THE DAYTON HERALD

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DAYTON..... OREGON

NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

Voliva proposes to Dowie to arbitrate their troubles.

Russia says the Jews are in no immediate danger of massacre.

King Alfonso has gone to England to arrange the program for his wedding.

In a riot among coal miners near Johnstown, Pa., four men were killed and many injured.

Hermann's trial at Washington for destroying government letter press books has been postponed until April 25.

Admiral Goodrich, with his flagship Chicago, the cruiser Marblehead and the revenue cutter Perry will reach Portland May 5 for a short stay.

The New York legislature has passed another insurance regulation law, known as the "anti-perjury bill." The "big bill" only remains to be acted upon.

Governor Folk, of Missouri, will see that the Springfield lynchers are arrested and has two companies of militia on guard. Four of the leaders have been capteurd.

Fred O. Murray, newly appointed revenue collector at Buffalo, N. Y., has been indicted for grafting. The alleged stealing was from Erie county, of which he is ex-treasurer.

Prosecution of the steel trust has begun in Ohio.

Attorney General Hadley, of Missouri, is quite sick.

Four persons were killed in a panic in a Chicago church.

Another terrible earthquake in Formosa has killed thousands.

A Springfield, Mo., mob burned three negroes and wrecked the jail.

Mark Twain has announced his intention of leaving the lecture platform.

Russia has sent to the interested nations a proposed program of subjects for The Hague conference.

Sailors on Portugese warships have mutinied and temporarily have the upper hand. Dislike of their superior officers is the cause.

Hearst has begun proceedings in the New York Supreme court to test the validity of the election of McClellan as moyatr of New York city.

The American Smelting & Refining company will soon adopt an eight-hour day for its five Colorado plantst. This will affect about 2,500 men.

Dowie and Voliva are negotiating for a compromise.

A great bank is being proposed to help Wall street men.

Roosevelt is being boomed for re-election despite his refusal.

Platt says he will not be a candidate for re-election to the senate.

Correspondents on the isthmus say Colon could be made a model city.

The government will spend $1,400,000 on the Jamestown exposition.

The eruption of Vesuvius has almost entirely subsided, leaving a barren land.

Governor Higgins, of New York, has signed two more laws regulating insurance business.

The meeting of the second Hague conference will be held some time after September 20.

The Pennsylvania's officers report that in target practice with 6-inch guns 17 hits were scored in 90 seconds.

Future Governor Smith, of the Philippines, is home for a rest. He says lower tariff rates with the islands is imperative.

The Northern Pacific announces that a third passenger train service will be added May 20 between St. Paul and Pacific coast points.

Prospects of the Columbia jetty bill are improving.

France is satisfied with the success of the Moroccan conference.

Germany is urging Turkey to resist the demands of Great Britain.

Anthracite coal operators have rejected the terms of the miners.

Russia has agreed to a postponement of The Hague peace conference.

The New York board of education has adopted resolutions favoring reform in spelling.

Dowie's health is faliing fast and it may be that his death will settle the fight for control of Zion City.

Preparations are being made for the early beginning of work on the railroads to be built on the islands of Panay, Negros an Cebu, in the Philippines.

The house committee on elections is working on a bill which provides for the election of senators by direct vote of the people and makes the terms of house members four years instead of two.

Chairman Shonts has returned to the canal zone.

A bill has passed both houses of congress providing for the establishment of a life saving station at Neah bay.

The president has taken a hand in urging the prosecution of the Chicago packers as individuals.

President Roosevelt has cabled condolences to the king of Italy on the havoc and loss of life caused by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Cotton workers of New Bedford, Mass., will ask for an increase in wages. There are about 12,000 employed in the New Bedford mills.

TO AMEND CONSTITUTION.

Ex-Senator Turner, of Washington, Would Call Convention.

Spokane, April 17.—A convention to amend the constitution of the United States, so that many of the reforms and laws demanded by the people may be carried out, is advocated by Judge George Turner, ex-United States senator, who has recently returned from Washington, D. C. A provision for the calling of such a convention is made in article 5 of the constitution, although never in the history of this country has it been applied.

"I am in favor of having a convention to amend the constitution called," said Judge Turner tonight. "Experience has demonstrated that there are omissions and corrections which it would be wise to regulate.

"In article 5 of the United States constitution it is provided that 'congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this constitution, when ratified by the legislatures in three-fourths of the several states, or by convention in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by congress.'

"I believe that there is an urgent need for such a convention. In my opinion it is the only way by which the necessary amendment can be passed to elect United States senators by popular vote.

"There is an amendment needed to the constitution to enable an income tax law. This measure has been passed by congress, but declared unconstitutional by the Supreme court. Such a convention would make possible a uniform divorce law and also the Federal control of life insurance matters, as advocated by President Roosevelt. The convention could go over the entire constitution."

TERRIBLE SCENES AT KAGI.

Buildings Left by Former Earthquake Are Now in Ruins.

Tokio, April 17.—One hundred and nine persons are known to have been killed and 29 injured in the earthquake in the southern part of the island of Formosa last Saturday, but further details, it is expected, will swell the death roll, as the shock was more severe than that of March 17.

The town of Kagi was again the principal sufferer, the houses which escaped destruction in the former disturbances being now in ruins. Doko and several other towns and villages were also affected by landslides, which have completely changed the topography of the country. The officials are working feverishly to relieve the thousands of persons left homeless by the earthquake. Terrible scenes are reported around Kagi and Doko.

Later reports received from Formosa confirm the earlier rumors of the complete destruction of Kagi, where seven persons were killed and 35 injured. At Daigo 400 buildings were destroyed and at Ajensui 1,191 buildings collapsed and 749 were damaged and three persons were killed and 15 injured.

These later advices say that this shock was more powerful than that of March 17, but as the people had been warned they were able to escape.

Portrait of Franklin.

New York, April 17.—The portrait of Benjamin Franklin, from Dorchester house, London, the residence of Ambassador Reid, which has been restored to the United States by Earl Grey, arrived today on the American liner St. Paul, in a tin case addressed to President Roosevelt. In view of the approaching bicentenary Franklin celebration soon to be held in Philadelphia, Earl Grey, who, with Countess Grey, was recently entertained in this country, thought it fitting that the picture should be restored at this time.

Captured Bandits Slain in Jail.

Tiflis, April 17.—In an encounter in the outskirts of Tiflis today between a band of Tartar brigands who have been committing depredations almost within the city, and a squadron of dragoons, the troops killed two and mortally wounded four of the Tartars, the others escaping. A squadron of Cossacks which surprised another band in the village of Jevanshis, captured four of the leaders. Four Cossacks were killed in this encounter, and after the bandits had been lodged in prison they were killed by the Cossacks.

Mob Members Guilty of Murder.

Jefferson City, Mo., April 17.—Governor Joseph Folk, in a statement today said: "The lynching at Springfield was a most disgraceful occurrence. Whatever the offense of the negroes may have been and however deserving of death they may have been, they were entitled to punishment by law and not by a mob, and when a mob takes the law into its own hands, as this one did, any member of it is guilty of murder."

Great Influx of Aliens.

New York, April 17.—A new high water mark in the tide of immigration will be set when the aliens who arrived at this port today on nine European steamships, and those due tomorrow on eight big ships which are expected to pass in Sandy Hook before nightfall, have been permitted to land on United States soil. On the vessels which arrived today were 11,839 immigrants. The steamers due tomorrow are expected to add at least a like number.

Revolt Against the Sultan.

London, April 17.—According to the Daily Mail's correspondent at El Arelah, Morocco, a young relative of the sultan will soon be proclaimed ruler in the south and a formidable revolt against Fex is maturing at the city of Morocco.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

TO SECURE SETTLERS.

Southern Oregon Towns Unite for Common Welfare.

Medford—Rogue river valley, fair as a garden and bounding with manifold products of the soil, surrounded by high hills rich in mineral wealth, and lying on the main line of railroad communication with the outside world, has witnessed a demonstration of enthusiasm never before equaled by its citizens. Pursuant to a meeting recently held at Grants Pass, at which 60 were present from Medford, a representative gathering of men from Ashland, Grants Pass, Gold Hill, Central Point and Jacksonville convened upon invitation of the Medford Commercial club last week to discuss means and adopt plans for organization to secure more settlers and increased advantage in all lines for the Rogue river valley and for Southern Oregon as a sectoin.

The organization will unite all towns of the valley and will comprise all commercial bodies in the cities named. Delegations were met at the depot by the Medford Commercial club with a band, and the visitors likewise brought musicians, whose efforts added to the enthusiasm. Dinner was served for 400 by J. F. Reddy, of the Nash hotel.

William Colvig presided at the meeting at the Davis opera house. W. I. Vawter delivered the address of welcome, followed by the best speakers from towns represented. The tone of the addresses indicate that the entire valley will be united in working for the advancement of every enterprise of common interest to this section of the state.

Water Rights on Walla Walla River.

Salem—State Engineer J. H. Lewis has addressed a circular letter to attorneys interested in the suit involving irrigation and power rights in the Walla Walla river. The letter suggests a series of questions to litigants which, when properly tabulated, will show the facts in each case without a great mass of conflicting testimony. The suit pending in the Circuit court of Umatilla county was originally started to determine the rights of a few claimants, but when the court came to consider the priority of various claims, other water users' rights were involved.

The Dalles to Advertise.

The Dalles — The Dalles Business Men's association has opened quarters in the Vigt block, with J. S. McDonald as secretary and manager. Mr. McDonald is recently from Detroit, Mich., and is a promoter of ability. He is preparing a line of advertising, descriptive of the resources and possibilities of The Dalles and vicinity, to be circulated in the East in localities where people are looking to the West for homes and for investments. The association is enthusiastic in the belief that much good will result.

Work is Progressing.

Salem — The state land board conferred with H. D. Turney, president, Jesse Stearns, attorney, and C. M. Redfield, representing the Deschutes Irrigation & Power company. They asked the board and the state engineer to certify 53,000 acres of the 76,600 in the Deschutes Irrigation & Power company's system, as ready for patent. Mr. Turney explained that it would be at least a year before patents would issue, and in that time the company could comply with requirements of the board and engineer.

Overhauling Beet Sugar Factory.

La Grande—The work of overhauling the machinery at the sugar factory has begun and is being rapidly completed. Half a dozen mechanics are employed. In a short time the factory will be completely renovated and overhauled in all departments. Mr. Taylor, the new factory superintendent, is expected to arrive from Logan, Utah, within a few days. The demand for seed is much greater than in any previous season, as the acreage is very much larger than ever before.

Opinion Under Carey Act.

Salem—Commissioner Richards, of the General Land office, says, in reply to a query from Chief Clerk Brown of the State Land board, that it is proper to reclaim desert land under the Carey act by pumping water, provided the cost was not too great to admit of permanence. Secretary Hitchcock concurs in the opinion. This question arose from the proposition of W. E. Burke to irrigate land in Harney county from wells.

Brings Settlers to Medford.

Medford — Edward Andrews, who went to the Dakotas recently to secure settlers for the Rogue river valley, has arrived from the East with the first installment of his party. There were 17 in the car, all homeseekers, from the vicinity of Mankato and Crystal Springs, Minn., and Mitchell, South Dakota. The country looks good to them and they will locate here. More are expected to follow soon.

Establish New Course.

Willamette University, Salem—President Coleman has announced that a friend of the university had given the institution $2,000. Half this sum will be used as a loan fund for students who need help, and $1,000 will be used in establishing a university course in electrical engineering. Willamette will then be well equipped in these lines.

Opinion on Bond Taxation.

Salem—The attorney general, in reply to a query from the assessor of Lane county, holds that city bonds and county warrants may be taxed the same as other property. He says the state constitution distinctly authorizes taxing such property. He says that all money due from the state or any subdivision thereof is subject to taxation.

Plants 50-Acre Orchard.

The Dalles — Carl Williams of the firm of A. M. Williams & Co., is preparing to plant an orchard on 50 acres recently purchased from C. L. Phillips. The land lies south of The Dalles, and will be devoted entirely to Royal Ann cherries and Crawford and Solway peaches.

ENLISTS AID OF PRESIDENT.

Fulton Persuades Him That Umatilla Sheepmen Are Right.

Washington—President Roosevelt has assured Senator Fulton that he would overrule Secretary Hitchcock and see that Umatilla county sheepmen holding permits to graze in the Wenaha forest reserve are accorded the privilege of driving sheep across the Umatilla Indian reservation in going to and returning from their summer range. Mr. Fulton took the matter up with Indian Commissioner Leupp and found that he was willing to accept the proposition, provided Indian property can be properly protected. The senator assured him that sheep could cross the reservation without damaging Indian property.

The president will confer with Mr. Hitchcock in the immediate future and see that some regulation is provided that will be acceptable to the stockmen. He declared that their request to cross the reservation was entirely reasonable and should be allowed.

The recent trouble at the reservation is believed to grow out of the fact that Agent Edwards favors giving this right to sheepmen.

Examines Booth-Kelly Bill.

Salem—Governor Chamberlain has received a copy of Senator Fulton's Booth-Kelly bill in response to a wired request. It authorizes the secretary of the interior to exchange certain lands in the Klamath Indian reservation, ownership of which has been vested in the California & Oregon Wagon Road company by the United States Supreme court. By its terms the company can select not exceeding 87,000 acres in townships 31 and 32, in one or more tracts, in lieu of an equal number of acres of road lands. The bill also grants waterpower rights and millsites and right to construct a railroad through the reservation. The governor will authorize the state land agent to investigate and report.

Look for Early Berries.

Milton — From present indications the strawberry crop in this vicinity will be from two to three weeks earlier than usual and, unless the unexpected develops, will be the largest on record. Fred Beller, a prominent fruit rancher, says that his strawberries were already commencing to bloom and he expected to have fruit on the market in less than a month. Fancy prices will be demanded for the early fruit, which will probably be placed on the market two weeks before the famous Hood River fruit has matured.

Tuttle Road Law Constitutional.

Salem—Assistant Attorney General Van Winkle has rendered an opinion that the Tuttle road law is constitutional. Regarding assessment of property within one mile of the terminus of a road constructed under this law the opinion says it means both ends of the road, the starting point and the finish. Property owners within a proposed road district of residents of the county may join in a petition for a road to be built under the Tuttle law, or may protest. The right to assess property is clearly defined.

Two Convicts Pardoned.

Salem—Governor Chamberlain has issued pardons to John Zavier, sentenced in 1902, for eight years, from Josephine county, for rape, and to A. W. Hussey, sent from Douglas county for two years for burglary in January, 1905. Zavier was pardoned because of excellent prison record and doubt of guilt, complaining witness having admitted that the prisoner was not guilty. Hussey's pardon was recommended by the judge and district attorney.

Quarter-Blood Indians May Vote.

Salem—Attorney General Crawford, in an opinion rendered upon request of M. F. Parker, of the Klamath Indian agency, holds that Indians of one-quarter blood may vote in this state. Such Indians are to be recognized as white people. He says a half-breed is to be considered a white man if his mother was a white woman, or an Indian if his mother was a squaw.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 69c; bluestem, 69@70c; red, 66c; valley, 68c.

Oats — No. 1 white feed, $27.50; gray, $27 per ton.

Barley — Feed, $23.50@24 per ton; brewing, $24@24.50; rolled, $24.50@25.50.

Hay — Eastern Oregon timothy, choice, $15@16 per ton; valley timothy, $12; clover, $7.50@8; cheat, $6@7; grain hay, $7@8; alfalfa, $12.

Fruits — Apples, $2@2.75 per box; strawberries, $3.50 per crate.

Vegetables — Asparagus, 8½@12½c per pound; cabbage, 2½@2¾c per pound; cauliflower, $2.25 per crate; celery, 75@90c per dozen; head lettuce, 25c per dozen; onions, 10@15c per dozen; radishes, 20@25c per dozen; rhubarb, 3½@4c per pound; spinach, $1 per box; parsley, 25c; turnips, $1@1.25 per sack; carrots, 65@75c per sack; beets, 85c@$1 per sack.

Onions—No. 1, $1@1.15 per sack; No. 2, nominal.

Potatoes—Fancy graded burbanks, 65@70c per hundred; ordinary, 50@60c; new California, 5c per pound.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 17½@20c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 16½@17c per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 14@14½c per pound; mixed chickens, 13½@14c; broilers, 25@27½c; young roosters, 12½@13c; old roosters, 11@11½c; dressed chickens, 15@15½c; turkeys, live, 17@18c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 21@22½c; geese, live, 8@10c; geese, dressed, 10@11c; ducks, 17@18c.

Hops—Oregon, 1905, 8@10c; olds, 5½@7c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 15@20c; valley, 24@26c per pound; mohair, choice, 28@30c.

Veal—Dressed, 3½@7½c per pound.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 3c per pound; cows, 4@5c; country steers, 4½@5½c.

Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 9½@10c per pound; ordinary, 6@7c; lambs, with pelt on, 10@10½c.

Pork—Dressed, 6@8½c per pound.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XII.

"The old dodge," said Frere again.

"Of course, I couldn't let him go; but I took him out of the chain gang, and put him on the Osprey. You saw her in the dock as you came in. He worked for some time very well, and then tried to bolt again."

"The old trick. Ha; ha! don't I know it?" says Mr. Frere.

"Well, we caught him and gave him fifty. Then he was sent to the chain gang, cutting timber. Then we put him into the boats, but he quarreled with the coxswain, and then we took him back to the timber rafts. About six weeks ago he made another attempt—together with Gabbett, the man who nearly killed you—but his leg was chafed with the irons, and we took him. Gabbett and three more, however, got away."

Just then some one came up the garden path and saluted.

"What is it, Troke?"

"Prisoner given himself up, sir. Gabbett. He came back to-night. He's down at the sheds. You can see him at once, gentlemen, if you like."

It was not far to the sheds, and after a few minutes' walk through the wooden palisades they reached a long stone building, two stories high, from which issed a horrible growling pierced with shrilly screamed songs. At the sound of the musket butts clashing on the pine wood flagging, the noises ceased, and a silence more sinister than sound fell on the place.

Passing between two rows of warders, the two officers reached a sort of anteroom to the jail, containing a pine-log stretcher, on which a mass of something was lying. On a roughly made stool, by the side of this stretcher sat a man in the gray dress of "good conduct" prisoners. This man held between his knees a basin containing gruel and was apparently endeavoring to feed the mass on the pine logs.

"Gabbett!"

The intelligent Troke, considerably alive to the wishes of his superior officers, dragged the mass into a sitting posture, and awoke it.

Gabbett—for it was he—passed one great hand over his face, and, leaning exactly in the position in which Troke had placed him, scowled, bewildered, at his visitors.

"Well, Gabbett," says Vickers, "you've come back again, you see. When will you learn sense, eh? Where are your mates?"

"Dead," says Gabbett.

"Why don't you eat your gruel?"

"I have eaten it. Ain't yer got nuffin' better nor that to flog a man on? Ugh! yer a mean lot! Wot's it to be this time, major? Fifty?"

"A nice specimen!" said Vickers, with a hopeless smile. "What can one do with such a fellow?"

"I'd flog his soul out of his body," said Frere, "if he spoke to me like that."

The giant raised his great head and looked at the speaker, but did not recognize him. He saw only a strange face—a visitor, perhaps. "You may flog, and welcome, master," said he, "if you'll give me a fig o' tibbacky." Frere laughed. The brutal indifference of the rejoinder suited his humor, and, with a glance at Vickers, he took a small piece of cavendish from the pocket of his pea jacket, and gave to the recaptured convict. Gabbett snatched it as a cur snatches at a bone, and thrust it whole into his mouth.

"How many mates had he?" asked Maurice, watching the champing jaws as one looks at a strange animal, and asking the question as though a "mate" was something a convict was born with—like a mole, for instance.

"Three, sir."

"Three, eh? Well, give him thirty lashes, Vickers."

'And if I ha' had three more," growled Gabbett, mumbling at his tobacco, "you wouldn't ha' had the chance."

As he sat there gloomily chewing, he was a spectacle to shudder at. Not so much on account of his natural hideousness, increased a thousandfold by the tattered and filthy rags which barely covered him. Not so much on account of his unshaven jaws, his hare-lip, his torn and bleeding feet, his haggard cheeks, and his huge, wasted frame. Not only because, looking at the animal, as he crouched, with one foot curled round the other, and one hairy arm pendent between his knees, he was so horribly unhuman, that one shuddered to think that tender women and fair children must, of necessity, confess to fellowship of kind with such a monster. But also because, in his slavering mouth, his slowly grinding jaws, his restless fingers, and his bloodshot, wandering eyes, there lurked a hint of some terror more awful than the terror of starvation—a memory of a tragedy played out in the gloomy depths of that forest which had vomited him forth again—and the shadow of this unknown horror, clinging to him, repelled, as though he bore about with him the reek of the shambles.

"Come," said Vickers, "let us go back. I shall have to flog him again, I suppose. Oh, this place! No wonder they call it 'Hell's Gates.'"

"Halloo! what's that red light there?"

"Dawes' fire on Grummet Rock," says Vickers, going in; "the man I told you about."

* * * * * * *

Two or three mornings after the arrival of the Ladybird, the solitary prisoner of the Grummet Rock noticed mysterious movements along the shore of the island settlement. The building of a pier, or breakwater, running from the western point of the settlement, was discontinued; and all hands appeared to be occupied with the newly built Osprey, which was lying on the slips. Parties of soldiers also daily left the Ladybird, and assisted at the mysterious work in progress.

A fortnight after this, about the 15th of December, he observed another curious fact. All the boats on the island put off one morning to the opposite side of the harbor, and in the course of the day a great smoke arose along the side of the hills. The next day the same was repeated; and on the fourth day the boats returned, towing behind them a huge raft. This raft, made fast to the side of the Ladybird, proved to be composed of planks, beams and joists, all of which were duly hoisted up and stowed in the hold of the brig.

This set Rufus Dawes thinking. Could it possibly be that the timber cutting was to be abandoned, and that the government had hit upon some other method of utilizing its convict labor? He had hewn timber and built boats, and tanned hides and made shoes. Was it possible that some new trade was to be initiated? Before he had settled this point to his satisfaction, he was startled by another boat expedition. Three boats' crews went down the bay, and returned, after a day's absence, with an addition to their number in the shape of four strangers and a quantity of stores and farming implements. Rufus Dawes, catching sight of these last, came to the conclusion that the boats had been to Philip Island, where the "garden" was established, and had taken off the gardeners and garden produce. Rufus Dawes decided that the Lady-bird had brought a new commandment—his sight, trained by his half-savage life, had already distinguished Mr. Maurice Frere—and that these mysteries were "improvements" under the new rule. When he arrived at this point of reasoning, another conjecture, assuming his first to have been correct, followed as a natural consequence. Lieutenant Frere would be a more severe commandment than Major Vickers. Now, severity had already reached its height, so far as he was concerned; so the unhappy man took a final resolution—he would kill himself.

Ignorant that the sights and sounds about him were symptoms of the final abandonment of the settlement, and that the Lady-bird was sent down to bring away the prisoners, Rufus Dawes decided upon getting rid of that burden of life which pressed upon him so heavily. For six years he had hewed wood and drawn water; for six years he had hoped against hope; for six years he had lived in the valley of the shadow of death. He dared not recapitulate to himself what he had suffered. Indeed, his senses were deadened and dulled by torture. He cared to remember only one thing—that he was a prisoner for life. In vain had been his first dream of freedom. He had done his best, by good conduct, to win release; but the villainy of Vetch and Rex had deprived him of the fruit of his labor. Instead of gaining credit by his exposure of the plot on board the Malabar, he was himself, deemed guilty and condemned, in spite of his asservations of innocence. The knowledge of his "treachery," while it gained for him no credit with the authorities, procured for him the detestation and ill-will of the monsters among whom he found himself. On his arrival at Hell's Gates he was a marked man, a pariah among those beings who were pariahs to all the world besides.

In the meantime, the settlement was in a fever of excitement. In less than three weeks from the announcement made by Vickers, all had been got ready. The commandant had finally arranged with Frere as to his course of action. He himself would accompany the Ladybird with the main body. His wife and daughter were to remain until the sailing of the Osprey, which Mr. Frere was to bring up as soon as possible. "I will leave you a corporal's guard, and ten prisoners as a crew," Vickers said. "You can work her easily with that number." To which Frere had replied that he could do with five prisoners if necessary, for he knew how to get double work out of the lazy dogs.

Near Philip's Island, on the north side of the harbor, is situated Coal Head, where a party had been lately at work. This party, hastily withdrawn by Vickers to assist in the business of devastation, had left behind it some tools and timber, and at the eleventh hour a boat's crew was sent to bring away the debris. The tools were duly collected, and the pine logs—worth twenty-five shillings apiece in Hobart Town—duly rafted and chained. The timber was secured, and the convicts, towing it after them, pulled for the ship just as the sun sunk. In the general relaxation of discipline and haste the raft had not been made with as much care as usual, and the strong current against which the boat was laboring assisted the negligence of the convicts. The logs began to loosen, and though the onward motion of the boat kept the chain taut, when the rowers slackened their exertions the mass parted, and Mr. Troke, hooking himself on to the side of the Lady-bird, saw a huge log slip out from its fellows, and disappear into the darkness. Gazing after it with an indignant and disgusted stare, as though it had been a refractory prisoner who merited two-days' "solitary," he thought he heard a cry from the direction in which it had been borne. He would have paused to listen, but all his attention was needed to save the timber, and to prevent the boat from being swamped by the struggling mass at her stern.

The cry had proceeded from Rufus Dawes. From his solitary rock he had watched the boat pass him and make for the Lady-bird in-channel, and he had decided that the moment when the gathering gloom swallowed her up should be the moment when he would plunge into the surge below him. The heavily laboring boat grew dimmer and dimmer, as each tug of the oars took her further from him. Presently, only the figure of Mr. Troke in the stern sheets was visible; than that also disappeared, and as the nose of the timber raft rose on the swell of the next wave, Rufus Dawes flung himself into the sea.

He was heavily ironed, and he sunk like a stone. He had resolved not to attempt to swim, and for the first moment kept his arms raised above his head in order to sink the quicker. But as the short, sharp agony of suffocation caught him, and the shock of the icy water dispelled the mental intoxication under which he was laboring, he desperately struck out, and despite the weight of his irons, gained the surface for an instant. As he did so, all bewildered, and with the one savage instinct of self-preservation predominant over all other thoughts, he became conscious of a huge black mass surging upon him out of the darkness. An instant's buffet with the current, an ineffectual attempt to dive beneath it, a horrible sense that the weight at his feet was dragging him down—and the huge log, loosened from the raft, was upon him, crushing him beneath its rough and ragged sides. The log passed completely over him, thrusting him beneath the water, but his hand, scraping along the splintered side, came in contact with the loop of hide rope that yet hung round the mass, and he clutched it with the tenacity of a death-grip. In another instant he got his head above water, and, making good his hold, twisted himself, by a violent effort, across the log.

For a moment he saw the lights from the stern windows of the anchored vessels low in the distance; Grummet Rock disappeared on his left; then, exhausted, breathless, and bruised, he closed his eyes, and the drifting log bore him swiftly and silently away into the darkness.

At daylight the next morning, Mr. Troke, landing on the prison rock, found it deserted. The prisoner's cap was lying on the edge of the little cliff, but the prisoner himself had disappeared. Pulling back to the Lady-bird, the intelligent Troke pondered on the circumstance, and in delivering his report to Vickers mentioned the strange cry he had heard the night before. "It's my belief, sir, that he was trying to swim the bay," he said. "He must ha' gone to the bottom anyhow, for he couldn't swim five yards with them irons."

Vickers, busily engaged in getting under way, accepted this very natural supposition without question. The prisoner had met his death either by his own act or by accident. It was either a suicide or attempt to escape, and the former conduct of Rufus Dawes rendered the latter explanation a more probable one. In any case, he was dead. As Mr. Troke rightly surmised, no man could swim the bay in irons; and when the Lady-bird, an hour later, passed the Grummet Rock, all on board her believed that the corpse of its late occupant was lying beneath the waves that seethed at its base.

The drifting log that had so strangely served as a means of saving Rufus Dawes swam with the current that was running out of the bay. For some time the burden that it bore was an insensible one. Exhausted with his desperate struggle for life, the convict lay along the rough bark of this heaven-sent raft without motion, almost without breath. At length a violent shock awoke him to consciousness, and he perceived that the log had become stranded on a sandy point, the extremity of which was lost in darkness. Painfully raising himself from his uncomfortable posture, he staggered to his feet, and, crawling a few paces up the beach, flung himself upon the ground and slept.

When he woke up it was past midday, and the sun poured its full rays upon him. His clothes were dry in all places, save the side on which he had been lying, and he rose to his feet refreshed by his long sleep. He scarcely comprehended, as yet, his true position. He had escaped, it was true, but not for long. He was versed in the history of escapes, and knew that a man alone on that barren coast was face to face with starvation or recapture. Glancing up at the sun, he wondered, indeed, how it was that he had been free so long. Then the coal sheds caught his eye, and he understood that they were untenanted. This astonished him, and he began to tremble with vague apprehension. Entering, he looked around, expecting every moment to see some lurking constable or armed soldier. Suddenly his glance fell upon the loaves, which lay in the corner where the departing convicts had flung them the night before. At such a moment, this discovery seemed like a direct revelation from heaven. He would not have been surprised had they disappeared. Had he lived in another age, he would have looked round for the angel who had brought them.

(To be continued.)

A JOURNEYMAN BARBER.

This Tonsorialist Makes Good Income Every Morning.

There's at least one barber in Washington who doesn't have to keep his ears turned to the word "next," says the New York Post.

This barber doesn't work in a shop, nor has he any establishment of his own. He's a peripatetic barber, and he averages something like $8 or $10 for four hours' work a day, wears diamonds, and is a perpetual mystery and a source of puzzled envy to the barbers with whom he formerly worked in hotel barber shops.

He is literally a journeyman barber. He carries the tools of his trade around with him, suspended in a case from the handle bars of a bicycle, and he might easily be taken, to see him on his rounds, for a rising young surgeon.

He shaves men in their rooms—men who are not quite able to have valets, but who are willing to dig up a half dollar every day for the sake of making their initial appearance about noon, shaven, shorn, done up, and groomed-looking.

A considerable number of his customers are army and navy officers living at clubs, but he has also a clientele of luxurious civilians. He starts out on his rounds at 8 o'clock in the morning, and by 10 o'clock he has shaven about ten men as they recline in their cozy beds. When he finds his earlier customers asleep—some of them are prominent government officials, who report at their offices at about 10 o'clock in the morning—he does not wake them up, but goes ahead and lathers and shaves them, and he says that plenty of his customers don't wake up at all while they're being shaved. He says that in the course of a couple of weeks' practice any man may easily learn how to remain in the land of Nod while being shaved.

When he finishes with his earlier patrons he glides around among his customers who dawdle in their rooms in dressing gowns until about noon. He has a regular hour for each patron and always sticks to schedule time, keeping none waiting. He gets half a dollar for a shave and $1 for a haircut. Those of his patrons who want hair-cuts notify him a couple of days in advance, so that he can arrange his schedule. By 1 o'clock in the afternoon this businesslike razor-wielder has done all his day's work, and then you'll see him, a picture of grooming and a sort of glass of himself, strolling on F street any fine afternoon, "staking the girls to a treat."

Rattled.

Miss Deery's mother came into the room rather suddenly, and Mr. Spooneigh endeavored to cover his embarrassment.

"As I was just saying," he began in a formally conversational tone.

"Why, no you weren't, George!" interrupted Miss Deery, hastily. "You were speaking of football—don't you remember?"—Cleveland Leader.

Unwelcome Contents.

"I see you carry a heavy stock of eggs," remarked the caller. "Is there anything in eggs."

"Well," replied the truthful grocer, "there was something in the consignment that came in last week."

"Indeed! What?"

"Chickens."

At Bacon Bridge.

Drummer—Why are all the natives of this village out this morning?

Uncle Silas—Why, by heck, they heard an automobile with one of those new calliope whistles coming down the road and thought a circus parade was on the way.

"Seeing Gotham."

Gunner—So you went to New York on pleasure bent, eh? Did you get bent?

Guyer—Worse than bent. I got broke.