

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1904.



CHAPTER X-Continued.

"You would know more of the fair Constance," he said. "That is natural. She is fair of face, and hath a sweet voice; but, Master Roland, take my advice and seek not her company. You cannot help her. She is in danger of her life, and a price is set upon her head!"

"Many things. She is the daughter of Master John Leslie, who is the bosom friend of Master Hugh Peters, who was friend and chaplain of Oliver Cromwell. Master John Leslie hated the late King What hath she done?" I asked. Master John Leslie hated the late King more than any man in the kingdom, and took a principal part in the beheading of Charles. He is a great Independent, Master Rupert, and he gave his daughter in mar-riage to Sir Charles Derman, a man old enough to be her father, but who is also a great Independent, and who fears as much as he hates the thought of the com-ing of Charles II." He hesitated here, and looked towards me as if he expected me to speak, but I held my peace, for I knew he was only at the beginning of his story. "Do you know the rest?" he asked. "No." I replied, "I know nothing." He heaved a sigh like one well satisfied.

heaved a sigh like one well satisfied. "Ah, thou art a simple youth, after all," he said; "thou knowest nought of what "Well, tell me," I said sharply, for I

grew impatient at his slowness. "Oh yes, I will tell thee. It is a part of the bargain, and I will tell thee. When it was know that General Monk seemed it was know that General Monk seemed to favor the coming of the new King, Master Leslie, Sir Charles Denman, and his wife conceived a scheme for the mur-dering of Monk. They believed they would be doing good service. They knew that if Charles came back, in spite of all the promises he might make, it would go hard with these mhe took part in the death of with those who took part in the death of the new King's father. The question was, who was to do the deed? The presence of Master Leslie or Sir Charles Denman, men known to hate the royalty, would destroy any chance of success. So they with due to the transformed success in the transformation of the transfor ttled upon the wife of Sir Charles, whose rson was unknown either to Monk or

not a hoax.' "Ay, that you shall," he replied; with me. He rose, took a candle in his hand, and

"and I must be assured that the thing

made his way towards to the door. "Whither?" I asked. "To the hiding place," was his answer, and he gazed anxiously around the room.

betray me. Outside the door, he stopped and listen

thought I was near placing my hand upon the precious document, which my father declared would make my fortune. "Who could find us here Master Roland?" he cackled again; "not one in fifty. But old Solomon is wise, and he fifty. But old Solomon is wise, and he does not live at Pycroft Hall for mought." Whereupon he held the candle close to the floor, as if searching for something." "Do you see anything?" he asked. "Nothing," I replied. "Think you there is aught beneath

here?" "Beneath here? No, we are already in the bowels of the earth." "Ah, that is good!" and again he cackl-ed like a man well pleased with himself. Presently I saw him pressing the ground hard with his heel, and then, as

had lifted was closed again, and that in

was only known to the man whose breath

all probability the secret of its openin

"We will go together, Father Solomon," I made answer. "Ah, you do not trust me. A good King of England and Scotland.

only in reality have been short. At length, however, we came to a broad place, such as I have been told miners make un est, and ended in the same way, so again derground when digging for mineral. "The time and the place, Master Rol-I returned to the large cavern, and keep-ing ever to the right hand, so as not to and," he said; "now let us search." ter any one of them more than once, He held up the candle, and 1 saw that

around me were dark roads leading from the cavern where we stood. Whithe they went I knew not. I seemed like a man standing on a place where many cross roads met, only we were in the for I had marked the place carefully; but, as I have said, I was in utter darkness, o lead only into greater darkness. neither had I means of obtaining light.

"A grand place to bury a secret, eh? Anything would be safe here, eh? But there is nothing done in silence but shall and I felt sure that old Solomon an e proclaimed on the housetops." He placed the candle in my hand, an

then began to peer cautiously around the sides of the cavern. "Ah!" he said at length. "You wanted to see, and you shall see. Lucy mamied Prince Charles-no, King Charles-and

Lucy gave the contract to the priests, and the priests gave it to old Father Solo and old Solomon waited-waited till his dream should be fulfilled. Do you know his place, Master Roland? Once upon ime miners digged here for gold. Oh it was years ago. Whoever dreamed o gold being found five miles from Folke tone? They dug, and dug, and dug. They they left a grand hiding place. Only one man knows the secret of these caverns. It old Solomon The man energy of the secret of these caverns.

1. old Solomon. The man who is left lone here never sees the light again. Ha, ha! But it is a fine place to die: Presently he seemed to have disc

he place he sought, and then he took the a man's death. How long I remained in candle from my hand. I saw a adark hole in the side of the cavern, into which he put his hand, from which he drew a black

way to the light, for even now, after the lapse of years, I shudder to think of my sufferings during that terrible time. For "You wanted to see it, and you sha see it," he said. Then he pressed a spring in the box, and the lid flew open. "Read, read!" he cried. I saw a piece of parchment which was emblazeoned with a rude tracing of the

Lion and the Unicorn. This he took, and with trembling fingers unfolded it. "Read! Read!" he cried again. It was written in Krench, but in such a crude fashion as to make it difficult to

And this any man who hath imagination can easily believe. For I had no other read. But I saw these words-"Marriage prospect than a slow death amidst dark-Contract between Charles Stuart, King of England and Scotland, and Lucy Walters, ness and ioneliness. Could I have heard human voice, I do not think I should have of Ros Martat, in the County of Pen broke, Wales, daughter of Richard Walminded so much; but nothing could I hear cave the echo of my own sighs, while th ters." After this there were many lines larkness was so great that it could be which seemed to be meaningless, but at the bottom of the page I saw writing by

again find my way back to the man whose ward direction, and after walking well-nigh a mile through a wood, I saw a cottage wits had been keener than my own. The second tunnel was shorter than the difficulty that I reached it, but I succeeded at length, and presently saw a peasan woman lighting a fire outside the cottag

"What's o'clock, good dame?" I asked. I again groped along in the darkness. Even then I tried to find the place into which the old man had put the black box, "Six o' th' mornin' " she made answer. "Then perchance you can give me som breakfast," I said. but in this I was unsuccessful. Had I a light, I felt sure I could have found it,

"I've nothing but milk and bread," she answered, looking at me suspicion "For which I will pay you well," I replied, taking a coin from my pocket. The sight of the money altered her be-

After a time 1 was well-nigh despairin havior with wondrous quickness. "It's all ready," she replied. "Th' milk is boilin' and the bread be in the dishes. the place to be my grave. The more I tried to find my way out, the more con-fused I became. Still I was young and My man will not be here for a minute of two, but there's no need for you to wait strong, and youth does not for long give oung master."

way to hopelessness. Of the thoughts which passed through my mind, or cf the plans 1 made, as well Hunger made me ravenous, and I gave n thought to others. I doubt not the bread was black and heavy, but the milk was as of the schemes of vengeance, 1 mediweet, and I partook of it greedily. ted upon 1 will not speak. For while they were doubtless m.tural, they had so When I had finished it seemed to me as

little of sense in them that they are not though my strength had come back to me worth recording. Only one plan, indeed, promised aught, and that was to lie still as if by a miracle.

"Will ye 'a' more, young master?" "Presently, presently," and I gave her until old Solomon came to seek me, as I felt sure his curicsity would compel him the coin I had promised.

"Ah, here be my man comin';" and I to do. But that was given up, for, as I reflected, it would be terrible to lie there in the cold and in the darkness; besides, noticed a farmer's man come up, who looked at me wonderingly.

It was at this time that I realized the condition of my clothes. They were covered with dirt; and catching reflection o my face in a bucket of water, I saw that I therefore continued to examine leach level or tunnel in turn, and in this I had it was much bruised and smeared with to manifest great care, for there were blood.

"I will have a wash," good dame," I said, "after which I would like to talk many pitfalls which would easily lead to the darkness I know not, neither for that matter do I care to dwell upon the en-deavors I made while there to find my with you.'

"Ay, and 'ere's water, master, "she said; and I washed myself while she looked or in silence.

CHAPTER XII.

there is one thing harder than another "Servant, sir." The man saluted me as bear, it is to be alone in black dark "Thank you for a good breakfast," I said. "I have been out all night, and lost ness such as I was. I have faced death nore than once, I have experienced imcrisonment in a noisesome evil-smelling my way among the woods." "Easy enough to do," he replied, nodding towards the great forest from which I had cell, I have had to stand face to face with dread alternatives; but at no time do I emember such utter despair as I felt ther

"To whom do they belong?" He shook his head. "Pycroft Woods," he added presently.

"No one but the devil."

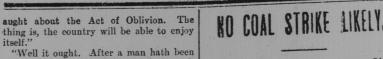
"Ay, it is said there was a great mine taken of these things. There was neither



y are free of fruit acids, too, t and woody fibre which en prevent fresh fruit being Try "Fruit-a-tives" and see

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to church once a week, he's done enough religion. After that let him enjoy him- Umpire Wright's View of the Situation.

All this and much more I heard as I passed along the streets; in truth, much

"And no one lives at Pycroft Hall, I of what I saw and heard is not fit to re-Washington, Aug. 2-Carroll D. Wright, cord here, for many of the people might have just been let out of Bedlam, so little commissioner of labor of the department of commerce and labor, expressed the "I saw a great heap of stones in the did they seem to care for what was clean opinion today that no strike of the anthracite mines would result from the con-tention which has arisen between the opand decent. Moreover, no notice was Moreover, I presently grew faint and weak. I needed food sadly, while even worse than hunger was the thirst that presently got hold of me. My body grew stone cold, and yet my throat became

troubles.

out, Master Roland, that is, the attempt youth, a cautious youth." Still holding the candle in one hand, he was made. The woman, never dreaming of disobeying either her husband or father, and also mad with fear as to what came close to the dark hole in the ground, from which came a musty ill smelling air, and then he put his left foot into the hole, while I held his right arm. "That is well," he said, and then I saw should take place if Charles Stuart came back, attempted the deed. If Monk was killed, Lambert would have power-you follow, Master Roland? Oh, it was not a the staves of a ladder.

One, two, three, four steps he went down, until I was almost dragged into the darkness in my endeavor to hold him bad plan, and had it succeeded-well me-thinks there would not be at this moment a gaping crowd waiting to welcome an-other Stuart. But it did not succeed-that "Come, come, Master Roland; but mind is, not fully. Mark you, she did succeed in reaching the room where Monk lay aleep. She stabled young James Carew, who acted as Monk's secretary, ay, and so badly that he hath not yet recovered; but Monk awoke before she was able to harm him much. Oh, but she made a des-perate fight. She wounded Monk in the arm and fiel Moneyare conductive head conductive head end by the head of the hea is, not fully. Mark you, she did succeed

shadow of a great terror. The old man, with his head sunk between his shoulders, arm, and fied. Moreover, so cleverly had she arranged everything that she managed to escape, and although every attempt hath been made, she hath not yet been tract existed only in the wild imagining of foolish men. A thousand dangers sug gested themselves, nameless dangers, and therefore all the more terrible, and try

captured." "But how dare she ride abroad?" I cried.

cried. "That woman would dare anything," cried the old man. "Besides, Monk de-scribed a woman different from the beautiful Constance. You see, she had taken steps to allter her appearance be-fore she attempted the deed. Nevertheless, the thing hath been traced to her. Mr. John Leslie is even now in prison, while one are avenuence twing to track down as I might I could not keep from tren ling. well thou mayst be, for this hole is ful them ?" spies be everywhere trying to track down Sir Charles Denman and his wife. Not run cold. "And yet only yesternight the fair Con that guilt hath been proved against Sir Charles on that count, nevertheless his life stance took this road, and she was not afraid." "But how dare he ride to the Barley

He said this tauntingly, which cause anger to take the place of fear. I still held his right arm, the hand of which grasped one of the staves of the ladder, Sheaf while it was yet daylight?" I cried. "I saw him myself."

Sir Charles hath many friends: be-"I will come with you, Father Solo-mon." I said, "but mind, if you betray sides, what kind of man did you see?" "A tall strong man with an iron grey

beard and a grey ashen countenance; one who speaks with a rough harsh voice." "Sir Charles had a yellow beard, brown hair, and hath a sweet mellow voice," he replied. "Ay, but his is cleverer than any me I will send you to hell with all your sins upon your head." With that I placed my foot upon the

adder, but in so doing I had to relax my hold upon him. I heard him cackling to himself while he went farther and still playactor in London. Besides, he knows that just now the search is somewhat lax, seeing that every one is at Dover waiting farther into the darkness. I had not descended more than sin to welcome the new King." steps before I heard a noise above me and then I knew that the trap door which

"The-then-"Ab, more I may not tell you. Ay, and seek to know no more, Master Roland. The chase cannot last long; she will be taken, and then God have mercy on her!"

could be distinctly heard just beneath me. "And Sir Charles?" A cloud crossed his face, and that harsh, oruel look which I had seen in his

eyes when first we met came back. "Who knows?" he snarled. "Who knows if he-but enough of that, Master Roland. sport, eh? Do you know where you are? "Twill be a fine tale to tell Charles. Ten There is something of more importance. There is that for which you came hither; fathoms underneath the foundations of Pycroft Hall, with Father Solomon! Do your fate, and perchance mine, depend on that." you think you'll ever see daylight again, Master Roland?"

CHAPTER XI.

Master Roland?" "If I do not, you will not." I replied; and then I looked around me and iound myself in a narrow tunnel, which per-chance was three feet wide and high "You want the King's marriage con tract," he said presently; "you desire the proof that Charles Stuart was married to Lucy Walters, and thus be able to prove enough for a man of short stature to stand that the boy who is now with the King's upright "Good boy, courageous boy, well he de-

mother is the next heir to the English serves to get what he seeks! But oh, he will see rare sport before he puts his hand I nodded my head in the affirmative, all

the time watching the old man's eyes, into which a cunning sinster expression had come.

"It is a great thing, a great thing," he cackled. "Fancy, the Duke of York would give his fingers to get hold of it. And yet only you and I have the secret of it."

"Only you and I have the secret of it." "Only you at present," I urged. "Ah, yes, only I, only I, but I need you, and you shall know. Ha! ha!" and he

laughed like a man tickled. "But we must bide our time," he continued presently. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"It is no use removing it from its pres ent hiding-place until the proper time," he said. "Suppose you had it in your hand

now. What would you do with it? Would you go to the King, and say, 'Look, here is the marriage contract between you and Lucy Walters?' Such would be the act of a fool. And you are not a fool-no, you are not a fool!" are not a fool!

"But I must know where it is," I cried,

Lucy Walters. Pierre Rousseau Francois Abelard.

I saw, too, that Pierre Rousseau was stated to be a priest of the Roman Catholic church who had performed the sac-rament of marriage, and that Francois Abelard, a brother of the Benedictine Order, had witnessed thereto. "There, you have seen it; now let me

put it away. "No," I replied, "let me read it again;

I would commit the writing to memory. He paid no heed to me, however, before I well knew what he was doing he had struck the paper from my hands. The box closed with a snap, and he placed it

in its hiding-place again. "You have seen," he cried. "Oh, it is rare fun. Now, then, you must swear to what I dictate, or you will never again see the light of the sun."

"Swear what?" I cried, for I felt angry with myself for having allowed him to put the thing back into its hiding-place. "You must swear that you will obey me in all that appertains to this." "That was not in our bargain," I cried.

"But it must be," he cried. "Swear, or you die." "No," I said, "I will not. And do not "Afraid Master Roland, eh? Ay, and think to frighten me. I will keep to my bargain faithfully, but if you in aught do fail on your part, then will I come time to reflection as to whence this water of lost spirits. Hark! do you hear To my excited imagination, I fancied time to reflection as to whence this water hither alone, and I will act without you." "Ah!" he eried, and there was a fear-some look in his eyes. "You defy me, eh?" "Yes, I defy you!" I cried, for the sight of the parchment had set my blood on I heard distant wails, and I felt my blood

of the parchment had set my blood on noving towards the light.

We had moved away a few steps from the place where he had put the black wor, but I kept my eye on the spot, so that

I might know it again. "Ah, we must be friends," he said wheedlingly. "Come, my son, I have more to tell you."

and after a time my hope became a centra tainty. I could even see the sides of the I followed him a few steps, and then again I looked back over my shoulder to mark the place where the precious docu-ment was hidden; but this, as will be seen, utes later a streak of light, very small bu very distinct, reached me. I realized led to my undoing, for no sooner did he note my action than with a sudden wrench moreover, that a little stream of water trickled along the bed of the tunnel in he leapt from me, and blowing out the he leapt from me, and blowing out the candle, he left me in utter darkness. I stretched out my hands to grasp him, but he was gone. I stopped and listened to catch the sound of his retreating foot-steps, but could hear nothing to guide me, for the place seemed to be full of the sound of footsteps, now coming from one direction, and now from another. More-over, he wore cloth-soled shoes, which made but little noise, so that I was utterly unable to locate him. Presently I thought I heard him cackling, as I had heard him more than once before when he was well which I walked, and ere long I saw what appeared to me to be a small hole which led to the light. As may be imagined, I lost no time in going down the ladder, and the moment my feet touched the ground I grasped the old man's arm again. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "This is rare more than once before when he was well pleased with himself. Without an in-stant's delay I rushed to the spot from out of their distress. Never surely did man thank God as I thanked Him then, and when, a little later, whence I thought the sound came, but only to strike my head with a terrible thud

thanked Him then, and when, a little later, I crept out of the level through a hole scarce big enough for a man to drag his body through, I could scarce breathe for very joy. I heard the birds singing, and looking above me I saw the sunlight pierc-ing the trees which grew above me. Then against the rocky side of the cavern. What happened safter that I do not know. I have a vague remembrance of falling to the ground, and then rising and staggering away in the darkness, but whether this was only fancy or fact, it is down, while all became dark again. When I woke I found myself lying when I had fallen, and although I was terriol weak, I had still strength enough to lool not for me to say, seeing that nothing was clear to me.

Presently, when I woke to consciou "Where it it?" I asked, still holding his Not a ray of light came to me anywhere, "Where it it? I asked, still holding his night arm. "I must be free, and you must follow me." "No," I replied. "Whither you go I ad lain there I knew not, neither was I able to calculate. All I knew was that I upon you till I see daylight." "He looked at me savagely, and lifted his if to strike me. Then the angry look mest also be a way out, and so I set to work to try and find cut my whereabouts."

if to strike me. Then the angry look passed away, and I saw the cunning leer come in his eyes again. "A good boy, a brave boy," he said coaxingly. "Ah, we are friends. I can-not do without him, neither can he do without me. Youth and age, strength and wisdom together, what can withstand it?" He led the way along the tunnel, which

He led the way along the tunnel, a lothowed its windings for some the better; the time may come when I full, pain subduing, curative liniment should be. It is work if for I found that the place ended here. I therefore returned again, determined to therefore returned again, determined to therefore, it might enter each level in turn until I should place. I took what I believed was the sea- be made. All deal is sell it.

stone cold, and yet my throat became parched and burnt. "This must be hell," I thought to my-self. "I am become like the rich man in the New Testament—ay, I am worse than he, for I cannot see one afar off to whom I can cry." Presently, however, in spite of my suf-fering I fell asleep, and when I awoke I felt better. My head ceased to ache, and although I felt very weak, my tongue had become cool again. I also made inquiries in a roundabout way concerning Pycroft Hall, but he only shook his head. Evidently he knew nothing of it. I also asked him concerning the day of the week, and I found that I must have been fully thirty hours alone in the bowels of the earth. I concluded that old Solo-mon had not paid a visit to me, neither did he believe that I should be able to find my way out. After a time I felt sleepy, and the wom-an having offered me a bed whereon to

"Thank God," I cried out in my joy. "O, great Lord; who didst suffer for the sins of the world, be pleased to help me in my dire distress." But no answer came to my prayer: only

silence, a great and terrible silence, filled the place. Nevertheless, my prayer gave me hope. If God lived, I reflected, I was in His keeping here in the bowels of the earth as truly as if I was aboveground This feeling put new heart into me, and determined to make another effort.

I had now no knowledge concerning the levels I had explored, but I kept on praying for guidance, and ere long I found my self in another tunnel, although whither it led I no more knew than a child but

last night born. I could not help reflecting, however, that

I therefore pressed onward, feeling the air grow purer and purer at each step, and then I fancied that, instead of gazing while, in the streets, booths and shows were everywhere in evidence. On every hand the people were shouting and singing. Every street was festooned with flowers and flags, while it appeared that every one was glad that the reign of Puritanism was over, and that they would have a King in-stead of a governor to reign over them. I tunnel in which I walked. A few min stead of a governor to reign over them. I noticed, too, that in the booths there

ed Constance as he had treated me. But, although the thought fretted me sorely. were plays representing the downfall of the Puritans, while the great butt of most the more 1 reflected, the stronger was my conviction that she had left the house by of the jokes were those who dressed in the dark sober fashion of the times of Olisome other means. ver Cromwell, and quoted Psalms with a

pious sniffle. "God save His Most Gracious Majesty King Charles the Second!" many cried. "Ay, ay," was the response. "We shall have a merry life under the King. Plenty to drink, plenty to eat, and plenty of

"Down with the Psalm-singing hypo

Tis all along the Dardanelles Some funny sights there are; You'll see a Russian merchant s With harmless mast and spar-But wait a bit And see how it Becomes a man-o'-war! "As though cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and bull-baiting hath not always been an Englishman's sport."

"The King loves it, I hear." "Ay, and he loves to kiss a pretty girl,

"Well, what's the harm in that?" "None at all. He's young and comely and loves his pleasure as a king should." "It'll go hard with the sour-faced Psalm I think I fainted, for I remember falling

singers, I hear." "Well it ought. Did they not kill the King's father? I hear that at least five hundred are to be hanged." "But what about the Act of Oblivion?"

"Marry! as though the King will care

Do You Suffer Fain A where? Even if seated tissue it to reach remote penetra

nction i deeply

ction is so liniments ar ie. Pa verything

ors bills. When t the best that can

(To be continued)

Along the Dardanelles,

"Tis all along the Dardanelles Some tunny things they do; A cruiser labelled "merchant ship" Quite easily goes through. But call a raft A "battle craft" And they'll torpedo you.

"Tis all along the Dardanelles, Some funny vessels pass, Steam freighters floating Russian flags With cargoes labelled "glass"-But fairly hot To get a shot At foreign ships that pass.

When all along the Dardanelles Your gallant vessel fares, If you behold a battleship Fear not its warlike airs; But when you scan A merchantman It's time to say your prayers.

chant ship

the president his annual report on wages, an abstract of which already has been published. At the conclusion of his interview with the president, he talked briefly about the pending difficulty between the anthra cite operators and miners. By agreement, mon had not paid a visit to me, neither did he believe that I should be able to find my way out.
Matter a time I felt sleepy, and the woman an having offered me a bed whereno to rest, I fell into a sleep, from which I did not wake until past noon.; After the dame had given me a meal consisting of boiled to walk back to Folkstone, which after giving the woman another coin, I did.
I found that my absence had caused no surprise at the Barley Sheaf; indeed, the news that the King was to land at Dover the news that the King was to land at Dover the mext day but one seemed to drive af other thoughts from their minds. I made many inquiries, but could hear nothing of either sir Charles Denman or his wife.
The woman had come mysteriously into my life and had passed out of it again just as mysteriously. And yet I thought much he is the umpire to whom all disputes

my life and had passed out of it again just as mysteriously. And yet I thought much of her. I felt in a way which I cannot explain that my life was linked with hers, and that some time in the future I should see her again. The following morning I had my horse I delt my horse difference in the future I based in the servant to this room, and, being left alone, was about to review the events which had taken place since I had bet my horse difference in the future I based in the servant to the servant to the server I had being left alone, was about to review the events which had taken place since I had being left alone, was about to review the events which had taken place since I had The following morning I had my horse saddled and started for Dover. I had much company on the way, for, as it seem-ed to me, the whole countryside had emptied itself in order to be at Dover to there was truth in what old Father So.oemptied itself in order to be at Dover to welcome the new King. When I arrived at Dover town, moreover, I found a great uproar; in truth, no fair I had ever seen provided such food for sport and carnival as Doyer town provided that day. In the it would he heat for him to think of an s Dover town provided that day. In the accusing and of treachery. I reflected that to not use for the checking bess object to it would be best for him to think of me paying their portion of the assessment thile, in the streets, booths and shows as dead, for if I went to him, he would they may be discharged. It is simply a were everywhere in evidence. On every take some other steps for hiding the preci-

YACHTING PARIY DEAD.

(Continued from page 1.)

odies might go out with the obb tide. The affair has caused a gloom over the town tonight and great sympathy is expressed for Capt. Hersey's wife and his arge family, he being the only one of the manty known here.

Some Doubt About Identity of the Dead.

It is an odd coincidence that Mrs. Hersey's father, mother and brother were all drowned a few years ago under similar circumstances. It is heped that more particulars can be learned at the inquest to morrow. Vidito will be the principal wit-ness if he has sufficiently recovered to give evidence. It is said that Mrs. Vidito was a relative of Mrs. O'Riley and it is was a reported that it is Mrs. Leach that also reported that it is Mrs. Leach that was drowned instead of Mrs. O'Riley. Nebody present tonight could positively identify the bodies recovered. The band, which had just commenced

playing on the down town stand, was called off, so horror-stricken were the large crowd of Digby people and summer visitors on the street when they learned the sad news.

Vidito Crazed With Grief.

Vidito is crazed with grief at the loss of his wife and child. Geo. Leach as he lies in the baggage

room of the station tonight appears like a well built man of considerable weight, probably nearly 200 pounds. He had in is pocket when found \$270 in cash.

One of the Victims.

Nasonville, R. I., Aug. 4-George Leach, who was drowned near Digby (N. S.) this afternioon, was the manager of the Nason-ville woolen mill in this town. Mr. Leach left Saturday on a vacation trip. For several years he had been connected with

the woolen mill here. He lived at Ye bury's estate is estimated at £170,000. The Arnold Inn, Union Village, North Smith-family gems alone are valued at £50,000, field. He was unmarried.

For all along the Dardanelles Such to ny rules there are, You can'd determine when a ship Is mint for peace or war; When e'en a tug A gun may lug and be a "tug-o'-war." ther lin -Wallace Irwin. ed on it

Hallfax Lad Has Foot Amputated. n is almost in Halifax, Aug. 3-Barclay Waddell, the fourteen-year-old son of W. H. Waddell principal of the Arnold School in this city had one of his feet so badly crushed by a car going over it at Pictou Landing yoster day, that it had to be amputated.



ercund and take notice of my surround ings. I saw that that mouth of the leve