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A SET OF ROGUES

BY FRANK BARNETT

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CHAPTER XXVIII

About once in a fortnight I con-
to go to London for a couple of days on
some pretext of business, and best part
of this time I spent with Dawson. And
the first visit I paid him after the re-
turn of Moll and her husband, telling
him of their complete happiness. Moll's
increasing womanly beauty and the pro-
perous aspect of our affairs (for I had
that day positive assurance our deal
would be obtained within a month), I
concluded by asking if his exile might
not now be stopped, and he be in a po-
sition to come to Chislehurst and see her
as he had before.

"No, Kit, thank you kindly," says
he, after fighting it out with himself in
silence a minute or two, "better not. I
am getting in a manner used to this
solitude, and bar two or three days a
week, when I feel a bit handg and
hipped-a-thinking there's not much in
this world for an old fellow to live for
when he's lost his child, I am pretty
well content. It would only undo me.
If you had a child—your own flesh and
blood, part of your life—a child that
had been to you what my sweet Moll
hath been to me, you would comprehend
better how I feel. To pretend to differ-
ence when you're longing to hug her to
your heart, to talk of fair weather and
foul when you're thinking of old times,
and then to bow and scrape and go away
without a single desire of your aching
heart, is more than a man with a spark
of warmth in his soul can bear."

And then he proceeded to give a dozen
other reasons for declining the tempt-
ing bait, the sum of all proving, to my
conviction, that he was dying. "I do
Moll, and I fear she would soon be do-
ing by stealth that which it were ma-
saur to do openly."

About a week after this I got a letter
from him asking me to come again as
soon as I might, he having cut his hand
with a chisel, "so that I cannot work
my lathe, and having nothing to occupy
my mind, do plague myself beyond en-
durance."

Much concerned for my old friend, I
lost no time in replying to Greenwich,
where I find him sitting idle before his
lathe, with an arm hanging in a hand-
kerchief and his face very yellow, but
this, I think, was of drinking too much
ale. And here he fell speedily discours-
ing of Moll, saying he could not sleep
of nights for thinking of the pranks she
used to play us, our merry vagabond
life together in Spain ere we got to
Elche, etc., and how he missed her now
more than ever he did before. After
that, as anticipated, he came in a shuf-
fling, nondescript way (as one ashamed
to own his weakness) to hinting at see-
ing Moll by stealth, declaring he would
rather see her for two minutes now and
again peering through a bush, though
she should never cast a glance his way,
than have her treat him as if he were
not his child and she had ceased to feel
any love for him. But seeing the peril
of such ways I would by no means con-
sent to his hanging about the court like
a thief, and told him plainly that unless
he would undo us all and ruin Moll he
must come openly as before or not at all.

Without further demur he consents to
be guided by me, and then very eagerly
asks when it will be proper for him
to come, and we agree that if he comes
in a week's time there will be no
thought in anybody's mind of our hav-
ing conspired to this end.

As the fates would have it, Mr. God-
win finished his painting on the Satur-
day following (the most wonderful piece
of his kind I ever saw or any one else in
my belief), and being justly proud of
his work and anxious Sir Peter Lely
should see it soon he resolved he would
carry it to Hatfield on Monday. Moll,
who was proud of her husband's piece
than if it were of her own doing, was
not less eager it should be seen, yet the
thought that she must lose him for four
days (for this journey could not well be
accomplished in less time) cast down
her spirits exceedingly. 'Twas painful
to see her efforts to be cheerful despite
of herself. And, seeing how incapable
she was of concealing her real feeling
from him whom she would cheer, she at
length confessed to him her trouble. "I
would have you go and yet I'd have you
stay, love," says she.

"It's but a little while we shall be
parted," says he.

"A little while?" says she, trembling
and wringing one hand within the other.
"It seems to me as if we were parting
forever."

"Why, then," returns he, laughing,
"we will not part at all. You shall
come with me, chuck. What should pre-
vent you?"

She starts with joy at this, then looks
at him incredulous for a moment, and
so, her countenance falling again, she
shakes her head as thinking, I take it,
that if it were advisable she should go
with him he would have proposed it
before.

"No," says she, "twas an idle fan-
cy, and I'll not yield to it. I shall be-
come a burden rather than a helpmate
if you cannot stir from home without
me. Nay," adds she, when he would
override this objection, "you must not
tempt me to be weak, but rather aid me
to do that which I feel right."

And she would not be persuaded from
this resolution, but bore herself most
bravely, even to the moment when she
and her husband clasped each for the
last time in a farewell embrace.

She stood where he had left her for
some moments after he was gone. Sud-
denly she ran a few paces with parted
lips and outstretched hands, as if she
would call him back, halted, clasping
her hands, then turning, passed me
quickly, looking across her shoulder,
with such terror in her white face that

I do think her strong imagination fig-
ured some accusing spirits, threatening
the end of all her joys.

I followed her into the house, but
there I learned from Mrs. Butterby that
her mistress was gone to her own cham-
ber.

As I was sitting in my office in the
afternoon Jack Dawson came to me, in
his seaman's dress, his hand still
wrapped up, but his face more health-
ful for his long ride and cheerful thoughts.

"Why, this could not have fallen out
better," says I when we had exchanged
greetings, "for Moll is all alone, and
down in the dumps by reason of her
husband having left her this morning
on business 'that will hold him absent
for three or four days. We will go up
presently and have supper with her."

"No, Kit," says she very resolutely,
"I'll not. I am resolved I won't go
there till tomorrow, for this is, no hour
to be a-calling on ladies, and her hus-
band being away 'twill look as if we
had ordered it of purpose. Besides, if
Moll's in trouble, how am I to pretend I
know nothing of the matter and care-
less, and this Mother Butterby and a
parcel of sly, observant servants about
to surprise one at any moment? Say no
more—'tis useless—for I won't be per-
suaded against my judgment."

"As you will," says I.
"There's another reason, if other's
needed," says he, "and that's this plag-
y thirst of mine, which seizes me
when I'm doleful or joyful, with a force
there's no resisting. And chiefly it
seizes me in the later part of the day;
therefore I'd have you take me to the
court betimes, ere it's at its worst. My
throat's like any limekiln for dryness
now, so I pray, Kit, faster the door
sung, and give me a mug of ale."

This ended our discussion, but as it
was necessary I should give some reason
for not supping with Moll I gave Dawson
a bottle and went up to the house
to find Moll. There I learned that she
was still in her chamber, and sleeping,
as Mrs. Butterby believed. So I bade the
good woman tell her mistress when she
awoke that Captain Evans had come to
spend the night with me, and he would
call to pay her his devils the next morn-
ing.

Then, that nothing may be unaccount-
ed for in the sequence of events, I must
depart from my train of present obser-
vation to speak from after knowledge.
I have said that when Moll started
forward, as if to overtake her husband,
she suddenly stopped as if confronted
by some menacing specter. And this in-
deed was the case, for at that moment
there appeared to her heated imagina-
tion, for no living soul was there, a lit-
tle, bent old woman, clothed in a single
white garment of Moorish fashion, and
Moll knew that she was Mrs. Godwin,
though seeing her now for the first time,
come from Barbary to claim her own
and separate Moll from the husband she
had won by fraud.

She stood there, says Moll, within her
gates, with raised hand and a most bit-
ter, unforgiving look upon her wasted
face, barring the way by which Moll
might regain her husband, and as the
poor wife halted, trembling in dreadful
fear, the old woman advanced with the
sure foot of right and justice. What re-
proach she had to make, what maledic-
tion to pronounce, Moll dared not stay
to hear, but turning her back fled to the
door, where, passing her chamber, she
looked the door and flung herself upon
her husband's bed, and in this last dear
refuge, shutting her eyes, clasping her
ears as if by dulling her senses to escape
the phantom, she lay in a convulsion of
terror for the mere dread that such a
thing might be.

Then, at the thought that she might
never again be enfolded here in her hus-
band's arms, an agony of grief succeeded
her fit of maddening fear, and she
wept till her mind grew calm from
sheer exhaustion, and so, little by lit-
tle, as her courage revived, she began
to reason with herself as how 'twas the
least likely thing in the world that if
Mrs. Godwin were in England she should
come to the court unattended and
seeing the folly of abandoning herself
to a foolish fancy, she rose, dashed the
tears from her face and set herself to
find some occupation to distract her
thoughts. And what employment is near-
er to her thoughts or dearer to her heart
than making things straight for her hus-
band? So she goes into the next room
where he worked and falls to washing
his brushes, cleaning his paint board
and putting all things in order against
his return, that he may lose no time in
setting to work at another picture, and
at dinner time, finding her face still
disfigured with her late emotions and
ashamed of her late folly, she bids her
maid bring a snack to her room, under
the pretense that she feels unwell. This
meal she eats, still working in her hus-
band's room, for, one improvement
prompting another, she finds plenty to
do there—now thinking that the hang-
ings of her own private room, being
handsomer, will look better on these
walls, whereas t'others are more fit for
hers, where they are less seen; that this
corner table naked and will look better
for her little French table standing
there, with a china image atop, and so
forth. This, she did devote her time
till sundown, whereabouts Mrs. Butter-
by taps at her door to know if she will
have a cup of warm candle to comfort
her, at the same time telling her that
Mr. Hopkins will not sup with her, as
he has Captain Evans for his guest at
the lodge.

And now Moll, by that natural suc-
cession of extremes which seems to be a
governing law of many, as the flow the
ebb, the calm the storm, day the night,
etc., was not less elated than she had
been depressed in the early part of the
day, but still, I take it, in a nervous,
excitable condition. And hearing her
father, whom she has not seen so long,
is here a thousand mad projects enter

Monroton, April 23.—The six-year-old
son of James Fellicott was choked to
death yesterday by a piece of raw turnip
sticking in his throat.

her lively imagination. So when Mrs.
Butterby, after the refusal of her warm
candle, proposes she shall bring madam
a tray of victuals that she may pick
something in bed Moll, stifling a merry
thought, asks, in a feeble voice, what
there is in the larder.

"Why, madam," says Mrs. Butterby,
from the outside, "there's the partridge



"Bring 'em all," says Moll.

You did not eat at breakfast, there's a
cold pigeon pasty and a nice fresh hal-
lo and a lovely roly polly pudding I made
with my own hands in the pot."

"Bring 'em all," says Moll in the
same aching voice, and "I'll pick what
tempt me."

Therewith she silently slips the bolt
back, whips on her nightgown and slips
into bed.

Presently up comes Mrs. Butterby,
carrying a wax candle, followed by a
couple of maids charged with all the
provisions Moll had commanded. With
permission to enter, the good woman
sets down her candle, puts on her
glasses, and coming to the bedside says
she can see very well by her poor looks
that her dear mistress has got a return
of her bilious and prays heaven it may
not turn to something worse.

"Nay," says Moll very faintly, "I
shall be well again when I am relieved
of this headache, and if I can only fall
asleep, as I feel disposed to, you will
see me tomorrow morning in my usual
health. I shan't attempt to rise this
evening." ("For mercy's sake, don't,"
cries Mrs. Butterby.) "And so, I pray
you, order that no one shall come near
my room to disturb." ("I'll see that
no one so much as set a foot on your
stairs, madam, poor dear!" says 'other.)
"And you will see that all is closed care-
fully. And so good night, mother, and
good night to you, Jane and Betsy! Oh,
my poor head!"

With a whispered "Good night, dear
madam," Mrs. Butterby and the maids
leave the room a-tiptoe, closing the door
behind them as if 'twere of gingerbread,
and no sooner are they gone than Moll,
big with her mad design, nips out of
bed, strips off her nightgown, and find-
ing nothing more convenient for her pur-
pose puts the ham, pasty and partridges
in a clean pillowcase. This done, she
puts on her cloak and hood, and having
with great caution set the door open and
seen all safe and quiet below she takes up
her bag of victuals, blows out the candle,
and as silent as any mouse makes
her way to the little private staircase at
the end of the stairs. And now, with
less fear of discovery than Mrs. Godwin
had, she enters her chamber, unlocks the
door, and flung herself upon
her husband's bed, and in this last dear
refuge, shutting her eyes, clasping her
ears as if by dulling her senses to escape
the phantom, she lay in a convulsion of
terror for the mere dread that such a
thing might be.

There is still a faint twilight, and this
enables her to find her way to the
vicket gate opposite Anne Fitch's cot-
tage. Not a soul is to be seen, and so,
with her hood drawn well over her head,
she speeds on, and in five minutes reaches
her home. Here finding the door fasten-
ed, she gives a couple of knocks, and
on my opening she asks meekly in a
feigned voice, which for the life of me
I should not have known for hers, if I
am minded to buy a couple of partridges
a friend has sent and she has no use for.

"Partridges!" cries Dawson from
within. "Have 'em, Kit, for your bread
and cheese is mighty everyday fare."

"Let me see 'em, good woman,"
says I.

"Yes, sir," answers she meekly, put-
ting her pillow slip in my hand, which
perplexed me vastly by its weight and
bulk.

"They seem to be pretty big birds by
the feel of 'em," says I. "You can come
in and shut the door after you."

Moll shuts the door and shoots the
bolt; then tripping behind me into the
light she casts her hood and flings her
arms round her father's neck with a peal
of joyful laughter.

"What?" cries I. "Why, what can
have brought you here?"

"Why, I knew you'd have nothing to
give my poor old dad but moldy cheese,
so I've brought you a brace of partridges,
if you please, sir," says she, concluding
in her feigned voice as she emptied the
ham, pasty and partridges all higgledy
piggledy out of the slip on to the table.

"But, Mrs. Godwin," says I in alarm.
"Oh, call me Moll," cries she wildly.
"Let me be myself for this one night."

To be continued.

U. S. PACIFIC CABLE.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The House
committee on commerce decided that if
congress grants a subsidy for a cable it
should not be greater than \$100,000 a
year for twenty years. A substitute
bill was offered by Mr. Corlies of Mich-
igan to authorize the postmaster-gen-
eral to advertise for bids from tele-
graph companies for doing the cable busi-
ness of the United States between the
coast and the Hawaiian Islands and
Japan, for a term of 20 years, under con-
ditions which congress would prescribe
in the bill. The postmaster-general
would report the result of the bidding to
congress at the beginning of the next
session, and the offer of the lowest re-
sponsible bidder would be accepted. The
committee will hold a special meet-
ing next Saturday to again discuss the
cable question.

Blood purified, disease cured, sickness
suffering prevented—this is the record made
each year by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

NEWS OF THE PROVINCE

Baby Burned to Death—Dr. Kendall
Still Missing—Mining at
Rossland.

Electric Railway Between West-
minster and Steveston—Work
on the Matsqui Dyke.

(Special to the Colonist.)

VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, April 23.—There are still
no traces of Dr. W. H. Kendall, who has
now been missing for some days. Davis,
Marshall, McNeill & Abbott, solicitors,
advertise a reward of \$100 to any person
who will give such information as will
lead to the discovery of his whereabouts.
The Escoeca McKenzie Concert Co.
appear here early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. McCool, who live on
Dunley avenue, left home for work yes-
terday morning, leaving in the house
their children Lottie, Dolly and Chester,
aged 10, 6 and 5 respectively, and a nine
months old baby. While the eldest
child was out, Chester and Dolly poured
kerosene oil on some shavings, then lighted
them. In some way the oil in the can
was spilled and also took fire, and the
house was shortly in flames. The two
children escaped, but the baby perished,
and when the fire was over the body was
found an almost indistinguishable mass of charred flesh
and bones.

Campers are commencing to take up
their quarters at English Bay. A special
train will be running to West-
minster Mr. F. S. Bernard, M. P., and
P. N. Smith, manager of the West-
minster & Vancouver Tramway line,
made the run yesterday between Van-
couver and Westminster office in
thirty-four minutes, the fastest time
recorded.

To-day being St. George's Day, was
celebrated as usual by the St. George's
Society, who closed the celebration
with a musical entertainment in St.
James' hall, Oppenheimer street.

VANCOUVER, April 24.—In referring to
the splendid showing made at the recent
examinations held at the military school
of instruction at Vancouver lately—in
which forty officers, non-coms, and men
passed creditable examinations—Lieut.
Colonel Rawstone expresses admiration
of the great zeal shown by the successful
candidates.

The coroner's jury have returned a
verdict of accidental death in the case of
little Frankie McCool who was fatally
burned while lighting a fire with kero-
sene for no living soul was there, a lit-
tle, bent old woman, clothed in a single
white garment of Moorish fashion, and
Moll knew that she was Mrs. Godwin,
though seeing her now for the first time,
come from Barbary to claim her own
and separate Moll from the husband she
had won by fraud.

St. George's day was appropriately
celebrated yesterday by a dramatic per-
formance of "The Merchant of Venice,"
the popular St. George's Society. Captain
Mellon, the chairman, read a clever
allegory on "St. George and the
Dragon." The Sisters of St. George's
society held an afternoon concert the
same evening, in which some of the best
talent in Vancouver took part. The
society's rooms were handsomely deco-
rated and an unusually pleasant evening
was spent by the members of the society
and their friends.

Vancouver's new market is rapidly in-
creasing in importance, and the indica-
tions are that the steamer Sunbury,
chartered by the Terminal City com-
pany to run between Vancouver, Chilliwack
and Fraser river farming settlements,
will be liberally patronized, materially
decreasing the expense of living in Van-
couver, and increasing the variety and
supply of farm produce obtainable here.

The Sons of Hermann elected dele-
gates to the grand lodge to-night.
J. Deane, an engineer, jumped into
the inlet yesterday and rescued a child
which had fallen off the wharf near
Keeper's slip.

W. H. Jones, formerly of the Kam-
loops Sentinel, has purchased the Ross-
land Prospector.

Ballots are being prepared for the sub-
mission of the by-law raising \$5,000 for
the world's regatta at Vancouver.

ROSSLAND.

(From the Prospector.)

The Cliff is about to make the biggest
stride in its history. Nearly twenty
men are at work, while the machinery
is about ready to start.

The Mocking Bird, near the O.K.,
owned by D. Cahill, M. A. Graves and
W. Waller, was taken by Paul J. Stro-
bach, for a Spokane syndicate, this
week.

W. D. Pratt, who established the
Prospector, has sold his interest in the
business to W. H. Jones, late of Kam-
loops, who has entered into business
with R. W. Northey.

The Lily May is much talked of just
now, the prospects being so promising
that a force of 25 men will be at work in
a few days. The ore carries 75 ounces
silver, \$3 in gold and 22 per cent. lead
per ton.

WESTMINSTER.

WESTMINSTER, April 23.—The mayor
and several of the aldermen of the city
had a private meeting with Mr. F. S.
Barnard yesterday. It is understood
that the proposal of the Consolidated
Railway and Light Company to build,
under certain conditions, an electric
railway to connect Westminster and
Steveston, was discussed.

Complaint having been made that
Indians were netting trout at Sumas,
Fisheries Inspector McNab and Indian
Agent Devlin, accompanied by Guardian
McNab, recently paid a surprise visit to
the district. They went from the mouth
of Sumas Lake to the American bound-
ary, and next followed the course of the
Sumas river to the Fraser, but failed to
discover any evidence of the existence
of illegal practices such as had been
alleged.

The contractors for the construction of
the Matsqui dyke are pushing on the
work very vigorously with the object of
completing it before the Fraser rises to
its usual summer level. The large
staff of men employed on the works
have been kept at it early and late so
as to avoid the delay that would neces-
sarily ensue should they be overtaken

by high water before the dyke is well
advanced towards completion.

WESTMINSTER, April 24.—Judge Bole
will hold a court of appeal from the city
court of revision.

The anniversary services of the
I.O.O.F. will be held this year at the
Central Methodist church.
The Rev. J. H. Best has received a
call from Chatham, Ont., but will prob-
ably decline, as at a large meeting of the
congregation of Olivet Methodist church
an earnest invitation to remain pastor of
that church was extended to him.

J. C. Atkinson is withdrawing from
the Liberal Conservative party in West-
minster and another standard bearer
will be at once chosen.

KAMLOOPS.

(From the Kamloops Sentinel.)

Dr. G. A. B. Hall has returned from
an extended professional trip through
the Kootenay country. He says it is a
great mineral region.

One of the old landmarks of Kamloops
has passed over to join a great ma-
jority. Mr. W. J. Church, M. P., as he
was more familiarly known, "Doc,"
Church, died on last Wednesday morn-
ing, from the effects of a stroke of
paralysis. The funeral took place on
Friday, the remains being followed by
his last resting-place by most of Kam-
loops' prominent citizens.

VERNON.

(From the News.)

Two gentlemen arrived from the coast
last week and have gone out to examine
the Salmon river gold mine. It reports
to be true the company working this mine
have struck good pay dirt.

During the past week the following
mineral claims have been recorded at
the Vernon office: Empress, seven miles
west of Vernon; B. Harris; Copper
King, Long lake, Carlos Cryderman;
Sunrise, Long lake, Thomas Wood; Pine
Cone, seven miles southwest of Vernon,
F. McGowan; Bronze Chief, between
Simms and Deep creeks, L. & E. C.
Simms, and R. B. Venner, Joker and
Bluff, Beck creek, M. R. Church, H.
V. Chaplin, and G. F. James.

A meeting will be held at the Ram's
Horn hotel, Vernon, on Saturday, for
the purpose of organizing a co-operative
creamery company in White Valley.
The promoters of the scheme feel con-
fident that they can make it a success;
they count on obtaining the milk of
about 130 cows to start with, for a year
time a creamery is in operation. It is
thought an autopsy held upon the body
of the province better adopted for better
making than the district around Lumb.
Blue Springs, and as the valley has
thickly populated everything points to a
successful issue to such a movement.

There have been a good many mineral
claims staked