruit is not for sale, the orchard will be a source of profit to the farmer.

BIG LONDON HOTEL.

The Cecil's bill for butcher's meat reaches nearly $3,500 a day. There are 200 waiters at the hotel and 50 chambermaids. The kitchen is stocked with 50,000 plates, 24,000 knives, forks, and spoons, and 5,000 cups and saucers. The china stock is worth $250,000, and the two ... and a quarter on which the h... lands are valued at $2,000,0...

FAMOUS DRUMS.

The drums used by the Scots Guards in South Africa have lost been s... d, and in some cases they fetche... between $300 and $... a piece, which is nearly ... times as much as they originally cost.

Dreadful Pains and Swollen Ankles

Kidney Disease Developed Into Dropsy — After Fifteen Years of Suffering Cure Was Effected by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Dropsy is a natural result of neglected kidney disease. When the kidneys become deranged uric acid is left in the blood, and the blood becomes watery and vitiated. Flesh and weight gradually decrease and strength is slowly exhausted. Swollen ankles and legs are among the first indications of dropsy, and this symptom arises from the fact that the system is filled with water that should pass off by way of the kidneys.

There is probably no ailment which leads to such dreadfully painful and fatal diseases as derangement of the kidneys, and consequently the good which Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills do in checking kidney disorders and preventing dropsy, Bright's disease, diabetes, etc., can never be estimated. Mr. Arthur Walden, Ferryville, Carleton Co., N.B., writes:—"My wife was a great sufferer from kidney disease, for several years. She was troubled with pains in the small of the back and in the side, gradually losing flesh and growing weaker. She got into a very bad state, suffered dreadful pains, her ankles would swell up so we were afraid of dropsy. We read a book about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, decided to try them. Relief came with this treatment. My wife has been entirely cured and says she would not be without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for ten times the price."

"I am using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food myself, and it is building me up wonderfully."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ENEMIES OF

400,000 Roumanians in Macedonia Have Joined the Rebels.

A Sofia, Bulgaria, despatch says: While the Balkan situation is fraught with complicated and full of danger, the leading statesmen of Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania are persuaded that the great powers are now thoroughly alarmed and will succeed in preventing a general conflict. The most threatening feature of the crisis is the appeal of Michalovsky, President of the National Macedonian Committee, to the revolutionary committees of Bulgaria to persist in the collection of funds and arms for an uprising in the spring, which will embrace all the Balkan enemies of the Turks.

Michaelovsky's men constitute a vast army. He is intensely devoted to the Macedonian cause and is determined to do everything in his power to precipitate a struggle. The powers are likely to find him and his lieutenants the most difficult factors of the problem.

ROUMANIA A NEW FACTOR.

Roumania's active entrance into the Balkan difficulty is a new element that no one is yet able to gauge. Hitherto the Roumanians in Macedonia, who number about 400,000, have been quiescent. Now they have become revolutionary. The Roumanian Premier, M. Sturdza, has notified the powers that the interests of his countrymen must be considered in all negotiations regarding existing conditions in Bulgaria. With more than 1,000,000 of his people in Servia and with kindred co-religionists in Macedonia, the Roumanians are determined that the barbarities of the Turks to their kinsmen must cease. A result, however, having been the sending of early relief at the hands of the powers, they are themselves to the utmost of the Government is concerned, avert war.

Meanwhile the air is full of ominous rumors. There is the greatest stir in military circles that they have known for many years. All the Turkish officials of the Ottoman provinces in Europe are fearful of the developments, and have warned the Sultan to that effect. They have moved Abdul to order the mobilization of 300,000 men, temporarily the Turkish war party in the ascendant, but the adversaries of the powers will succeed in negativing its contemplated action.

A REMARKABLE FE...

Strange Traits of Ferdinando Po.

A London despatch says: Berid-Alexander, who has returned from the island of Po, the island of Spanish Guinea, Western Africa, tells interesting details of curious inhabitants of the previously unexplored island. These are low negroes. Very few of them have seen a white man, and leave their primitive dwellings in the rocks except on occasion in canoes. The ruler is insane from effects of rum and gin. The natives are naked except for a curious loin cloth. They paint their bodies red and are unacquainted with soap, they never wash, but they use a knife to scrape off the dirt, and credit articles by tightly encircling the limbs. The Fernando Po women are exceedingly ... and are sighted by the whites in the depths of the jungle, where they set up fearsome wails. At certain hours each day the villages are deserted, everyone, including the children, going off on some festival. Lieutenant adds that he searched for ... could find no trace of ... places of the natives ...

MOTHER'S EXAMPLE ...

Children in Manitoba Put Beans and Died.

A Winnipeg despatch says: A tragedy is reported from Man., on the Dauphin ... resulting in the death of ... bers of a French family ... Mousette. The mother of the children went out to visit a neighbor's, and left the little ones home to shift for themselves. It appears that Mrs. Mousette was in the habit of using lye in preparing beans for the table, and the children undertook to follow her example in getting the food ready for dinner on the day in question. The trouble was that they did not know the quantity of lye they placed on the beans, and when they ate of them took of them death resulted shortly after by paralysis of their throats.

WAR BEFORE REFORM

Sultan Will Not Accept a Reduction of Authority.

A Vienna despatch says: There is considerable criticism in diplomatic quarters of the delay in presenting to the Sultan of Turkey the Austro-Russian scheme for reforms in Macedonia, it being held that such action is capable of good results and ought not to be delayed, every day tending to make the situation worse. Advices from Constantinople and Sofia show, however, that the Sultan is determined to fight rather than accept any scheme that is likely to diminish his authority. The pessimism created by this new