

ON THE SCENT;

OR,
TRACED BY A DIVINING ROD.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At Denstone Court, one charming afternoon in the early part of April, all the family were gathered together expecting the return of Janet. The weather was so charming that the Squire, who had been falling much of late, had ventured out for a walk, and now, on his return, was sitting by the open window, still wearing his great coat, and enjoying the soft balmy air of spring.

"I shall be glad to have Janet back," he said. "I can't bear her going away. In my young days it would have been considered highly indecorous for a girl to go away to stay with the relations of the man to whom she is not yet married."

"I think it has its advantages," said Mrs. Denstone, gently. "It is good for the new relations to learn to love each other. There they are."

"Yes, I hear the carriage," said Tola, quietly. Tola had been standing by the window, looking out. There was a new expression on Tola's little face, so wistful, so full of trouble, that had anyone had time to notice it, they must have been unhappy about her. Three weeks had passed and she had not had one word from Arthur, not one single line to tell her what he was doing, and when he was coming home.

To others the time might have seemed short, and the silence trifling, but to Tola it was terrible. She and this brother were so used to lean upon each other, so closely were their lives intertwined, that a silence such as this gave her the keenest anxiety. It had never happened thus before. She fancied all sorts of catastrophes. He must be ill, must have met with some accident, and was possible alone, ill and helpless, in a strange, foreign country. In her distress she even summoned up courage to write to her uncle in Liverpool to ask if they had heard. Her uncle wrote back, laughing kindly at her terrors, and telling her they should be set at rest, for that he would write to his old friend, Monsieur Rigaud, at Mon Repos, enclosing a letter for the truant. But now many days had passed and there was no answer from Mon Repos. It was very strange.

Tola's little face grew white, and her brown eyes full of pain; but to the children she was the same bright teacher and companion, though her sparkling gaiety was gone, and little Letty, moving restlessly on the sofa, which was now her constant refuge, said:

"Oh, dear, dear! What has come over us all? Letty is growing old; every one is growing old."

The carriage Colonel Curtis' well-appointed brougham, drove up to the door. The betrothed couple were within it.

"For the last time, Janet, I leave you at home," he said. "This day week this brougham will carry you away my wife."

Janet blushed and looked beautiful. "See," she cried, looking out. "There they all are at the door."

"All of them?" exclaimed Colonel Curtis, with a look of dire consternation. "Then I will not come in now. I shall return to dinner, as your father kindly asked me, and by that time the children will be gone to bed."

"It is a pity you let the whole tribe come to the door, Tola," were almost Janet's first words to her sister, "when you know dear Frederick does so dislike our huge family gatherings."

"They all wanted to see you so much, Janet, darling," said Tola, clinging to her sister. "Oh! how beautiful it is to have you back!"

Janet submitted to the passionate hugging of her sister, then she gently disengaged herself and rearranged the hair upon her forehead.

How shabby and poor, and ugly it all looked after the rich comforts of Lady Marsden's wealthy home. Janet had at once adopted all the comforts and all the luxuries she found there. It seemed to her that she had at last acquired her rights, that hitherto she had been defrauded of her due.

"I cannot think how we have managed to exist like this," she said, as she was completing her toilette for dinner. Her toilette consisted of one of the tulle-trousseau gowns. "There was nothing else that was possible to wear," she said, when Tola commented on this. "And to-night, when both the Grimwood party and Mr. Irvine dine here, Frederick cannot bear me to look dowdy; and, of course, it is especially important as Mrs. Grimes will be there, to make a good impression. Frederick says that Harriet Marsden knows Mrs. Grimes. She was a Howard, and it was a very bad match for her when she married Captain Grimes. He quite approves of the possible connection."

"I am glad of that," said Tola, absently. At another time she might have been half-amused, half-angry, at Colonel Curtis' august consent being given to Reggie's hopes; but now it seemed as if she did not care.

"My dear Tola!" cried her sister, quickly. "You are not going to dine in that old white muslin gown!"

"Yes," said Tola, rousing herself. "It is my best. Why, Janet, you know we always thought (as one did look nice at least.)"

"Good gracious! How it does open one's eyes to see a little of society!" exclaimed Janet. "Really I had no idea we were as bad as this! No wonder Frederick was so horrified!"

"Well," said Tola, wearily, "he is not going to marry the whole family, so it won't matter."

"That is what he says," said Janet, naively. "At least put something in your hair, a ribbon or something. Have you none?"

"Janet, you know I haven't," said Tola, feeling that this was really a

feetation. "What is the use of teasing me?" and she ran away.

She was tired and heated, for till the last moment she had been helping the cook, and as she passed a mirror she glanced into it rather tearfully, to see if she did look so very dowdy. She saw a sweet flushed little face, with pretty curly hair, and a soft faded India muslin gown, and she made herself look charming with two bunches of fresh primroses before she went downstairs; but she felt humbled to the dust. She had not spirit enough to rise under Janet's words, and it seemed to her that she had well been named by her brothers Cenerentola.

The dinner went off very well. Colonel Curtis was allowed the privilege of taking in his bride, and devoted himself exclusively to her.

The Grimwood people were old and friendly neighbors. Tola sat among them, and they left her in peace. To them she was but a little insignificant girl, hardly out of the schoolroom yet. Mrs. Grimes was resplendent in a ruby satin gown; Reggie gave himself up to waiting on her. In the evening he hung over the piano, where she sat for a long time, playing music of the frivolous order, "Sparkling Dewdrops," "Birds at Even," etc. Then when one of the young ladies from Grimwood took her place, he invited her to come to his mother's sitting-room to see the only picture of any value the house possessed, a family portrait by Sir Joshua.

The music was in full force, every one was busy, and Tola, finding herself at liberty, stole away into a quiet corner of the room, and sat leaning back, giving herself up to fatigue and anxious thoughts. Where was Arthur? What could he be doing? She was sitting thus, rather behind a screen, when a figure interposed between her and the lamps, and Mr. Irvine joined her.

"Is anything the matter?" he said, sitting down beside her and speaking with great kindness. "I do not want to be officious, Miss Denstone, but I cannot help feeling that something is troubling you very much. My mother has seen it, too, from her window. She sees it as you pass."

"It is very kind of her," said Tola, in a trembling voice. "And, after all, if I tell you, you may laugh at me as all the others do."

"I cannot help being uneasy about Arthur. He has been away nearly a month and I have not had one line from him. It is very foolish, I have no doubt, but I cannot help it."

"Not one line from him," repeated Mr. Irvine. "Is he in the habit of writing regularly?"

"I don't think he ever missed writing to me, at least every other day, for years," she answered. "There has always been so much to do and settle between us and it became a habit. I ventured to write to Uncle Alfred, and he laughed and wrote me a kind little letter warning me that that sort of thing could not go on, but the same time he wrote to Goucy, to his old French friend where Arthur went, and asked him to forward the letter, and no answer has come."

"That is very mysterious," said Mr. Irvine. "Either the letters have gone wrong in the post, or your brother must have left the place. Was he likely to stay there?"

"He went there with the fullest intention of doing so," answered Tola; but I cannot help thinking that he must be ill, something must have happened to him out there, and I must confess that it makes me foolishly anxious," and she tried to smile bravely.

"I see. Of course it does; but there may be some good reason of which we know nothing and cannot even conjecture. What address did he give for you to write to him?"

"The Post Office at Goucy."

"Well," said Mr. Irvine, "if you will allow me, I will to-morrow telegraph to that Poste-Resante and ask if the letters you have written have been claimed. If I send a return paid telegram we shall hear all about it."

"Oh! thank you more than I can say," said Tola, warmly. "How very good you are."

"If I can be of any service to you," he said, earnestly, "it is the greatest pleasure of my life."

"It will be such a relief to do or try something," said Tola. "I dare say it is very silly to be so anxious."

"I should not be so anxious," he said. "Only it is as well to find out."

Then he turned the subject, and began to tell her that he was then preparing to take his annual holiday, and that he proposed this year to go to Spain, where he had never been.

"I would have stopped for your sister's marriage," he said, "but as it is to take place at Plumtree, and the Bishop is to be there, I thought I should not be missed, and it is the only time I can get away, for my sister-in-law can come to stay with my mother. There was another piece of news I wanted to tell you also, but it only concerns myself. I have been offered another living."

Poor little Tola's heart gave a great throbb which drove the color from her face. He was going away! He saw the sudden change and turned away his head.

"I will speak of it another time," he said quickly. "I don't think I can now. I will come to-morrow and tell you the result of my telegram." He was a little incoherent.

Tola spoke again. "I see Mrs. Grimes coming back again. I suppose I ought to go and talk to her. Do you like her?"

"Very much," he answered. "I think I never saw a woman who gave me the idea of such perfect good temper."

"Yes," said Tola, thoughtfully. "I think that is true."

She rose, and they joined the others, and before long the guests took their leave. Colonel Curtis lingered to the last, talking aside with his betrothed.

Reggie was in a fume of impatience till he also was gone. Then, as the door closed upon him, he put his arm around his mother and said, "Well, Mamma, I have done the deed!"

"Oh! Reggie! you don't mean it?" And Janet and Tola came up breathlessly.

"Yes, it is all right, she has accepted me; and I think on the whole I have done very well."

"I should think you have," said Mr. Denstone, plaintively. "Two thousand a year and such a fine woman for a wife! Done well? I should think so, indeed."

"I hope you will be happy, Reggie, darling," whispered Tola, caressingly. "I am sure she is kind and good."

"I think it is an excellent thing," said Janet, in a tone so like Frederick Curtis' that Reggie could not help laughing.

"Yes, my dear," he said, looking complacently at his handsome sister, "we may both be said to have done well for ourselves."

Tola stole away to bed. The way the two beauties of the family spoke jarred upon her, and she wanted Arthur sorely.

Janet came to her room presently and sat down by her bed. "Tola, darling," she said, "I hope you won't mind my saying it, I know you never do mind when one says things; but do you know, dear Frederick thought it did not look quite well for you to be sitting talking all alone to Mr. Irvine for so long behind the screen."

But Tola would not quite stand that. "Tell him to mind his own affairs," she said, gently.

"Tola, you don't mean it!" cried Janet, terribly scandalized.

"I am asleep. Don't talk or you will waken me," murmured Tola, from under the bed clothes, and Janet, to her indignant remonstrances, could get no further answer.

The next day, according to his promise, Mr. Irvine sent a telegram to Goucy, and in the course of some hours received an answer: "The English gentleman left Goucy three weeks ago, and his letters are lying here unclaimed."

Mr. Irvine was now seriously alarmed. He sent another telegram, asking whether Monsieur Rigaud of Mon Repos was at home or not, and prepared the answer. That evening the answer came: "Monsieur Rigaud, three weeks ago, was murdered and robbed at Mon Repos. No one in the house to answer letters."

The mystery seemed to increase. Taking the two telegrams in his hand, Mr. Irvine went over to Denstone Court and showed them to Tola.

"I was quite sure that there was something very wrong," she said, turning deadly pale. "And now what can be done?"

"There is only one thing that can be done," he answered, quickly. "I shall start at once for Goucy."

"You? Oh, how can I let you do it?"

"Remember that I am on my way abroad already, and it matters very little to me where I go. All I want is a thorough rest and change of air; and I could not rest until I solved this mystery."

"It frightens me," said Tola. "I do not know what to think. Oh! how I wish I could go also."

"To-morrow, then, I shall start," he said, "by the first train, and I promise you shall hear from me at once."

"You will keep nothing back? You will tell me all! I am very brave and very strong," said poor, little, quivering Tola.

"Yes," he answered. "There is no more cruel wrong than to keep back the truth. I will tell you everything, and will write every day; and now I must go. I must tell my mother, and there are a good many arrangements that must be made."

To be Continued.

Boston's First Building Law.

Two hundred and twenty-six years ago a house was burned in Boston, which led to the promulgation of the first building law. This fact developed at a legislative hearing this week, and when told by Assistant Solicitor Child aroused great interest. The order passed on March 16, 1681, was as follows:

"About noon the chimney of Mr. Thomas Sharps' house in Boston took fire. The wind drove the fire to Mr. Colburn's house and burned that down also. For the prevention whereof in our new town intended this somer to be builded we have ordered that noe man there shall build his chimney with wood nor cover his house with thatch, which was readily assented unto."—Boston Herald.

A Poor Argument.

An Oakland farmer found a score of men putting up telegraph poles all over his best field. He ordered the men away, but they wouldn't go. They showed him a paper that gave them authority to put up their poles wherever they wished. The old man looked at the paper, saw it was lawful and walked away in silence. He went to the barn and turned a savage red bull into the field. The bull made for the men, the men fled at top speed and the farmer shouted after them: "Show him your paper! Show him your paper!"—Argonaut.

Emotional Man.

After all, man is an emotional, even sentimental, animal, and his cynical moods are of no long duration. At heart he is a dreamer, and a lover, and something of a poet, and no literature that fails to respond to his emotional and imaginative needs can long survive.—R. La Gallienne, in The Reader.

London's Tuppenny Tubes.

In all, London has six underground electric railways completed and five more are under construction and projected, and of the 600,000,000 persons carried annually on all her railways, 258,000,000 are accommodated by these tunnel lines.

WHERE THE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY WAS MOST SEVERE.



A Desolated Street in Ferruzano, Showing the Destructive Effect of the Seismic Shocks on the Buildings of the Town.

—Illustrazione Italiana.

A Rising Chinaman.

An official report states that another great man has arisen in China, one who, by his ability and his achievements, gives promise of being a fit successor to the late Li Hung-Chang. This new leader in the Celestial Kingdom is Yuan-Shih-Kai, who not long ago was appointed president of the board of foreign affairs at Peking. He was formerly viceroy of Chih-Li, entering on the duties of the office when that province was in disorder and chaos. He grasped the reins of government with a firm hand, put down thieves and plunderers of all kinds, and made himself feared and hated by all evil-doers in that section of the country. The good effects of his strong and righteous



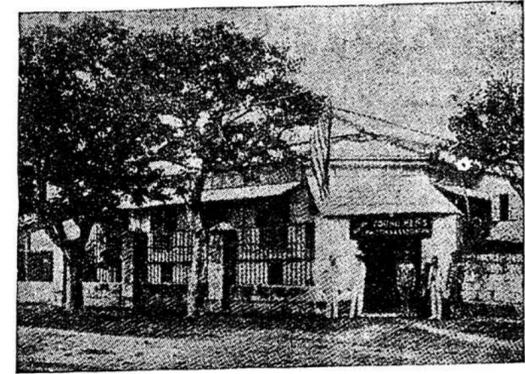
YUAN-SHIH-KAI,

Who is coming to the front as China's greatest and most influential statesman.

rule became speedily apparent, and he was recognized as the ablest and most patriotic official in the whole empire. While governor of Chih-Li he instituted good relations with foreigners, and became popular with the natives as well. His advice was frequently sought by the imperial government, and some of the best edicts issued by it were suggested by him. He is mainly responsible for the decree suppressing the opium traffic and for the steps taken to establish a constitutional government in China. The empire is fortunate in having at this critical stage of its affairs so able and progressive a man to guide it and to shape its destinies.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Royal Prerogative.

The King can do no wrong, but there is one innocent thing that no sovereign ever does—namely, to stand with his back against the wall. At the royal stand at Newmarket or elsewhere his majesty invariably leaves ample room for the persons to pass behind him, so that he may escape having perpetually to reply to their salutations, which he would be bound to notice did those people pass in front of him.—London Chronicle.



QUAINT BUILDING OF THE NAVAL Y. M. C. A. AT CAVITE, P. I.

—From Leslie's Weekly.

Mixes Mortar Quickly

A very simple invention of a Philadelphia man makes it now possible to mix mortar and similar mixtures in much less time than formerly. The mixing is done by means of a hoe, which differs slightly in



construction from the hoe generally employed for such purposes. The blades of this hoe contains several apertures arranged in rows. It will be obvious that the purpose of the apertures is to allow the ingredients being mixed to pass through them. This affords an opportunity for the several substances to be quickly worked together, making considerably saving in time and labor.—Washington Star.

Cargoes That Sailors Dislike.

According to the opinion of an old shell-bark, sugar, pine lumber and coffee are three articles of commerce that the average Davy Jones cadet dislikes. They make him wuss'n seasick. A pine cargo soaks a ship and its contents in turpentine smells, so that the very drinking water tastes as if there was rosin in it. Sugar cargoes ferment and the fumes coming day and night from the hold causes the severest headaches you can think of. But coffee is the worst of all. A coffee cargo gives the ship's provisions a sickening coffee taste.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTARIES FOR APRIL 29.

Subject: Jesus Teaches Humility, John 13:1-20—Golden Text, John 13:34—Commit Verses 3-5—Commentary on the Lesson.

TIME.—Tuesday night, April 4, A. D. 30. PLACE.—Upper room, Jerusalem.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Humility and Love of Jesus, 1-7. Jesus was about to depart to a world where He would be appreciated, where all the angels of God would worship Him. Heb. 1:6. Very naturally He might have had a feeling of relief at leaving those dull, unbelieving disciples, to go to realms of light and faith and glory. He was occupied with thoughts of His disciples and their needs. His was a constant, untiring, patient, indestructible, self-forgetting love, "unto the end." Two little words marvelously describe our relation to Him, "His own." What a dignity it sets upon us—we are "His own." How clear it makes our absolute security (comp. ch. 17:12). How do I know? How do I know that the mighty and subtle Satan will never prevail to get me? Why do I rise triumphant over the world and its ambitions and its allurements and its blandishments? How do I know He will lavish upon me all the infinite wealth of His love? I am "His own." I am His by both gold and brass. Note that the word "departing" out of this world unto the Father. There is nothing then so dreadful for the believer in what men call death (ch. 14:28; Phil. 1:21, 23; 2 Cor. 5:8).

We see the black background of the Saviour's unceasing love—the unceasing malignity of Satan, incarnating itself in a human heart (v. 2, R. V.). Judas got his own purpose direct from the devil. If Judas had been told at the beginning the depth of infamy to which he would sink, he would have been horrified. The very same devil, who was active in Judas' time, is around to-day. We do well to ponder and act upon Eph. 6:10-18. What a picture of how the Father glorified Jesus and how Jesus glorified Himself to glory (v. 5). On the one hand "the Father had given all things into His hands" (comp. ch. 3:35; Matt. 11:27; John 5:22, 27; Matt. 28:18; Eph. 1:21, 22; Heb. 1:2; 2:8, 9; 1 Cor. 15:27); "He came forth from God," and "went to God." On the other hand, "He riseth from the supper," "laid aside His garments," "took a towel," etc. He did these seven things in full consciousness of His divine authority, divine origin and divine destiny. When the consciousness of superiority of rank or ability tempts us to shirk the lowliest services for the humblest of God's children, we will do well to recall this scene and remember that "the servant is not greater than his Lord" (v. 16), and to let this mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus (Phil. 2:5; note context). This was a miracle of humility and grace. So we can make the common acts of life amazingly glorious if we perform them in His spirit. Oh to think of the glorious Christ taking our vile feet in those leather, open-toed sandals, healed the sick and raised the dead, and washing and wiping them! There is a fifth infinitely more repulsive to Him than the filth of the roads, the filth of sin, and He is handling our feet each day and washing it off.

What a wonderful Symbolize His whole work. He "riseth from supper"—rises from His rightful place in glory and enjoyment. He "laid aside His garments"—so He laid aside the garments of divine majesty (Phil. 2:6, 7). He "took a towel and girded Himself"—took upon Him the form of a servant (Phil. 2:7). "He poured eth water into a basin"—provides the cleansing word (John 13:3). "Began to wash the disciples' feet"—applies the cleansing water (Eph. 5:26). Took His garments (v. 12)—re-assumed His glory (John 17:5). "Sat down again" (v. 12)—re-assumed His place as Lord (Heb. 10:12). As to Simon Peter, note: (1) His imagination, humility, but real pride (vs. 8); (2) his failure to understand the meaning of Jesus' acts (v. 7); (3) his failure to ponder the meaning of Jesus' words (v. 9); (4) his talking when he ought to have been thinking (vs. 7, 8, 9); (5) his promise of future understanding (v. 7, he knows all about it now); (6) His prompt and eager repentance (v. 9).

"I have given you an example," 12-15. "Know ye what I have done to you?" They did not know. It was some time before they understood the full meaning of His act, and little do we understand oftentimes what it is that the Lord has done to us. What He had really done was to set them an example whereby He would remove the dirt of pride and self-seeking and self-sparing from their sin-stained souls. They were having a quarrel among themselves as to who should be accounted greatest (Luke 22:24). Greatly did they need to be taught to take the lowly place of service rather than to seek the exalted place of honor. We call Him "Master" and "Lord" and we do well to call Him so; for "Master and Lord" He is. But if we call Him so let us not play the hypocrite, but let us rather make Him in our lives what we call Him with our lips. If He, Our Lord and Master, performed the lowliest and most disagreeable service for others, for those under Him, we too must stand ready to perform the lowliest services for all others. Are we ready to do it?



THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

If in life's morning I am strong,
And much of God I see,
The secret of all this is—
Christ lives—and lives in me.

If youth be past, and manhood blooms
In strength and energy,
'Tis only as I grasp the fact—
Christ lives—and lives in me.

If age with weakness comes apace,
And feeble steps may be,
Still as we give upon this staff—
Christ lives—and lives in me.

Should death approach, and I be called
To pass away to that bright field,
This truth shall make me victor then—
Christ lives—and lives in me.

Oh, make Thyself, dear Son of God,
Thus real and true to me,
Till every stage of being pass'd
I rise to live with Thee.
—Albert Midlane, in London Christian.

Thoughtlessness.

Israel doth not know; my people doth not consider.—Isaiah 1:3.

I suppose more unhappiness and distress are occasioned in this workaday world by thoughtlessness than any one dreams of. Take a majority of the tragedies which wreck human life. If we were to go back far enough to find the cause of a little thought, a little consideration would have caused it all to turn out differently and the disgrace, the shame, the bitterness would never have happened.

If we could keep the words "Don't be thoughtless" ever before our mind's eye we would be changed men and women, and as a result would find this world a very different place to live in. In that last disagreement we had with our neighbor, could it not have been avoided by a little thought on our part? We would have refrained from alluding to that old sore or ke... silent about that transaction which really was no business of ours. No, just as Isaiah said long ago, we did not stop to think or weigh our speech, but thoughtlessly, rashly, cruelly spoke the unkind word, and so infuriated our neighbor, making him our enemy instead of our friend.

How many of us are thoughtful? The old excuse, "I didn't know; I didn't think," will not undo the past. We ought to have known; we ought to have thought. We will not have the audacity to offer that excuse when we stand in the presence of the Master. Are parents conservative of their children? Are children thoughtful for their parents? Do husbands take into account the feelings of their wives? Do wives study the wishes of their husbands? Do men and women—take them as you find them—ever ponder over the duty they owe to their God?

How many of us are thoughtful? If we all made up our minds to be more thoughtful and considerate! How its friction, its wear and tear, its ragged edges, would largely disappear! Christ, a short time before His death, drew a marvellous picture of the last judgment. It forms a striking commentary upon the words of Isaiah. Who are they that are praised and why do they win the approval of the Judge? They who have been unselfish, considerate, merciful are the chosen ones, because they have practiced that virtue of thoughtfulness which leads toward a new heaven and a new earth.—Rev. Geo. Downing Sparks, Rector of Christ Church, West Islip, in the Sunday Herald.

Dependence on God.

The Christian in the world is like a diver who goes down into the sea. His life work is in a world where the forces are alien, and tend to destroy his life. He is in that world and yet not of it. His life is drawn from above, where his native air is supplied by a constant connection with the sources of supply. So long as that supply of life-giving air continues unbroken he is able to accomplish his task, notwithstanding the adverse conditions, and to realize his victory over opposing forces, because of vital connection with the power of life from above.

It is a life of constant faith, of constant dependence, of constant activity while the time is given to work, for the night will soon come.—H. A. Johnston.

God's Goodness in Chastisement.

The goodness of God to mankind is no less evinced in the chastisement with which He corrects His children than in the smiles of His providence; for the Lord will not cast away the good, but though the cause is just, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.—Hosea Ballow.

How to Find Yourself Out.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson in profound humility. For we cannot move a step without learning and feeling the waywardness, the weakness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.—Scottish Reformer.

The True Way.

To help men to see God you must see them through Him.

Bane of Strikes.

Dr. Victor S. Clark of Washington, who was requested by President Roosevelt to visit Canada to investigate the operation of the Industrial Disputes Act, said that strikes in the United States were ruining trade and driving business out of the country. The United States Government, he added, has decided to pass legislation of a conciliatory nature which will have the effect of settling trade disputes by a board of arbitration along the lines of the Canadian Disputes Act. Dr. Clark will visit mining centers in the Maritime provinces and also Winnipeg and British Columbia.

Consumptive Colony in Texas.

Plans have been perfected for a \$1,000,000 consumptive colony to be established in Bexar County, Texas. A 20,000 acre tract has been selected, of which 8000 acres were donated by Colonel George Clayton, a cattleman, who came to Texas twenty years ago suffering from tuberculosis. The money has been raised by subscription from about twenty Texans. Specially constructed buildings will be erected and the afflicted able to pay will be cared for at cost and the poor without charge.

Gold Hidden for Centuries.

A private dispatch received at St. Petersburg, Russia, from Kamenev, in Podolia, reports the discovery in an ancient quarry of a quantity of gold contained in the same casks and estimated to be worth \$750,000. It is thought that this treasure was hidden in this quarry centuries ago at the time of the Tartar invasion.

Venezuelan Coffee Export.

Venezuela sent more than 50,000,000 pounds of coffee to the United States in 1907.