

MOTHER LODE FOUND.

THE NEWS OF ITS DISCOVERY IS CONFIRMED.

Returned Klondikers Estimate the Winter's Output of Gold at from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000—Eloping St. Louis Couple Arrested in Chicago.

Rich Klondike Fields.

The news brought by the treasure-laden miners who arrived at Seattle, Wash., from the Klondike on the steamer *Corona* is important chiefly in that it is confirmation of the discovery of the great mother lode. W. H. Welch, H. T. Coffin and H. L. Burton are authority for the statement that the original strike was made at the upper end of claim No. 3, Eldorado, while two stringers, one at No. 27 and another yet lower down, were subsequently located. Throughout the district the discovery is accepted as assurance of the permanency of the district as a rich gold mining field. As to the placer diggings, they continue rich. Powder Creek, an affluent of Quartz Creek, has been having a boom, pans of \$3.75 and \$4 being a common thing. Of course the stream was located as soon as the first important discovery was made. All Gold Creek shows pans of \$10 to \$100, while the miners on Hunker Creek, Henderson, Dominion, the Big Salmon and the Stewart all declare themselves satisfied with the prospect. Replying to a request for an estimate of this winter's gold dust of the camp, Joe Campbell, one of the returning miners, said: "We have done a great deal of figuring on that and it now appears that the output, notwithstanding the scarcity of food and light, will be from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000." D. H. H. Littlefield of Skagway came in on the *Corona*. He has just closed a contract with the Canadian Government to pay provisions to Lake Bennett for 25 cents a pound. L. L. Grady, formerly a banker of Fairfax, Minn., paid \$600 for the privilege of walking from Dawson behind a brisk dog team. Muret Anderson, an elderly gentleman of St. Louis, made the trip after the same fashion.

DRY DOCK A SHAM.

Government Determined to Locate the Blame for Faulty Construction.

The scandal in the construction of the large timber dry dock at the navy yard, officially known as No. 3, continues to grow, and from present appearances there promises to be a lively and interesting time when the engineers are brought before the court to answer the many questions which are now being prepared. As the work of making the repairs continues, the weakness and faulty construction of the big structure is met with everywhere, and it is doubtful if the dock can be made serviceable again. The blame for the weak and faulty construction will not alone rest with the engineers. Both the contracting firms—John Gillis, who started the dock, and T. and A. Walsh, who completed it—will be brought before the court. Civil Engineer Menocal, who represented the Government, is on his way home from Nicaragua, having been ordered by the Navy Department to return. The other engineers who will be brought before the court are U. S. G. White, Franklin C. Prindle and Lieut. R. E. Peary of Arctic fame. All are inspectors of the work and it is to determine where the responsibility is to be placed that they will be called before the court.

ELOPERS ARE ARRESTED.

St. Louis Couple Flee from Home to a Cell in Chicago.

The flight of an eloping couple from St. Louis was cut short through the efforts of the girl's parents and the Chicago police department. Instead of wedded bliss which they expected would be theirs, Fannie Weiskopf, 16 years of age, and Max Poslasky, who has not yet attained his majority, sighed for freedom from the confines of dingy cells in a Chicago police station. The girl, who is very pretty, is the daughter of highly respectable parents. She left her home at the request of Poslasky, who had been meeting her clandestinely for some months. The parents of Fannie would not allow Poslasky at their home. The girl cried bitterly when placed under arrest, and asked to be allowed to go home.

Raced from Honolulu.

Six sailing vessels which started from Honolulu sixteen days ago have all arrived in San Francisco within a few hours of each other. The trip across the Pacific became a race after the first day out, and the contest was made exciting by the fact that the vessels were in sight of each other most of the way. Old shipmasters say that the performance of the six vessels is without precedent, and may be reckoned as one of the things that occur once in a thousand years.

Wife Defied Federal Courts.

Judge Wat Starr is out with a sensational manifesto at Chelsea, L. T., in which he declares he will resist the Federal courts and their right to suspend the Cherokee courts until he is arrested. He further says the Cherokee delegation will help him out and defend him \$20,000 worth. Starr is a Cherokee and judge of the Circuit Court. He is the only tribal officer in the territory to make such a declaration, all the rest having submitted gracefully.

Villers Goes to Prison.

The jury in the Villers murder trial at Jamestown, N. D., returned a verdict finding Villers guilty of murder and fixing the penalty at life imprisonment.

Chicago Men Given a Verdict.

A case of importance to grain men was settled in the Assize court at Ottawa, Ont. W. Dunn & Co. of Chicago brought action for \$10,000 damages against the Prescott Elevator Company for alleged improper care of grain belonging to Dunn. The jury returned a verdict for Dunn.

Pure Food Congress.

A pure food and drug congress, in which all bodies interested are invited to send delegates, will be held March 20 in Washington to urge Congress to pass a pure food and anti-adulteration bill.

Durrant's Body Is Cremated.

The body of murderer W. H. T. Durrant was cremated at the crematory of Reynolds & Van Nuyt at Altadena, Cal. The ashes, when removed from the furnace, were delivered to the parents. No one saw the inside of the crematory except the employees and the Durrants.

New Fusion in Kansas.

Kansas free silver Republicans held a meeting in Topeka and resolved to support the Populists in the coming campaign in Kansas. The resolutions endorsed the St. Louis silver convention platform and recommended a closer union with the Democrats and the Populists.

# WOOSED AND MARRIED

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER I.

The time was noon of a brilliant June day, the place a gloomy office in a London court, which belongs to Arley Ransome—a square room that contained tables covered with deeds and papers, iron safes securely fastened, shelves filled with works on the British law and constitution, bill-filles that could literally hold no more, maps of different estates lying carelessly open, large inksstands, pens and sheets of blotting paper.

Pen in hand, his keen, shrewd face full of deep thought, the owner and occupier, Arley Ransome, sat at the square table, a large parchment deed spread open before him. He read on and on, the lines of his face relaxing until a cold, satirical smile curled his lips. He started as though half ajar when his clerk, opening the door of the room, suddenly announced:

"The Earl of Caravon, sir."

"I am ready to see him," was the reply. Before the earl entered the lawyer quickly folded up and put away the deed that had engrossed his attention.

"Am I too soon?" asked a mellow, indolent voice.

Arley Ransome looked up with a smile at the speaker.

"No, my lord; I was expecting you."

"It is something after the fashion in which a spider expects a fly," said the young nobleman. "There is one thing to be said, I am a perfectly resigned fly. I know that evil hours await me, and I am prepared for them, I suppose that I shall furnish an excellent moral as a lesson for all bad boys."

"You would form an excellent warning, my lord," was the grave reply.

"It is the same thing. And now I am prepared for the worst. What is it?"

"The worst, my lord, is utter, irretrievable ruin—so complete and so entire that I do not see a chance of saving even one shilling from the wreck."

The earl listened quite calmly; his lips, a trifle paler—but there was no flinching in the handsome, haggard face.

"Utter ruin," he repeated. "Well, as they say in bonny Scotland, 'you cannot both eat your cake and have it.'"

"True, my lord," assented the lawyer.

Arley Ransome, lawyer and money lender, the calm, inscrutable man of business, looked at the young earl—perhaps he wondered at his perfect calmness, then he glanced at a sheet of paper lying on the desk.

"I will not be pleasant to hear, Lord Caravon," he said, slowly. "To begin. At the age of twenty-one you succeeded to the Ravensmere estates and title; the estates were clear of all debts and incumbrances; the rent roll was thirty thousand per annum; there was, besides, a sum of fifty thousand pounds in the Funds, the savings of the late earl—that is correct, I believe?"

"Quite so," was the curt reply.

"You are now twenty-eight years of age, my lord, and in seven years you have run through a fortune."

"Keep to facts, no comments—plain facts," said the earl.

"The 'plain facts' are these," continued the lawyer—"the fifty thousand went, I believe, to pay the first year's losses on the Derby."

"Yet my horse won," interrupted Lord Caravon.

"The winning of that Derby was your ruin, my lord. After that you continually foreclosed your income by borrowing money; then your losses on the turf and the gambling table were so great that you were compelled to raise a heavy mortgage on the estate; then you borrowed money on the pictures, the plate and the furniture at Ravensmere. In fact, my lord, briefly told, your situation is this—you are hopelessly, helplessly ruined. You owe sixty thousand pounds mortgage money, and owe forty thousand pounds borrowed money—and you have nothing to pay it with. You received notice from me six months since that the mortgage money was called in. Unless it is paid in six weeks from now the estate—Ravensmere Castle, with all its belongings—passes from you; it will be seized with all it contains. May I ask what you think of doing?"

"You may—I know no answer. In six weeks I lose Ravensmere, and with it all sources of income, and besides, that I am forty thousand pounds in debt, and have not forty shillings to pay it with. It seems to me there is but one thing to be done."

Arley Ransome looked up anxiously. "What is that?" he asked.

"I had better invest the trifles I have remaining in the purchase of a revolver—you can imagine for what purpose; it will be but a fitting end to such a career as mine. I really do not think, Ransome, that I have had a hundred thousand pounds' worth of pleasure. What comments the newspapers will make upon me! They will head their paragraphs, 'Suicide of a Spendthrift Earl'!—they will draw excellent morals and warnings from my fate. Men of my age will read me; and I think what a dupe I must have been; it will not be a noble ending for the last of the Caravons."

"She is not vulgar at least," said to himself, as the grave, dark eyes met his own. "I should really have run away had she been what my fancy painted her. Unformed, shy, inexperienced, half-frightened, what a wife for me—what a mistress for Ravensmere! I have no fault to find with her, but I shall never like her."

"She is my daughter," he said.

Lord Caravon looked up with some faint gleam of curiosity. He had expected a vulgar school girl, a pert affected "miss," who would smile and blush and exercise all the little arts of coquetry that she had learned at some third-rate boarding school. He was quite wrong. He saw before him a tall, slender girl, with beautiful dark eyes and a pale face; a girl graceful and self-possessed, grave and earnest—not beautiful, yet, although this was the promise of a magnificent womanhood.

"She is not vulgar at least," said to himself, as the grave, dark eyes met his own. "I should really have run away had she been what my fancy painted her. Unformed, shy, inexperienced, half-frightened, what a wife for me—what a mistress for Ravensmere! I have no fault to find with her, but I shall never like her."

He spoke calmly, as though he were arranging some plan of travel. Arley Ransome looked admiringly at him.

"How this blue blood tells!" thought the lawyer. "Some men would have cried and moaned, would have asked for time and for pity. He faces ruin much as his father faced death on the battlefield."

Then, seeing the earl's eyes fixed on him, he said, "It is a sorry ending, my lord."

"Yes, a sorry ending for the last of the Caravons. My poor father called me Ulric, after one of our ancestors who saved a king's life by his bravery. I have not been a worthy descendant of the Ulric Caravon who received in his own breast the sword meant for his liege lord."

Arley Ransome looked at the calm, handsome face.

"Will you listen to me, Lord Caravon—listen in patience? I have something to say. I have worked hard all my life—worked as few men have ever done before—from sunrise to sunset, and often through the long, silent night. I have worked because I love money—because I am ambitious; because I have had an end in view. You know, my lord, that, besides practicing as a lawyer, I have been, and am now, a money lender; it is news to you that I advanced the mortgage money on Ravensmere, and the estate becomes mine."

"The earl's pale, handsome face flushed hot. It was hard to picture his grand

daughter; you thrust her upon me, you make her the only plank between my miserable self and the dark waters of death. I shall never like her—first of all, because she is your daughter, secondly, because she is not at all the style of girl that I do admire."

"You are very frank, my lord. Will you answer me one question? Do you love any one else?"

The young earl looked puzzled.

"The fact is," he said, "that I have loved so many, I really—"

"What I mean is, you are not betrothed—you have never made an offer of marriage to any one else?"

"I have not had time to think of marriage—that is why I dislike the idea of it now."

"Then that settles the matter. You say, 'Yes,' and I say 'Yes.' Hildred will be willing, a girl's love position, and she is very proud."

"Something akin to pity stirred the earl's heart."

"What is Miss Ransome's age?" he asked.

"She will soon be eighteen," replied the lawyer.

"And," said Lord Caravon, "so young as that, do you feel no reluctance at giving her to man who tells you honestly that he will never like her?"

"You will like her well enough in time," replied the lawyer. "Some of the happiest marriages in the world have begun with a little aversion."

"Your daughter shall be Countess of Caravon; she shall go to court; she shall be the leading lady of the country; she will have the family diamonds and all that vain women most desire—but I shall never love her, and, what is more, I shall never pretend to do so."

Arley Ransome lost his self-possession for half a minute; then he proudly said:

"I have been a spendthrift and a prodigal, but I have not fallen so low as that. Mr. Ransome, I do not think that I shall purchase my life, my safety, my fortune with a woman's gold."

"It is not a woman's gold; it is mine, my lord," said the lawyer. "Marry my daughter, and you will not have another care in the world. She will be happy; you will be free and wealthy, I shall never even pretend to do so."

Arley Ransome laughed.

"Hildred will do very well without that," he replied. "Then the bargain is struck, my lord. We will say nothing to my daughter to-day; to-morrow I will speak to her myself. Allow me to congratulate you; you are a free man now, Lord Caravon, and a wealthy one."

(To be continued.)

INFLUENCE OF THE VOICE.

Soft and Musical Speech Is One of Woman's Greatest Charms.

Eleanor Morton Parker, writing of "The Voice," in the *Woman's Home Companion*, says:

"It has long been conceded that a pleasant voice is one of woman's greatest charms. And many of us can verify this truth for ourselves by recalling the sweet influence of some woman, who, like the lovely Cordelia, spoke in accents soft and low. A pretty face and a musical voice go well together, but of the two the latter is preferable. The power of a truly good woman, possessing such a gift cannot be overestimated, especially if she is refined and intellectual."

"You cannot care much for your daughter, to be willing to sacrifice her to a spendthrift," said the earl.

"My lord, each one among us has his price. I want title, rank, and position for my daughter. You can give them to her. You want wealth—she will bring it to you. Will you give me an answer?"

"I should not purchase a picture without looking at it," said the earl. "I can never promise to marry a lady whom I have never seen."

"You shall see her, my lord—at once, if you will."

"At the Hollies, near Kew, my lord. If you please, we will drive down there."

"I do not know—it is not right—I do not care to save myself in such a fashion. Even if I married your daughter, I am quite sure that I should not like her."

"Every one likes Hildred," said Mr. Ransome.

"Hildred! That is a pretty, quaint name," said the earl. "I do not mind going to the Hollies with you, but I make no promise. If I should not like your daughter, she would be very miserable. My cab is at the door. We can go in that."

Without another word they started. Lord Caravon, seeing more decidedly ashamed of himself than he had felt yet,

It was one thing to be considered the "fastest" man, the greatest spendthrift of the day, and another to purchase his safety by such a marriage as this.

"A money-lender's daughter! I cannot do it," he said to himself more than once.

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