

DYING FOR THE GREEN.

Air: "THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."

O! people dear, and did you hear
The news that's young round?
What's happening to our brothers dear
In Balfour's dungeons bound?
Since old Cromwell, I've truth I tell,
Such times have never been seen—
They're crushing brave, true Irish hearts
For loving of the Green.

For loving of the Green,
Their loving of the Green;
They're feigning brand,
Who love their land,
Old Erin's Isle so Green.

With Englishmen, with voices and pen,
Are fighting Ireland's cause,
And claim for her the right again
To regulate her laws,
A money band go hand and hand,
Call'd Unionists, I ween,
Who'd insult, curse, say, faith and worse,
All those who love the Green.

All those who love the Green,
All those who love the Green—
Their hearts may break
For Erin's sake,
But still they'll love the Green.

In dungeons cells, where noisome smells
Endanger prisoner's lives,
Are slowly dying Ireland's sons,
Away from home and wives;
'Tis not because they're "bold outlaws"
Or murderers have been—
In prison flats, they're kept like rats
For loving of the Green.

For loving of the Green,
For loving of the Green;
Sure, Parnell tells
In his own cells
They're dying for the Green.

When will they know, this "tribe of Joe,"
Or Balfour's cruel clique,
That never will our cause o'erthrow
While Irishmen can speak;
Maybe before a year is o'er,
Dismiss'd, they will have seen
True sons of England grasp the hands
Of those who love the Green.

Of those who love the Green,
Of those who love the Green;
All Balfour's crew
Will sink from view
And proud will rise the Green.

J. R. M.

URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane).

CHAPTER XVI—Continued

I felt the kindest thing for me to do was to fade out of the memory of all men, and to let the report of my death remain forever uncontradicted. So I found my way hither, and have lived a not unhappy life. If the sin of my house and family has been a guilty pride, in my deep humiliation it has now been explained, and I may, perhaps, be the last of the Golden-Haired Pendragons who shall bear the doom of misfortune. "And you can bear this life," I said, "and persevere in it?" "Yes, Mr. Wyvern," he said, smiling; "God has been good to me, and given me something to live for." I looked at the child, who was playing at his feet. "Ah, yes," said his father, lifting him to his knee, "he, too, is a gift, my angel gift, as I like to call him: all that is left me of my poor Jacqueline. But it was not of him I was thinking when I said I had something to live for. What gives me courage to bear my life is the work which God, as I think, has given me to do. In lifeboat service, in which I have taken part ever since I came to this country, I have found my call. Most of those who devote themselves to this work would tell you the same. It is not a profession, but a vocation. They feel, one and all, that they have a call from God to save life, and that they must answer to that call. When it came to me in my lonely widowhood it roused my heart to a new courage, and made me content to live that I might spend my life in saving others. So now, when the storm gathers and the billows break, it sounds to me like a voice announcing me to the post of danger. It was so I felt that night at Penmore, where I had been driven in for shelter; stranger, as I was, I could not have kept back from joining the crew of the *Speranza*."

"You see, Geoffrey, he's a noble soul, this poor lost Uriel; but, alas! he will not declare himself. In this resolution he is unalterably fixed, and nothing seems to shake him from his purpose. If, indeed, his name were cleared and his innocence proved, he would not refuse to come back to England; but to return only to darken his family with the shadow of his disgrace he will not do; and, indeed, one can hardly wish to persuade him. He has made me promise to keep his existence a secret from his family, unless in the seemingly impossible contingency of his innocence being proved, and this being the case, you must consider the contents of this letter a strict confidence for the present, and communicate it to no one living."

"O Geoffrey!" exclaimed Mary, "and here we are all reading it! You should have looked it over first; we ought not to know." "All right," said Geoffrey, "it's a most amazing business. You see, it was to be a secret unless his innocence was proved, and the proof of that I hold this moment in my pocket."

"Yes?" exclaimed Mary. "Yes," replied Geoffrey; "it is, as I said, an amazing business. Bill Fagan, as they called him, was not Bill Fagan at all; he was Joseph Martin, the trooper in Uriel's regiment, who really committed the crime for which the poor fellow was condemned. He confessed the whole to me last night, when he was dying, and I took down the deposition from his lips, and had it properly attested. Uriel is innocent, and this paper will prove it to the whole world."

There was but one thing for Mary to do on hearing this explanation; she threw her arms round her brother's neck and fairly hugged him. Then, being a woman, she said he had been in her shoulder and cried for joy. So many feelings were clamoring in her heart for the martyr, but, perhaps, for the moment the most important was a sense of honest pride in her brother. And Geoffrey, and Julian, too, he had his share in it all; they divided the prize between them.

"Well, now then," said Geoffrey, "you see why I was in a hurry to go to the castle. I wanted to tell you, but, saints alive! no one would believe me. I had a letter to tell you about it. My word, Mary, it will be business, if you think you could come and help me out with it!"

"No," said Mary, shortly and decisively; "you must go alone. It's your own business, Geoffrey, and you must tell it to her with your own lips. Now, don't keep him another minute; Gertrude; let him go as once; only," and she gave her brother a parting

embrace, "what a precious old Geoffrey you are, no one in this world will ever know."

CHAPTER XVII.

A HAPPY MOMENT.

Geoffrey felt the task which lay before him was not an easy one. To communicate bad tidings is a hard matter; but there are cases, and this was one, in which it is almost as hard to know how to communicate good ones. To tell Sir Michael that his son was living, that son whose name for years had never crossed his lips; to announce to Aurelia that the cloud had been lifted, which since her childhood days had rested upon her house—all this poor Geoffrey thought within himself seemed to need a graceful, eloquent, sympathetic tongue; whereas he had no gift to announce that "the thing is so, and I thank God for it." So the old feeling of awkward awkwardness came back upon him very strongly as he presented himself at the castle, and begged for an interview with Miss Pendragon. He was shown into the room already known to our readers, that very room where some eight months previously he had stood on the occasion of Julian's first visit to Merylin, and had watched the courteous bearing of his friend, at the same time catching a glimpse of his own reflection in the mirror. All the shame and misery of that most miserable moment rushed back upon his heart, and to his own consciousness down to his very finger ends he was the same stupid, awkward simpleton that mortified self-love and a sharp touch of jealousy had depicted him on that memorable morning.

Meanwhile Aurelia had not been without her anxieties. In the retired life she led rumors were long in reaching her, and false rumors equally long in receiving their correction. She had heard a confused account of the fray with the smugglers, and of Mr. Houghton's presence on the occasion; and the messenger who had summoned her to the grave to the scene of the action had left behind a general, but not very distinct, impression of bloodshed and danger. So that the announcement that Geoffrey was waiting below and wished to speak to her conveyed to Aurelia the first certain assurance of his safety, and in her joy she entered his presence with a warmer cordiality than was her wont. "I am so glad," she exclaimed, holding out both her hands, "I have been fearing and fancying all kinds of things. There were rumors of killed and wounded."

"The rumors were true," said Geoffrey; "some of the fellows got a scratch or two, but nothing serious, with one exception. Poor Clara's father was badly hurt, and died this morning."

"Poor unhappy man," said Aurelia; "he was a bad fellow, I am afraid. Clara always seemed in terror of him. You must let me see after her now, Mr. Houghton, you must indeed."

"You shall see after her as much as you please," replied Geoffrey, "provided you will listen to what I have to tell you about that man, for it concerns you nearly. You know him as Bill Fagan, but that was only an alias, of which he had plenty. His real name was Joseph Martin, and he was the son of one of your father's former tenants."

"Martin!" said Aurelia, putting her hand to her forehead, as if trying to remember. "Joseph Martin; I seem surely to have heard that name."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, "it was the name of a trooper in your poor brother's regiment. At the time of the trial there was a suspicion on the part of some that he might really have been the guilty party; for he was not unlike your brother, and in the dark they might have been mistaken for one another."

"I remember," said Aurelia, "and did that suspicion hang over him and injure him? If so, it is a double reason for being kind now to the poor daughter."

"No, Aurelia," replied Geoffrey, "that was not my meaning. You must try and bear it, for it will come like a shock, as it were; but Joe Martin was the real criminal, and your poor brother was innocent."

"Innocent! Uriel innocent!" exclaimed Aurelia. For a moment she covered her face with her hands, but the next instant she looked up quickly. "But if it is only suspicion, that is almost worse, and the poor man dead too."

"It is not suspicion," said Geoffrey, "it is certainty. See here," and he drew a paper from his breast. "Last night, when he knew that he was dying, he confessed all to me, in the presence of witnesses. Here are their signatures, and his own cross to the name I wrote for him. After he had done that, he said, 'Father Adrian, I believe, poor fellow, that he died penitent.'"

Aurelia took the precious paper in her hands, and tried to read, but her tears blinded her. "How did it come about?" she said; "how could you have guessed? And oh! my poor father!"

"It was about six months back," said Geoffrey, "that I first heard the suspicion started, and it took me that time to track him out. You see, he was a big fellow, and so easier to follow. But, now, that's not all, there's more to hear. You remember the cartoon, Julian's cartoon? well, you were right; it was really Uriel. He is living, and Julian has found him."

For a minute or two it really seemed as if Geoffrey's fears were justified, and the shock of the great joy more than Aurelia could bear. She sat motionless with her head buried in her hands; then rising suddenly, she exclaimed, "Oh, how Geoffrey, come to keep him waiting! Come, Geoffrey, come to my father—come and help me to tell him all—we must not delay a minute."

Geoffrey hesitated. "Father Adrian, perhaps," he said.

"Yes, by-and-by," said Aurelia, "but not now; it is your doing, and you yourself must tell him."

She did not wait for answer or remonstrance, but led the way to her father's apartment. She opened the door gently, and as Geoffrey's eyes fell on the figure of the white-haired old man, with his look of suffering and his attenuated form and features, his heart sank within him lest the great joy he had to communicate might be too much for the feeble brain.

Aurelia approached her father, and kneeling beside his chair, she took his hand. "Geoffrey has come to see you, dear papa," she said, "and he has good news to tell, good and joyful news; will you listen?"

A weak hollow voice answered her almost in the words of Tobias: "Joyful news, Aurelia? It is. What manner of joy is there any more for me, who sit in darkness in the shadow of death? God's holy will be done. I submit; but do not speak to me of joy."

Then turning to Geoffrey, whom Aurelia had motioned to take a seat near him, "I have heard," Geoffrey Houghton, he continued, in the same unearthly tones, as one who spoke seldom and with difficulty, "I have heard of the fight yonder, and that you did your duty as a brave gentleman. This is as it should be."

"I did little enough," said Geoffrey, "but the men who have been so long a terror to this neighborhood are taken, and one was killed in the struggle—the son, Sir Michael, of a former tenant of yours, Joseph Martin."

"Ay, was it Martin?" said Sir Michael, with something more of animation in his tone; they told me some other name."

"Yes," replied Geoffrey, "he had borne a

dozen, but he was really Martin, Joe Martin once a trooper in the—dragons, as you may perhaps remember."

The old man sat more upright in his chair, and grasping its arms in both his hands fixed his gleaming eyes on Geoffrey; but he did not speak.

"Martin was in your son's regiment," continued Geoffrey, "and last night, before he died, he owned the truth. Have courage, Sir Michael, and hear what he bade me tell you: it was he who committed the crime with which your son was charged; Uriel Pendragon was innocent."

There was a faint cry, and the old man fell back on his pillows, convulsed with an emotion that seemed to stop his breath. Geoffrey sprang to his side, and supported his head on his arm, while Aurelia still held his hand and tried to soothe his agitation by a few gentle words. Gradually Sir Michael regained his power of speech, but his mind seemed confused and wandering. "Was any one speaking of my son?" he said, "was I dreaming, or did I hear his name?"

"No, no dream," said Geoffrey; "he is living and innocent. You have mourned him as dead, but he is living as a brave and noble man."

Then at last the full heart found relief, and from the white lips of the unhappy father came broken words of thanksgiving and blessing. Geoffrey stood beside him, still supporting him, and from time to time repeating the same tidings, or joining in his words of murmured thanks. A gentle and loving mother could not have been more patient or more tender with a suffering child. Aurelia felt it. "It has been all Geoffrey's doing," she said; "we owe everything to Geoffrey."

"And Julian," added Geoffrey, even in that moment mindful of his fidelity to his friend.

"God bless them both," said Sir Michael. "God bless you, Geoffrey Houghton; in the hour of my anguish you did a son's part to me, and I shall never forget it."

"You did, indeed," said Aurelia, turning her eyes toward Geoffrey, as he stood there, with her father's white head resting trustfully on his arm, looking like the strong, brave, honest friend he truly was.

Geoffrey gazed down on the grateful countenance that beamed on him through his tears. It was, perhaps, the very happiest moment of his life.

Gradually all was told, and Julian's letter read, which conveyed the happy, almost incredible tidings, that the deed was living, and that the lost was found. Then Aurelia proposed that Father Adrian should be summoned, and that her father should be left with him awhile.

"I will fetch him," said Geoffrey; "he knows about Martin's confession, of course; but not this other matter which Julian had to tell."

So leaving Sir Michael to his daughter's care, he hastened to seek the chaplain, and making known to him the contents of Julian's letter, begged him at once to go to the old man, on whom the effects of so much agitation could not fail to be serious. Full of joyful wonder, Father Adrian hastened to comply with the request; and Geoffrey was preparing to leave the castle, when a quick step behind him made him look back.

It was Aurelia, who, leaving her father on the chaplain's entrance, had hastened to find Geoffrey, and bid him farewell. "You must not go without a word," she said; "if I only knew how to thank you."

"There is no need," said Geoffrey; "my thanks will be to do you happy. But there is plenty yet to be done."

"How so?" asked Aurelia.

"Why, we must get this confession of Martin's acknowledged by the proper authorities," replied Geoffrey, "and the sentence reversed; something formal and regular, you see. Nothing else will satisfy Uriel, or put him straight in the eyes of the world."

"I see," said Aurelia; "and how is that to be done?"

"Oh, I must see about it," said Geoffrey. "I have been thinking of Paxton. He knows everybody, and has a world of power, I understand, with all the bigwigs. I think he'd help us in the proper quarters."

"Of course, he would," said Aurelia; "and how do you think of everything, Geoffrey! You will write to him at once, will you not?"

"Why, no," said Geoffrey; "I'm no great hand at letters. I must write to Julian to-night, and tell him what has turned up, and get him to make Uriel reasonable, you see. And then, to-morrow morning, I think I'll just go up to London. There I can see Paxton, and find out what has to be done. It will save time, and a lot of letters, which always bother me. The right words never seem to come."

"O Geoffrey!" said Aurelia, "how little you know! I and just now, with papa, I kept wondering all the time how you seemed to be always finding the right thing to say, and how you could soothe him, and keep his thoughts clear and steady. I could not have done it."

"Well, but I wasn't writing, you see," said Geoffrey; "that is the bother. So I'll be off to-morrow—there is no time to be lost."

"Then I have only to say good-bye, and God speed you," said Aurelia, as she held out her hand, "and thanks—but that I can never say. O Geoffrey, how right Mary was in choosing St. Raphael for your angel! Truly, you have been like him, and brought us joy."

Geoffrey took the offered hand, and tried to speak, but something choked his utterance, and he turned away. Joy, indeed! his heart was full of it; yet mingled with it was something that found expression in a sigh.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GEOFFREY'S LONDON SEASON.

No welcome could have possibly been warmer than that which Geoffrey received from Mr. Paxton, when, presenting himself at the gentleman's elegant little house, in the most aristocratic quarter of the great metropolis, he told his tale and stated the purpose of his coming.

Paxton entered heart and soul into the business, and promised that no time should be lost in putting into the proper hands. "Make yourself quite easy on the subject," he said; "it is a charming end to our long-expected Merylin, and with the proof with which you are provided there can be no fear as to the issue. But, before I set to work, I must state my conditions."

"By all means," said Geoffrey; "I am in your hands altogether."

"Very good," said Paxton. "Then, to begin with, you take up your quarters here. I have not forgotten my delightful three days at Lavenor, and seize with avidity this occasion of returning your hospitality. Then, in the next place, as you very judiciously remarked just now, you are in my hands altogether, and if I am to help you, you must leave the management of the affair to me."

(To be Continued.)

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LONDON'S TRADE PARALYZED.

The Striking Coal Laborers go to Work While the Dockmen Stay Out.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—Midnight.—The strike of the coal porters is practically ended and they will resume work to-morrow, the merchants having conceded the main demands of the strikers. The officials of the dock companies offered to concede all the demands of their strikers except compensation at sixpence an hour. The delegates of the dockmen insisted upon sixpence and the conference was suspended without a definite settlement.

The tea trade is urging the dock companies to settle with the strikers, and their overtures seem to be received favorably. The dock companies have referred the questions in dispute to a committee composed of officials of the companies and delegates from the strikers.

Mr. Burns declares that if the dock companies do not yield a compact will be made with the wharfingers to unload ships in mid-stream. At a meeting of dockmen to-night Mr. Burns announced the receipt of cheques from New York and Hamburg.

Never before has the business of the great port of London been in such a paralyzed condition as it is to-day. Cargoes of wheat from Australia and fruit and eggs from the continent are rotting by ship loads. There appears to be a universal demand for an increase of one penny per ton for loading up and sixpence per ton for unloading. Many firms expressed their willingness to accede to the demands of the men, but the latter refused to return to work until the whole of the employers gave in.

London's great carting agencies are also threatened. The van drivers are expressing a determination to go out before the end of the week. The dock laborers, with whom the strike originated, still remain firm. They have perfected a system of pickets who are on duty day and night at the dock gates, railway stations, in the river and along the streets, who intercept and who generally win over the men brought from the provinces by the dock authorities to assist in unloading ships. Ship owners having contracts to carry mails are experiencing great difficulty in getting their boats away and one ship is now being secretly loaded by the officers and crew of the ship and clerks from her owners' office. The prices of coal and meat have increased 25 to 40 per cent.

Seven members of Parliament yesterday urged the dock directors to accede to the men's demands. The directors promised to consider the matter. The Salvation Army, the London Cottage mission and similar bodies are materially assisting the strikers with cheap or gratuitous meals and lodgings.

Mr. Burns, at a meeting last night, pronounced the strike the stepping stone to a greater and nobler movement of workingmen throughout the country.

An extra insurance against the risk of pillage arising from a civil riot has been paid on vessels and docks here. Goods to the value of millions have been insured.

An increased number of men are at work to-day. Mail steamers are being loaded slowly. Some of the carmen have resumed work. Several ships laden with sugar are lying in the Thames unable to unload. All the sugar cargoes at Greenock were bought to-day in fifteen minutes at an advance of sixpence on previous prices, and sent by train to London.

At a meeting of the striking dock men this morning Mr. Burns said he had heard that 4,000 Belgians would be imported unless the strike was ended. He had at once telegraphed to the Belgian Workingmen's union and blocked that move of the employers. The strikers now number 150,000. The leaders express a determination to press their claim and march through the streets until the demands of the dockmen are granted.

In the vicinity of St. Pancras station there was much excitement this morning. Many coal heavers resumed work at an advance in wages, which course was violently opposed by the strikers. A mob numbering several thousands, attacked the coal vans leaving the yards under police escort. They unhooked the chains and traces, compelling the drivers to return. In a short time 6,000 strikers had arrived on the scene and started for the coal yards.

The Glasgow dockmen have formally demanded an advance of wages.

ITS EFFECT ON THE CONTINENT.

BERLIN, August 28.—A belief that the dock laborers' strike in London will result in a general rise of wages throughout England, to the detriment of English competition with foreign markets, caused a general rise on the Bourse here yesterday in local and mining shares.

ONLY A SPARK NEEDED TO BEGIN A TERRIBLE WORKMEN'S RIOT.

LONDON, August 28.—The strike has reached its crisis, and it now remains to be seen whether Burns will be able to restrain the fury of 100,000 hungry men, goaded to the point of desperation by the misery of their starving families, for another week. If this is possible, and it would be impossible under any other leader, it is the general opinion that the dock companies will be obliged to give in.

If Burns loses control of the strikers, there will ensue the bloodiest riot ever known. To-night the men are gathered by tens of thousands along the river front. Their aspect is gloomy and sullen. Many thousands have not tasted food to-day, and to return to their homes means to be obliged to listen to the cries of their children for bread, to endure the equal and destitution that necessity and the pawn-broker have brought about. Although the city, apart from the random vagabonds, is quiet, there is no little alarm felt for the public safety. The police department is on the qui vive. The entire force is ready for instant action, and the military in the barracks and at the tower are under arms and in readiness for immediate service.

It is no idle apprehension of danger that has brought about these precautions. It is everywhere admitted that but for the superior management and heroic work of Burns there would have been an outbreak before now. The dock laborers themselves number 30,000, and to their assistance have come 10,000 stevedores, 10,000 watermen, 8,000 lightermen, 8,000 carters, 5,000 river sailors, 2,000 steamboat engineers, and enough other small labor organizations belonging to the Dock Laborers' union to swell the number of actual workmen on strike to 100,000. To these must be added from 30,000 to 50,000 of the idle ruffians of the slums who attach themselves to such movements for the purpose of looting and riot and bloodshed.

A more formidable mob than the great gathering of angry men in the East end to-night could not be brought together. Every man is savage and hungry, and once carried beyond the point of endurance, they would be irresistible. Burns himself is down among them, imploring and commanding, and endeavoring to impress the leaders with a sense of the terrible responsibility that rests upon them. The Thames to-day has been as quiet as if commerce were unknown in London. The vast flotilla of freighters, that in

ordinary times crowds the river, lay moored to the wharves, and rising and falling with the tide.

A DEARTHED CITY.

The great warehouses were closed and the shutters of doors and windows drawn. The docks were deserted and the gates barred. A more than Sunday calm was over everything. All perishable freight is already ruined. Six thousand tons of meat brought from New Zealand is rotting on the British India company's steamships, and thousands of pounds in value in fruit and vegetables are decaying in the holds of idle vessels. The Peninsula & Oriental company have paid back their passengers' money, after keeping them two days on board waiting for the hold to be loaded, and the small passenger steamers that ply between London and the continent are carrying their freight back and forth as ballast. Two passenger steamers of the Allan line, that should have sailed for Boston a week ago, are deserted in midstream, and a score of American freighters are moored at their piers.

John Burns, the heart and soul of the strike, is himself a working engineer. He is about 35 years of age and is a member of the County Council of Battersea. Burns' character is very high, and he has the respect even of his opponents. He is a man of great strength as well as magnetism, and it is due entirely to his personal influence that the strikers have been kept under control for fifteen days.

The effect of the strike on commerce is paralyzing, and the result will be, the ship-owners say, to drive traffic from London to Southampton, Plymouth and Liverpool.

But more serious still is the effect upon the families of the strikers, as 100,000 men out of work means privation for nearly half a million men, women and children. The misery in these homes is appalling. Several relief movements have been organized, but, as only a few thousand at the outside can be fed by charity, the suffering will be terrible if the strike does not end soon. If the strikers are driven to desperation, a terrible crime will be laid at the door of the dock companies.

There are many signs that the strike has been preconcerted, and that the socialistic bodies in London have been busy preparing for it for some time. In point of fact what seems to be impending is something very like a general rising among the labor classes. There are always alarmists in every emergency who predict all sorts of calamities, hence one is not surprised to find that there are whisps of the docks being set on fire, and of a general raid on the shops of the west end. The strikers feel their strength, and their leaders press upon them night and day that the metropolis is pretty much at their mercy.

The dock companies have issued a manifesto in which they offer the regular dock laborers fivepence per hour ordinary time and sixpence per hour overtime. The companies promise to abolish the contract system and to substitute piece work, the rates for which will be sixpence an hour ordinary time and eightpence an hour overtime. The overtime being reckoned from eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. Burns rejects the offer as being a dodge to abolish piece-work and bring all the men under the fivepenny scale. He also insists that overtime shall be reckoned from six o'clock in the evening.

The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance company workmen at Greenwich have struck.

The tailors are joining the strikers. The crews of three American cattle ships have joined the strikers.

The Dock laborers at Dover have gone on strike.

BELGIAN SYMPATHY.

BRUSSELS, August 28.—The Belgian Workingmen's council has sent a telegram to Mr. Burns, expressing sympathy with the London strikers, and desiring that Belgian workmen have been despatched to London to take the places of the dockmen on strike.

Continued on eighth page.

Another Rush Seizure.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., August 28.—A letter by the steamer St. Paul, which arrived from Honolulu night before last, from an officer on board the cutter *Rush*, says that the latter, on August 6, captured the schooner *Lilly*, of Victoria, which had sailed in Behring sea. Three hundred skins were found on board of the *Lilly*, which were transferred to the *Rush*. A prize crew of one man was put on the schooner with orders to take her to Sitka. The seized vessels will have their cases tried in the United States court there. The *Rush* expected to be relieved by the Bear. *Oumak*, when she reached Victoria, was taken by the *Rush* and sent to the States court there. The *Rush* consisted of one hundred and twenty men.

VICTORIA, B.C., August 28.—The Black Diamond left here yesterday morning, ostensibly on a trip up the coast, but she is really off on a sealing cruise into Behring sea. The crew believe they have a perfectly legal right to hunt seal in Behring sea. This action shows what the popular feeling is here in regard to the United States jurisdiction in Behring sea, and her power or her policy to enforce it.

Doubloons by the Jugful.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., August 29.—A large amount of treasure was discovered to-day in the ruins of an old building owned by the Countess De Montigny, a native of this place, who married an Arab and is now at Cairo, Egypt, with a gang of workmen. Fourteen quantities of doubloons and half doubloons. The news spread, and in a few minutes a crowd of excited citizens were on the ground digging like mad and gathering the coin by handfuls. The contractors hearing of the discovery, called upon the authorities and succeeded in clearing the ground by buying the rubbish for \$1,000. They have placed a guard around the premises and will continue excavating to-morrow.

The rubbish was being carted away to fill a street in the suburbs, and one workman, who was employed to level up the earth, and who had much secretiveness about him, worked the horses for all it was worth. A case which had been loaded when the find was made was dumped and was found to be rich in the shining metal. The dates are from 1720 to 1825, at which date the house, an old stone structure, was owned by Father Orosby, a wealthy priest. Several years ago, while repairing a chimney in the same house, a jar full of doubloons was discovered by the mason, Philip Gomez.

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Never give away to melancholy. Nothing enervates more. I fight against it vigorously. Why destroy present happiness by a distant prospect which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it. For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.—*Sydney Smith*.

The good we do men is quickly lost, the truth we leave them remains forever, and therefore the aim of the best education is to enable students to see what is truth, and to inspire them with a love for all truth.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,