



The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XIII.

Pauline made an effort to look unlike herself; but hers was an individuality not easily hidden under a large plaid traveling wrap and a plain black bonnet and veil. At any rate, Mr. Daws was not deceived by them, and guessed who his visitor was the moment she was shown into his dusty little private office. He remained standing silent and motionless, with his bright, headlike eyes watching her from under his heavy brows until she felt almost hysterical.

"I have come with reference to an advertisement in this morning's Times," she began. "I believe you inserted it?" "No," she looked incredulous for a moment, then said: "Then, if you did not, you know who did, and you will favor me with their address."

"What for?" "I wish to see them."

"Why?" "Why?" Pauline drew herself up proudly, for she was getting irritated, as she answered, "I think that is my business."

"Not at all! It is ours."

"But if you will neither tell me your name nor give me your client's address, how can I find out for Sir Geoffrey what the advantage is?"

"Send him here himself."

"He can't come. He is very ill," she told the lawyer.

"Then we must wait until he is well."

"You will absolutely tell nobody but myself what this wonderful advantage is?"

"No one."

Pauline rose from her chair, and they looked steadily at each other for a few seconds. She gathered her energies for her last effort. She placed her hand on the table between them, and leaned forward slightly.

"What is your price for the address I want?"

"Daws' eyes glittered. Two thoughts passed through his mind before he answered: 'You have shown your fear by the offer of a bribe; and heaven save the Frenchwoman if I betray her, for you will certainly murder her!' Then he spoke:

"The information you ask for is priceless."

"I can give more than you think, perhaps. One hundred pounds!" A pause. "Two hundred—three hundred—four hundred—five!"

"I have answered; it is priceless."

She looked for one instant as if she would spring on him and tear the secret from him; then there came the sudden look of one beaten and baffled, and she turned without another word, went down the rickety stairs, and re-entered the cab which had been waiting for her.

Pauline had counted confidently on making a bargain with Messrs. Daws & Haven. She believed that some unknown person had accidentally found out certain facts of her past life which she had pressing reasons for keeping secret, and she thought she had only to offer them a good price for their silence and the matter would end there. Now that she was once more in her own room, wrapped in a warm dressing gown, and with leisure to think, she began to see that there was something more than the mere greed of gain prompting her unknown adversary.

This fighting in the dark was alarming. If she only knew from what quarter to expect the attack she might be able to make some sort of resistance; as it was, there was nothing to be done but sit down and calmly await the onslaught.

On one point only could she make up her mind—she must hurry on her marriage. Let her once be Jack's wife, and no matter what phantoms should rise from the past to threaten her, she would at least be sure of his love; for she would love him so dearly, she would be so gentle, so winning, that he would not be able to withhold his love from her, even though he should grieve to find her other than he had thought.

And so that evening she got Jack's consent that they should be married a fortnight hence, on the 18th of September, the day after she reached her twenty-fifth year.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ethel was certainly very courageous. She was also strong, young and healthy, and had an unusual amount of self-pride, all of which kept her from giving way under the load of grief that came upon her after Jack's faithless behavior. But she felt her sorrow none the less deeply, and hid it from her father's sight.

Captain Pelling had been away nearly a week on a visit to an old friend, and Ethel was feeling the daily monotony of her life very irksome as she once more set about making her father's coffee.

There were letters on the table, but she did not feel particularly curious about them. As she placed the coffee pot on the table the writing on the envelope next to her own plate caught her eyes. The blood rushed to her face, and with nervous haste she picked up the envelope and opened it. She read the invitation card, and the flush faded slowly, leaving an expression of sorrowful contempt on her face.

"Poor Jack!" she sighed. "I wonder if he thinks a few civilities of this kind will make amends for his conduct in the past? Does he imagine he can repay me for the loss of his love by holding out the hand of friendly patronage? Can he believe it would give me pleasure to spend an evening in watching his attentions to his handsome hostess?" She threw the card from her with an impatient sigh. "How contemptibly foolish it is of me to care so much after all this time! Perhaps I should like to see his

old home again; and, as it does not really matter much whether I go or not, I will do as he wishes about it."

As she heard her father's step on the stairs she turned as brightly as usual toward him to say, "Good morning." Then she held his envelope behind her playfully, saying: "A thousand guesses, and you will not guess where this letter is from, papa?"

"I shall not make one—so tell me."

"It is an invitation, to Mallingford for the seventeenth of this month—from Miss Mallett herself, for a ball."

"A ball!" he repeated. "Why in the world should Miss Mallett invite me to a ball?" He looked at the envelope curiously, and then said: "It is addressed to 'G. Mallett, Esq.,' and in Jack Dornton's writing! Oh, I begin to understand!" he went on, in a voice of genuine relief, as he took the card from the envelope. "I feared for the moment that Sumners had been doing a kindness, as he calls it, and persuaded Pauline Mallett to invite her poor relatives to her ball. But this civility is evidently due to Dornton's good nature, and is sent in all good faith, to the Malletts, old friends of mine, as he would say in describing us."

"Who is Sumners, papa?" "Lord Sumners is your cousin's guardian."

"Of course—I remember—the kind-looking old man we met at the Exhibition last May."

"Yes. I've been in constant dread ever since that unfortunate meeting that he would seek me out and try to do something for me. That was why I was so annoyed when you told him you copied in the galleries; I thought he might pounce on you and worm our address out of you."

"Do you think he would tell Miss Mallett about my copying at the galleries, papa?"

"No doubt of it; he is an inveterate talker."

Ethel had a sudden conviction that Miss Mallett had used this information to obtain their address, if Lord Sumners had not, and believed she had at last found out to whom she was indebted for her anonymous letter. This belief did not increase her desire to go to Mallingford; but she held to her resolution to leave the decision in her father's hands.

"Do you want to go to the ball?" he asked.

"I don't care one bit about it, if you don't want to go, dad."

"I don't care about the ball, either; but I should like you to see the old place, Ethel. If we were to go to the ball I should most likely run up against some one who would remember me as Geoffrey Mallett, and there would be quite a little sensation over my reappearance; but this invitation entitles us to call on Miss Mallett, in any case. Send an acceptance, my dear; we can follow it up by an excuse on the morning of the 17th. In the meantime we will run down one day and leave our cards and take a look round just as ordinary strangers, and no one will think we are anything else."

Ethel was glad the question was settled in this way, for she, too, wished to see the old house that should in justice have been her father's. Mr. Mallett opened the other letter and threw it across to her.

"Read it out, Ethel. It's from Pelling. I've talked so much that I've no time to read it."

Ethel read the letter, which ran as follows:

"My Dear Mallett—I send some birds by to-night's train; hope they will arrive all right. I am tired of this place, but can't get away under the promised fortnight. My old friend has taken a wife since I last saw him. Said wife has three sisters at present staying with her; and as they are all of the genus 'blue-stocking,' my life has been a burden to me since my arrival here. Sport is excellent, but just the least bit monotonous. The house is full of pleasant people—and yet I miss your society more than I could have thought possible; and I am really anxious to get back to our work. Tell Miss Mallett not to forget her promise."

"What promise was that?" Mr. Mallett asked.

"I'm not quite sure what he means, unless—"

"Never mind; finish the letter to yourself, my dear, for I must be off directly."

After seeing her father off and finishing the letter, Ethel did not feel altogether happy. She was afraid Captain Pelling had set too high a value on her words, and she tried to recall exactly what she had said when he had called to say good-by. What had really occurred was this. When Ethel put her hand into Pelling's he held it while he said:

"I wish I could flatter myself by believing you would miss me a little while I am away, Miss Mallett; but perhaps it would be a welcome miss, for I know I'm a terrible bore sometimes."

He looked so wistful that Ethel felt quite a thrill of sympathy for him, and on the impulse of the moment, responded:

"I'm sure I shall miss you, and I shall be glad to see you back again."

And Pelling had left her with a face so glorified with delight that she had feared and wondered continually what such glorification might mean, and had alternately blamed herself for her impulsive words, and him for his misinterpretation of them.

Pauline was rather staggered a couple of days later when she received affirmative replies from Mr. and Miss Mallett; but she was in such a whirl of excitement by this time that so small a peril as a visit from her uncle and cousin passed by unheeded.

It was now the 8th of September, and she was to be married on the 18th. Babette was the only member of the household who had been taken into her mistress' confidence with regard to her approaching marriage, and the vivacious French woman was delighted at the

prospect of going up to town every day between then and the 18th, to see after the piles of new finery indispensable at such a time.

CHAPTER XV.

The 13th of September had come, and to Babette's great discomfiture Messrs. Daws & Haven had not yet discovered Sir Geoffrey's address. Only five days remained to the date of the wedding she had sworn to frustrate.

She had been to town to get some lace for her mistress, and incidentally to interview the lawyers, and was now returning dispiritedly to Mallingford. At the station, as she was about entering a conveyance, she heard some one behind her asking for a fly to go to Mallingford Park. She turned to look at the inquirer, and for a moment stood staring at a tall, well-bred looking man, evidently on the wrong side of fifty, with a sweet-faced girl of eighteen on his arm. She recognized the girl as the young lady she had followed from the Museum to her home, and whose name she had discovered from the neighboring trades people by her mistress' orders about two months before. Then she remembered posting a letter to this young lady for her mistress, and next she recalled having seen Dornton's letter to the same person a few days later, and in a blind fashion without knowing why, she connected their appearance at Mallingford with those letters, and a wild hope sprang up in her heart that this elderly aristocrat and his pretty daughter had come to Mallingford to help on her purpose of preventing Miss Mallett's marriage.

Babette was soon deposited at Mallingford House. She made herself presentable, and went down to Miss Mallett's boudoir on the ground floor on the pretense of discussing her morning's purchases with her mistress, but really with the determination to hang about the neighborhood of the reception rooms, and witness—if possible, overheard—the interview between Miss Mallett and these Malletts.

The windows of the boudoir overlooked a long stretch of the principal drive. When Babette reached the room it was empty. She placed herself to watch for the arrival of the fly from the village. She saw it come up the long avenue and stop at the main entrance. Then she went to the hall and busied herself looking for an imaginary missing shawl among the numberless wraps lying about. The hall porter, for some unknown reason, was not at his post, and an inexperienced footman informed Mr. Mallett that Miss Mallett was not at home. Babette, thinking she saw the chance of help from these people gradually slipping away, came forward boldly.

"Are you sure you are right in denying Miss Mallett to this gentleman, Philip?" she asked, in a low voice. "I think you have made a mistake. If you will follow me, monsieur, I will see if Miss Mallett has returned from her drive."

She took them to the boudoir, stood for a moment in thought, and then flew to the picture gallery. As she expected, she found Jack and Miss Mallett in the deep recess of a window at the far end. She announced:

"Mr. and Miss Mallett in your boudoir, mademoiselle!"

Pauline sprang from her chair and stood glaring at Babette as if she were a messenger from another world. The words "Sir Geoffrey" rose to her lips, but she remembered in time that his individuality was not known to any one but herself, and she checked the name with an effort.

"I am not at home," she told her maid. "I left word to that effect."

"Yes, so they said, mademoiselle; but I happened to be in the hall, and I thought I heard the gentleman ask for Monsieur Dornton; so I offered to see if he was in."

"(To be continued.)"

What a Holiday Ought to Be. Gen. Ferdinand W. Peck, the Chicago capitalist, says, according to the New York Globe, that the way the average man spends his annual vacation is all wrong.

"It's only now and then," he said, "that a man finds out what a holiday ought to be. We all think that it means going away from home, drinking more or less and wearing our bodies out by walking, or cycling, or mountain climbing, or something like that. That sort of thing is supposed to be a great rest to a tired man who works with his brains. How a vacation spent in that way could possibly be of benefit to a professional man who has to use his brains I have never been able to understand. Very likely a professional man might be benefited in that way, but it's all nonsense to say that it rests a lawyer's, or editor's, or author's, or even a politician's brains. In my opinion, the best and most beneficial way in the world for the man who makes his living solely by the use of his gray matter to spend his holidays is simply to do the gentle loaf in some green and shady spot far away from the maddening crowd, and to keep himself in touch with the outside world by having his favorite newspaper mailed to him every day."

Similarity. "They call these 'dog days,'" remarked the man with the wilted collar and palm-leaf fan.

"Any particular breed of dog?" spoke up the warm-weather wit.

"Yes, I should say 'greyhound.'"

"Why so?"

"They are so long."

All Trouble. "May I ask what you are looking for?" said the clerk in the ticket office.

"I am looking for trouble," replied the man who was running his finger over the big wall map of the world.

Looking for trouble? "Yes, sir, I am hunting up Russia."

Sensitive Soul. "There are two mosquitoes singing in this room and it's making me nervous to the point of insanity."

"I wouldn't let the hum of two little insects affect me that way."

"But, man, they're not singing in harmony."—Cleveland Leader.

What the world needs is more workers and fewer dreamers.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

JACKSON TO FRONT.

Stands as Second County in Oregon in Assessed Wealth.

Salem—Jackson county has sprung to second place among the counties of Oregon in taxable wealth. Marion county, which has for many years occupied second place, has dropped to fifth place, and perhaps lower. Not all the assessment returns have been received yet, but it is already apparent that at least three counties have stepped above Marion in assessed valuation.

Multnomah county, of course, is still first, her assessment for 1906 not yet being definitely known. Jackson will come second with a valuation of over \$12,000,000. Washington probably third with \$10,660,000, Umatilla probably fourth with \$10,165,000, and Marion probably fifth with \$9,824,000. There are a number of wealthy counties yet to report, among them being Lane, Linn and Clackamas, any of which may surpass Marion and put that county still further down the list.

Jackson county's assessment this year shows an increase of about 200 per cent for last year the assessment was only \$4,650,000.

NO DELAY ON KLAMATH.

Bids Will Soon Be Called for Two More Sections of Ditch.

Klamath Falls—Unofficial announcement comes from the officials of the Reclamation service here that the government is not going to cause any delay in completing the great irrigation project for Klamath basin.

A few weeks ago it thought, and, in fact, announced unofficially, that the government was not going to rush work on any of the Klamath projects very rapidly, save the first section, for which the bids for construction are to be opened in San Francisco December 29. This was said to be the wish of the officials, because it would not throw a large proportion of the surplus lands on the market at one time and thereby cause any glut in the land market, and would give private owners a better opportunity to realize the worth of their lands. Now the announcement that the bids will be called for immediately after the opening of the bids for the first section for two more sections of ditch is evidence that Uncle Sam expects to lose no time in completing this great irrigation project. Just as soon as the other bids are opened bids will be called for these two second sections, and work will be commenced on them early in the spring.

Chautauqua Wants LaFollette.

Oregon City—Secretary Harvey E. Cross, of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua association, has gone to San Francisco where he will attend the annual meeting of delegates representing the various Pacific coast assemblies, when plans will be arranged for the co-operation of these associations in the holding of this year's Chautauqua assemblies. While the probable talent that will be engaged for this year's meetings has not been determined, it is understood that the effort to procure the services of Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, will be renewed this year. An unsuccessful attempt was made last year to engage this national celebrity.

Big Timber Tract Sold.

Medford—A deal has been consummated whereby C. O. Beekman, of Jacksonville, sold a timber tract of 1,640 acres on Butte creek, in Jackson county, to J. C. Dudley, of Michigan, the consideration being \$25,000. This tract is on the proposed Medford & Crater Lake railroad, which is now completed to Eagle Point, about 20 miles from the timber in question. There are other persons here now negotiating for the vast timber tracts that will be opened up by the Crater Lake railroad.

Wallows Bridged.

Elgin—Word has been received in this city that the temporary bridge across the Wallows has been completed. In the near future the new steel structure will be under headway, to unite permanently Union and Wallows counties. This will be built about 700 or 800 feet above the old site, as the O. R. & N. Co. gave \$1,500 for this change. The company's surveyed right of way interferes at the old site. The old bridge collapsed while cattle were being driven across last summer.

War on San Jose Scale.

Salem—Fruit Inspector Armstrong has inaugurated a vigorous war on the San Jose scale, which threatens the destruction of most of the fruit and shade trees in this county. The mountain ash, of which there many have been set out as shade trees in this city, seems to be the most affected. Many residents have promptly cut down and destroyed the trees upon receiving notice from the inspector. Those who fail to heed the warning given will be prosecuted.

Ontario Values Advancing.

Ontario—David Wilson denies the truth of the report that he has sold his townsite property to J. P. Howard, of Sumpter, and he says further that he has no intention of disposing of the property at present. Howard had an option on the holdings, by which he was to pay \$30,000 for the property but the option has expired. Mr. Wilson's agents report that within the last month he has sold lots in the townsite to the value of \$15,000, and has contracts for \$10,000 in addition.

MEET AT PORTLAND IN JANUARY

Development League and Press Association to Hold Joint Session.

The Oregon Development league and the Oregon Press association will hold a joint convention under the auspices of the Portland Commercial club, January 12 and 13. A rate of one fare for the round trip will be made from Roseburg and all points south and from Pendleton and all points east. The rate from those points nearer Portland will be a fare and a third for the round trip. The program of this meeting is now being prepared and gives promise of being the most interesting of its character yet held in this state—elaborate preparations for entertainment are also being made by the Portland Commercial club. In addition to the joint meeting of the two organizations there will be business meetings of each, while sections will discuss a particular industry only.

Excursion to California.

Under the auspices of the Oregon Development league, and immediately following the joint convention of the league and Press association, an Oregon excursion will be run to California. While the special train will start from Portland the party will be made up of members from all parts of the state. Each individual ticket, including round trip fare, Pullman berth to Los Angeles and three meals on the diner, will be \$63—when two persons occupy one berth, charge will be \$58 each. The trip to Los Angeles, including stops at principal California points, will occupy about six days. At Los Angeles the party will disembark, returning as they choose according to special railroad arrangement. Secretary Tom Richardson of the Oregon Development league, will furnish any information, and those desiring to go should send their names to him.

Violate Factory Laws.

Salem—Labor Commissioner Hoff has returned from a five weeks' tour of inspection of the mills and factories in Jackson, Coos, Josephine and parts of Lane and Douglas counties. During his absence he visited 146 mills and factories and in most of them he found exposed shafts and parts of machines which are a menace to life and limb as long as they are neglected. The owners were notified in each instance to make improvements, which if made, will lessen the chance of serious accidents happening.

Polk Land is Active.

Independence—A. M. Bosley, of Missouri, has brought 145 acres of farm land west of Monmouth for \$3,000, and will make his home at that place. The Hill estate has sold 13 acres of land just west of town to M. Mix at \$110 per acre. R. J. Taylor has purchased the J. B. Johnson property in West Independence. W. H. Warner, of this place, has purchased property at St. Johns, Ore., and moved his family there.

Two Railroads for Wallows.

Enterprise—While the Wallows Valley people are rejoicing over the assurance of the extension of the O. R. & N. to Enterprise there comes the possibility of the county getting another railroad in the north end. Rogers Bros., of Astoria, are surveying a route up the Grand Ronde, with the intention of building an electric road from their townsite on the Snake. This will take a very fertile farming country.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 70c per bushel; blue-stem, 72c; valley, 73c; red, 66c.

Oats—No. 1 white feed, \$26.50; gray, \$26.50 per ton.

Barley—Feed, \$21.50@22 per ton; brewing, \$22@22.50; rolled, \$23@23.50.

Rye—\$1.50 per cental.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$14.50@15.50 per ton; valley timothy, \$11@12; clover, \$8@9; cheat, \$8.50@9.50; grain hay, \$8@9.

Fruits—Apples, \$1@1.50 per box; huckleberries, 7c per pound; pears, \$1.25@1.50 per box; quinces, \$1 per box.

Vegetables—Beans, wax, 12c per pound; cabbage, 1@1½c per pound; cauliflower, \$1.75@2.25 per crate; celery, 75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50@60c per dozen; pumpkins, ¾@1c per pound; tomatoes, \$1@1.25 per crate; sprouts, 7c per pound; squash, ¾@1c per pound; turnips, 90c@1 per sack; carrots, 65@75c per sack; beets, 85c@1 per sack.

Onions—Oregon yellow Danvers, \$1.25 per sack.

Potatoes—Fancy graded Burbanks, 65@75c per sack; ordinary, 55@60c; Merced sweets, sacks, \$1.90@2.00; \$2.15.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27½c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 35c per dozen. Poultry—Average old hens, 11c per pound; young roosters, 10c; springs, 11@13c; dressed chickens, 12@14c; turkeys, live, 17c; turkeys, dressed, 18@21c; geese, live, 9c; ducks, 14@16c.

Hops—Oregon, 1905, choice, 10@11½c per pound; olds, 5@7c.

NEEDS A STRONG LEADER.

Russian Nation Blindly Stagnates in Throes of Revolution.

St. Petersburg, via Eydtkuhnen, Dec. 11.—But one question is being asked at present in this unhappy country: Where is the revolution leading Russia? It is the one all important subject before the people, and happy would be the man who could foresee just what is ahead. But this is impossible. The best informed men can only guess at what may come to pass. All is chaos and disorder, and what is worse, there is no light ahead. Russia today might well be likened to a giant staggering down a blind alley in the blackest midnight. He knows not where his path leads; he cannot tell where pitfalls are before him. The end of it all can only be guessed and no prediction is of any value.

For this revolution is a terrible thing. It has paralyzed industry, it has ruined all business, it has tied up the postal and telegraph service, and when it desired, it has effectually stopped all railroad traffic. It has been responsible for crimes unspeakable; it has caused the blood of Russian patriots to flow from one end of the empire to the other; it has arrayed class against class and man against man; it has bred mutiny in the navy and created dissension among the soldiers; it has caused the peasants to rise against the tyrants who for centuries have dominated them and ground them to the earth. It has practically nullified the authority of the government and given to the proletariat powers he never dreamed of possessing 12 months ago, because he has learned how he may bend all authority, even that of the czar, to his will.

HOCH STARTS OIL WAR.

Would Spread Kansas Laws Over Entire Nation.

Topeka, Dec. 11.—Governor Hoch has started a national war on the Standard Oil company. Last year the governor threw the gaff into the Standard by means of several laws regulating the oil industry. Now he wants the same thing to happen in the other states of the Union and accordingly is sending letters to every other state governor asking for the passage of the same laws that Kansas has now on the statute books.

He recites the facts in the Kansas fight and explains the pipe line common carrier, the maximum freight rate and the anti-discrimination laws which cut the Standard's tentacles, and concludes: "It is extremely desirable to extend the operation of these principles of government to other states, that the greatest possible good may come of them. I therefore most heartily recommend these enactments to the favorable consideration of the governors of sister states, and trust they may think the subject of sufficient importance to recommend to their respective legislatures, and I urge the legislatures of the several states to study these Kansas enactments and if thought wise to incorporate them or their essential features into the laws of their respective states."

MARTIN TO FRONT.

South Dakota Representative Wants Commerce Controlled.

Chicago, Dec. 11.—The Washington correspondent of the Post wires as follows:

Eben W. Martin, of South Dakota, hitherto counted as one of the most conservative Republicans in the house, has brought trouble to the door of the party leaders by introducing a bill of a substance so strongly paternalistic that it casts some of the radical measures into the shade and by comparison makes the others appear as bulwarks of conservatism.

Mr. Martin's measure aims to give the government control of every corporation in the country that is engaged in interstate commerce in fuel or food supplies. Two years ago Representative Martin forced consideration of his resolution asking for investigation of the beet industry. The resolution passed the house and the beef inquiry is on.

Oranges Battered on Trees.

Santa Ana, Cal., Dec. 11.—The worst wind storm of the season prevailed throughout the Santa Ana valley today, the wind coming down the Santa Ana canyon from the desert in gusts that frequently reached a velocity of 40 miles an hour. The storm was general from Oceanside, in San Diego county, to Whittier, in Los Angeles county, and extended to the interior as far as Riverside, Redlands and San Bernardino. Wherever it was felt, damage was done to orange crops by the fruit being battered against the trees.

Jones Asks Quick Action.

Washington, Dec. 11.—Representative Jones today sent a letter to Secretary Hitchcock strongly urging him to immediately approve the Tieton and Sunnyside irrigation projects. Mr. Jones believes that if these projects are approved and the money set aside for their construction, it will require but a short time to clear up the conflicting water rights and bring about the formation of satisfactory water users' associations.

Many Coal Barges Lost.

Hawesville, Ky., Dec. 11.—At 9 o'clock tonight the towboats Harry Brown and Raymond Hornor, with tow of coal for New Orleans were caught in a severe wind storm opposite here. The Brown lost 27 barges, while the Hornor lost seven. Each barge contained 25,000 bushels of coal. The coal was valued at \$120,000 and the barges at \$64,000. No lives were lost.