THE DAYTON HERALD

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Dayton, Oregon.

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.

Missouri is after the ice trust.

Evidence is being secured against the tobacco trust.

A French dirigible balloon recently remained in the air eight hours.

The government is preparing to gauge many Oregon and Washington streams.

Kansas packing houses have been given five days to clean up or close up.

The Virginia 2-cent a-mile railroad rate law has been declared unconstitutional.

A tramp steamer bumped into the new battleship Rhode Island, springing her armour plates badly.

The executors of the estate of the late Marshall Field estimate the value of the property left at $25,000,000.

Canada has received an address from King Edward in which he says it will be impossible for him to make the much desired visit.

The Cleveland, Ohio, grand jury adjourned without indicting any Standard Oil men. Prosecutions of the company is to be resumed in other cities.

All express companies operating on the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads have consolidated and hereafter will be known as the Northern Express company. The deal also includes the Adams Express company on the Burlington.

A strike of Portland street car men seems imminent.

Siam has started a movement for the abolishment of gambling.

Plans are being prepared for a new lightship off the Columbia bar.

Major Dreyfus has been assigned to command of the crack French regiment.

Alfred Beit, who controlled the gold and diamond output of Africa, is dead.

A peace conference between Central American republics may be held on a United States warship.

Secretary Metcalf says congress did not intend to authorize a lightship for Swiftsure bank, off Cape Flattery, and he does not feel authorized to spend the $150,000 appropriated by mistake.

It is said the War department is planning an immense supply depot and barracks for marines at the mouth of the Columbia. Young's bay is to be dredged until anchorage for the entire Pacific and Asiatic squadrons is secured. The mouth of the Columbia is 700 miles nearer Japan than San Francisco.

Cassie Chadwick is ill in her prison home at Columbus, Ohio.

Dreyfus is the hero of France since he has been proven innocent.

Peasants are causing a reign of terror throughout the Russian empire.

Hitchcock resents the statement of Senator Fulton that he is in his dotage.

Suits have begun in San Francisco against the "six-bit' insurance companies.

Two men attempted to rob a Denver bank in daylight, but were foiled and both were caught.

A British steamer in Chinese waters was attacked by pirates and two passengers killed and the captain wounded.

Milukoff is the choice of the Russian Democrats for premier, but the czar still balks at yielding to the party's demands.

Four negroes are under arrest in North Carolina for murdering an entire family. One of the men has confessed, implicating the other three.

A flood in Rhodes canyon, 15 miles nothr of Trinidatd, Colorado, swept away a number of houses. One man was drowned and a hundred people left homeless.

The war in Central America may involve Honduras and Nicaragua.

The government has begun an investigation of the elevator business.

Italy wants Great Britain and France to reduce their standing armies and says she will do likewise.

Thirty-nine laundry companies of Cincinnati, Ohio, have been indicted for violating the anti trust law.

Esther Mitchell and Mrs. Creffield admit they conspired to kill George Mitchell. No others were in the plot.

The only hope of averting an open contest in Russia is for the czar to make terms with the moderates.

The vatican is fast falling into decay and it will be necessary for the pope to spend $100,000 to put the building in condition.

Japan says she is not trying to monopolize the Manchurian trade, but that the door is wide open and every country has an equal chance to capture the prize.

The Longworths are visiting in Paris.

Extensive reforms are proposed in the British army.

The whole of the province of Voronezh, Russia, is affected by excesses arising from the agrarian movement. The peasants are rising everywhere and burning estates.

Thousands of Jews are fleeing from Russia. It is claimed 40,000 left Warsaw in a single day.

Some of Bryan's admirers say he will organize a new party.

The Russian cabinet has offered its resignation to the czar.

Anarchy reigns in Russia and open rebellion is expected at any time.

CLEARING AWAY DEBRIS.

Hundreds of Carloads Dumped Daily From San Francisco.

San Francisco, July 17.—Certain visitors to San Francisco have given loud voice to their disappointment at seeing the city debris strewn three months after the disaster. "It is an impossible task that San Francisco has undertaken," they write home, and their lamentations come back by wire to this city.

It is true that almost three months have elapsed, and it is also true that acres and acres of debris lie in the heart of the city. Moreover, it is highly possible that much of the debris will remain for several months.

What these visitors have neglected to observe is that the debris is being carted away at the rate of 240 carloads a day. The dirt is carried in wagons to the bunkers on First street, and from there trains convey it to the Protero swamps, where it is being reclamation work.

Throughout the old business section of the city dangerous walls still stand, but the board of works has taken steps to have them torn down. This board has also called upon property owners to clear away the sidewalks on which their buildings front. When this is done many of the streets still blocked will be opened. Such important streets as Stockton and Pine are not passable their entire length. The city is not waiting idly for the disappearance of the debris, but reconstruction and cleaning are going on simultaneously.

MINING FRAUDS IN BRAZIL.

Country is Full of Schemes to Obtain Money of Gullible.

Washington, July 17.—Consul General George E. Anderson, in a report to the bureau of manufacturers from Rio Janeiro, charges that while some bona fide Brazilian diamond mines may result profitably, that country is full of schemes which are either out and out frauds or are based on claims and facts so slight as to make them little less than frauds.

The report says the United States and Great Britain, especially New York, Chicago and London, are the chief financial base of operations for a number of promoters, who have never done any mining, and that there are a number of so-called mining companies now soliciting stock subscriptions in the United States whose officers are not even certain where the land they claim as property lies.

The report states that experienced men in Brazilian mining fields say that not a single mining company operating in the gold and diamond fields of Brazil has paid a dividend. The consul general adds that it is a lamentable fact that a large proportion of the Brazilian mining enterprises are frauds and that there are now men of the United States with enterprises which represent nothing more than the money they can get from the American public.

TEST OF CANNED MEATS.

Congress Will Know What is the Effect of Age.

Washington, July 17. — The bureau of chemistry, Agricultural department, is to carry on a series of tests this summer to ascertain definitely whether canned meats deteriorate. One of the bitter contentions over the meat inspection amendment to the agricultural appropriation bill hinged on the senate requirement that packers should place the date of manufacture on each can of meat.

The packers, however, insisted that this was unwarranted, because they claimed that meat, once put up in air tight cans, would last forever. They declared that canned meat was as good in ten years as it was in ten days, and they brought to bear testimony of an official of the department to corroborate their statements. Some members of congress had their doubts about this, however, so it has been decided to make a thorough investigation and find out whether the packers were correct or not.

Wounded Hacked With Axes.

Siedlice, Russian Poland, July 17.—The Mariavits Catholic strike has again been resumed, owing to the action of the court in returning to its owners the Catholic church recently captured by the Mariavits in the village of Gremkov. After the return of this church to the Catholics it was again attacked and recaptured by the Mariavits. The wounded were most horribly maltreated, beaten, hacked with hatchets and axes, strips of their flesh being torn out, teeth and ears missing and eyes gouged out.

Officers Preach Revolution.

St. Petersburg, July 17.—At a meeting held today at Gatchina, 30 miles from St. Petersburg, attended by three of the Guard regiments, an officer addressed the men on the subject of the soldiers' union, which is being organized. He pointed out that the league was democratic and was being organized for the purpose of guarding the constitution and establishing constitutional institutions and to prepare the army to come over to the people when they were ready and armed for resistance. The speech was received with applause.

Killed at Peterhof.

London, July 17.—A dispatch to a news agency from St. Petersburg says that General Koslov, of the headquarters staff, was murdered in the park at Peterhof Saturday. His assailant used a revolver. The three shots fired were all effective. The murderer was a well dressed man. He has been arrested, but not identified. The case is regarded as mysterious, as General Koslov was not connected with any political agitation.

Thousands Without Homes.

Nizhni, Novgorod, July 17.—A fire which broke out here today raged for six hours before it was checked. When it was finally extinguished 275 houses had been destroyed and more than 3,000 families had been rendered homeless. The loss is placed at $400,000.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

GROW RUBBER IN UMATILLA.

Colorado Man Says the Climate and Soil Are Good.

Pendleton—There is a prospect that Umatilla county may become the rubber growing center of the Pacific Northwest in the near future. G. T. Douglas, of Durango, Col., representing the rubber trust of the United States, is here for the purpose of looking over the country and making an examination of the soil. He is now looking over the country in the vicinity of Echo, where the soil and climate is similar to that of New Mexico, Arizona southern Utah and southern Colorado, where the plant is grown very successfully. The plant is said to flourish in dry sandy soil, and in semi-arid districts. Mr. Douglas believes this section to be adapted to the successful growing of the plant which he says requires about two years to come to maturity. It can be put in at from $8 to $10 per acre and will yield from $100 to $200 per acre. Mr. Douglas will make a report of his investigations to his company in a few days.

Sodaville as Seat of Learning.

Albany — Articles of incorporation have been filed in the county clerk's office for the Mineral Springs college, at Sodaville. The college will be opened next fall in the building at Sodaville formerly occupied by the old Mineral Springs seminary, which closed its doors several years ago from lack of financial assistance. It is now planned to establish a school the equal of any institution in Oregon, except those supported by the state. Classical, scientific, literary, normal, business and musical courses will be taught, and the institution plans to give degrees as high as master of arts.

Demand for Labor in Linn County.

Albany—There is no excuse for a laboring man to complain for lack of work in Oregon this year. In Linn county there is a demand for laborers of every sort, and especially those who will do farm work during the harvesting season, and who are willing to work around a sawmill, or in the woods. Farmers in Linn county are looking in vain for needed assistance to garner their crop, and the lumbering mills along the rivers of Linn, Marion and Lane counties are advertising for help all the time. Many college students are spending their vacation weeks at the sawmills.

Labor Famine in Valley.

Salem — As an illustration of how great is the demand for manual and team labor in the Willamette valley, the Willamette Valley Traction company, in commencing work upon the Portland-Salem electric line, was unable to secure men and teams, and employed a steam traction engine to do the ground breaking. It is quite probable that help will have to be imported from other states in order that the company may be able to fulfill its contracts with the city compelling it to have Salem and Chemawa and ready for operation on or before September 10.

Wasco Farmers Begin Harvest.

The Dalles—Haying is well advanced throughout Wasco county, the bulk of the grain hay now being in the stack and the second cutting of alfalfa has begun. More hay has been cut in the county this year than for many years previous. This was owing to so much of the grain having been injured by heat, making it unfit to thresh. Next week cutting of grain will begin in sections where fall grain is raised, and in most sections barley will be ready to cut by the last of the week. Farmers estimate that about half a crop will be harvested. The fall wheat will be No. 1, but most of the spring wheat will be inferior.

Hot Weather Hurries Harvest.

Eugene—The conditicn of the crops in the Upper Willamette valley, especially around Eugene, during the past week have been excellent, and all the farmers are happy. The haying season is about half over and the crop to be harvested will be one of the largest for years. The warm wave which has extended over the valley has been somewhat detrimental to the wheat crop, which, according to the farmers, has advanced too far. Harvest hands are reported scarce, even with the good wages offered.

Freighter Now Wheat King.

La Grande—A. B. Conley is the largest individual owner of farming land in Union county, being assessed on 10,118 acres, every foot of which is first-class tillable land. A little over a quarter of a century ago his principal stock in trade was a freighting outfit about as poorly equipped as any on the road. Mr. Conley's rise is due principally to wheat raising, but the advancing value of farming land in the past few years has had a great deal to do with it. He is generally known as "Eastern Oregon's Wheat King."

Construction Slow.

The Dalles—W. F. Nelson, president of the Oregon Trunk road, says construction work is progressing slowly because of the scarcity of laborers. Mr. Nelson expects to secure plenty of laborers after harvest. It is the purpose of the company to push the road on to Madras, a distance of 110 miles from the Columbia, as soon as it can be built, and then to build through Central Oregon and make connection with some southern road.

Exhibits for Jamestown Fair.

Salem—Jefferson Myers, president of the Lewis and Clark fair commission, and one of the commissioners to the Jamestown exposition, was in Salem recently closing up the affairs of his commission and also consulting with officers of the state fair board relative to the collection of exhibits for the Oregon exhibit at Jamestown. Colonel Myers says that all exhibitors at the state fair will be asked to preserve as much of their products as possible and the commission will purchase such as is meritorious for exhibit at Jamestown.

FOOD LAW QIESTIONED.

Legal Interpretation of Two Words Means Much to Its Friends.

Salem — Upon the legal interpretation of the words "adulterants" and "adulteration" hangs the fate of Oregon's pure food law when it comes up for decision before Judge George H. Burnett, of the Circuit court, for this county in the case of the state vs. George Fendorick, who is charged with selling the state lard that has been adulterated with tallow.

Fondorick, who is a meat dealer in this city, is under contract to furnish the state insane asylum with a quantity of lard, and it is charged by the state dairy and food commissioner that the lard furnished contains a certain percentage of tallow.

The point at issue is whether an adulterant in foods means the substitution of a substance which is injurious to the human system for a pure article, and if the court holds that tallow is not an adulterant it will throw the whole act open to technical violation in all lines of trade in foodstuffs.

Big Real Estate Deal at Eugene.

Eugene — One of the largest real estate deals ever made in Lane county was consummated recently when Eli Bangs, Eugene's pioneer liveryman, sold a quarter block of ground at the corner of West Ninth and Olive streets to G. M. Bonnett, a farmer of this city, for $35,000. A two story brick building and a large frame livery stable building are on the ground, and they are included in the sale. Mr. Bangs secures in the deal a 960 acre stock farm in Harney county, which his son, Abraham, of this city, will conduct.

Company Incorporated.

La Grande—Articles of incorporation have been filed with the county clerk for the Parr-Simmons company. The capital stock of the company is $50,000 and the principal place of business will be La Grande. The incorporators are George T. Parr of Moro, C. B. Simmons and B. S. Huntington of The Dalles. The objects of the incorporation, as set forth in the articles, include the buying, selling, storing and forwarding of fruit and produce, to establish warehouses, buy and sell real estate.

Hot Wave Spoils Prospects.

Moro—The hot wave that has prevailed in this section for the past two weeks has materially shortened the very flattering prospect for a big wheat crop. Reports from farmers are conflicting, but there can be no doubt but that all grain is more or less shriveled and there will be not over half an average crop. Many are already cutting their wheat for hay, but at the present price for hay that will bring very satisfactory returns.

Grocers Not To Buy Infected Fruit.

Salem—County Fruit Inspector E. C. Armstrong has called upon all retail grocers not to buy from farmers any fruit infected with San Jose scale. The dealers were willing to make the agreement and will keep it in letter and spirit. If the retail merchants prevent the sale of diseased fruit to them, the inspector can give his entire time to watching the farmers who peddle fruit about town direct to the consumers.

Treasurer-Elect Files Bond.

Salem—State Treasurer-elect George A. Steel has filed his official bond in the sum of $50,000, which was approved by the governor. Later he will be required to furnish an additional bond in the sum of about $500,000, the amount to be determined by the governor.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 71c; bluestem, 73c; red, 69c; valley, 71c.

Oats—No. 1 white feed, $32; gray, $31 per ton.

Barley—Feed, $23.75 per ton; brewing, $24; rolled, $24.50@25.50.

Rye—$1.50 per cwt.

Hay—Valley timothy No. 1, $11@12 50 per ton; clover, $8 50@9; cheat, $6.50@7; grain hay, $7@8; alfalfa, $11.

Fruits—Apples, $1.50@1.75 per box; apricots, $1 50@1.75 per crate; cherries, 4@8c per pound; currants, 9@10c per pound; peaches, 75c@$1.10 per crate; pears, $1 50@2 25 per box; plums, $1@1.25 per box; Logan berries, $1.35@1.40 per crate; raspberries, $1 75@1.85 per crate; blackberries, 8c per pound; gooseberries, 8c per pound.

Vegetables—Beans, 5@7c per pound; cabbage, 1¾c per pound; corn, 25@35c per dozen; cucumbers, 75c@$1 per box; lettuce, head, 25c per dozen, onions, 10@12½c per dozen; peas, 4@5c per pound; radishes, 10@15c per dozen; rhubarb, 2@2½c per pound; spinach, 2@3c per pound; tomatoes, $1.25@2.25 per box; parsley, 25c per box; squash, $1@1.25 per crate; turnips, 90c@$1 per sack; carrots $1@1 25 per sack; beets, $1.25@1 50 per sack.

Onions — New, red, 1¼@1½c per pound; new yellow, 1¾@2c per pound.

Potatoes — Fancy graded old Burbanks, 40@50c per sack; ordinary, nominal; new potatoes, 75c@$1 50 per hundred.

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

Eggs — Oregon ranch, 21½@22c per dozen.

Poultry — Average old hens, 12½@13c per pound; mixed chickens, 11½@12c; fryers, 16@17c; broilers, 15@16½c; roosters, 9@10c; dressed chickens, 14@15c; turkeys, live, 16@17c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 17@22½c; geese, live, 8@8½c; ducks, 12½@13c.

Hops — Oregon, 1905, 11c; olds, 8c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 18@23½c; valley, coarse, 22½@23½c; fine, 24c; mohair, choice, 28@30c per pound.

Veal—Dressed, 5½@7c per pound.

Beef — Dressed bulls, 3c per pound; cows, 4½@5½c; country steers, 5@6c.

Mutton — Dressed, fancy, 7@8c per pound; ordinary, 5@6c; lambs, fancy, 8@8½c.

Pork—Dressed, 7@8½c per pound.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"Sell North End House!" cried poor Mr. Wade, in bewilderment. "Why, the carvings by Grinling Gibbons are the finest in the world."

"I can't help that," laughed Mr. Richard. "I want cash, and cash I must have."

"Then what do you propose doing, sir?"

"To buy my mother's life interest as provided, realize upon the property, and travel," said Mr. Richard.

"You amaze me, Richard. You confound me. Of course you can do as you please. But so sudden a determination. The old house—scattered—vases—coins—pictures—I—really— Well, it is your property, of course—and—and—and I wish you a very good morning!"

A knock at the door made Richard start. "Come in! What's that? Letters? Give them to me. He began to open his correspondence before his servant.

"When did this come?" asked Mr. Richard, holding out a letter more than usually disfigured with stamplings.

"Lars night, sir. It's bin to 'Amstead, sir, and come down directed with the hothers." The angry glare of the black eyes induced him to add, "I 'ope there's nothing wrong, sir?"

"Nothing, you idiot!" burst out Mr. Richard, white with rage, "except that I should have had this instantly. Can't you see it's marked urgent? Can you read? Can you spell? There, that will do. No lies. Get out!"

Left to himself again, Mr. Richard walked hurriedly up and down the chamber, wiped his forehead and finally sat down and re-read the letter. It was short, but terribly to the purpose:

"The George Hotel, Plymouth.

"My Dear Jack—I have found you out, you see. Never mind just how at present. I know all about your proceedings, and unless Mr. Richard Devine receives his wife with due propriety, he'll find himself in the custody of the police. Telegraph, dear, to Mrs. Richard Devine at above address. Yours as ever, Jack, SARAH."

The blow was unexpected and severe. It was hard, in the very high tide and flush of assured success, to be thus plucked back into the old bondage. Despite the affectionate tone of the letter, he knew the woman with whom he had to deal. For some furious minutes he sat motionless, gazing at the letter. He did not speak—men seldom do under such circumstances—but his thoughts ran in this fashion: "Here is this woman again! Just as I was congratulating myself on my freedom. How did she discover me? Small use asking that. What shall I do? I can do nothing. It is absurd to run away, for I shall be caught. Besides, I've no money. My account is overdrawn two thousand pounds. If I bolt at all, I must bolt at once—within twenty-four hours. Rich as I am, I don't suppose I could raise more than five thousand pounds in that time. These things take a day or two, say forty-eight hours. In forty-eight hours I could raise twenty thousand pounds, but forty-eight hours is too long. It's a bad job. However, she's not inclined to be gratuitously disagreeable. How lucky I never married again! I had better make peace and treat my friend to me. Poor Sally!—I might have rotted on Eaglehawk Neck, if it hadn't been for her. She is not a bad sort. Handsome woman, too. I may make it up with her. I shall have to sell off and go away, after all. It might be worse. I dare say the property's worth three hundred thousand pounds. Not bad for a start in America. And I may get rid of her yet. Yes. I must give in. Smithers! A telegraph form and a cab! Stay. Pack me a dressing bag; I shall have to go away for a day or so. I'd better see her myself."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Time rolled on, and some years after the escape of Rex, the office of commandant at Norfolk Island became vacant. It was offered to Maurice Frere, who, much against the wishes of his wife, accepted it. On his arrival he found Mr. North occupying the position of chaplain there, having been transferred from Port Arthur some time previously. He found also Rufus Dawes, who had been sent there by the authorities as a last resource.

Though the house of the commandant was comfortable and well furnished, and though, of necessity, all things was most hideous in the "discipline" of the place was hidden, the loathing with which Sylvia had approached the last and most dreaded abiding place of the elaborate convict system, under which it had been her misfortune to live, had not decreased. The sights and sounds of pain and punishment surrounded her. She could not look out of her windows without a shudder.

"I wish, Maurice, we had never come here," she said, piteously. "These unhappy men will do you some frightful injury one of these days."

"Stuff!" said her husband. "They've not the courage. I'd take the best man among them, and dare him to touch me. Jenkins, I say!" The convict servant entered. "Where is the charge book? I've told you always to have it ready for me. Why don't you do as you are told? Give me the book." Taking it and running his finger down the leaves, he commented on the list of offenses to which he would be called upon in the morning to mete out judgment.

"Miles Byrne, not walking fast enough—We must enliven Mr. Byrne. Thomas Twist, haxing a pipe and striking a light. W. Barnes, not in place at muster; says he was 'washing himself'—I'll wash him! John Richards, missing muster and insolence. John Gateby, insolence and insubordination. James Hopkins, insolence. Rufus Dawes, gross insolence, refusing to work. Ah! we must look after you. You are a parson's man, are you? I'll break your spirit my man, or I'll—Sylvia! Your friend Dawes is doing credit to his bringing up."

"What do you mean?"

"That villain and reprobate, Dawes."

She interrupted him. "Maurice, I wish you would not use such language. You know I dislike it." She spoke coldly and sadly, as one who knows that remonstrance is vain, and is yet constrained to remonstrate.

"Oh, dear! My Lady Proper! How refined we are getting!"

"There, I did not mean to annoy you," said she, wearily: "Don't let us quarrel, for goodness' sake."

The insubordination of which Rufus Dawes had been guilty was insignificant. It was the custom of the newly fledged constables of Captain Frere to enter the wards at night, armed with cutlasses, tramping about, and making a great noise. The men in Dawes' gang were often searched more than once in a night, searched going to work, searched at meals, searched going to prayers, searched coming out; and this in the roughest manner.

Now, Rufus Dawes, holding aloof, as was his custom, from the majority of his companions, had made one friend—if so mindless and battered an old wreck could be called a friend—Blind Mooney.

One of the many ways in which Rufus Dawes had obtained the affection of the old blind man was the gift of such fragments of tobacco as he had himself from time to time secured. Troke knew this; and on the evening in question hit upon an excellent plan. Admitting himself noiselessly into the boat shed, where the gang slept, he crept close to the sleeping Dawes, and counterfeiting Mooney's mumbling utterance, asked for "some tobacco." Rufus Dawes was but half awake, and Troke felt something put into his hand. He grasped Dawes' arm, and struck a light. He had got his man this time. Dawes had conveyed to his fancied friend a piece of tobacco almost as big as the top joint of his little finger.

One can understand the feelings of a man entrapped by such base means. Rufus Dawes no sooner saw the hated face of Warder Troke peering over his hammock than he sprang out, and, exerting to the utmost his powerful muscles, knocked Mr. Troke fairly off his legs into the arms of the incoming constables. A desperate struggle took place, at the end of which the convict, overpowered by numbers, was borne senseless to the cells, gagged and chained to the ring bolt on the bare flags. While in this condition he was savagely beaten by five or six constables. To this maimed and manacled rebel was the commandant ushered by Troke the next morning.

"Ha! ha! my man," said the commandant. "Here you are again, you see. How do you like this sort of thing?"

Dawes, glaring, makes no answer.

"You shall have fifty lashes, my man," said Frere. "We'll see how you'll feel then!"

The fifty were duly administered, and the commandant called the next day. The rebel was still mute. Frere gave him fifty more lashes, and sent him the next day to grind cayenne pepper. This was a punishment more dreaded by the convicts than any other. The pungent dust filled their eyes and lungs, causing them the most excruciating torments. For a man with a raw back the work was one continued agony. In four days Rufus Dawes, emaciated, blistered, blinded, broke down.

"Captain Frere, kill me at once!" he said.

"No fear," said the other, rejoiced at this proof of his power. "You've given in; that's all I wanted. Troke, take him to the hospital."

The next day Frere visited him, complimented him on his courage, and offered to make him a constable. Dawes turned his scarred back to his torturer, and resolutely declined to answer.

"I am afraid you have made an enemy of the commandant," said North the next day. "Why not accept his offer?"

Dawes cast on him a glance of quiet scorn. "And betray my mates? I'm not one of that sort."

North never believed in the martyred body, but without effect. His own wayward heart gave him the key to read the cipher of this man's life. "A noble nature ruined," said he to himself. "What is the secret of his history?"

One day this bond was drawn so close as to tug at both their heart strings. The chaplain had a flower in his coat. Dawes eyed it with hungry looks, and, as the clergyman was about to quit the room, said, "Mr. North, will you give me that rosebud?" North paused irresolutely, and, finally, as if after a struggle with himself, took it carefully from his button hole and placed it in the prisoner's brown, scarred hand. In another instant, Dawes believing himself alone, pressed the gift to his lips. North turned abruptly, and the eyes of the pair met. Dawes flushed crimson, but North turned white as death. Neither spoke, but each was drawn closer to the other, since both had kissed the rosebud plucked by Sylvia's fingers.

Since the "tobacco trick," Mooney and Dawes had been placed in the new prison, together with a man named Bland, who had already twice failed to kill himself. When old Mooney lamented his hard case, Bland proposed that the three should put in practice a scheme in which two at least must succeed. The scheme was a desperate one, and attempted only in the last extremity. It was the custom of the "ring," however, to swear each of its members to carry out to the best of his ability this last invention of the convict disciplined mind, should two other members crave his assistance.

The scheme was simplicity itself. That evening, when the cell door was securely locked, and the absence of a visiting jailer might be counted upon for an hour at least, Bland produced a straw, and held it out to his companions. Dawes took it, and tearing it into unequal lengths, handed the fragments to Mooney.

"The longest is the one," said the blind man. "Come on, boys, and dip in the lucky bag."

It was evident that lots were to be drawn to determine to whom fortune would grant freedom. The men drew in silence, and then Bland and Dawes looked at each other. The prize had been left in the bag. Moohey—fortunate old fellow—retained the longest straw. Bland's hand shook as he compared notes with his companions. There was a moment's pause, during which the blank eye-balls of the blind man fiercely searched the gloom, as if in that awful moment they could penetrate it.

"I hold the shortest," said Dawes to Bland. "'Tis you that must do it."

"I'm glad of that," said Mooney.

Bland, seemingly terrified at the danger which fate had decreed that he should run, tore the fatal lot into fragments, and sat gnawing his knuckles in excess of abject terror. Mooney stretched himself out upon his plank bed. "Come on, mate," he said. Bland extended a shaking hand, and caught Rufus Dawes by the sleeve.

"You have more nerve than I. You do it."

"No, no," said Dawes, almost as pale as his companion. "I've run my chance fairly. 'Twas your own proposal."

The coward who, confident in his own luck, would seem to have fallen into the pit he had dug for others, sat rocking himself to and fro, holding his head in his hands.

"I can't do it!" he whispered, lifting a white, wet face.

"What are you waiting for?" said fortunate Mooney. "Come on; I'm ready."

"I—I—thought you might like to—to—pray a bit," said Bland.

The notion seemed to sober the senses of the old man, exalted too fiercely by his good fortune.

"Ay!" he said. "Pray! A good thought!" And he knelt down, and, shutting his blind eyes—'twas as though he was dazzled by some strong light—unseen by his comrades, moved his lips silently.

It was quite dark now in the cell; but as Bland advanced his face was like a white mask floating upon the darkness. Dawes pressed his lucky comrade's hand, and withdrew to the furthest corner.

When Troke came in the morning, he saw what had occurred at a glance, and hastened to remove the corpse of the strangled Mooney.

"We drew lots," said Rufus Dawes, pointing to Bland, who crouched in the corner furthest from his victim, "and it fell upon him to do it. I'm the witness."

"They'll hang you all for that," said Troke.

"I hope so," said Rufus Dawes.

The scheme of escape hit upon by the convict intellect was simply this: Three men being together, lots were drawn to determine who should be murdered. The drawer of the longest straw was the "lucky" man. He was killed. The drawer of the next longest straw was the murderer. He was hanged. The unlucky one was the witness. He had, of course, an excellent chance of being hanged also, but his doom was not so certain, and he therefore looked upon himself as unfortunate.

(To be continued.)

AUNT HETTY'S SUGGESTION.

She Was Sure to See an Attractive Side to Every Occurrence.

The Graftons were thoroughly enjoying the dear old lady's visit. Not in the least overwhelmed by the big city—after her quiet village life—she took readily to New York life. Her pleasure in riding in the subway and on the elevated railway was really contagious. Her point of view was so original that the Graftons soon found themselves waiting with interest, when any domestic problem arose, to see what quaint, cheerful little solution Aunt Hetty would offer presently.

Mrs. Grafton declared that she could not have survived that week of flat-hunting if it had not been for Aunt Hetty, who accompanied and cheered her with unflagging interest until they discovered that delightful apartment.

After engaging the new apartment, the Graftons were discussing the matter one evening.

"Of course, it's a much better apartment than this," began Mr. Grafton.

"And the air out there is so much purer," added his wife.

"Yes, I'm thankful you and the children will have good air, but——"

"Well?"

"It's hard on me, being so much farther up-town. It'll take me a half-hour more to get to the office, and the same at night——"

"Oh, I know, Jim!" cried Mrs. Grafton, regretfully. "You'll spend a whole hour more every day on that horrid elevated!"

"Yes, that's the trouble," said Mr. Grafton, moodily.

"The new place is two miles farther out, I believe you said?" Aunt Hetty remarked, crisply.

"Just about."

"And you'll pay five cents to the office from there just as from here?" was the next question.

"Why, yes."

"Now, I don't like to preach to young folks," continued Aunt Hetty, with determination, "but I must say, Nephew James, that I dislike to see you falling into the habit of looking for unpleasant things!"

The Graftons stared at the little lady, flushed and resolute.

"Now the way it looks to me is this: Without paying another cent you're going to get every day of your life a nice four-mile ride!"

The rebuked gentleman lay back in his chair and enjoyed himself audibly.

"Aunt Hetty," he said, recovering, "there, you've helped me out again! Whenever I get glum over the time wasted on trains, I'll just remember what you've said, and it will cheer me up all right!"

Aunt Hetty's cheeks flushed with gratification. But her success, as success will sometimes do, puzzled her a bit—for why had Nephew James laughed so immoderately?—Youth's Companion.

No Trouble.

The traveler stopped at the cabin and asked for a drink of water. While the old negro woman was getting it he looked round the little cabin. The walls were covered with lithographs and pictures from magazines. The most conspicuous objects were two large framed portraits, one of Mr. Bryan, the other of President Roosevelt. The traveler smiled broadly.

"See here, aunty," said he, when she had returned, "this is funny—a Democrat on one side and a Republican on the other."

"Well, sah, it's this way," she answered. "My man's a Democrat. He jes' cahn't see nothing but what ain't Republican, sah. He's kind ob crazy about Democrats, sah—specially Mistah Bryan, sah."

"Then I suppose the other picture is yours?"

"Yas, sah," she said, smiling proudly. "That is mine, sah."

"And don't you have any rows over these pictures?"

"Well, no, sah, 'cept round about 'lection time. Then Jim, ef he gets worked up, ginerally pulls down Mr. Roosevelt, sah, and stomps on him, and busts him up, sah."

"Then I suppose there is trouble?"

"My! No, sah. No trouble. There ain't any use ob hasting trouble. I waits till de nex' mohning, an' I takes down Mr. Bryan and carries him into town and pawns him, and takes de money, sah, and buys a new Mr. Roosevelt and gives Jim the pawn ticket, sah.

"My! No, I wouldn't have no trouble, sah."

Sufficient Reason.

Hoogley—Yes, I'm mighty glad I ain't got no children.

Pepprey—It's just as well.

Hoogley—Sure it is.

Pepprey—Yes, for in these days of free education they wouldn't be able to escape some knowledge of grammar, and they'd be forever correcting you.—Philadelphia Press.