SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

At Paris Warren Relf parted with Eleie. He saw her safely to the Northern Railway Station, put her into the first night-train for Calais, and then wriggled back himself to his temporary er, a quiet hotel on the Cours la-Reine, j at benind the Palais de l'Industrie. He went back to bed, but not to sleep It was a gusty night, that night in Paris. The wind shook and rattled the loose panes in the big French windows that narrow runnel of the Straits of Dover.

As the night wore on, however, the wind

water!

once, or made the feeble oil lamp in the roof or gave them. of the carriage flicker fitfully; but Elsie, By midnight, tide was well at its full, absorbed in deeper affairs, hardly thought and the beach being covered, the bombardof it at all in her own mind till she reached ment of sand slowly intermitted a littlethe stretch of open coast that abuts on the But sheets of foam and spray still drove on mouth of the Somme near Abbeville. There, before the wind, and fishermen, clad in the fact began at last to force itself upon waterproof suits from head to foot, stood Hugh Massinger rose, unmindful of his farher languid attention that the Channel cross- facing them upon the shore to watch the ing would be distinctly rough. Still, even fate of Hugh Massinger's poor helpless then, she hardly realized its full meaning, breakwater. The sea was roaring and ravwith a dash on the quay at Calais that she than ever to wash away whatever remained of Circe, plumped down so grotesquely, ness. There's a balance of something Elsie. fully understood the serious gravity of the of Whitestrand. situation. The waves were breaking fiercely over the mouth of the harbour, and the sea was rising so high outside that passengers were met with stern resolve at the terminus wall by the curt notice:

"Owing to the rough weather prevailing to-night, the Dover boat will not sail till morning."

So Elsie went perforce to an hotel in the town and waited patiently for the sea to calm itself. But she, too, got no sleep; she lay awake all night, and thought of Wini-

fred. Away at Monte Carlo, no wind blew. Hugh Massinger went to rest there at his case at the Hotel de Paris, and slept his sleep out with perfect complacency. No qualms of conscience, no thoughts of Winifred, dis turbed his slumber. He had taken the precaution to doubly lock and bolt his door and to lay his winnings between the bolster and the mattress; so he had nothing to trouble about. He had also been careful to purchase a good six-chambered revolver at one of the numerous shops that line the Casino gardens. It isn't safe, indeed, at Monte Carlo, they say, for a successful player, recognised as such, to go about with too much money as hard cash actually in his possession. Raffalevsky, in fact, had told him, with most unnecessary details, some very unpleasant stories, before he retired to rest, about rob. supervened to keep up the interest: a collier his desire. It would be dangerous to eight thousand? Bah! what was eight the unfortunate lady in the throat and stomberies committed at Monte Carlo upon the hull, deserted and waterlogged, came drifting wander among the lonely mountains thousand now to him? He'd win a round ach so severely as to make her scream with helpless bodies of heavy winners. Raffalev. in by slow stages before the driving gale with so large a sum as that concealed twenty before he left off-for Elsie. sky was clearly in a savage ill-temper across the broad sand flats. She was a dis about his person; dangerous to leave it unthat evening at having dropped a few masted hulk, rickety and unseaworthy, guarded at the hotel, or to entrust it to the night; played, and drank champagne feverthousand pounds at the tables-strange, abandoned by all who had tried to sail her; keeping of any casual stranger. "Cantabit ishly. Such luck had never been known at lizard would come up in her throat and bite that men should permit themselves to and she drifted slowly, slowly on, vacuus coram latrone viater," he murmured the tables. Old players stood by with her, so that she could get no sleep. be so deeply affected by mere transient driven before the waves, foot by foot, a to himself half aloud with a sigh of regret, observant faces and admired his vein. Was trifling monetary reverses - and he took bit at a time, over the wet sands, till at last, as he turned away his eyes from that glori- ever a system seen like his? Such judgment, Hawkins has made very rapid progress toit out by repeating or inventing truculent calm rest of Hugh Massinger's innocent shore and the breakwater, blocking with her care of his money-bags, like any vulgar day by a devouring fire. His excitement slumbers. There was that ugly anecdote, for example, about the lucky boulevardier created by the scour behind the spot once Down, poet's heart, with your unreasonable pagne by the glassful to keep his nerve up. in the high financial line who won three hundred thousand francs at a couple of sittings-and was murdered in a first-class carriage on his way back to Nice by an unknown assailant, never again recognized | wall, a temporary barrier against their own | Circe calls, as soon as the great gate swings or brought to justice. There was that alarming incident of the fat Lyons silk merch. ant with the cast in his eye who deposited helpless foam against the wooden bulwark Mammon to-day, and him you must worship. Winifred—and return to heap up a gigantic his gains, like a prudent bourgeois that he they had raised themselves in the direct No mountain air for your lungs this mornwas, with a banker at Monaco, but was, line of their own progress, nevertheless set upon by an organised band of three well-dressed but ill-informed even the sturdy Whitestranders themselves, ruffians, who positively searched him accustomed as they were to heavy seas and from head to foot, stripped him, and then shifting sands and natural changes of marthrew him out upon the four-foot way, a vellous rapidity, stood aghast at its suddenhelpless mass, in the Mont Boron Tunnel, ness and its awful energy. In a few minutes, leg from the merciless clutches of the gang huge masses and shoals of flying sand over such a moment! of miscreants. And there was that dramatic | the top of the wall and the stranded ship, | incident of the Nevada heiress who, coming and lodged them deep in the hollow to breakfast. Attentive waiters, expectant what's worse still, I borrowed it from the landlady on the condition that if he recovto Monte Carlo with the gold of California below that the scour had created of a duly commensurate tip, sniffing pour chest-government money—the treasury of visibly bulging her capacious pockets, had in the rear of the breakwater. The boire from afar, crowded round for the the squadron! If I go back alive I shall be to fight for her life in her own bedroom at wall was joined as if by some sudden honour of his distinguished orders. Raffa- court martialed, - For heaven's sake, my this very hotel, and defend her property stroke of a conjurer's wand to the mainland levsky joined him in the salle a manger friend, lend me at least a few hundred died, and his executor sued her for the note, from unholy hands by the summary process beyond; and the sea, still dashing madly shortly. The Russian was haggard and pale francs to retrieve my luck with !" of shooting down with her own domestic against the masonry and the ship, set to from sleeplessness: dark rings surrounded | Hugh put his hand to his pile and drew revolver two of her cowardly midnight work once more to erect fresh outworks in his glassy black eyes: his face was the face out three notes of a thousand francs eachvisitors. She was complimented by the front against its own assaults by piling up of a boiled codfish. No waiter hurried to a hundred and twenty pounds sterling in all authorities on her gallant defence, and re- sand with incredible speed in dunes and receive his commands: all Monte Carlo It was nothing, nothing, "Good luck go plied with spirit that, for the matter of that, mounds upon their outer faces. Even as knew him well already for a heavy loser. with them," he cried good-humouredly. this sort of thing was really no novelty to they looked, the breakwater was rapidly Your leser seldem overflows into generous "When these are gone, my dear fellow, her; for she'd shot down more than one lost to view in a mountain of beach: the tipping. Hugh beckoned him over to his come back for more. I'm not the man, I importunate suitor for her hand and heart broken stump of mast on the wrecked collier own table : he would extend to the Russian hope and trust,' to turn my back upon a already in Nevada.

to a remote and sequestered spot in the Cas- seaward and to seaward and ever to sea- sophically in his musical voice and perfect his application. inogardens, behind a convenient clump of pic. | ward.

HAP TER XLVI.-THE TURN OF THE TIDE. turesque date palms. This spot was known to habitual frequenters of Monte Carlo as the Place Hari-kiri, or Happy Despatch Point. But if, by hezard, any inconsiderate person was moved to shoot himself in the sailes de jeu, a rapid contingent of trained lackeys stood ever at hand ready to rush in at a moment's notice to drag away the offender's body or wips up the mess; and play proceeded at once the same as usual.

Nevertheless, Hugh slept soundly in spite opened on to the balcony. It must be of it all in his bed till morning, and when he blowing great gurs across the North Sea | woke, found his goodly pile of gold and notes now, he felt only too sure, and forcing intact as ever between bolster and mattress. whole squadrons of angry waves through the He had never slept so well since he went to Whitestrand.

rose steadily, till it reached at last the full things went quite otherwise. Such a dignity of a regular tempest. Warren Relf storm was hardly remembered on the indeed, the strange chances breaking the bank with his audacious plung- notes in his pocket. couldn't sleep in his bed for distress. He German Osean within the memory of the rose often, and looked out on the gusty street oldest sailors. Early in the evening the single night while he slept at Monte Carlo fully. People crowded up from their own course! Something uncanny had surely for cold comfort. The gas was flaring and coastguardman at the shelter just beyond than luck at roulette had managed to do game at neighbouring boards to watch and happened. People were running up where flickering in the lamps; the wind was sweep the Hall grounds, warned by telegram for him the day before in that hot and imitate the too lucky Englishman. Give the pistol went off. Hugh Massinger turning fiercely down the Cours la Rhine; and the from the Meteorological Office, had rais crowded sink of iniquity in the reoms of the him his head! He's in the vein!" they said. ed with a shudder of disgust. How disfew belated souls who still kept the pave ed the cone for heavy weather from the Casino. ment were cowering and running before the north-east. By nine o'clock, the surf was For from that day forth Whitestrand was beating rain with heads bent down and seething and boiling on the bar, and the safe. It was more than safe; it began to Pennsylvanian twang remarked with occid- hind the shade of the palm-trees. cloaks and overcoats wrapped tight around waves were dashing themselves in huge grow again. The blown sand ceased to ental plainness of speech that she "wouldn't them. It must indeed be an awful night on sheets of foam against Hugh Massinger's in molest it: the sea and the tide ceased to object to running a partnership." Hugh crimson pool of his own blood, prone on the the English Channel; Warren stood sghast effectual breakwater. The sand flew free eat it away: the breakwater had done its laughed and demurred ground hit through the temple with to think to himself how awful. What on before the angry gusts: it blinded the eyes work well, after all; and a new barrier of dilute the luck, yeu know," he answered a well-directed bullet. It was a earth could ever have possessed him, he and filled the lungs of all who tried to face increasing sandhills had sprung up spon- good humouredly. "But if you'll hand me horrid sight, and Hugh's nerves were wondered now, to let Elsie make her way the storm on the sea-front : even up the taneously by the river's mouth to guard its over a hundred louis, I don't mind putting sensitive. If it hadn't been for the chamalone, on such a terrible evening as this, river and at the Hall itself it pervaded the seaward half from future encroachment. If them on 31 for you." He did, and pagne, he would really have fainted. Bewithout him by her side across the stormy air with a perfect bombardment of tiny Hugh could only have known and believed they won. The crowd of gamblers sides, the train was nearly due. If you He would receive a telegram, thank doors by turning one's back upon the fierce that wild morning as ever it had been in the superstitious awe and veneration. "He has selves, you're liable to be let in for what-Heaven, first thing in the morning. Till blast, or by covering one's face, not with a veil, palmiest days of the Elizabethan Meyseys. the run of the numbers," they said in conthen, his suspense would be really painful. but with a silk pocket-handkerchief The And the family solicitor, examining the cert. To gamblers generally, fate is a god- equivalent for that time-honoured institu-As for Elsie, she sped all unconscious on very coastguardmen, accustomed by long use mortgages in his own office, remarked to dess, a living reality, with capricious likes tion, our own beloved British coroner's inher way to Calais, comfortably ensounced in to good doses of solid silica in the lungs, himself with a pensive glance that the and dislikes of her own. They are ever quest. He might be hailed as a witness. her first-class compartment "pour dames shrank back with alarm from the idea of fac- Squire might have raised that little sum, if ready to back her favorite for the time Is that law? Ay, marry, is it? Crowner's seules," of which she had fortunately the ing that running fire of driven sand-parti- only he'd waited, at scarcely more than half being; they look upon play as a predestined quest law! Better give it all a wide berth sole monopoly. The rain beat hard against cles. As for the smacks and boats at large | the interest, on his own security and his | certainty. the windows, to be sure; and the wind on the sea, they were left to their fate-no- improved property. For Whitestrand now shook the door with its gusts more than thing could be done by human hands to help would fetch money.

for the wind was off shore along the Picardy | ing round its sides now like a horde of sav. | look. On one side, the ornate and overcoast; and it was not till the train drew up ages, and the scour was setting in fiercer

> "Will it stand, Bill?" the farm bailiff asked in anxious tones of Stannaway, the innkeeper, as they strained their eyes through the gloom and spray to catch sight of the frail barrier that alone protected them -the stone breakwater which had taken the place of the old historical Whitestrand poplar.

> Stannaway shook his head despondently. "Sea like that's bound to wash it away," he answered hard through the teeth of the wind. "It'd wash away anything. An when it goes, it's all up with Whitestrand."

The whole village, indeed, men, women and children alike, had collected by this time at the point by the river, to watch the progress of the common enemy. There was a fearful interest for every one of them in seeing the waves assail and beat down that final barrier of their hearths and homes. If the breakwater went, Whitestrand must surely follow it, now or later, bit by bit, in piecemeal destruction. The sea would swallow it up wholesale, as it swallowed up Dunwich and Thorpe and Slaughden. Those domestic examples gave point to their terror. To the Suffolk coast dwellers, the sea indeed envisages itself ever, not mere natural eximplacable assailant.

What followed next, followed so fast that hardly showed above the level of the mush- | the easy favour of his profuse hospitality. | comrade in misfortune." Then Raffalevsky had grown more lugu- room hillock that covered and overwhelmed Raffalevsky seated himself in a sulky hum- The Russian snapped at them with a estimated that twelve persons at least per an- in successive lines along the shore to sea- and leave off; that game was for capi- for needless talking. num, on a moderate average, blew their brains ward. New land was forming at each crash talists. For himself, he speculated At a quarter to five, after a last hasty and losing their last napoleon at the roulette its work bravely. By five in the morning, all back or lose all utterly. In the lat- turned to go out, with his cash in his pockes. indeed considered by gentlemanly players as buried breakwater now a quarter of a mile his right ear and clicked with his tongue, away with one hand upon his forehead.

the devouring ocean.

Whitestranders could hardly recognise their night again," Hugh observed with a yawn, own shore, their own salt marshes, their as he noted attentively the lordly concepown river. Everything was changed as if tion of its various items. The waiter bowed by magic. The estuary was gone, and in a profound bow. "At Monte Carlo, Mondikes on the Yondstream farms, and flowing once. But the omen disquieted him. Who The Hall stood half a mile farther from the simple lesson. water's edge than it had done of old, and a grass and tamarisk," he said reflectively, Squire'll have as many acres of new pasture land north o'Char as ever he lest o'sal But at Whitestrand itself that night marsh and meadow south of the old river.

of tempest had done far more for him that ing. He plunged again, and again success- R'r'r! A sharp report! A cry! A con-

grains. It was only possible to remain out it, the estate was worth every bit as much applauded, all hushed, with their usual hover about where men have killed them-

CHAPTER XLVII.—FORTUNE OF WAR.

At Monte Carlo, on the other hand, day dawned serene and calm and cloudless. away Suffolk sandhills, and gazed with a pleasant dreamy feeling out of his luxurious first-floor bedroom. It was a strange outloaded Parisian architecture of that palace with its meretricious town-bred airs and graces, among the rugged scenery of the Maritime Alps: on the other side, the inaccessible crags and pinnacles of the Tete-de-Chieu, gray and lonely as any mountain side in Scotland or Savoy-the actual terminus of the main range of snow-clad Alps. whose bald peaks topple over sheer three thousand feet into the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, that washes the base of their precipitous bluffs. The contrast was almost ludicrous in its quaint extremes.

He did not wholly approve the desecra tion. Hugh Massinger's tastes were not all distorted. Dissipation to him was but a small part and fraction of existence. He took it only as the mustard of life- an agreeable condiment to be sparingly partaken of .- The poet's instinct within him had kept alive and fresh his healthy interest in simpler things, in hill and dale, in calm and peaceful country pleasures. After that feverish day of gambling at Monte Carlo, he would dearly have loved to rise early and saunter out alone for a morning walk ; to scale before breakfast the ramping cliffs of the Tete de Chien, and to reach the mouldering Roman tower of Turbia, that long mounted guard on the narrow path where panse of water, but as a slow and patient yet Gaul and Italy marched together. But that hateful pile of gold and notes between By two in the morning a fresh excitement | the pillow and the mattress restrained | Why not leave off at once, secure of his with one supreme effort of force, the breakers ous semicircle of jagged peaks that bounded they said; such restraint; such coolness! tales, evidently intended to poison the cast her up, a huge burden, between the his horizon. He must stop at home and take breadside one entire end of the channel cheesemongering millionaire of them all. at last knew no bounds. He drank chamoccupied by the famous poplar. The waves, aspirations for the lonely mountain heights! He had wen before nightfall, all told, no in fact, dashed her full against the further Amaryllis and asphodel are not for you. end of the breakwater, and jammed her up Shoulder your muckrake with a manful sterling. What was the miserable remnant with prodigious force between shore and smile, and betake you to the Casine where of Whitestrand, now, to him! Let Whiteadvances. Then retiring for a moment to once more on its grating hinges. You can- it! He had here a veritable mine of wealth. recruit their rage, they broke in sheets of not serve two masters. You have chosen He would go back to San Remo to bury ing; but the close and crowded atmosphere of the roulette tables. Keep true to your creed for a little while longer; it is all fifty a year only! for Elsie's sake ! - For Elsie! For Elsie!-He withdrew his head from four o'clock, Raffalevsky came up to him the window with a faint flush of from another table. The Russian's face was shame. Ah, heaven, to think he should white as death. "I've lost all," he murhappy to escape with bare life and a broken before their very eyes, the sea had carried think of Elsie in such a connection and at mured hoarsely, drawing Hugh aside. "The

accent. No man on earth could ever bear | The great door swung slow upon its on Christianity and civilization.

morning, a waiter presented the bill, all

"A man in the vein should always keep | composing ! The usual ugly Monte Carlo playing." The young lady with the fine incident! Raffalevsky had shot himself be-

equal persistence. He drank as much cham- ried away frem the ghastly object. After pagne as Hugh; but the wine inspired no all, he had done his best to save him-lent lucky guesses. When they came to count him or given him three thousand francs to up their gains and losses at the end of the retrieve his losses. It was none of his fault day, they found it was still a neck-and-neck If one man wins, another man loses. race, in opposite ways, between them. Luck, luck, the mere incalculable chances Hugh had won altogether close on nine of the table! If their places had been rethousand pounds. Raffalevsky had lost versed, would that morose, unsociable, illrather more than eight thousand five hun- tempered Russian have volunteered to give

like five hundred pounds in our joint favour."

"In other words," Raffalevsky answered with a grim smile, "you've won all my money and some other fellow's too. You're the sponge that sucks up all my lifeblood. I've got barely three thousand five hundred left. When that goes"-And he repeated once more the same expressive suicidal pantomine.

That night Hugh slept at Monte Carlo once more. He had lost all sense of shame and decency now. He sent off a note for two thousand francs to the people at the pension, just as a guarantee of good faithas the newspapers say-and to let them know he was really returning. But he had formed a shadowy plan of his own by this time. He would wait another day at the Caeino and go home to San Remo with Warren Relf by the train that reached there at 6 39—the train by which Elsie had said in her note he would be returning.

Why he wished to do so, he hardly with distinctness knew himself. Certainly he did not mean to pick a quarrel; he only knew in a vague sort of way he was going by that train; and until it started, he would keep on playing.

And lose every penny he'd won, perhaps ! | ger.

So he played next day from morning till

less a sum than eleven thousand pounds strand sink in the sea for all he cared for fortune.

Eleven thousand pounds! A mere bagatelle. At five per cent. five hundred and

His train was due to start at five. About whole, the whole, my three hundred thou-He dressed himself slowly and went down sand trancs of borrowed capital !- And

Whitestrand was saved. Nay more than with more philosophical composure than hinges, and Raffaley by burst into the outer that: it was gaining once more in a single Hugh Massinger the misfortunes of others. corridor, bowed from the room with great night all that it had lost in twenty years to Before he left the breakfast-table that dignity, in spite of his frintic baste, by a well liveried attendant. There is plenty When morning broke, the astonished deferential politeness. "I sleep here to of ebsequiousness at Monte Carlo for every player, even if he has lost his last louis.

They emerged once more upon the beautiful terrace, the glorious view, the pencilled palm trees. All around, the sinking Italian its place stretched a wide expanse of un- sieur," he said significantly, "one pays sun lit up that fairy coast with pink and dulating sandhills. The Char had turned daily." Hugh drew out a handful of gold purple. Bay and rock and mountain side its course visibly southward, bursting the from his pocket with a laugh and paid at showed all the more exquisite after the fetid air of those crowded gaming saleons. High to the sea by the old channel from which wins to day may lose to morrow. Clearly up on the shoulders of the inaccessible Oliver's engineers had long since diverted it. the hotel at least had thoroughly learnt that Alps the great square Roman keep of Turbia gazed down majestically with They filed in among the first at the doors | mute contempt on the feverish throng of belt of bare and open dune land lay tossed of the Casino. Once started, Hugh played miserable idlers who poured in and out between its grounds and the new high-tide with scarcely an intermission for food, till through the gaudy portals of the garish mark. The farm bailiff examined them in the tables closed again. He kept himself; Casino. A serene delight pervaded Hugh the gray dawn with a practical eye. "If up with champagne and sandwiches. That Massinger's placid soul; he felt himself we plant them hills al' over with maram- was indeed a glorious day! A wild success | vastly superior to these human butterflies; attended his hazards. He staked and won he knew his own worth as he turned entran-"they'll mat like the other ones, and staked and lost; staked and won; staked ced from the marble steps to the beautiful and lost again. But the winnings by far prospect that spread everywhere unrolled outbalanced the losses. It went the round like a picture around him. Poet as he was, of the tables, in frequent whispers, that a he despised mere gamblers; and he carried If Hugh Masssinger had only known it young Englishman, a poet by feature, was eleven thousand pounds odd of winnings in

The man was lying, a hideous mass, in a at once. The bell was ringing for the train Raffalevsky meanwhile lost and lost with | below. With a sudden shudder, Hugh hurhim three thousand francs to throw away, "Never mind," Hugh remarked with his he wondered? Never, never: 'twas all for inexhaustible buoyancy. "We're still to the best. The Russian had lost, and he the good against his Monegasque High won-eleven thousand pounds odd, for

> He rushed away and dashed headlong into the station. His own revolver was safe in his pocket. He carried eleven thousand pounds odd about him. No man should rob him without a fight between here and San Remo.

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TORTURED BY A LIZARD.

A Woman Swallows a Reptile which is Removed After Five Years-Horrible Agony of the Sufferer.

The wife of Mr. John Hawkins, foreman of one of the Toronto street cleaning gangs and residing at 41 Gloucester street, has been a sufferer for a number of years and has been treated during that time by several medical men for consumption, catarrh of the stomach, etc. Her sufferings grew more and more excrutiating, until last week, when the symptoms told unmistakably that something was biting her internally. Medical aid was summoned and a mixture was administered which killed and finally expelled a lizard some eight inches in length and about as big around as the top of one's fin-

The medicine caused the creature to bite pain. Latterly Mrs Hawkins, life has been one of great misery and discomfort. She could not lie down, as in that position the

Since the reptile has been removed Mrs. wards recovery. Mr. Hawkins is of the But inwardly, Hugh was consumed all opinion that his wife swallowed the lizard, some six years ago, when they lived in the country near Stratford, and were in the habit of drinking spring water.

A Queer Old Fellow.

London "Life" says :- Of people who have curious ways of living few can be more original than was the late Rev. Dunckley Thomas, who had engaged rooms in Mrs. Wildish's house in 1881, and lived there till 1887. He never permitted her or her servants to enter his room, except once a fort-night. He paid his rent weekly, and at each payment he also gave notice that he would quitin the week following. He never did quit, but he thus preserved his liberty unimpaired. Among his property, consisting of £8,000 or \$10,000, he had a note of deposit of £1,500, which, whenever he became ill, he would always present to his ered she should give it back to him. This occurred frequently, Mrs Wildish always returning the note. Finally Mr. Thomas which the courts finally gave to her.

It is stated on good authority that Mr. John M. Egan, formerly superintendent of the prairie section of the Canadian Pacific railway, is to be made manager of the entire

The result of recent enquiries seems to leave little doubt that the charges made against the employes of the Alaska Commercial Com brious in his converse still, and descended to with its hasty debris the buried hull of the our by the winner's side. He meant grateful gesture, but without hesitation or pany of ill-treating the native women have tales of the recurrent suicides that diversify unknown vessel. Hummock after hummock to play it out still, he said, to the spoken thanks, and returned in hot haste only too good a foundation in fact. It is the monotony of the Monegasque world. He grew apace outside with startling rapidity bitter end. He couldn't afford to lose to his own table. Gamblers have little time stated that the defenceless native women are made victims of the unbridled immorality of the white settlers, and the most horrible out in the Casino and grounds, after risking of the waves. The Æolian sand was doing well-on borrowed funds. He must win draught of champagne at the buffet, Hugh abuses have resulted from this state of things. The natives have appealed to the tables. To kill yourself in the actual saloons men walked secure where the sea had roar. ter case - a significant gesture completed the In front of him, he saw just an appari- United States Government for protection, themselves, he admitted with a sigh, was ed but six hours before. It had left the sentence. He put up his hand playfully to tion of Raffalevsky rushing wildly and the civilized world is now looking to Washington for measures of reform and rea boorish solecism : persons of breeding intent | inland at least, and was still engaged with | like the click of a revolver barrel. Hugh | The man's face was awful to behold. Hugh | dress. The agents and employes of the Comon an exit from this vale of tears, usually mad eagerness in its rapid task of piling up smile. felt sure the Russian had lost all once more, mercial Company are supposed to becitizens retired for the purpose of shooting themselves fresh mounds and heaps in endless rows, to | "Esperons toujours," he murmured philo- and been too much ashamed even to renew of a Christian country, but their practices in Alaska have certainly cast a stigma both