

YOUNG SI.

IV.

The next day, Ethel Lennox obstinately declined to revisit Si's shore. Instead, she went to the Point and sketched all day. She went again, the next day, and the next. The Point was the most picturesque part of the shore, she averred, and the "types" among its inhabitants most interesting. Agnes Bentley ceased to suggest another visit to Si's shore. She had a vague perception that her companion did not care to discuss the subject.

At the end of the week, Mrs. Bentley remarked:

"What in the world can have happened to Young Si? It's a whole week since he's been here for milk or butter. He ain't sick, is he?"

Mr. Bentley chuckled amusedly.

"I know I can tell you the reason of that Si's getting his stuff at Walden's now. I saw him going there these last two or three evenings. Liza Walden's got ahead of you at last, Mary."

"I never did!" said Mrs. Bentley.

"Well, Young Si's the first that ever preferred Liza Walden's butter to mine. Everyone knows what hers is like. She never works her salt half in. Well, Young Si's welcome to it, I'm sure, I wish him joy of his exchange."

Mrs. Bentley rattled her dishes ominously. It was plain that her faith in Young Si had received a severe shock.

Upstairs, in her room, Ethel Lennox, with a few undried tears glistening on her cheeks was writing a letter. Her lips were compressed, but her hand trembled.

"I've discovered that it is no use to run away from fate," she wrote, "No matter how hard we try to elude it, or how sure we are that we have succeeded, it will rise up and meet us, when we least expect it. I came down here, tired and worn out, and hoping for rest and peace. And lo! The most disquieting element of my life is here to confront me."

"I'm going to confess, Helen, 'Open confession is good for the soul,' and I shall treat myself to a good dose, while the mood is on."

You know, of course, that I was once engaged to Miles Lesley. No doubt, you also know that that engagement was broken last winter, for unexplained reasons. Well, I will tell you all about it, and then mail this letter speedily, before I change my mind.

It is now a year since Miles and I first became engaged. As you know, he was very wealthy, and his family were noted for their exclusiveness. I was poor and a school teacher, so you may imagine with what horror they received the news of Miles' engagement to one, whom they considered his inferior. But Miles was independent, and accustomed to having his own way. They found they could not change his purpose and were forced into an outward acquiescence, but I need hardly tell you, that I met with no mercy, I was quite as proud as they were, and their supercilious condescension was gall and wormwood to me. I was keenly sensitive to their covert slights, but quite helpless, and my offended pride found its victim, in poor Miles. I took it into my unreasonable head that he did not resent the slights offered to me actively enough. I grew cold and formal to him. He was very patient with me, foolish girl, that I was, but he was not perfect, and small wonder if my manner annoyed and puzzled him. Our relations soon grew to be very strained, and the trifle necessary for an open quarrel was easily supplied.

One evening I went to a large At Home given by his mother. I had wished to decline the invitation, but finally accepted it for Miles' sake. I knew but few, and as Miles was busy with his social duties to his mother's guests, I was, after the first hurried greeting, left alone. I bitterly resented this, and in a fit of jealous pique I struck up a marked flirtation with Fred Currie, who had paid me some attention before my engagement. When Miles came to seek me, he found me, to all appearances quite absorbed with my companion and oblivious of his approach. He turned on his heel and went away, nor did he come near me the rest of the evening. I went home, angry enough, but so miserable and repentant that, if Miles had been his usual patient self, when he called the following evening, I should have begged his forgiveness, and all might have been well. But he was justly exasperated, and my pride rebelled at his curtness. We had a short bitter quarrel. I said a great many foolish, unpardonable things, and finally I threw my ring at him. He picked it up and went, without another word.

After my first anger passed, I was wretchedly unhappy. I realized how deeply I really loved Miles, and how lonely and empty my life would be without him. But he did not come back and soon after I heard that he had gone away,—whether no one knew, but it was supposed abroad. Well, I buried my hopes and tears in secret, and went on with my life, as people have to do.

This summer I came here, I heard much about a certain mysterious stranger, known as "Young Si," who was fishing mackerel at this shore. Well, I was very curious; it sounded romantic, and one evening I went to see him. I saw what I take to be, Helen, it was Miles Lesley.

For one minute, earth, sky and sea reeled around me, the next my hateful pride returned. I remembered my fancied wrongs, and I turned and walked away, without a sign of recognition, beyond my first startled exclamation. Well, he did not follow.

You may be sure, I have religiously avoided that part of the shore ever since. I haunt the Point, where there is no fear of seeing him; and try to convince myself of a number of things. What can possess him to live in such a place and employ himself in such a manner? He was always peculiar in some respects. He looked thin and careworn, I think. We have never met since; and I must own to a secret heartburn, that he has never made any effort to see me—though that is precisely what I wish to avoid—and it shows clearly that he has either forgotten me, or despises me. Well, I de-

serve it, but—I am very unhappy, Nellie.

You need hardly be told after this, that I leave here in another week. I cannot fabricate a decent excuse to leave sooner or would I do not know where I shall go. I suppose, if I flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, I shall find him there, when I arrive."

In the cool twilight Ethel went with Agnes Bentley to mail her letter. As they stopped at the door of the little country store a young man came around the corner and halted abruptly before them. It was Young Si. He was in his rough fishing suit, with a big net trailing over his shoulder, but no disgrace could effectually conceal his splendid figure. Agnes sprang forward eagerly.

"Si, where have you been? Why have you never been up to see us for so long? It's real mean of you."

Young Si made no verbal reply. He had never removed his dark, eager eyes from the cold white face of Ethel Lennox. When Agnes paused he lifted his cap with formal politeness and turned on his heel.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Agnes, as soon as she recovered her breath. "If that's how Young Si is going to treat his friends! He must have got offended at something. I wonder what it can be," she added, her curiosity getting the better of her indignation.

When they came out they saw the solitary figure of young Si far adown crossing the lonely, dim shore fields. In the dusk, Agnes did not notice the pallor of her companion's face, or the unshed tears in her eyes.

V.

"I've just been down to the Point," said Agnes, coming in one sultry afternoon, about a week later, "and Little Eve said as there was no fishing to-day he'd take us out for that sail to-night if you wanted to go."

Ethel Lennox put her drawing away listlessly. She looked pale and tired. She was going away the next day, and this was to be her last visit to the shore.

"And I'm that sorry," said Mrs. Bentley, to her husband, "not for the money,—though I did think I'd get something nice for Agnes if she stayed as long as we expected. But I hate to see her go. She's a real sweet girl. I believe she's fretting. No, I don't know what about. How should I? She don't eat enough for a bird, and I've seen tears in her eyes a dozen times. Poor little thing! That pretty face of hers is getting real thin and pale."

About an hour before sunset a boat glided out from the shadow of the Point. In it were Ethel Lennox and Agnes, with Little Eve—the sandy-haired, undersized "Pointer," who owned the boat. The evening was fine and an off-shore breeze was freshening up rapidly. They did not notice the long dark bank of vivid cloud low in the southeast horizon.

"Isn't this glorious!" exclaimed Ethel, her hat was streaming back from her head, and the red rings of her hair were blowing about her face. Agnes looked around her more anxiously. Knowing more about the sea and shore than her companion, there were some indications she hardly liked to see. Young Si, who was standing with Snuffy at their skids, lowered his spy-glass with a start.

"It is Agnes Bentley and that—that boarder of theirs," he said, anxiously, "and they've gone out with Little Eve, in that wretched leaky tub of his. Where are their eyes that they can't see a squall coming up?"

"An' Little Eve don't know as much about managin' a boat as a cat," exclaimed Snuffy excitedly, "and his sails are as rotten! Sign 'em to come back!"

Si shook his head.

"They're too far out. I don't know that the squall will amount to very much. In a good boat with some one who knew how to manage it, they'd be all right. But with Little Eve—"

He began walking restlessly up and down the platform.

The boat was now some distance out. The breeze had stiffened to a strong wind, and the dull, gray level of the sea was whipped into white caps. Agnes holding on her hat, bent towards Ethel.

"It's getting too rough. I think we'd better go back. I'm afraid we're in for a thunder-squall. Look at the clouds."

A long, sullen muttering of thunder followed her words.

"Little Eve," she shouted, "we want to go back."

Little Eve, thus recalled to things around him, looked about in alarm. The girls questioned each other in glances of dismay. The sky had suddenly grown very black and the thunder was growling continuously. A jagged bolt of lightning hustled across the dark southeast. Over all was the green malignant light of coming storm.

Little Eve brought the boat's head abruptly round. A few heavy drops of rain fell.

"Ev, the boat's leaking," Agnes shrieked, above the wind, "the water's coming in."

"Bail her out then," shouted Ev, struggling with the sail. "There's two cans under the seat. I've got to lower this sail. Bail her out."

"I'll help you," said Ethel. She was very pale, but her manner was calm. Agnes was more excited, but she did not lose her presence of mind. Both bailed energetically. Young Si, watching through the glass, saw them. He dropped it and ran to his boat, white and resolute.

"They've sprung a leak," he shouted, "launch the boat, Curtis. We've got to go out, or Ev will drown them."

"They shot out from the shore just as the down-pour came, blotting out sea and land in one driving sheet of white rain."

"Young Si's coming off for us," said Agnes. "We'll be all right if he gets here in time—this boat is going to sink, sure."

Little Eve was completely demoralized from fear. The girls bailed unceasingly, but the water gained every minute. Young Si was none too soon.

"Jump, Ev," he shouted, as his boat came alongside, "jump for your life!"

He dragged Ethel Lennox in as he spoke. Agnes sprang from one boat to the other like a cat, and little Eve jumped just as a thunderous crash seemed to burst above them and sea and sky were filled with blue flame. The danger was past; for Si and Snuffy the squall had few difficulties. When they reached the shore Agnes, who had quite recovered from her fright, tucked her dripping skirts about her and announced her intention to go straight home with Snuffy.

"I can't be any wetter than I am," she said, cheerfully, "and I'll send you down with the carriage for Miss Len-

nox. Light the fire in your shanty, Si, and let her get dry. I'll be quick as I can."

Si picked up Ethel in his strong arms and carried her into the fish-house, leaving Little Ev to haul the boat. He placed her on one of the low benches and hurriedly began to kindle his fire. Ethel sat up dazedly, and pushed back the dripping masses of her bright hair. Young Si turned at the sound, and looked down at her with passionate pleading in his eyes. She put out her cold wet hands wistfully.

"Oh, Miles," she said, tremulously.

VII.

Outside the wind shook the frail building, and tore the shuddering sea to pieces. The rain poured down on the misty ocean. It was settling down for a night of storm. But inside Young Si's fire was casting cheery gleams over the rude room, and Young Si himself was kneeling by Ethel Lennox, with his arm about her and her head on his broad shoulder. There were happy tears in her eyes, and her voice quivered as she said,

"Miles, how can you forgive my foolish pride—if you knew how bitterly I have repented—"

He silenced her with a kiss.

"Never speak of it again, my sweet. We have each something to forgive, but we will be wiser and happier all our lives for our bitter lesson. I, too, have learned something in my lonely nights and days, down here by the sea."

"Miles, why did you ever come here, I thought you were in Europe."

"No; I traveled at first, but I could not get away from my own misery. I came down here, for a passing whim, and suddenly I resolved to cut myself utterly adrift from my old life and see if I could not forget you here, where nothing would remind me of you. I was not very successful, my Ethel. He smiled down into her eyes. "And you were going away to-morrow. How perilously near not meeting we have been! But how are we going to explain all this to our friends along the shore?"

"I think we had better not explain it at all. I will go away to-morrow, as I intended, and you can quietly follow soon. Let 'Young Si,' remain the mystery he has always been."

"That will be best," said Miles Lesley, thoughtfully, "decidedly so. They would never understand, if we did tell them; and I despair of finding my way not a forger or murderer or something of the sort. They have always credited me with an evil past, and you and I, Ethel, will go back to our own world—but never to our old life. There is Mr. Bentley," he added, releasing her unwillingly, "and I suppose I must subside into my character of 'Young Si' again."

VIII.

It was the day after the storm and Agnes drove Ethel Lennox to the station. The fierce wind that had swept over land and sea, lashing the waves into a foamy foam, seemed to have blown away all the heavy vapours, and oppressive heats in the air, and the morning dawned as clear and fresh as if the sad old earth, with all her passionate tears had cleansed herself from sin and stain, and come forth radiantly pure and sweet. Ethel bubbled over with joyousness. Agnes half-wondered what change had come over her.

"Good-bye, Miss Lennox," she said, wistfully. She had grown very fond of this fair, sweet stranger in those few short days, and they had faced death together. "You'll come back to see us sometime again, won't you?"

"Perhaps," said Ethel, smiling, "and if not, Agnes, you must come and see me. Some day I may have a wonderful secret to tell you."

About a week after "Young Si" suddenly vanished, and his disappearance was a nine days' talk along the shore. His departure was as mysterious as his advent. It leaked out that he had quietly disposed of his boat and shanty to Snuffy, sent his mackerel off and that done, slipped from the "Pointers," lives, never more to re-enter them.

Little Ev was the last of the Pointers to see him, tramping along the road to the station in the dusk of the autumn twilight. And next morning, Agnes Bentley, going out of doors before the rest, found, on the doorstep, a basket containing a small, vociferous, black kitten, with a car attached to its neck. On it was written "will Agnes please befriend 'Witch' in memory of 'Young Si.'"

The end.

THE POWERFUL'S ENGINES.

Trial of the Great Machinery of England's Last Cruiser.

Some interesting facts have been noted in the London Standard regarding the steam trials of the big British war vessel Powerful. This ship and her sister, the Terrible, are the largest of the cruiser type in the world, and the horse power developed by the Powerful, which was 26,497 at the maximum, and 25,688 as the mean of four hours, also far exceeded that of any other warship in the world, and was excelled only in the case of the two new Cunard liners.

The liners are built for speed, or, rather, for that and carrying capacity, while the Powerful and Terrible allow much space and weight for armament, and a heavy protective deck. They are not battle ships, yet can each throw 17,000 pounds of shell a minute, and of these 5,000 can be thrown from the bow guns in pursuing an enemy.

When the Powerful ran for thirty consecutive hours at twenty-one knots, under only 18,000 horse power, she was found to have used about 1.83 pounds of coal per unit of horse power, or about fifteen tons, and as she can easily carry 3,000 tons, it will be seen that she can go a long time at twenty-one knots.

But, after all, the Powerful's great feat was that of exceeding 25,000 horse power under natural draught only.

In the last four hours the power was never less than 25,500 indicated horse power, and for the greater part of the time was over 26,000 indicated horse power, the maximum being 26,197. This involved the running of the great pistons of the ship at a speed of 900 feet per minute, while the outer edge of the propellers travelled nearly 4,500 feet per minute. The steam pressure was 257 pounds per square inch, which is unprecedentedly high. In the succeeding four hours the power was 22,694 indicated horse power, and the eighth hour the record was only 24,900 indicated horse power. No warship has ever attained this before, and it was under natural draught.

MINES OF OUR COUNTRY

A BATCH OF NEW MINING COMPANIES IN ONTARIO.

The Georgian Bay Region—Trail Creek Figures That Speak Plainly—Interesting Stories That Could be Written of Rosland Mines—Notes on Various Properties.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong, an emigration agent of the C. P. R., has been chiefly confined to the district lying north of Lake Huron and Georgian Bay for the past few years, and he says that the country is rich in mineral deposits.

When the railway was put through the rock cuttings laid bare many ridges of hematite iron, and it is to these that his attention has been directed. The ranges are numerous and can be traced long distances. From the exposures made by blasting the veins appear to widen as they go down, but further exploration will have to determine this. The ore is soft and could be mined by a steam shovel at the surface. A company is being organized to work some of the deposits.

Mr. Edgar, of the Hamilton Blast Furnace works was there some time ago and seemed satisfied that the ore was of good quality. It is possible that some of it may be sent to the furnace for treatment, and if the tests prove satisfactory the mines may be worked extensively. The best veins are some miles north of the lake, but as there is plenty of water-power to be obtained in the vicinity an electric tramway could easily be constructed to carry the ore to the shore and transferred to boats. It could be laid on the wharves at Hamilton for about \$4 a ton.

An American named Corbett has succeeded in locating a number of veins, Mr. Armstrong says, by means of a magnetic instrument, which is influenced by the presence of the iron. He walks over the country, and when a body of ore is approached its existence is indicated by the movements of a needle. Corbett claims that he can even tell the exact extent of a deposit by the little machine. Similar claims, however, have been made many times before on behalf of instruments, none of which have ever worked effectively as prospectors.

FIGURES THAT SPEAK.

The sale of the War Eagle for \$850,000 and the announcement now made that active negotiations are in progress on behalf of an English syndicate for the purchase of the Le Roi at \$1,000,000 mark a new era in affairs at Rosland. Heretofore the district has been largely within the domain of estimates, now hard cash in large blocks talks most eloquently. Detailed accurately a great many interesting stories of men and properties could be written at Rosland. Take the City of Spokane sold last spring to the Horne-Payne Syndicate by Ed. Haney for \$65,000. In 1891 the claim was called the St. Joseph and was given outright to Howard C. Walters, by Edmund Lefevre, of Montreal. Mr. Lefevre was a prospector, disgusted with the backwardness of the country, and forced Mr. Walters to accept a deed to the claim with the single stipulation that he should give Mr. Lefevre one-half of anything realized upon it. Mr. Walters never recorded the deed and the claim becoming vacant was relocated by Mr. Haney and was ultimately sold as above stated. The Sunset group recently sold to the Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate for \$120,000, has an equally interesting history. Located by Messrs. Conway and Nelson in 1894, Mr. Nelson sold one-half interest for \$2,000. Mr. Conway held on and got \$18,000. The purchasers of Mr. Nelson's interest got \$30,000 for what cost them \$2,000. These are but specimens, as it were, equally interesting history attaching to many properties in the district. Of course conditions have changed, and such properties as the Le Roi, War Eagle, Sunset and a score of others are cheaper at the prices of today than when all was conjecture as to the future of the great gold-copper district.

NEW MINING COMPANIES.

Several new companies have been granted letters of incorporation by the Ontario Government. The largest company is the Citizens' Gold and Coal Mining Company of Sudbury (Limited), which has a total capital of \$1,000,000 in \$1 shares. The promoters all live in Sudbury, and are Messrs. M. C. Biggar, Chas. Jessop, Alexander Fournier, Lawrence O'Connor and H. J. Purvis.

Half a dozen citizens of Grimsby are forming the Grimsby Gold Mining Co. (Limited), with 200,000 shares of \$1 each. The promoters are Messrs. F. S. Baker, Murray Fitch, John Kerman, H. C. Kerman, C. W. Van Duser and J. A. Livingstone.

Messrs. John Hugo Ross, John Alexander Macdonald, Malcolm McInnes, E. C. Cattenach and E. A. Dickson have taken out letters of incorporation constituting the A. W. Ross Company of Toronto (Limited), to acquire and carry on the business now known as A. W. Ross & Co. The capital is \$20,000.

NOTES.

The first monthly report of progress sent out by the Great Northern Corporation states that the company has been greeted with the liveliest satisfaction by the shareholders, and many letters showing their appreciation have been received at the head office. Although most conservative in its tone it shows the thorough confidence of the directors in the future and the energy with which they are pushing development work. They further state that the reports from the four claims they are opening up are most promising and that the withdrawal of their stock from the market is by no means a remote possibility.

The Manager of the Princess Gold Fields Mining Company reports as follows:—The Scramble and the Benson (Black Sturgeon Lake) gold mines are in full blast. The Princess Gold Mining Company begins work on Monday, the 25th, with a good staff of men and full equipment. These mines are situated upon the celebrated Scramble vein, one of the largest two fissure veins in the Rat Portage country.

These mines are from four to seven miles from Rat Portage, and the character of the ore makes the working of them very advantageous.

A gentleman interested in the City of Spokane property, referring to certain interests in the property named, says—"This appears as if the City of Spokane Mine had been sold by the Lillooet, Fraser River & Cariboo Gold Fields, Ltd., as the interests mentioned as having been fixed make up a total of thirty-thirtieths, apparently the whole enterprise. The actual position is that these are interests in one-tenth only of the profits of the City of Spokane Mine, the original vendors having retained 10 per cent. interest, the property therefore remaining, except as to that, the possession of the Lillooet Company."

The Fairview camp, in which the Smuggler is situated, is pronounced by the British Columbia Mining Record to be one of the richest mineral regions in the world, and the development work which is now being done gives promise that much will be said by the press of Ontario about this section hereafter. Immediate further development of the mine is now being arranged for, and the contemplated work includes the deepening of the shaft, which is already 110 feet in solid pay ore, the running of a tunnel to tap the vein at a depth of several hundred feet, and such other work as will be necessary to open up an ore body sufficient to keep in continuous operation a fully equipped reduction plant.

CONVICTED BY A SCRAP OF PAPER

Evidence Which Led to the Conviction of a Brutal Murderer.

Very few chains of purely circumstantial evidence have been so complete as that which fastened the guilt of James J. Irwin's murder upon George Matthews. The crime was committed in Charles County, Md., in the first week of August last, and Matthew's trial began on Nov. 23 and ended with his conviction four days later. He then confessed the murder, and is now under sentence of death.

As a sequel to Matthew's trial came that of Emma Irwin, the murdered man's wife, which began Monday, Jan. 18, and ended in acquittal owing to the stubborn refusal of Matthews to testify in the case. In his own confession last November, Matthews fully implicated Mrs. Irwin as his accomplice, and Mrs. Irwin's sister as one of the chief investigators of the crime. When Mrs. Irwin was brought to trial, Matthews flatly refused to give the testimony, without which it was impossible to convict. The counsel for the prosecution tried every legal device they knew to introduce Matthew's previous confession, but in this they were defeated at every point by the alertness of Mrs. Irwin's counsel.

THE MURDER ITSELF

was a peculiarly brutal one. Irwin was a wife and child lived at the little fishing village called Athens Fresh Charles County, Matthews, a fisherman, lived a few miles away. Letters intercepted by Irwin and others found in the house after his death, implicated Mrs. Irwin and Matthews in guilty relations and testimony showed that Irwin had knowledge of the fact, and was much distressed by it. His little child testified that there was domestic trouble on the night of the murder and that Irwin was shedding tears before he went to bed.

In the dead of that night Mrs. Irwin went to a neighbor's and said that her husband was dead. She said that she was sleeping on the bed with him and was next to the wall. She was awakened by a loud noise, and when she put her hand upon her husband's head she found the head torn and bleeding. She then fled for help.

That was her story, and it was found to be true enough so far as the murder was concerned. The neighbors found Irwin's head half blown off by a gunshot, and what was left of it hacked as with an axe or hatchet. The little child, sleeping in the room where the deed was done, if awakened at all immediately went to sleep again, and knew nothing of what had happened.

When suspicion first fastened upon Matthews he gave so clear and circumstantial an account of his movements during the twenty-four hours which included the time of the murder that belief in his guilt was shaken. But one small circumstance after another was brought to light, until finally the chain was made complete by the clue afforded by

THE PAPER GUN WAD

found in the dead man's head. When spread out and cleaned it was found to be a scrap of the newspaper with the printed words nearly all legible. In Matthew's pocket was found a scrap of paper which fitted the tear on the side of the gun wad scrap, and when joined together the lines could be read. Still another torn scrap of newspaper found in Matthews' pocket fitted a scrap found on the floor of the shanty in which he lived. It was a Populist newspaper which Matthews had used in loading his gun, and it was a scrap from a Populist editorial which he had so brutally fired into poor Irwin's head as he slept in fancied security by the side of his wife.

This scrap of paper so conclusively connected Matthews with the crime that the jury were only a few moments in bringing in a verdict of guilty. In his confession Matthews said Mrs. Irwin knew that he was coming that night to murder her husband, and that she was lying awake on the bed when he did it.

WHICH IS WORSE.

She—What worries you, dear? Have you made any bad investments?
He—No, but your father has.

Dr. Bergmann, of Berlin has been summoned to St. Petersburg to perform an operation on the Czar, who is suffering from the results of a blow received in 1891 from a Japanese fanatic.