

The Unknown Bridegroom.

"Yes, lad; he was inside about three-quarters of an hour ago, and gave orders for the men to begin on the south vein to-morrow morning." cheerily responded the foreman. "Where did he go after that?" the young man questioned, while he gravely studied the man's face; for, in spite of his frank manner, there was a peculiar paleness about it that attracted his attention.

He had never shared his employer's confidence in the man; he had always been impressed that he was treacherous, and he instinctively distrusted him.

"I couldn't say, lad; the last I saw of him he was talking with Tom Jenkins," was the indifferent response, as the man passed briskly on toward his cottage.

August turned to intercept Tom Jenkins, whom he saw not far off, and just about to cross the street.

The man said he had only exchanged a few words with the mine owner, who had simply inquired after his boy, who had been sick for more than a month; then he saw him turn toward the south vein, where they were going to work in the morning, and that was the last of him.

August went back to the office porch, where he sat down and waited. The supper hour, and all had been eager to get home to the evening meal awaiting them.

Suddenly the young man sprang to his feet with a muttered expression of alarm.

"The south vein!" he breathed, with white lips. "Santa Maria preserve him!"

He knew there were two ways or tunnels leading to this vein; one that had been utterly abandoned as unsafe and a new one that had been recently opened.

If Mr. King, and gone thither to examine for himself the point where work was to be begun on the morrow, and had taken a short cut through the old tunnel, some accident might have befallen him, and that was the reason of his protracted absence.

It was very dark now, but August knew the way well, and, leaping from the porch, he hastened to the mine as fast as his legs would carry him.

He would not ask anyone to go with him, for he did not wish to create excitement among the men; as he sped on his way alone, a terrible fear oppressed him.

At the entrance to the mine he looked around for a torch, found one and lighted it, though with trembling hands, and then, turning toward an opening on his left, sped onward.

Some twenty or thirty yards beyond he came to where two tunnels branched off from the main one which he had been traversing.

One plainly showed that it had been recently excavated and was strongly supported; the other, which was evidently an old one, the timbers were rotten and discolored, some of them had even become loosened, and the earth and rocks had begun to tumble about.

Mark! What was that? August stopped short, every nerve in his body vibrating with pain.

He was sure he had caught a sound as of some one in distress.

He pushed forward under those loosened timbers, regardless of his own safety, and two moments later a light met his eyes which caused a groan of agony to burst from him.

His way was suddenly blocked by a groat mass of earth and rock and fallen timbers, while from the midst of the debris he caught sight of a protruding hand and foot.

"Savior, savior," he gasped in tones that were shrill with distress, as a hoarse groan responded, and he knew that his friend and benefactor lay crushed and probably dying beneath that mass of debris.

He crept over the stones and earth and peered between the timbers that had, in falling, interlocked themselves and so prevented the man from being literally buried alive.

Here he could see the ghastly face of the mine owner.

"Oh, savior," he faltered, fearing the man was past recovery, when, to his great joy he spoke.

"Yes, August," he panted weakly, "I am glad it is you who have come to me."

"Are you badly hurt, savior?" inquired the young man breathlessly.

"Yes, my boy, I'm done for—I am very sure that my back is broken."

"No, no, Oh let me go for help. I won't be long," said the young man in an agonized tone.

"No, August, I should be dead before they could get me out," Mr. King returned, now speaking more naturally. "I do not suffer so very much, except from this load that presses upon my chest; but I know that it would be useless to attempt to get me out of here alive."

"Oh, let me try, sir," pleaded August, he continued, imperatively, "and do not waste precious moments, for I have something very important to tell you—I know that I can trust you."

"Indeed you may, savior," almost sobbed the young man. "Oh, that I can trust you—"

by little it has been forced upon me that your warning was not untimely, and I have been watching him during the last year. To-day I became satisfied that he is a scheming, treacherous knave. He thought I was going to be away all day, but I returned at noon as I told you I should, and came directly here and met him face to face coming out of this passage. He was startled and plainly showed his embarrassment, and when I asked him if it wasn't rather risky, he nervously observed that he didn't believe it was as dangerous as it had been said to be. I was sure then that he was up to mischief, although I appeared not to think it strange his being here. I was about the mine as usual during the afternoon, but just before it was time to leave I slipped down here myself, to see what he had been up to, and now, August, I will tell you his secret. Down at the end of this tunnel there is a bag of gold nuggets—"

"Gold nuggets?" exclaimed August, astonished.

"Yes, I have long known of a very rich vein of gold here, the existence of which I did not suppose any one else suspected; I found almost a solid mass one day, while prospecting at the end down there, but it turns abruptly, and runs straight out into another claim, which, by the end of another week, I should have owned."

"It seems that Carl has also discovered this vein, and had been prospecting at the end down there, when you discovered this, and was on my way out—had almost reached the spot—when I thought, if I heard when you came, I sprang forward, when a tremendous blow of a pick, from an unseen hand, was dealt on one of these rotten timbers. In an instant the whole framework tottered and fell, bringing tons of earth and rock with it. One of the timbers struck me across the back; the shock was terrible, and I fainted, I think, for a few minutes. When I came to myself I was paralyzed—I could move neither hand nor foot, and I knew my back was broken. Now, August, do you think you can get nearer to me without danger to yourself? There is an important paper in the inside pocket of my coat that I want you to take charge of."

"I will try," said the young man. He fastened his torch firmly in the sand, then crept cautiously to the side of his friend.

It was a dangerous exploit, but he would have risked far more rather than have denied the man's request.

Very carefully he removed the stones and earth sufficiently to enable him to find the pocket, and the next moment he had the paper in his hands.

"Now, back, August, quick!" panted the dying man; "get out of danger, and then I will tell you what to do."

August obeyed, but only went just beyond the range of the loosened timbers.

"First of all," said Mr. King, "conceal that paper about your person and tell no one that you have it. It is a certificate for a hundred shares in the Mexican National Railroad, made out in Monica's name. When all is over, I want you to go secretly to my office, and there I will tell you what to do."

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on my word. When she graduates she will be able to teach and look out for herself, and my pludge will have been fulfilled. I have a fear, however, that, having been so treacherous to me, King will not hesitate to wrong my child also. I am gone. But do you watch him closely, August; be sly and secret about it; he talked a deal to Monica's interests; and if you catch him in any trap do not hesitate to pinch him hard. Bring him to justice—avenge me; and when you have him safe before a judge and jury, then tell the story of this night's crime. It will have weight then that it would not have now, and he will get his just deserts. August, swear that you will watch over my child, and that you will never see her wronged if you can prevent it."

"Savior, I swear it," solemnly replied the young man, and bending forward he said to now by touching his lips to the cold, limp hand that lay near him.

"That is well, my boy, and—and you will find that I have not forgotten you," he faintly repeated, sinking man. "It is growing dark, August; I think the end is near. Tell my darling—my last thought was for her. God bless her! August, she will be the richest girl in the State—if she gets her rights."

He ceased suddenly, gave a gasp or two, and all was still.

William King, the wealthy mine owner, was dead.

Realizing this, August sprang to his feet, and seizing his torch, made his way from the mine with all possible speed.

He sprang into the first house he came to, and told his story with ashen lips and panting chest; how Mr. King, falling to put in an appearance, he had gone alone to the mine to look for gold, and had found him dying under the fallen timbers, rocks and earth at the old entrance to the south vein.

An alarm was instantly given, and great excitement prevailed at this report because generally circulated.

It was with sorrowful faces and heavy hearts that the miners went to remove the body of their master from the place which he had forbidden them to enter, but where, unmindful of his own caution, he had met his own doom.

An hour later all that was mortal of William King was borne to his home in the valley below.

CHAPTER XVI.

Monica and Inez were immediately notified by telegraph of the frightful tragedy, while Carl King started by the next train for Los Angeles to bring home.

This arch-schemer had a cunning plot in mind which he intended to spring upon the unwary young heiress before any one else could find an opportunity to do so.

He feigned great grief over the untimely death of his cousin, to whom both he and Inez owed so much, and was so tenderly attached, that he called attention to the bereaved orphan that she placed the utmost confidence in him and felt that now she had no one else to lean upon.

Thus, the man informed her that her father had had no time to make any will, and it would be necessary for her to appoint some one as her guardian and attorney to set her affairs in order.

In the afternoon of the next day, in the midst of her terrible grief, and the weakness that followed the shock she had received, she should look to be guided by him.

"You were papa's foreman, and I suppose you know more about his business than anybody else," she observed wearily when he forced the subject upon her.

"Yes, my girl, I suppose I do," the man said, with a sigh.

"Well, then, Cousin Carl, I don't see but that you are the best person to be appointed her guardian and attorney. You returned the unsuspicious girl; you do not know anything about business matters and must have some one to act for her. I am sure you would be the one for me to appeal to, but he is in Europe."

"Yes, and he isn't coming home for another year," hastily interposed Monica, who did not want to neglect business matter until that time.

"Then what must I do?" Monica inquired, with a sigh of perplexity.

"Well, if you think you can help me, I will do the best I can for you," said the man, warily, "and I will bring a lawyer here this afternoon to make out the necessary papers."

Monica hesitated. She was too protected by her grief to be able to think clearly for herself, and two hours later she had signed papers that made Carl King her guardian and that gave him power of attorney and that gave her in all matters of business.

That same evening found them all on the way home, where they arrived late the next day, and the following morning William King was buried beside the wife whom he had loved so well, and whom he had laid to rest in a quiet nook upon his own estate.

These events occurred in November, near the end of the school quarter, and Monica and Inez decided to remain at home until the beginning of the next term.

In the afternoon of August 1st, Carl King demanded of August the keys to Mr. King's safe, remarking that he wished to examine its contents.

"Perhaps," said the young man, with the utmost politeness, "but would it not be well to await Mr. Appleby's return? He was Mr. King's man of business, and I have telegraphed to him to inquire if he will come immediately."

"You have telegraphed to Appleby?" exclaimed Carl King, growing almost purple in the face at this unexpected inquiry.

August smiled genially. He did not wish to offend this man; he wished to appear to be upon friendly terms with him, and he might have a better opportunity to carry out his master's instructions.

"If Mr. King has often told me that if anything were to happen to him, I should be sure to call on Mr. Appleby; consequently I felt obliged to obey his orders," he explained.

"Well, I suppose you were right to do so, his commands were more than enough for me. He, on his part, did not wish to make an enemy of August."

whom he knew to be a remarkably clever accountant, and who he realized might be very useful to him. "At the same time," he went on, shifting uneasily beneath the young man's clear, direct gaze, "I may as well tell you that Monica has decided that she wants me to act as her guardian, and I was forced to see if there was a will and what shape the estate is in."

August's heart had leaped into his throat at his words, but he concealed his agitation and forced himself to observe with outward calmness.

"But you will have to act under legal authority, you know, Mr. King."

"Oh, that is all right, my boy," the man glibly returned; "we've attended to that matter before we left Los Angeles. Here is the document, and if you know anything about law, you will see that it is all right."

He drew the paper from a pocket of his coat and passed it to his companion.

August was almost paralyzed by the unexpected disclosure, but he took the document and read it through carefully, while he tried to think what he could do to checkmate this unexpected move.

He saw that the deed was done almost in the State—if she gets her rights."

(To be continued.)

SEED CORN.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

The present season has been a very disappointing one to the great majority of the growers of corn in Ontario.

The characteristic lack of care in selecting and testing seed has this year, more clearly than ever, proved the truth of the old adage that "experience is a dear teacher."

We have had no more glaring example of misapplication of energy and waste of labor than in this connection. This condition of things in doubly injurious; first, it causes disappointment in expected results, and second, it discourages further efforts. The task of the farmer is arduous enough even when he works in conjunction with nature. How much more difficult must it therefore be when her co-operation is not forthcoming.

On the other hand, we find our corn growers in this province who have this year, and who always have, good crops of corn. These men have learned to discriminate between the good and the bad, and to sow only the best seed.

The method of producing this seed is very simple, yet it is so scientific that it becomes extremely interesting, and we would refer those who desire to take up systematic work in the improvement of seed corn to the Canadian Seed Growers' Association.

In the northern parts of the province, where so-called silage corn is grown, the seed is secured in most cases through the medium of the seed merchant. A grower will order a certain quantity of seed, asking to be supplied with the best seed for corn, and he receives the seed, and in the great majority of cases sows it without testing its vitality, and if it fails to grow lays the whole blame on the seedsmen. The farmer should test his seed for himself, and if it be good give the seedsmen his due; if, on the other hand, it be bad, let him dispose of it as best he can. A failing that many growers have is to delay securing their seed until too little time is left to obtain an adequate knowledge of its real value. Hence the seed is sown in a haphazard manner, and the results anxiously awaited. There is little cause to wonder at the numerous fields of Hungarian grass and millet to be seen throughout the country, and which, though poor substitutes for corn, are once more occupying that position during the present season.

We would therefore strongly urge the corn growers of this country to see to it now that well matured ears of a desirable type and the product of a variety noted for successive large yields be secured for next year's seed. These should be suspended in dry places until a couple of weeks before sowing time, when a few kernels from each ear should be tested to ascertain the vitality of the seed in general. The time of the year is now at hand, therefore when those who grow their own seed, or aim to supply others, should do their utmost to secure the best possible seed ears, and these store those selected ears in such a manner that their vitality will be in no way impaired.

GEA'S MERCANTILE AGENCY.

New Jersey Receiver Appointed to Take Charge in N. Y. State.

Judge Holt, of the United States District Court, has appointed George R. Beach auxiliary receiver in bankruptcy of the property in this State of the International Mercantile Agency of 346 Broadway "to take possession of the property and preserve it." Mr. Beach is the New Jersey receiver, appointed last week. The Sheriff was still in possession of the office yesterday, but the order appointing the receiver directs all persons having property of the company in their possession to turn it over to the receiver.

Assistant District Attorney Garvan is still investigating the affairs of the company, and Thomas N. McCaulay, its President, is held pending a hearing in the extradition proceedings on the grand larceny charges made against him by one of the Canadian stockholders.

CAT NURSES SQUIRRELS.

A Joplin (Mo.) despatch to the Chicago Inter-Ocean states:

Wm. Williams, a farmer living south of Avilla, near this city, has a cat that nurses a litter of squirrels. Four young fox squirrels were taken to the house recently from the nest where they were found. Although the family cat has a litter of kittens, she exhibits motherly fondness for the squirrels, and makes regular trips back and forth from the house to the barn, and licks and nurses the squirrels as tenderly as she does the kittens.

A WEAK HEART.

THE INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF A ST. CATHARINES MAN.

And Suffered for Twelve Years and was Ultimately Cured Through the Advice of a Friend.

"Twelve years ago," says Mr. Wm. Emery, of Welland avenue, St. Catharines, "I was living in the town of Gananoque, and the physicians there told me I had heart disease. From that time and up to four years ago I often had severe spells of the trouble. The least exertion would bring on violent palpitation, and at other times I would become dizzy, nervous and frightened, and my heart would almost cease to beat. I became reduced in flesh and insomnia followed. I was hopeless of finding a cure, for I had been treated by an experienced doctor, and had taken many advertised remedies without getting any benefit. One day a neighbor strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and acting on his advice I got half a dozen boxes. I soon found much relief through the use of the pills, and after continuing the treatment for a couple of months I have not since had any return of the trouble, and I feel safe in saying that the cure is a permanent one, and I can strongly advise the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who suffer from similar trouble."

He adds that Mr. Emery is well known in St. Catharines, is a prominent worker in Methodist circles, and has the highest respect of all who know him.

If you have any symptoms of heart trouble, neuralgia, indigestion, rheumatism, anaemia, or any of the numerous troubles caused by poor or watery blood, you will find new health and strength in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not waste money, or further endanger your health by the use of substitutes—get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"UNMARRIERS" OF ENGLAND.

Over 4,000 Cases Brought Before the Two Judges of the Divorce Court.

Since January 11, 1904, down to August 19, the end of the Trinity Term, over 4,000 matrimonial causes, involving the sorrows and the sins of married people, have come before the two judges of the English Divorce Court.

Over one-half of the above total have been undefended divorce causes—that is, cases where the respondent has not thought it worth while appearing to offer a defense.

The safest moral, perhaps, to be drawn from these figures is that of Sir Francis Jeune and Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes, at all events, of all the Majesty's judges, have earned their long vacation.

The former, probably owing to the peculiarities of his office, is, without a doubt, the best known functionary on the British bench. Individuals could not find their way unaided from the Criminal Court to the Law Courts yet know who Sir Francis Jeune is and all about him. Solitary empire builders tolling sadly on in the pathless jungle or amid the damp and desolate wastes of Sylhet tea gardens will break into a smile of recognition (or the reverse) directly you mention the word "President"—as full of significance to them, perhaps, as the other little word "Piccadilly."

Those who have the pleasure of seeing Sir Francis Jeune can affirm that all his fame is undesired. In this one point both he and his colleagues agree. Both have the appearance of being the most modest of men.

In nearly every other particular the two men are utterly and entirely dissimilar. Sir Francis has the oval, dark-bearded face of the Spaniard. He has the long, drooping, aquiline nose of a Don Quixote, and those curious eyes that seem to be looking anywhere except at the associate's table; at the judge's own left thumb nail, which he is forever soothing down with his lips—yet see you and look through you all the time. He wears a monocle to help him; and he will be the first to admit that he begins to look more than the sixty-one years currently credited to his age.

Imagine the exact personal antithesis of all this, and you have Sir John Gorell Barnes. His face is broad and earnest, his eyes are clear and direct, and he looks forth upon his court and suitors through the most formidable pair of spectacles on the bench. He is a man of few words—a little like the late Lord Flamm in that, though these talkative men will never produce another judge on the bench so impressively silent as that great man. At a first view observers might say that Sir John Barnes was abnormally courteous. But both men have the reputation among their bars of being patient and kindly, and a little difference of manner is not held to denote any real difference of heart.

In their steps to the bench the two judges differ widely. The President may be described as a product of Oxford. Delonging to a family which had settled in Jersey in the days of Elizabeth (which looks very much like flotsam of the Armada), Francis Jeune, the President's father, became master of Pembroke College in the year of the latter's birth. He was known as the ablest man of business of this day in Oxford; and though he only had four years as Bishop of Peterborough, his death in 1858 could not rob him of the reputation which he made for himself as an administrator in the Midland diocese.

The President's work at the bar was ecclesiastical, and to a certain extent commercial. Toward the end of his time as an advocate great colonial corporations used to take him into the Privy Council, but it was currently believed that when he succeeded Sir Justice Butt as junior judge of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, in 1891, he did not know the distinction between port and starboard.

"I suppose I shall have to teach him all about ships," one of the then lords of the Admiralty Bars said ruefully in court.

There is no reason to believe that Sir Francis Jeune has not learned all about ships since then, but it is still a pleasing little affectation of the

Admiralty Bar that Sir Francis knows nothing about ships, while the divorce court Bar retalliates with the confident statement that Mr. Justice Barnes knows nothing about divorce.

Happily for the latter judge, he certainly knew nothing about divorce at his appointment in 1892. A few years younger than the President, he was the son of a Liverpool ship owner, and ships and what they carry have been his professional concern ever since.

A pupil of Sir James Mathew, he may be considered one of the last of the brilliant order of commercial lawyers who flourished exceedingly in our courts during the last two decades of the last century. Mr. Justice Bigham is another survivor; poor Hugh Boyd, who died so sadly at Durban in 1898, was another of this gathering, but it cannot be said to-day that their places are filled.

Naturally, divorce court work at first came rather uncongenially to such a man. There is a good deal of robust justice, no doubt, in the Admiralty Court, but it is as nothing to the floods upon floods of lies through which the divorce court judge has to steer his way. Only a short time after his appointment the sordid nature of the work got upon his nerves, and he who as Mr. John Barnes, Q. C., had been the calmest and strongest of men, now for a time worried into illness. Happily he has become acclimatized since then, and has recovered his old condition of fitness, which in the past helped him through so much work.

The President, on the other hand, did not succumb quite in the same way. But the sights he sees and the cases he has to try have imparted a melancholy touch of cynicism to the conversation with which he regales those who practice in his court. He is at his best when "silks" strangers to the division come before him. His obiter dicta in the De Lisle case will long be remembered, when he indicted Mr. Shee and Mr. Rufus Isaacs into the axioms of life as taught by the divorce court, informing these eminent counsel, who watched him with sorrow and surprise, what a low view he held of the morality of the well-to-do unmarried men. Another saying ascribed to him (but for the truth of which the present writer does not vouch) is: "It is quite possible for a man to love several women at the same time, provided he keeps them apart."

But all said and done, you cannot be a judge if you are afraid of seeing human nature at its worst. And so, perhaps, neither Sir Francis Jeune nor Sir John Barnes need our condolence, but rather our congratulations on their high positions and their successful lives.

THE UNTIDY HOUSEWIFE.

Cousin Madge Protests Against Her Being English.

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