

we must see what can be done. Tell me quickly where he lives."

"Vladimir, do you remember his address," asked Jana.

"No! But it was near the Nowski Perspectives in one of the side streets."

"His card must be here somewhere," exclaimed Wernin. "Look for it quickly; it will soon be 5 o'clock and there is no time to be lost."

At the sight of the old man's visible anxiety Jana and Vladimir lost their heads entirely and became confused.

"Father," said Jana, folding her hands, "I have burned the cards and cannot remember the address."

"What a chain of mishaps!" said the old man. "Jana, my angel what is to become of us? I will listen to the Minister and if they cannot tell me there I shall have to call at every house near the Prospective and inquire." He left the room hastily.

"My father is so easily disquieted," said Jana. "I cannot see anything in this that we should be so frightened."

"Unfortunately," said Lanin, "I, also, have become anxious. I never saw your father in such a state of excitement."

Count Ivon, the owner of the house in which Schelm lived, had arranged it after French fashion. The portier inhabited a small room, from which all the staircases started that led to the different apartments of the tenants. As in Paris, he also received all that came by post for the inhabitants of the vast building.

It might have been 7.30 when Schelm came home and passed the portier's lodge.

"Here is a letter for you!" cried the latter.

"Give it to me at once!" said Schelm, stopping a moment.

As soon as he had received the letter he stepped under the lamp that lighted up the hall. At the sight of the imposing address he began to frown; quickly he tore open the envelope and found this letter:

The Privy Councillor, A. A. Wernin, has the honor to inform you of the engagement of his daughter Jana with Count Vladimir Lanin, and at the same time to invite you to be present at the wedding ceremony in the Cathedral of Our Dear Lady of Kawan, on November 2.

For a moment Schelm stood as if struck by lightning; he grew fiery red, the perspiration covered his forehead and his knees trembled. With one hand he took off his spectacles, with the other he sought his yellow silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, looked blankly at the portier, who smiled stupidly, and crushed the letter wrathfully and threw it down; then he rushed out into the street without his hat and spectacles.

"What a look that was!" said the portier to himself. "he must have gotten bad news."

Faithfully following the example of his Paris colleagues, he picked up the letter on the floor and tried to read the contents. Schelm could not have gone far when a carriage drove up, and a gentleman, covered with decorations, called the portier and inquired for Schelm.

"He has just left," answered the portier, carefully concealing the crumpled letter in his hand.

"Did he get any letters?"

The portier looked very much surprised, but did not answer the indiscreet question. Wernin did not like to wait any longer, and repeated his question in a voice of thunder.

The frightened portier's conscience smote him. The letter was beginning to burn his fingers, and he thought the impetuous stranger might punish him for his curiosity. He stammered, therefore:

"Yes, Your Excellency; he had just received this note, and had thrown it, crumpled, to the floor."

"Quick! Hand it here! You ass," cried Wernin, tearing the ball of paper from the portier's hand. "Too late!" he whispered, after he had read the fatal invitation.

When he returned the letter to the portier and stepped into his carriage, saying to him self, "I was not mistaken! We shall have to fight a fierce battle!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A. J. Cassatt, the Laird of Chesterbrook, and a number of prominent Philadelphians will leave Philadelphia shortly for Toronto to attend the great running meet of the Ontario Jockey Club on May the 23 and 24, at which a number of Philadelphia horses will compete. A novel feature of the trip will be the fact that the party will travel the entire distance in a four-in-hand.

STRANGE LUCK IN THE DIGGINGS.

Instances of Sudden Ups and Downs in the Fortunes of Miners.

It is impossible for any one at all familiar with mining adventures in the Rockies from 1860 to 1870 to deny the existence of that mysterious and capricious influence on men's lives and fortunes known as luck, and it seemed to attach itself mainly to those who knew the least and were accepted as the fools of the camp, thus illustrating the old proverb, "a fool's luck." Old and experienced miners quit locations in disgust after months of labor, and these were afterward taken by men who scarcely knew the difference between a shaft and a level. After a week's scrambling work the latter became rich men. One instance I can give:

A man named Relf, a forty-niner, opened a prospect hole on Goose Creek, within a mile of the Idaho border. It seemed to pan out well at first, and he spent \$3,000—all he had in the world—in development; but the vein began to pinch out, and Relf gave it up. Another man took it with the same result. Then one of the best miners in the Territory put in \$3,000, and after months of hard work shot himself in despair at his ill-fortune. The location was thereafter dubbed the "Last Chance" by neighbors. It lay a year, when a man named Gadsen came to Silver City. He was looked on as a harmless and decidedly weak-minded fellow, and he annoyed Col. James Fisher, a well-known mine owner, by constantly asking his advice about locating, until Fisher told him to try the "Last Chance," adding: "You're just fool enough to have nigger luck."

Gadsen started off to get a team and supplies, and amid the jeers of the camp left for "Last Chance." Four days afterward his team was seen coming into camp on a dead run, and it stopped at Col. Fisher's office. Gadsen, with a bag on his back, entered, and drawing a chunk of rock, laid it before Fisher, who examined it and said: "Well, Gadsen, you have the proverbial fool's luck. That will assay \$3,000 a ton. You've struck it rich this time." An examination of his mines showed that only a foot of rock lay between the last owner and uncoined wealth, and this Gadsen broke through the first day.

A syndicate was formed and Gadsen sold out for \$35,000. The new owners took out \$25,000 in three weeks and then struck a mass of porphyry rock that it would have taken all the money in San Francisco to remove. No trace of the lost treasure was ever found, and the "Last Chance" was permanently abandoned. Gadsen's good luck followed him. He left the mountains, bought a home in Missouri, and saved his money.

The history of the firm of Bower & White is one of the romances of the mining camps. Sandy Bowers came into the Washoe district about 1860. He cooked for a party of freighters, and his wife, a tall, bony woman, told fortunes, sold lucky numbers, and interpreted dreams for the credulous miners. With some of the money made in this way her husband took up a claim and made money, and for the next ten years had continued good fortune. He was grossly illiterate and no business man, but still he prospered. He broke all the gamblers in the Territory, and no one cared to play with him.

His partner, Lorenzo D. White, was a different kind of a man. He neither drank nor gambled, but was mad as a hatter on the subject of religion, believing himself to be John the Baptist. In business matters, however, he was shrewd and enterprising, and his luck was phenomenal. Whatever he touched turned into gold. It was noted that whatever Bowers sold turned out well for his customers, while it was reversed in White's dealings, although he was believed to be an honest man. The mystery was as to what he did with his gain. He depleted his bank account every now and then, drawing out large sums in coin and then disappearing for a time. It was believed that he buried his wealth in the mountains, and he was followed and dogged by the camp ruffians, who would have taken his life for a dollar, but it was part of his good fortune to escape.

The end came at last. Sandy Bowers got involved with a party of Eastern adventurers and lost \$300,000. After this he went down hill rapidly. He had at one time half a million in the Bank of California, but this all went. He became a drunkard, and one

day got together a few dollars to buy an outfit. With a borrowed mule he started for Nevada, and was, no doubt, killed by the Ute Indians, as he was never heard of again.

White was not known to have any serious losses, but he, too, disappeared. He was supposed to have gone back to Minnie, his native State. Inside of a year he came in to the little mining town of Mercedes, on Rio Grande River, Colorado, in rags and exhausted from hunger and fatigue. He was followed by a saggy Mexican burro, about as big as a Newfoundland dog. This carried his miner's outfit—a pick, pan, and shovel. He was at once recognized and relieved. He went to an assayer and showed a large mass that looked like burned limestone, but which evidently contained gold. The assayer astonished the expert, and he declared that the specimen showed 80 per cent of gold.

In an hour's time the camp was wild with excitement, and this was the beginning of the craze known as "White's Cement Mine." At first the old man refused to tell the location, and some of the ruder spirits advocated hanging, but, after much persuasion, he agreed to pilot a party to the spot. The next day Mercedes was deserted. Everybody joined the procession. After eight days' rugged travel they reached Green River Valley, in Utah. While ascending a narrow ravine a volley of rifle balls, fired from the chapparal, killed three of the foremost of the gold hunters and stampeded all the animals. The Ute Indians had been awaiting them. In the confusion White escaped and the party broke up. From time to time White would reappear in mining camps with a fresh supply of his gold-bearing cement, but his mind was clearly gone and he could give no information that was of the slightest use.

About 1870 a party of prospectors on their way through the Colorado River Valley, in Southern Utah, found in the wildest part of the mountains the body of an old man with a beard reaching to his waist. Around him were a number of specimens of his gold cement and a quantity of gold coin. He had evidently died of starvation, as there were no indications of food to be seen. By means of a large diary on his person he was identified as the once millionaire, Lorenzo D. White. This diary contained numerous directions to find landmarks, but these were unintelligible to the readers, and his mine and buried gold may still reward some fortunate seeker.

Mr. James Titus of Sacramento, Cal., who is now head of the great hydraulic mining companies in that State, owes his fortune to the following circumstances: In 1864 he was working at his trade as stone mason in St. Paul, Minn., when a man named Eldridge failed, owing him \$175 in wages. This debtor left the city, and a year after Mr. Titus went to Carson City, Nev., where he met Eldridge, who told him that he had not prospered and had no money, but could get some mining stock for money due him, and this he would give Titus in satisfaction of the debt.

Mr. Titus took 100 shares of Comstock Mine, valued at about a dollar a share. It was original stock, and in a few months the great deposit of silver that was to make the fortune of Flood, O'Brien, Fair, and John Mackay was discovered. The stock began to go up and Mr. Titus sold out for \$3,000 per share. In two years he was a millionaire by fortunate investments in Crown Point.

But success of this kind was demoralizing to most of the pioneers. Johnny Skey died as Sandy Bowers did, a broken-down prospector, after rioting away five millions, and Comstock, the original discoverer of the Virginia City Eldorado, died a poor man. If America is ever to produce a distinct and national school of fiction, the inspiration can be best found in the wonder working history of the Western mining camps of years back.

Pearls Will Burn.

The Queen is said to be disappointed in her quest for pearls. She has tried all her daughters shall have to do. One of her first-born, the Princess Alice, died in infancy, and every year, added a new necklace to her collection.

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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ago her Majesty bought from a well-known London jeweller three very beautiful pearls, the united cost of which was not far short of £500.

A little while after the purchase was made the merchant was surprised to receive a letter from a lady at court. "The Queen wishes very much to know whether pearls will burn in this somewhat tardy age, and to oxygenize pearls would find flaming diamond fire." "Quick! ret to light pearls on her piece of paper."

The Queen is said to be disappointed in her quest for pearls. She has tried all her daughters shall have to do. One of her first-born, the Princess Alice, died in infancy, and every year, added a new necklace to her collection.