

Verdict Not Pretty

At no time since the close of the Russo-Turkish war has there been any doubt that the powers could by concerting the sultan of their readiness to apply coercion, have secured acceptance of their draft of the terms of peace. It is true that the concert was not framed to coerce Turkey, but was constituted in 1894 to investigate the Armenian massacres, and continued in order to secure the application of reforms to the disturbed provinces. But when the Cretan troubles and the war with Greece followed, the concert was still maintained, and though it did nothing to prevent the war it asserted its ability and intention, to settle the terms of peace on its own lines. And there is no doubt that in pursuance of their purpose, Russia and Austria, had simultaneously entered Armenia and Macedonia, and the maritime provinces had blockaded the Turkish ports, the sultan would have yielded and have evacuated Thessaly without first receiving his indemnity. There is no reason to believe that he would not do so now, for although he has a huge army in European Turkey, and Mussulman pride has been greatly quickened as the result of the Ottoman victories, he would realize that, with all the powers moving at once, the odds were irresistibly against him. But the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe are filled with the idea that any coercion of Turkey will, by letting loose ambitions now curbed, precipitate a general European war, though Turkey has been more than once defeated without involving so widespread a struggle, and there is no reason why she should not be again.

The probability is that were her chief seaports bombarded and occupied, the sultan and his generals, seeing Europe united, and in dread of final expulsion, would yield, with the result that matters would fall back into the condition in which they were five years ago. No doubt Ottoman pride would receive a hard blow, the forces of agitation would be in active ferment, and the possibility of the deposition of the sultan would become probability, but there would be nothing to provoke a general European war. Indeed, were the Turks to fight as they did in 1878, and so compel a partition, there is no good reason why, should the reported understanding between Austria and Russia with regard to the Eastern question prove true, even that solution should produce such a result. For if a European war is so tremendous a calamity that any suffering and humiliation must be borne rather than provoke it, some way would be found to avert the dangers involved in peaceful partition. Nothing, however, will convince the powers of this fact, and when they grow insistent, the sultan has, in their fear of war, only to make some new proposition or to demand some new concession, to hopelessly divide them. It is possible, of course, that if Great Britain should threaten to withdraw from the concert rather than be involved in its defeat, the powers might in the fear of new alliances, the quarrels which might ensue, or the ability of England to act alone, agree upon actual coercion. But the intimation that the ambassadors of the five remaining powers might sign the treaty of peace without Great Britain indicates that they would not, and that the sultan may still continue to defy the concert at will.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Caused Titters and Sly Chuckles - She Wasn't His Wife.

A laughable, but rather embarrassing case of mistaken identity occurred the other day in a large draper's store in London, England. A gentleman who is a little too fond of joking, entered the shop for the purpose of meeting his wife at a certain counter. Sure enough, there stood a lady dressed, to his eye, at least, just like the woman he was after.

Her back was turned and no one was near her, so he quietly approached, took her by the arm and said in a voice of stimulated severity: "Well, here you are, spending my money as usual, eh?"

The face turned quickly toward him was not his wife's; it was that of an acid, angry, keen-eyed woman of about 50 years, who attracted the attention of everybody in that part of the shop by saying in a loud, shrill voice:

"No, I ain't spending your money, or no other man's money, and I'll be bound to say so."

"I beg your pardon, madam," cried the confused gentleman. "I supposed you were my wife, and—"

"Well, I just ain't your wife, nor no other man's wife, thank fortune, to be jawed at every time I buy a yard of ribbon. I pity your wife if you go about shaking her like you did me. If I was her I'd—"

The chagrined joker waited to hear no more, but made his way out of the shop, amid the titters and sly chuckles of those who had witnessed his confusion.

FELL INTO THE HABIT.

Crummer—Ministers are the worst hands there are for telling old stories in their speeches.

Vokes—Yes. They get so used to telling the old story that it comes natural to them.

No one knew this better than the person against whom it was rendered. But no culprit convicted by a jury of his peers of horse-stealing or murder in the first degree ever revolted against a verdict with stronger feelings than did Hetty Hardman from what she knew to be the unanimous verdict of her friends and acquaintances.

And as is usually the case, that which she did not possess she coveted above everything else. The beautiful or even the moderately attractive woman, can afford to seem indifferent about her charms, but for the homely woman to pretend not to care, is too self-evident a case of sour grapes.

Hetty did care, and had rebelled against her fate with tears and sighs. She suffered a more poignant grief on account of her homelessness whenever it coupled itself in her mind with the name of John Belington, as, alas, it too often did. She could have endured to be thought plain or even ugly by every one else in the world, if only John could have found some redeeming quality. But alas! how could that be? There was no possibility of such a thing. Would John ever think her pleasing to look upon, and a vision of her features, her eyes, her hair, ever float through his mind?

Preposterous! And she looked in the glass again to assure herself that there was no possibility of a mistake in this judgment. The picture she saw certainly had very little to dispel the gloomy reflection.

In the first place her figure was under size; too short for its breadth, or too broad for its length, and what there was of it seemed to have been thrown together without the slightest regard for what the dressmaker considers the element of good form.

But the art of the dressmaker might have done much to overcome the effect of her figure, if only her features, complexion, hair, and eyes had been attractive. But, alas! Her skin had a leathery, sodden appearance. Her nose was flat and a little turned up. Her eyes were a water-gray, and lacked force; and her hair was scraggy and brick-colored. Whether she wore it in a net, or whether she went to the trouble of curling it on irons or in papers, or whether she sought to conceal its lack of quantity and attractiveness by the help of an artificial switch, still the people of Quartz Gulch alluded to her as that "sandy-haired girl with a turned-up nose."

"O, dear! O, dear!" she sighed to herself, in her little room over the piazza of the Gulch House, "why was nature so cruel to me? Why am I denied all these charms by which other girls endear themselves to the hearts of the other sex?"

John Belington was a tall, lithe young fellow, of athletic build, with wavy black hair, eyes like coals, cheeks blushing with the hues of health, square-built, and muscular, and the very picture of manliness. She idealized him in her heart with all the graces of perfection. There was no woman who could for a moment begin to be worthy of him.

John had a good paying claim of his own and was able to marry at any time he chose. But if he had chosen, or even shown any marked inclination for so doing, no one had yet observed it. He looked at Hetty as she called off the bill of fare, but she was so busy to notice it.

"I don't know," he said to Dan Cuthbert, as they sat in the piazza of the hotel one evening talking about their luck, and the girls, as usual, "I've been too busy all my life to think much about anything but hard pegging at it."

"Pshaw!" was Dan's easy rejoinder, "there isn't another fellow in the Gulch as well fixed as you are. I know what you think. The girl you left behind you in the east. One of these days you will be flitting away to her. Tell me now, John, is she a beauty? Can't you show us her picture? When are you going to bring her on? Or are you going to salt down what you have, and strike out in that direction?"

"Well," was John's deliberate answer, "you are half right, anyway. There is someone in the east of whom I think more than any one else. I suddenly betrothed myself and changed his form of speech, 'of whom I think the world of. Yes, I expect you will see her some of these days.'"

He did not know how a little heart thumped against the window casement on the next floor above. He was not aware that any one overheard him. Indeed, he was not particular whether any one did or not. He did not notice, either, that at the next meal that day the unattractive face which glanced over his shoulder as the bill of fare was rattled off was marked by lines of suffering which made it still more homely. How should he, when she studiously kept behind him? What did he know of the plain little woman's secret?

But Dan Cuthbert gave out the word and it went around. All Quartz Gulch was on tiptoe, when, some weeks later, it was whispered that the stage would bring as a part of its burden a freight more precious to John Belington than anything it had ever yet brought. The air was full of gossip about it. Rumor had gone so far as to select the bridesmaids and groomsmen, arrange for them the details of their attire, and attend to all the minute features of the interesting occasion which she decided in her mind was certainly involved in the coming of the next stage.

John Belington seemed as unconscious as a stone man of the drift of all this clatter and conjecture, or, if it came to his ears at all, he only laughed a quiet sort of a laugh, as much as to say: "Let them talk on."

"He's a sly old roger," said Dan to a group of young fellows on the piazza one evening. "I'll venture a week's washing that she's as pretty as they grow in the east."

He did not know what it was that caused such a clamor just over his head just then. He did not see a form that leaned out of the chime window over the piazza to catch his words.

But Hetty had no opportunity to hear more upon that subject for just then Lucy, the chambermaid, pushed her white face into the door without knocking, and gasped: "O, Hetty! Have you heard? It's dreadful! The men are all hurrying to get their horses ready to go, and are hunting up the doctors."

"What for? Where? What is the matter?" asked Hetty, starting from her seat.

"It isn't so very far from here," said Lucy, "but it's on the other side of the canon, and they have to go ever so many miles around. There is no way of crossing."

"Crossing to what?" demanded Hetty. "Why don't you tell? What is the matter?"

"Why, I thought you'd heard something about it. The stage coach has broken down, and there has been a terrible accident. Nobody can tell exactly how bad it is, but they are afraid John Belington's in it."

Hetty did not wait to hear another word. She sprang up and caught Lucy by the arm. "Let us go!" she said. "Quick, I know the way! Come on!"

"But how can we?" answered Lucy. "There aren't horses enough for the men."

"We will go up the side of the canon," answered Hetty quickly. "But how will we cross? There is a terrible chasm, and we could see or do nothing on this side of it."

"Never mind; come on!" and Hetty fairly forced her companion along. They stopped in the dining-room long enough for Hetty to grasp something from the sideboard, and from the kitchen she seized a wrap and a lantern, and the next moment they were out in the dark.

As Hetty had said it was not very far by the footpath up the canon to the point opposite where the coach had broken down. And in a few moments, almost as soon as the men were mounted and prepared to start, the girls were there. But how were they to get farther? Black, mysterious, and awful, there loomed up before them that great depth, which made Lucy shudder to peer over the edge. And when a stone which their feet had loosened rattled down the side, knocking against the rocky walls, it set in reverberation echoes which it seemed to her would never die away.

Lucy gazed in wonder, while Hetty lit her lantern, and lowering it, peered over the side of the chasm.

"There it is!" she suddenly exclaimed. "We can get down there! There's a narrow, steep footpath which leads down in a zigzag direction, where the side is not quite perpendicular."

Lucy drew back, but Hetty, leaving her, pressed resolutely on. She caught at the branches and exposed roots of the underbrush, digging her heels and even her fingers into the stony soil to avoid falling. Some way, she never knew how, she scrambled down to the end of the path some hundred feet or so below.

Again she paused and reached her lantern out in front of her. A black light seemed to shoot out to the further bank of the canon, which had fallen log of a great tree there. Only for a moment did she hesitate, and then Lucy imagined she could see something moving, as if, suspended in midair, out across the dark chasm beneath her.

Once she reeled and staggered and almost lost her balance, but with her lips set close together, and breathing a little prayer in her heart, she recovered and sped on. A few steps more, and the leaves of the bushes up her face; and, trembling all about, and fainting, she grasped the branches, and the next moment sank down upon the soft ground safe and unharmed.

"This will never do," she said to herself. "I am needed. She needs me. I must hurry for John's sake." Thus she again grasped her lantern and basket, and locating the place of the disaster by the sounds she heard, in a few moments she had reached the scene.

"Hello, there!" the coarse voice of the driver greeted her. "Hello, I say! Exit! and tell your business. Oh!" he exclaimed a second later in a tone of relief. "Well, how in the nation did you get here? You are just in the nick of time, though; especially if you've got anything in that basket good for fainting fits. The old lady has some bones broken, I guess, and I began to be afraid I never fetch her through until help came."

Hetty looked, and saw a prostrate form in feminine attire. The next moment she was at her side, and bringing forth from her basket, the flask of wine which she had thrust in, thinking restoratives might be needed, she knelt and with womanly tact ministered to the sufferer who lay prostrate upon the driver's seat.

For a little while all her efforts seemed to be in vain. She chafed her hands, bathed her temples, moistened her lips with the wine, but there was no movement. At last, however, as her heart began to sink, she noticed a slight movement of the eyelids, then there was a faint breathing, and presently she had the joyful experience of witnessing the return to consciousness of one who had been almost given up as among the dead.

For the third time that evening her nerves gave way, and she sank down, still holding the hand she had been rubbing between hers. She did not know how long she remained in this state, but it was the music of a strong, manly voice, which brought her back to herself again.

"Thank God! You are safe, mother," it exclaimed. "We hurried as fast as we could—but, with a start, 'who was he?—why, Hetty, how came you here?—' Beats the nation," volunteered the driver, shifting his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other. "She must have flew or else she did what no man in Quartz Gulch would have had the nerve to do—come across the logway."

John Belington stood and looked at

the little thing for a full minute, and then her wet and torn dress and bleeding hands and nervous prostration confirmed in his mind the driver's surmise. In a moment he was earnestly trying to tell her, in tremulous tones, how much he owed to her heroism and endurance, coming thus to the rescue of his dear old mother.

It was a blissful moment. It seemed to Hetty as if a delicious dream had taken possession of her bewildered senses and dazed mind, and the words chimed into her ears like sweetest music.

But all at once she remembered something, and roused out of her delicious semi-consciousness and dashed the cup of nectar from her lips. With her ruddy glow fading to deathly paleness and a strange look in her eyes, in a husky tone she demanded: "What does it mean? Why are you here? Why are you not searching for her? Where is she?"

"Who?" he demanded, with a wonder verging on alarm.

"The one about whom they were talking. The one who was to come. Your—your sweetheart."

The look of admiration in John Belington's eye heightened into something else. And, whatever the truth which had just dawned upon him, it stimulated him to rush forward and seize the trembling form in his arms and cover the blushing face with warm kisses.

"Why, you dear silly creature," he said, "did you suppose it was my sweetheart who was coming in the coach, and did you come all this way through storm and peril, and risk the awful danger of logway to reach her? I don't understand it unless—may I believe I have a right to—" and the rest came in a whisper close to her face.

Then, for once in her life, the girl with the water-gray eyes and scraggy, brick-colored hair, whose nose insisted upon turning up, and upon whom the verdict had been passed "not pretty," was pretty. As her eyes met his, the tint of the roses came into her cheeks, and love's first look changed her eyes from a water-gray to a soft brilliancy which made John Belington stoop down and press his lips upon first one and then the other.

This mode of explanation seemed to be satisfactory all around. And, whether the romantic side of the night's adventure leaked out or not, or whether the rest of Quartz Gulch ever had a suspicion of the true motive which had drawn the little heroine thither, when its verdict of the affair was added up, was pretty. "Not pretty," I am to its first one: "Not pretty," I am to sure that every man, woman, and child in Quartz Gulch would have added the sentence: "but plucky and as good as gold."

And I know that John Belington considered that he had found a prize better than gold, for it was not long after that he held out his claim, and, with his mother, and the wife of a man who had risked her life for one whom she had supposed to be her rival, took passage in the same stage coach for the east.

ALUMINUM CLOCK HANDS.

Substantial Advantages Attending Their Use on Rig Clocks.

Aluminum is now used in making clock hands, for which it is an ideal material. The pointers of great clocks were formerly made of soft wood. For these were substituted pointers made of thin sheets of copper, a pointer being composed of two strips, which were cupped or hollowed, and then brought together edge to edge, with the rounded sides out, thus giving rigidity as well as lightness. Aluminum pointers for big clocks are made in this way, but they are far lighter and easier to balance.

It is not unusual, on large clocks in windows and elsewhere to see projecting from the base of the long pointer a line with it a rod with a ball at the end, this rod being perhaps a third as long as the big pointer. This rod and ball are a counterweight for the big pointer, which, without a counterweight, would, in its movement over the dial, bear unevenly upon the arbor or shaft which carries it. On great clocks the counterpoise is placed indoors, the dial, out of sight, on the arbor.

The heavier the pointer the greater the weight required in the counterpoise; the greater the weight the more friction on the arbor; and the more friction the greater power required to drive the clock. By the use of aluminum pointers these drawbacks are reduced to a minimum.

DANGERS TO LIFE IN INDIA.

India is the only country that makes death by the attacks of serpents and wild beasts a feature of its annual statistics. That it has good reason for doing so is shown by the impressive figures of last year's mortality—1,133 deaths from snake bites, and 291 people killed by tigers and other wild animals. Although India is one of the most densely populated countries on the globe, the increase of human inhabitants does not have the effect of decreasing the number of wild beasts, as it does elsewhere, because the religion of the natives—or a great proportion of them—forbids them to take life, even of dangerous beasts and serpents; hence they let these destroyers thrive and multiply in the midst of their communities. One of the best works of the British for India is their reduction of the number of wild beasts, and especially tigers, as a result of their passion for hunting big game.

GAS ENGINES FOR VESSELS.

Ships propelled by gas engines are growing in favor in France. A new boat of this type recently added to the Havre-Rouen-Paris line is 100 feet long, 7 feet draught; it is divided into four water-tight compartments; has a two-cylinder, 40 horse-power engine, and runs seven knots. The gas, supplied from ashore, is stored in a steel holder, an accumulator composed of steel pipes, under a pressure of 95 atmospheres, about 850 pounds.

SUFFICIENT REASON.

The sanitary condition of this house is simply awful. Why don't you have it improved?

We rent from a member of the board of health.

SOME VERY HARD FACTS.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF THE KLONDIKE GOLD REGIONS.

Starvation and Death Starving Many in the Face - What a Newspaper Correspondent Says on the Subject.

Mr. H. N. Stanley, who went to St. Michael's for the Associated Press, returned to Seattle on the steamer Portland. He says: "I was seven weeks at the mouth of the Yukon at St. Michael's, where I saw all the miners coming out and interviewed them. As a result I feel it my duty to advise everybody to stay out until next spring. Wild, and, in many cases, exaggerated reports have been circulated since the first discoveries were made. The strike, however, was and is one of the greatest if not the greatest in the world's history. Probably two million dollars was cleaned up this spring and next spring I look for from five to seven million dollars. The fields have hardly been opened up as yet, but those going in now must bear in mind that everything in that region was staked long before any reports reached the outer world and that those going in now must prospect for themselves, buy claims from the present owners, or work for the owners. No new strike had been reported up to the time of my leaving St. Michael's, and another may not be made for five years."

STARVATION THREATENED.

"I am aware there is a popular impression that supplies can be bought in the vicinity of the mines. They may at present buy at six times Seattle prices, but they are taken at even those figures faster than they can be got in, and before winter is half over, if the present population stays in, there will be actual starvation. The average man requires about a ton of carefully selected food and clothing for a year's supplies. In the summer of 1896, about three thousand five hundred tons of supplies went up the river, and the new population of fifteen hundred to two thousand suffered from want. Of this three thousand five hundred tons probably fifteen hundred tons were run, tools, furniture, and supplies other than provisions. This season, allowing the most favorable circumstances, not more than four thousand two hundred tons of supplies can be got up the river, fully half of which is run and tools, as well as supplies other than food. There are more than three times as many people there than last winter. Figure it out for yourself. Food was completely cleaned out this spring, and last winter there was such a scarcity that moose hams sold thirty dollars each; flour, a hundred and twenty dollars per hundred pounds; bacon, one dollar per pound. What will not happen this coming winter? Why will not people actually starve to death? As to shelter, ninety percent of Dawson was living in tents in July; labor is scarce, and houses cannot be built. How are seven thousand people to withstand the rigor of a nine months' winter of semi-darkness when the mercury goes down go seventy degrees below zero?"

DOUBTFUL WORK FOR WINTER.

"As to labor, it is true that last winter—the winter succeeding the great strike when men were scarce—wages were fifteen dollars a day, but if no new strike is made what is to keep wages up this winter? There are but three hundred and forty claims on Bonanza, Eldorado and Hunker Creeks that will probably be worked this winter. An average of eight men to each is, I think, liberal. If but two thousand seven hundred men are employed, and there are five thousand or more seeking work, what must be the result? Wages must go down. I am told that much grub has gone over the divide, yet from what I know I would wager my last dollar that not to exceed five hundred tons of supplies over and above what the carriers ate will reach the diggings. No man going in can arrive with more than a four months' supply."

"I am also told that there is plenty at St. Michael's. So there might be, but after Sept. 15 it might as well be in New York City, for to try to transport it by dog train or sled over two thousand miles of icy river is also utterly impossible. There is not, nor will there ever be, a dog train that can take enough to feed those over twelve hundred miles. Relief is, therefore, impossible."

TRAILS CLOSED TO SUPPLIES.

"To draw provisions for the trip from Dyea to Dawson any time before the spring breaks up is an impossibility. Relief for those caught in the Klondike after winter sets in is equally impossible, so in the name of humanity I ask that a stop be put to this wholesale transportation of people without supplies. Let no man be allowed to enter that region unless he carries with him enough food and clothing to last him a year. There are women and little children in there to-day who should be sent out as far as St. Michael's before navigation closes. I hear much of the boats that are building to go up the river, but, aside from one steamer ready on Aug. 11, no new boat can be added to the carrying craft this fall. The Klondike is a land of ice and snow as well as a land of gold. Let it not be made a land of gaunt hunger, wretchedness, and death. Let no one be allowed to wrest from the foolish people a few hundred thousand saved, borrowed or begged dollars. The will be as good as gone for mining in the future as now. Let the people wait. If caught they cannot walk out."

ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

First Boarder—Were you here last summer?
Second Boarder, crazily—No; think that be here now if I had been here last summer!