A SECRET OF THE SEA

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON,

Author of "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "His Grace," "Queen Sweetheart," "Behind a Veil," "Fortune's Sport," "A Woman in Grey," "The Barn Stormers," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Bell-Dancer.

A sudden fear, small and cold as a crawling adder, crept into Eve's heart, but she would not give it room. What nonsense, she said—scolding herself for a foolish thought—to suppose that this Moorish woman, selling jewels for her mistress, could possibly have any real knowledge of Dick Knight or the Xenia! She wanted money, that was all, or perhaps she was anxious to go to Gibraltar on her own account, and was scheming to have her fare paid. It must be one of the two motives which moved her; still—it would be stupid not to take advantage of such a wonderful chance to send a word of encouragement to Dick. Another opportunity like this might never come; and Eve had not promised her father that she would never write to Dick.

"Are you free to leave Tangier?" the girl asked, more cautiously.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I am free," said the veiled woman. "I am a widow. My husband was a soldier in the Sultan's bodyguard, but he is dead and I have my living to make. The ladies in the harems of all the principal men here know and trust me. I do a great deal of business for them, such as selling jewelry, making cosmetics, and telling fortunes. The diamond tiara which you saw to-night I should probably get a better price for in Gibraltar, where there are a number of English ladies at all times of the year. Here in Tangier the season is now over; most of the rich foreigners have gone from the hotels. But I cannot make the journey to Gibraltar without money. If you can give me enough for my fare there and back, I will not ask for more, because it will be good for me to be in Gibraltar. Once there, I will go to see the gentleman on board the lost yacht——"

"Perhaps you would not be allowed on board." Eve broke in, doubtfully.

"Then I could write to him. That is, I could write if I had an excuse. He would laugh and send me about my business if I pleaded that I could help him in his work by looking in my topaz. Men do laugh at such things, until they are convinced against their wills. And I could convince him, but not at first. I must have some other reason for applying to him. If you could write a letter, mademoiselle——"

"Very well, I will write a letter, and you shall take it," the girl answered, blushing, and believed that the woman should have been the first to make the suggestion. "I have not much money of my own, and—I can't ask for such a purpose. But I have a five-pound note——"

"It will be enough, mademoiselle," said the woman, "and the letter, will you write it now?"

Eve sat down at the pretty little white writing desk which was built into the wall of her cabin. There was no time for a long letter. At any moment now she might be called to dinner, and the woman would have to leave the Lily Maid. But a few words to Dick would answer as well as volumes—if only they were the right words:

"I love you better than ever," she said, "and nothing will make me stop loving you. Lord Waverley is a bore. Fair men seem so insipid—after you. This may be the last letter I shall have a chance to write, but I shall be always thinking about you, Dick. A woman who is going to Gibraltar will take this. I think I may trust her. Please be kind to the poor thing for my sake, as she is going such a long way for me. And if she asks to tell your fortune let her do it. She is quite wonderful, and she told me all about you.—Yours always (I really mean that), Eve."

"Come along, girlie," cried Sir Peter's voice at the door. "We've been called to dinner."

"Yes, yes, we're just finishing," responded Eve, nervously. "I'll be there in a minute." She folded the paper, snatched an envelope, addressed it to "Richard Knight, Esq., Yacht Xenia, Harbor of Gibraltar," thrust the letter inside and sealed it. "Now, how shall I ever know that this has been delivered, and that you have told my friend all the things you have promised?"

"The gentleman will send you word in a letter," returned the woman, with confidence.

"No, he can't do that. But here, take this handkerchief of mine. See, it has my name, 'Eve,' embroidered in the corner. Post that to me in an envelope from Gibraltar. Better send it to Lisbon. I'll address it to myself, that's best. Here, take it quickly; there must be nothing but the handkerchief—no letter. I shall know by the Gibraltar postmark that it is all right."

A moment later the veiled woman was meekly leaving the state room, her head demurely bowed, her dark eyes on the ground. And it was only when she had left the yacht in the waiting boat, and Eve was playing hostess at the dinner table, that the girl had time to tell herself that she had been very foolish. She had really no guarantee at all that the woman would go to Gibraltar, and take the letter to Dick Knight. Perhaps she would throw it away, and send the handkerchief to someone she might know at Gibraltar to post there. Or, perhaps, she would put a stamp on the letter, and let it go through the post office, without keping her promise about helping Dick by means of her topaz-gazing powers. Even that would be better than nothing, for the envelope was fully addressed, and would certainly reach Dick if it were posted; but the woman might be a wicked creature. She might open and get someone who understood English to read it; then, finding that it was a love letter, she might either try to blackmail Eve herself, by threatening to show it to Sir Peter, unless she were paid for secrecy, or she might go straight to the latter and offer to sell him valuable information concerning his daughter.

With these alarming thoughts in her mind, it was all that Eve could do to laugh and talk, and hide her anxiety. But her cheeks burned with a rose-flush of excitement, and her dilated eyes were large, and dark as violets. Waverley was even more in love than he had been when he had seen her last in England, and thought it rather hard lines that Sir Peter had coolly advised him, if he wanted the girl, not to "rush things."

Next morning there was an expedition into Tangier, for sight-seeing and shopping. Lady Drayton had been spending most of the winter at the largest hotel in the picturesque Eastern town, and her brother had come out to join her several weeks ago, so that there were no novelties left for them, but Waverley promised himself pleasure in watching Eve's delight. As the yacht's boat came dancing over the bright green water, towards the quay, another boat, somewhat larger, shot out from the jetty. Several English people were on board, and among them sat a white-draped, veiled figure, at sight of which Eve Markham gave a little stifled cry.

"What is it Evie?" asked her father. "Anyone we know in the boat?"

"No-o," the girl hesitated; "it was only—I thought I recognized that Moorish woman who came on board the Lily Maid with Lady Drayton and Lord Waveley last night."

"Not very likely," said Waverley. "She wouldn't be going to Gib."

"Are the people in that boat going there?" Eve inquired, hiding eagerness.

"Yes; they're being taken out to the Sultana, a little trading boat that plies back and forth twice a week. Perhaps you noticed her anchored not far from the Lily Maid this morning?"

Eve managed to reply that she had not, though she was so preoccupied that she could not have told afterwards whether she had said "yes" or "no."

So the woman was actually going to Gibraltar, and evidently meant to keep her word! Eve would have given almost anything to know what would really pass between the fortune-teller and Dick Knight; what he would think of the letter, whether he would countenance the topaz-gazing, and whether anything interesting would be prophesied to him. The veiled woman had said that she could put him in the path of fortune; and the way she had described Dick Knight, and told the exact circumstances which detained him in Gibraltar, did seem wonderful. Eve was very young, very childlike in some respects even for her eighteen years, and she did not realize how easy it is to believe what one ardently desires to believe. She would have insisted, in repeating what had happened last night between her and the fortune-teller, that she had said nothing to put the woman on the right track; whereas not a statement had been made which might not have been suggested by a change of expression on Eve's face, a sigh, a quick-drawn breath, a look of anxiety, an inadvertent word, or broken sentence.

They landed and walked up through the narrow streets to the Sok, or market-place. Eve conducted by Waverley, while Sir Peter and Lady Drayton followed leisurely on behind. It was market day, and the great square was crowded with dark-faced men, selling fruit and vegetables heaped in bright-colored piles on the low stands before which they squatted, or displayed strange garments for sale; beads, red and yellow; worsted in huge hanks; formidable looking knives; glass bracelets; flat, sugared cakes, and a thousand and one things over which veiled women, tiny brown children, and tall, thin-legged men cloaked with sacking, chattered, and bargained. Men with skin water bottles on their backs threaded their way among the moving throngs; groups of gaily-dressed Moors stopped to gaze gravely at snake charmers and conjurors; and in the centre of the market place a crowd was collected round someone or something apparently of special interest.

Eve and Waverley went towards the group, the girl unaware that her father and Lady Drayton had now been left far behind, the young man agreeably conscious of the fact.

"Why, what an extraordinary looking creature!" Eve exclaimed, when they had come near enough to see what was going on inside the circle.

"Oh, it's only old Sidi Mahrez, the mad bell dancer," exclaimed Waverley; "he's a great character in Tangier."

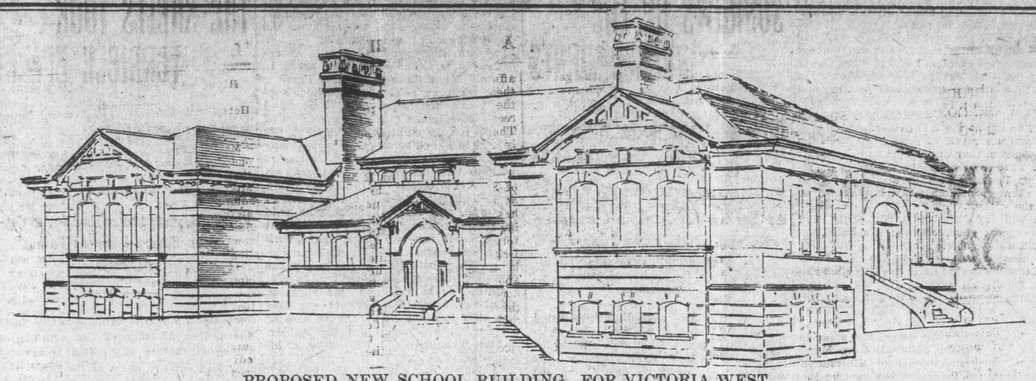
Until the young man spoke the air had been sibilant, with an unceasing sound of litle jingling bells, whose delicate notes rang out shrilly above the roar and hum of the market place. Within the circle an old man—black as a berry and half naked, with cow's horns on his head, his emaciated body hung from throat to thighs with strings of bells—had been jumping up and down, performing strange antics with his thin legs and arms, his great eyes rolling, his thick lips chanting a barbaric air in time with the jingling of his thousand bells. But at the sound of Waverley's voice he stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot, the bells still vibrating. His eyes, which had been rolled up under his wrinkled lids, so that only the whites showed, came down and fixed themselves on the Englishman, then turned to the lovely girl in white. With an imperative gesture he motioned the crowd aside, and the Orientals scattered before him as if struck with awe, collecting again at a little distance to see what would happen next.

"They're afraid of the old fellow," said Waverley; "they think he's a wizard, and that he can 'conjure' their children if he chooses. But he's a harmless old fool, really, only rather sharp in some ways. I've given him money for his queer dance once or twice, and of course he was quick to recognize my voice. Are you afraid of him or would you care to stop and see him go through his dance?"

Eve laughed at the idea of being afraid, and said that she would like to see the dance. Accordingly it began, and consisted of extraordinary writhings of the wiry black body accompanied by strange croonings, and the tintinnabulation of many bells. At the end the old man, apparently breathless, darted forward and caught Eve's white serge dress.

"Here, here, none of that!" exclaimed Waverley, sharply, confident that his tone if not his words would be understood. "I've got something for you. Let the young lady alone."

But already Eve, greatly interested, and not in the least frightened, had opened her purse. She took out some Moorish silver which she had got from a money-changer in the bazaars, and held it for the old man to take. He grasped the coin, but left something in its place in Eve's hand.



PROPOSED NEW SCHOOL BUILDING FOR VICTORIA WEST.

Plan Prepared by W. Ridgway Wilson— The Building Will Be of Brick, and Provide Accommodation of Eight Class Rooms. Voting on the By-law Takes Place To-morrow.

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Dick Knight stood with the ivory knob of the stateroom door in his hand, unable to believe his own ears. For as long as it might take a man to count ten, perhaps, he was spell-bound with surprise; then he flung the door wide open, and walked into the cabin.

"Who's there?" he asked sharply, thinking it possible that one of the watchers sent on board by the captain of the port might have been tempted to do a little exploring on his own account.

No answer came. The sly, rustling sound had ceased. The unlighted cabin was silent with a silence that seemed deathlike, after that mysterious, unexpected stirring, but Dick noticed, or fancied he noticed, that the delicate fragrance which had hung about the cabin—as about all the vanished woman's belongings—was stronger than before. His blood began to run more quickly as he found his way to the electric light switch and turned it on. Simultaneously each full-blown rose in the wreath round the mirror, and the garland hanging from the white swan's beak over the bed, blazed with a pink diamond at its heart; the room was suffused with the soft, rosy radiance intended to enhance a woman's beauty.

Dick Knight's eyes travelled rapidly round the cabin. It was empty, and looked, at a superficial glance, exactly as it had looked when he had visited it last. There were no places of concealment except the wardrobe and the bath room. Dick walked straight to the latter, switched on the light, saw that no one was there, and returned to search the wardrobe. With his hand on the door, which slid into a groove, he had suddenly an impression that some evil living presence lurked behind the thin wooden barrier, waiting to spring at him when the barrier should be removed. A chill crep through his veins, and though he had proved himself a brave man in circumstances which try men's souls, he knew now that he was afraid. Angry and ashamed of what he anathematised as cowardice, he gave the door a sharp push which sent it gliding along its groove to the very end.

It moved jerkily at the last, with a slight metallic sound, and it seemed to Knight that there was another sound, too, like a rustling of silk. But there was nothing in the wardrobe except the rows of dainty dresses, each hanging on a separate hook, the skirts and bodices of the same costmue placed together. Still, the impression of horror remained; some malicious and hideous thing, threatening evil. There was surely no sound now, and yet Dick imagined the coming and going of a breath. If there were ghosts, he said to himself, it was imaginable that they might make their invisible presence known in some such eerie and indefinable way as this. But, then, there were no such thing as ghosts, in this world at least, and he was a fool to be unnerved for nothing. He thrust his arm deep into the wardrobe, pushing the delicate dresses to right and left, determined to make sure that no one was hiding in the narrow space behind them. Nothing was there; and yet Dick Knight drew his arm back suddenly with an exclamation of astonishment. Something cold had touched the back of his hand, and he had received a distinct electric shock.

For a moment he stood still, staring into the wardrobe in absolute bewilderment. "By Jove, I must be off my head!" he said to himself, slowly, and aloud, for the comfort of his own voice. "I must have fancied that. It couldn't have happened. Who would have thought I could be such a fool!"

To punish himself he began passing both hands back and forth among the perfumed dresses in the wardrobe, touching each one, and the wall behind. The electric shock did not come again, and he felt that he ought to be sure it had not really come before. But he could not be sure. On the contrary, he was certain that he had felt it, could even feel it still, tingling up his right arm as far as the elbow; and still more disconcerting was it to retain the same impression of hidden, living evil close at hand which had seized him on first opening the wardrobe door.

For the third time he searched the place, more as a test of his nerves than to satisfy his curiosity. If he had been a spiritualist, he would have said that the "influence" was still there, though passive for the present; but not being a spiritualist Knight was merely disgusted with himself for what seemed like weakness. He was letting the strange events of the past two days prey upon his nerves, which was the one thing he ought to guard against, if he wished to succeed. He had only begun the work which meant everything for his future, and in all probability the hardest was yet to come. If he were to lose his head on the first round of the ladder, then he was a very different man from his own idea of himself.

Three years ago, just after coming down from Oxford, he had gone out to South Africa as a war correspondent for a London daily, owned by a man he had met at Christchurch. He had known war in all its naked horror, and had himself been seriously wounded while helping to guard an armored train. A year later, he had gone out to China, and had seen worse things there than fighting; but never had his nerve failed him as it had to-night, and he was as much ashamed as if he had been a sentinel caught sleeping at his post.

He began to question now whether he had not been mistaken from the first in thinking he heard a rustling inside this state room. Something he had heard, certainly, but now he argued that he might have miscalculated the direction from which the sound came. He had been promised that his investigations on board the Xenia would not be interfered with; nevertheless, it might be considered part of the watchers' duty to supervise his actions from a distance, and one of the two men appointed by the captain of the port might have been following him when he entered the state room. This must have been so, he told himself now, for no wind was blowing to rustle papers or curtains, and there were only three persons on the yacht—himself and those two others. Sounds such as he had heard could not make themselves, and unless one were to take refuge in the supernatural, one must account in the only rational way for what had happened. He would presently question the two men, and the seeming mystery would doubtless be readily solved—all but the electric shock received in the wardrobe; and that he feared must be set down to an over-sensitive imagination.

So thinking Dick attempted to shut the wardrobe door, but it stuck in the groove, leaving an open space of eight or ten inches; and, seeing it thus, it occurred to him that this door had not been closed, when he came into the state room ten minutes ago. Earlier in the day it had been tight shut, he remembered, for he had glanced into the cabin in making a tour of the yacht, immediately after coming on board and settling his luggage in one of the unused state rooms. Tonight, after hearing the noise, and turning on the light, his mind had been intent on other things, and he had not said to himself: "This door is not as I saw it last"; but he was almost sure that when he first touched it, there had been exactly the same open space which existed now. There would not be room enough for a man to squeeze his body into the wardrobe, without pushing the door several inches farther back in its groove; but a slender woman might slip through, without moving the door. Dick's mind touched on this possibility, then glided off again, for he had proved beyond a shadow of doubt that no one was concealed behind the dresses in the wardrobe. He jerked the door with some violence, overcame its tendency to stick, and closed it with a snap, only remembering as he did so, what had originally brought him to the state room. He had come with the idea of finding some clue to the identity of its missing inmate by means of the gowns hanging in the wardrobe. Stupid to have let the thing be driven from his mind by funk—for there was no use disguising it, he had been in a funk for a moment or two! He flung open the door again and took from its hook the bodice of a white satin dress. The wearer had evidently been slender and small; the inside belt could scacrely measure twenty inches, and printed upon it in small gold letters were the words: "Lucette et Cie, 75, Via Sicilia, Napoli."

This was satisfactory; and, encouraged, Knight examined the belts in several other bodices. All showed the same name, and every frock looked so new and unsoiled that the young man fancied they must have been made quite recently. He decided to keep two or three of these bodices, send or take them to the house of Lucette et Cie in Naples, and learn the name of the lady for whom they had been designed. So intent was he upon this new idea that he forgot to close the wardrobe door at last, and was leaving the stateroom with his spoils hanging over his arm, when he noticed in passing the dressing table the heavy perfume which had struck him on entering the room. It certainly was stronger than it had been, and strongest of all near the table. He stopped and looked more carefully than before at the mass of glittering things which sparkled under the rosy light. His first glance on coming into the cabin had given him the impression that all was as it had been, but now he saw that it was not so. A gold scent-bottle had been upset, and the screw-top, with its huge turquoise, almost as big as a robin's egg, lay beside it, in a little patch of fragrant moisture. But this was not the only change. In the inventory of valuables taken by the captain of the port: "six rings—diamond, emerald, ruby, pearl, sapphire, opal, in a small gold dish on lady's dressing table," were among the items high on the list.

Dick remembered the entry, to which he had certified, and he remembered the rings. Now, three were missing.

Rapidly he ran his eye over the other jewels, and so far as he could remember, everything else was there. He went into the next state room, once occupied by the owner of the yacht, and found all as it should be. But Dick was greatly perplexed, and having left the little heap of silks and satins and chiffons taken from the wardrobe, in the cabin he had selected for himself, he went up on deck.

His two official companions were standing near the bow, talking together, and he joined them. "Which one of you was down below lately?" he asked.

Both men looked at him in apparent surprise. "Neither of us have been below lately, sir," returned the elder of the two. "We've been where we are now for the last half hour or more."

"You are sure of that?" inquired Dick.

"Sure, sir."

"No one could have sneaked on board, I suppose, without your knowledge?"

"Not possible, sir. May we ask why?"

Dick determined to say nothing to the men about the rings, but to tell the captain of the port in the morning what had happened. "Oh, I thought I had heard someone moving about in the saloon or one of the state rooms a few minutes ago, that's all," he said, aloud.

The two men looked at each other, exchanging a peculiar glance.

There was little sleep for Dick that night, partly, perhaps, because it was his first on board the Xenia (not counting the moonlit hours of that strange visit of exploration) and partly because he had many things of which to think. He decided to make a parcel of the spoil filched from the wardrobe, and send them to-morrow to Lucette with a carefully-worded letter of inquiry. He would have liked to take them himself, but it would be impossible to leave the yacht at present, and he was not patient of delay. If the French dressmaker in Naples, who did business as Lucette et Cie, was able to recall the names of the customers who had ordered these costumes from her, she would also be able to state the fact in black and white—and answer various questions on paper as well as by word of mouth.

Finding himself unable to sleep for thinking of things which he had left undone, and other things yet to do, he could no longer bear to lie tossing in his berth. It had occurred to him that, if evening clothes should be hanging in the wardrobe of the missing owner of the Xenia, it would help to prove his theory that the last meal eaten on board had not been dinner, but luncheon. Besides, he had not yet looked at the man's clothing to find the tailor's name.

The state room was next but one to the cabin he now occupied. He turned on the light there, found the evening things, as he had hoped to do, but was surprised and disappointed at the absence of the tailor's name in every coat which he examined. Inside the collar of each, in place of the usual loop with the name of the maker, a small silver chain had been inserted, and there was no clue to the maker of the neatly-folded and well-laundered shirts in the drawers of a tall chiffonier.

When there was nothing more which the wardrobe of the vanished owner could tell him Dick switched off the electricity and stepped out of the state room to go back to his own. It was dark, and as he had neglected to turn on the light in his cabin before starting out, he groped in dead blackness, feeling his way along the wall. He had just reached his own door, when, quick as the rustle of some little night creature scuttling through the grass, came the sly, silky sound he had heard a few hours ago. Instantly he put out his hand, and his groping fingers touched a soft, slippery thing which darted away from under them almost before he was sure of its reality. Dick followed in the direction it seemed to have taken until suddenly he was brought up against a table. Then he realized that it was useless to continue a chase in the dark. He came upon a door, opened it, and switched on the light, discovering that he had stumbled into his own state room. By means of this illumination he found the electric switch in the saloon, and soon had a brilliant light; but the rustling mystery was still invisible, and though angry and bewildered he left no cranny unexplored, he discovered nothing which could acount for his experience. One of the men was audibly asleep in the first officer's cabin, the other was on the bridge. There Dick saw him, and satisfied that neither he nor his companion had been concerned in the mysterious affair, returned to his own state room.

(To be continued.)

THE COAL DUTY.

Hon. A. Chamberlain Informs a Deputation That It Will Not Be Removed.

London, April 12.—The combined efforts of the coal owners, exporters, shipowners and miners have failed to induce A. Chamberlain, the chancellor of the exchequer, to repeal the coal duty.

An important deputation, representing all the above interests, laid the case before the chancellor to-day and pleaded that the duty was disastrous to every industry connected with the coal trade, and enabled their German and other rivals to displace British coal.

Mr. Chamberlain, in reply, lengthily compared the arguments of the petitioners with the facts in his possession, and concluded with denying that there was any reason for the abolition of the duty. He said the fact that the exports for the past year were the largest on record disproved the forebodings of the deputation.

A well known oculist states that 40 men and three women to every 1,000 persons are color blind.

PRESENTATION TO MINISTER.

Rev. Mr. Carr Received an Address and Purse Prior to Leaving for Ontario.

A very pleasant function took place at the residence of Rev. Mr. Carr, Duncans, on Tuesday evening last, when some 25 or 30 heads of families belonging to the Presbyterian and Methodist churches assembled to present him with an address and purse on the eve of his departure for his home in Ontario, where he intends to remain, at least for the present, to take a rest and recuperate his health, which has been failing for some time past. James Evans, of Duncans, presented the following address and purse on behalf of the congregation:

To the Rev. Mr. Carr:

Dear Sir:—The congregation of the Presbyterian church of Duncans hearing that you are about to depart for Eastern Canada, cannot allow the opportunity to pass without expressing our deep regret. At the same time we hope you may speedily be restored to perfect health.

During your residence amongst us here nothing but the greatest of harmony and good fellowship between pastor and congregation has prevailed.

We also pray that in years to come you will carry pleasant recollections of your pastorate while in the little town of Duncans, where you have labored so faithfully and diligently in the good cause.

As a slight token of our respect and esteem we present to you this purse which we hope you will accept as a parting gift from your friends in this vicinity and the members of our church.

ROBERT GRASSIE,
Treasurer.

Duncans, April 12th, 1904.

Rev. Mr. Carr responded in a few well-chosen remarks. He said: "Taken by surprise I can scarcely know how to thank the good people of Duncans for the great kindness shown me since my arrival in your midst, and shall always remember you wherever my lot may be cast. Again I thank you.

Mrs. Clark presided at the organ, and a very pleasant evening was spent. Rev. Mr. Carr left on Wednesday.

Harry Evans, of Somenos, intends leaving next week for Wales, his old home, after an absence of 34 years, over 20 of which has been spent in Cowichan. He intends returning in the fall.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP.

Examination For Provincial Candidates is Now in Progress in This City.

The examination of candidates for the Rhodes scholarship for this province is now in progress at the educational offices of the parliament buildings. Under it a three-year scholarship is given, valued at £300 per year, to the candidate from each province who is selected by the advisory committee for the province.

In addition to the examination upon scholastic subjects, the standing of the students as leaders among their fellows, as strong men in debate, and in athletic sports, are taken into consideration. The personal recommendations as to character, etc., must be of the highest.

There are five candidates competing from this province. They are I. Rubinowitz and Harry Bray, who are in their final year at McGill University; F. G. T. Lucas, a graduate in arts of Toronto University, and who is now a law student in Vancouver; W. A. Donaldson and E. K. DeBeck.

The latter two are taking the examination in this city, the others being exempt on account of their standing in Canadian universities, whose examinations are recognized by Oxford.

The examinations are being conducted under Inspector Wilson and Frank H. Eaton, city superintendent of schools.

Yesterday the examination consisted of Latin translation, Latin composition, Latin grammar and Greek grammar. To-day the subjects will be arithmetic, geometry and Greek translation.

THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW

A Financial Success—The Secretary, T. P. McConnell, Will Resign.

The third annual show of the Victoria Kennel Club, held last week, was a financial success. This will be gratifying information to members of the association and outside fanciers. It was principally through the large number of entries, attracted because of the extra inducements offered, that the assets were made to exceed the liabilities. The attendance, Secretary McConnell points out, was not as large by a third as that of previous years.

Officials of the club have been busy ever since the show closed on Saturday evening issuing prizes and diplomas to those whose dogs were awarded blue, red or white ribbons. The handsome diplomas bear the signatures of J. W. Creighton, president, and T. P. McConnell, secretary.

Needless to say the adverse criticism by some of the exhibitors at the decisions of Judge Davidson has created an unfavorable impression among members of the club. It is understood that the withdrawal of Mrs. J. J. Bostock's dogs from the exhibition after the judging will be considered at a meeting to be held at an early date. There is also a probability that some action will be taken on this occasion calculated to prevent the repetition of such challenges as that issued by J. Riplinger, of Seattle, at the recent show. The majority of members feel much the same in regard to this matter as a Seattle fancier, who, writing on the subject, says:

"It is very much to be regretted when exhibitors at dog shows cannot take their defeats in a more sportsmanlike manner, and still more to be regretted when their lamentations and tirades against the judge find their way into the kennel and daily press. This impugning a judge's honesty or ability only serves to create in the minds of the novitiate the impression that only a certain few can win, and so there is no use of entering their dogs. It is unsportsmanlike for the reason that every exhibitor knows full well who the judge is to be before he enters his dog, and he is at liberty to withhold his entry if he so desires, but when he does enter, and if he loses, and though disappointed, let him take his medicine and move on to the next show for redress under a new judge."

The announcement is made that at the next meeting of the club T. P. McConnell, who has acted as secretary for several years past, has decided to submit his resignation. Mr. McConnell finds that he will be too busy in the future to attend to the onerous duties falling to that official. As he has given every satisfaction during his term of office this decision will be unwelcome news to all fanciers.

To-morrow morning the annual Seattle kennel show will open at that city. Like the local exhibition, it will last four days, closing on Saturday evening. In an announcement of the show the Seattle Times says: "Secretary McAllister announces that there are 225 entries to the show, and these include the prize dogs of San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Jose and Sacramento, in California; Spokane and Tacoma; The Dalles and Portland, in Oregon; and Victoria and Vancouver, in British Columbia. Added to these will be the crack dogs of Seattle, which win favorable notice all up and down the Coast."

This evening Frank Turner, the local handler, will leave for the Sound, taking with him a number of prize winning canines. The string will include two Gordon setters belonging to S. W. Bodley, two cockers belonging to J. W. Creighton, and the St. Bernard, His Highness, owned by F. W. Hall.

Wandee Revelry, the fox terrier winner here, will be shown next week at Portland and at the shows to be held later on in California. T. P. McConnell's Count Rego and other prize winner English setters will be put in competition.

THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY.

The Successful Work of the Dredge at Lillooet.

"In twelve days the Iowa-Lillooet Dredging Company, working their new dredge installed by Robert Hamilton, has taken out an average of forty ounces of gold for each shift of ten hours," says the Vancouver Ledger. "The last day that I was there the tables were completely covered with gold. It was thought that there was at least one hundred ounces to be cleaned up for the one shift."

"This startling mining news was given to the Ledger by James Amyss, who has been for the past ten years engaged in mining the gravels, planning dredging plants and doing his best to convince others of that of which he has long been certain—that the gravels of the Fraser river bed are rich in gold, and that good judgment, capital and a proper dredging plant would give bountiful returns.

"The newly built dredge that the Hamilton Manufacturing Company has constructed for the Iowa Company is working. The dredge was guaranteed to raise 2,500 yards of gravel per day, and the company that manufactured it were to operate it for thirty days. The plant seems entirely capable of so doing when everything is got down to a thorough working basis.

"The Hamilton Company was to operate the dredge for thirty days. Mr. Toole, of the Tranquille Creek Dredge, has been in charge as the dredge master. He is an old New Zealander, and says the Lillooet showing is marvellous.

"Gravel has so far been prospected to a depth of about 30 feet just below the bar in the river a short distance below the Fraser river bridge, and just opposite the placer mine owned by Wm. Teitjen, the well known Vancouver cigar manufacturer, bed rock was not reached and the gravel was equally rich at depth as on the surface. No less than eight more dredges will be built to work on ground already secured. More mining men are staking gravel whenever vacant, and it is safe to say there will not be a vacant section of the Fraser river from Cottonwood to Yale within a week.

"It is believed, Mr. Amyss says, that the Lillooet dredge will average $1,000 per day net, where it is working, and the gravel is practically inexhaustible. Horsebeef bar below is known to be even richer than where the dredge is now working.

"At Lytton the old dredge has been repaired and at work for about three weeks. It is stated, on what seems to be good authority, that it has averaged about $400 per day. This dredge is not handling nearly the amount of gravel that the new one, which is about completed at Lytton and that will begin operations next week, will do. Parties are arranging for a new dredge at Big Bar and one at Big Slide.

"The Iowa Company, as soon as Mr. Amyss reaches the East, will arrange for building more dredges on their concessions."

THREE MEN DROWNED.

Manistee, Mich., April 12.—The tug Frank Canfield, owned by the Canfield Tug Line, ran aground at the out bar at Point Sable and sank last night. Captain Henry Smith, Engineer Chas. Kopfer and Helper Wm. Justmonn were lost. Chas. Smith and Gus Szusitsky, mate and fireman, were saved by the use of the life raft.

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