The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"Tell the circumstances."

"I was in the elevator coming down from the top floor. I heard the sound of a shot. It seemed to come from the fifth floor. I got off there to investigate. As the door of the Lutan apartment stood Mr. Nelson."

"What was he doing there?"

"Just standing there. It looked to me as if he had just been coming out and that when he saw me he had stopped suddenly."

"What was his manner? Describe the position in which he was standing to the jury." Again there was in the district attorney's voice a triumphant ring.

"He was all excited and trembly-like," Mr. Wick went on, "and his eyes seemed to be bulging out of his head."

"What did he say?"

"I asked him if he had heard a shot and he said that he had. I asked if it had not come from the Lutan apartment and he said that it had seemed so to him. I wanted to keep my eye on him, so I took out my pass-key and suggested that we investigate together. He did not seem at all anxious to go back into the apartment with me, but the elevator man was standing there, so he came along and was with me when I found the body. I kept him there until the police came."

I had expected that my counsel would offer objections to Wick's testimony, especially to his having said that I did not appear anxious to "go back" into the apartment, but McGregor contented himself with two questions.

"Do you not know that Mr. Spalding Nelson is a grand-nephew of Mr. Rufus Gaston? Did not Mr. Gaston tell you of this relationship?"

"He did not," lied Wick calmly.

"How was Mr. Nelson first standing—when you got out of the elevator—when you first saw him?"

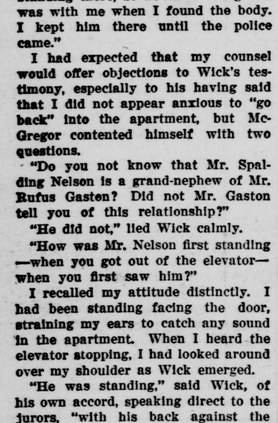
I recalled my attitude distinctly. I had been standing facing the door, straining my ears to catch any sound in the apartment. When I heard the elevator stopping, I had looked around over my shoulder as Wick emerged.

"He was standing," said Wick, of his own accord, speaking direct to the jurors, "with his back against the door. One hand—his right hand—was behind him. I thought at first he might have a revolver in it and drew one I always carry, but he had not. It looked as if he had just slipped out of the door and was reaching behind him to close it when I discovered him."

"That will be all," said my counsel to my great disappointment. Throughout the mixed medley of truth and lies that Wick had been telling, there had been manifest to me his deliberate purpose to discredit me and cast suspicion on me. I felt certain that an abler lawyer could quickly have riddled his testimony, but McGregor showed no disposition to take advantage of his opportunity.

Nellie Kelly was called. Briefly she told of her job—switchboard operator at the Granddeck. She corroborated Wick's story of my first arrival at the Granddeck and bore out his statements about my having chatted with her and also told of having gone to dinner with me. When I had begun questioning her about other tenants, she said, she excused herself and went to the telephone and called up the Granddeck for advice as to how she should answer. For some reason, she said, when she returned after phoning, the defendant had not questioned her further but had seemed anxious to get away from the restaurant.

"You say," said McGregor, as he began her cross-examination, "that



"Is That Your Real Name?"

your name is Nellie Kelly. Is that your real name?"

My counsel's unexpected question came as a thunderbolt to the opposition. The whole courtroom seemed to sense that something crucial was about to be brought out. The jurors to a man leaned forward to listen for her answer. The district attorney, plainly puzzled, half rose in his seat and then subsided. Wick's face went white, and the girl herself started and her eyes turned helplessly to Wick, as if seeking instructions as to how to answer.

"Is that your real name?" McGregor repeated, this time a little more emphatically.

"It is—that is—it was," she stammered.

"It was your name," said McGregor sarcastically, "and what might be your name now?"

"My name," the girl hesitated, as if struggling with herself, and then casting a defiant look in Wick's direction, she answered with pride rather than with boldness, "my name is Mrs. Edward Moore."

"The wife of Lefty Moore, the burglar in Sing Sing, you mean, do you not?" sneered McGregor.

"I am," she replied with a proud lifting of her chin and a flash in her eye. "I'm Lefty Moore's wife, and I'm proud that I am—his lawfully wedded wife and I don't care who knows it. I love Lefty Moore."

There was instant consternation in the district attorney's camp. With visions of discredited testimony confronting him, he was on his feet roaring objections. Throughout the whole courtroom there was a sibilant stir, and the judge began rapping for order.

Close behind my counsel my mother had been sitting, accompanied by some woman wearing a heavy veil. I had paid little attention to her hitherto, supposing that it was some hotel maid whom my mother had hired to accompany her to court, for so far as I knew my mother had no women acquaintances in New York. This woman now, to my amazement, reached forward and plucked McGregor by the sleeve. As she pushed back her veil to whisper to him, to my utter surprise and consternation I saw that it was Barbara Bradford.

How had Barbara come to be sitting there in court at my mother's side? Delighted as I was at seeing her, I was puzzled and perplexed. I had sternly forbidden both Gorman and McGregor from making any plans to call her as a witness. I had urged her to keep silent and not become involved in any way in the case. My eyes sought hers for an explanation, but after that one whispered word, that I was unable to hear, she had quickly drawn her veil over her face.

"Your honor," said McGregor, rising, "in view of this unexpected testimony, I should like to request a recess."

"Granted," said the judge. "Adjourned until two o'clock."

CHAPTER XIV.

Impatiently I waited for the recess to be over. I could not understand what was happening. Neither Gorman nor my counsel came near me. Even my mother made no attempt, so far as I could learn, to see me. The one glimpse I had had of Barbara there in the courtroom had fired me again with wild desires to see her. My feelings were equally divided between hoping she would and hoping she would not make any effort to reach me—at least not until my trial was over.

That something was happening to keep them all away—something perhaps vital to my freedom—I was certain. On no other ground could I explain the fact of none of them seeking me for consultation. Yet what it might be I could not possibly conjecture. Eagerly I hurried into the courtroom again as soon as the recess was over, at once turning my eyes to see if the girl I loved was there.

Quickly I located her still sitting beside my mother. Her veil now was boldly thrown back, and as she gazed at me with sparkling eyes and a confident smile, I felt sure that across the distance she was trying to send some message of good tidings. My mother's face, too, I observed, now wore a happier look, and about Gorman and McGregor both was an air of greater confidence than either had manifested before.

What had happened? What had they found out? Eagerly I waited developments.

The telephone girl was recalled to the stand and her cross-examination resumed.

"Mrs. Moore," began McGregor—and I observed curiously that his voice in addressing her no longer was harsh and sarcastic but merely suave and impelling—"you have testified here as a witness against Mr. Spalding Nelson, accused of having murdered Daisy Lutan, have you not?"

"I have," she answered, looking at him steadily in the eye, but speaking with a slight tremor in her tones. I wondered to what it might be due. Was it because she feared the consequences of the revelation as to her identity, or was it that she feared she might be trapped by his questions?

"Now tell me, Mrs. Moore," he shot at her explosively, "who really murdered Daisy Lutan?"

"Henry Kent," she answered quickly, before the district attorney had time to stop her.

"What's this?" exclaimed the judge. "What did you say?"

"Object! object!" vociferated the district attorney, striving in vain to catch the attention of the judge presiding. McGregor, apparently well satisfied with the results of his question, stood there, smiling assurance at me.

"Young woman," directed the judge, "will you kindly repeat your last statement—louder. Who did you say killed Daisy Lutan?"

The girl turned to face the judge. Her lips were set as if she had determined to carry out some fixed plan, cost what it might.

"Daisy Lutan," she repeated, "was murdered by Henry Kent, who owns the Granddeck. He's really Orville Granders, the bank president who got away with eight hundred thousand dollars and was sent up for seventeen years."

There was a commotion in the rear of the courtroom. A dapper little old gentleman with neatly trimmed white whiskers rose hastily and made a dash for the door. Gorman, who had been sitting behind him, sprang after him and pinioned him by the arms:

"Nothing doing, Granders. I've got you."

Wick, sitting up near the counsel table, at the same time showed evidence that he, too, was contemplating hasty flight, but a husky chap whom I suspected of being one of Gorman's aides, seized him, too.

"Your honor," cried my counsel, "I demand the issuance of warrants at once for Orville Granders, alias Henry Kent, and his confederate, James Wilson, alias James Wick and 'Stuffy Jim,' on the charge of having murdered Daisy Lutan and Rufus Gaston. I further urge the immediate release of my client, Mr. Spalding Nelson, in my custody. Testimony that we already have obtained will establish that he was an innocent victim of the dastardly plots of these two ex-convicts."

The reaction that came from this sudden clearing of my name left me in a puzzled daze from which I hardly recovered until late that evening, when, once more free, I found myself in the Gaston apartment. Granders, his tool, Wick, and practically every employee of the Granddeck were under arrest, and warrants were out for other members of the band whose identity had been revealed by the former telephone girl.

And there in the apartment with me were my mother, Gorman, McGregor—and to my surprise and delight, Barbara Bradford. After her sister's wedding, it appeared, Barbara's mother had gone away for a brief rest, leaving her alone in the apartment with the servants. She had welcomed the opportunity to work undisturbed on the mystery that had landed me behind the bars. Thinking that at Rufus Gaston's funeral she might pick up some clue that would be of service in unraveling the tangled skein that held her and me together, she had gone thither, and seeing my mother there, and suspecting at once who she might be, had introduced herself. Quickly they had become good friends and she it was who had informed my mother of my plight.

Present also with us, despite the lateness of the hour, was the district attorney and two of his aides, and Nellie Kelly, or as she much preferred to be called, Mrs. Moore. The girl was technically a prisoner, but her services in bringing the real criminals to book had been so exceptional that she had been released on her own recognizance. Hither she had been brought that the district attorney might check up with her the marvelous tale of criminal conspiracy that she had unfolded to my counsel in the brief recess of the court that day.

Orville Granders, it appeared, had been the master-mind that had directed all the plotting. A score of years before he had been president of one of the metropolis' biggest banks. He had been discovered to have embezzled nearly a million dollars. He had been tried and sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment, but no one ever had been able to find what he had done with the money, so safely had he hidden it away.

In his long years in prison, associating daily with criminals of the worst sort, and listening to their plans for further crime on their release, his own criminal instincts, already developed, had grown stronger, and he had spent his time planning a new system of crime of which he was to be the head, using as his confederates certain evildoers with whom he had become acquainted in prison. When he had been released he had slipped quietly away to the West and lived in close retirement until he had been forgotten. The white whiskers he had grown so changed his appearance, too, that he had little fear of being recognized. Recovering such part of the stolen money as was left to him, he had come to New York in the guise of a prosperous Western investor and, purchasing a plot of land, had erected the Granddeck apartments, designed for the occupancy of the wealthiest class of tenants.

In this building, sitting like a little white spider in his web, he planned to prey secretly on all who came to live there. Every attendant in the building was either a criminal or an associate of criminals, reporting to him daily all that went on, and obeying his orders implicitly. A special switchboard in his apartment enabled him to listen in at will on all telephone conversations that went on. Every letter delivered at the Granddeck went through his hands before reaching the tenants. For every wall safe in the building he held a master combination



He Had Built a Secret Passageway.

and his pass-key would unlock every door there was. And in addition to all this—

HE HAD BUILT A SECRET PASSAGEWAY.

We found it that night and explored it, familiarizing ourselves with all its exits, greatly to the amazement and confounding of Gorman. Connecting with the service elevator by a masked opening, it ran along the hall of each apartment, with entrances concealed in wall panels. It enabled Granders to wander at will through the apartments at night, leaving mysterious notes to terrify his tenants, prying into the secrets hidden in their wall safes, listening when he chose to their most private conversations, examining the contents of their pockets. As he had planned from the beginning, he gained in this way much information that he was able to utilize to his financial profit without arousing suspicion. He had discovered, Mrs. Moore said, secret stock market movements one of his tenants was planning and had made a small fortune out of the advance information. Several injudicious women he had successfully blackmailed, turning over to agents who never came near the Granddeck the secrets he learned from letters he opened and telephone conversations he had listened to.

In the case of Rufus Gaston, he had plotted to steal the Gaston pearls, Mrs. Moore explained, first terrifying the old couple into leaving the apartment, the whispers that had been heard coming of course from the secret passageway.

"But I can't understand," I said, "why, after he had once got hold of the pearls in Mr. Gaston's absence, he should have restored them to their hiding place."

"He had a duplicate made of phony pearls," explained Mrs. Moore. "It was part of his plan not to have any of the tenants discover the thefts for a long time after they occurred."

"If he was so cautious," said the district attorney, "I am puzzled as to why he killed Miss Lutan and Mr. Gaston. He must have realized that both murders would be thoroughly investigated."

"Both were accidents, so to speak," the girl explained. "Each of them surprised him in their apartment, and he had to kill them to make his getaway. I suppose he had been roaming around so much he had got careless."

"How about the revolver?" asked Gorman. "How did he come to plant it in Nelson's room?"

"He was puzzled by Mr. Nelson butting in on the Bradford case, and it made him sore. I heard him and Wick talking about it one day, and he said that he'd teach Mr. Nelson not to interfere. 'How?' asked Wick. 'I'll frame him for the goat if anything happens.'"

"And was it he who had me discharged from my office?" I asked, eagerly.

"Sure it was. He wrote a note on Mr. Gaston's stationery saying that you had forged a check after he had befriended you. He wrote in the letter that he was not going to prosecute you because of your mother, but that he felt that you were unworthy of employment anywhere."

"I believe," said the district attorney, "that that clears everything up, except for one thing—why, Mrs. Moore, did you aid him and Wick in all these crimes?"

"He promised that if I would help him he would get Eddie out," she cried. "I was desperate. I'd do anything to get my husband back."

Gorman and the district attorney exchanged meaning glances. While nothing more was said, I felt sure as they departed that both were thinking that this brave young woman who had solved the mystery for them certainly deserved some reward, and I think we all realized that the only reward life ever could hold for her was the freedom of her husband.

Presently they went and left us alone, Gorman, my mother, Barbara, and I.

"There are still two things I cannot understand." I said, as we sat talking it over. "The first is"—and I turned to Barbara—"what was your sister doing in this apartment on the night of the first murder? When I came up from the Lutan apartment I caught her just coming out of my door. I could not help wondering if they had made her plant the revolver."

Barbara started up, blushing.

"Oh, no," she cried, "it was nothing like that. You remember a few moments before you and I had been in your room, looking at the secret passageway. Claire just then had come into my room looking for me. She was puzzled by my absence, and the only solution that came to her was that I must be in your rooms. Alarmed at what she considered my imprudence, she had slipped out into the hall, and seeing your door open, had investigated. Of course she did not find me, for I had returned by way of the window ledge. She told me about it the night before she was married. I don't wonder, though, that you suspected her."

"I didn't suspect her," I cried. "I just wondered what she had been doing there."

"That's right," said Gorman. "He wouldn't believe for a minute that she had had anything to do with it."

"But what puzzles me most," I went on, "is how you ever persuaded the telephone girl to give Granders away. It must have been done after she had given her first testimony. How did it happen that she changed so suddenly over to our side?"

As I looked from one to the other for an explanation, Gorman burst out laughing.

"You'll have to ask Miss Bradford about that," he said. "She did it all."

I turned again to look at Barbara, expecting her to speak, but she merely blushed and was silent.

"Go on, tell me," I urged her.

"Well," she said hesitatingly, "as I heard her testifying, I had an inspiration. I heard her say that she loved her husband, and that she did not care who knew it—and—and—and—all at once I realized that love was the strongest influence in the world, so I had Mr. McGregor ask for an adjournment, and then—"

She stopped in confusion, the rosy blushes once more mantling her cheeks.

"Go on," I insisted.

"I can't tell it," she cried.

"You must tell," I urged. "I have a right to know it. What did you do?"

"I managed to see her alone."

Again she hesitated.

"What did you say to her?" I demanded.

"I just told her," she faltered, lowering her eyes as she spoke, "that—that I loved you just as much as she loved her husband, and I begged her for love's sake not to help send you to the chair, and she broke down and told everything."

"Oh, Barbara, my Barbara!" I cried, springing up and clasping her



"If Only I Had Something to Offer You Besides My Love!"

in my arms. "If only I had something to offer you besides my love—"

"I wouldn't worry about that just now, Spalding," interrupted my mother's voice. "They found your great-uncle's will today. He made you his sole heir."

But Barbara and I hardly heeded her good news. We were too busy telling each other the world-old story

[THE END.]

VOLCANOES AWAKE TO LIFE

Mount Katmai, in Alaska, Especially, Shows Signs of Preparation for Destructive Outburst.

Affording an awe-compelling spectacle of nature in a sullen mood and awakening memories of the ghastly details of the eruption of eight years ago, Mount Katmai, most powerful and restless of North American volcanoes, is again in violent activity, according to Capt. Charles A. Glasscock and Purser Gary Bach of the steamer Admiral Watson, which reached port recently from southwestern Alaska, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A sable pall of smoke from the funnel of the belching crater broods over the northern sky for a radius of 40 or 50 miles by day, while fretful tongues of flame can be seen by vessels a score of miles at sea at night, according to the Seattle mariners.

Knight's peak, a neighboring volcano, has also been stirred to spectacular efforts by the outburst of its more deadly companion, and wreaths of smoke hang over numerous peaks of the rugged Alaska peninsula.

A slight earthquake shock was experienced at Kodiak island the night of April 8, a day before the arrival of the Admiral Watson. Two days later those on the Admiral Watson had a rare view of the volcano.

Submarine Radio.

The last annual report of the bureau of standards states that members of the bureau's staff have developed very successful methods of communicating with submerged submarines by radio-telegraphy. With a single-turn coil or loop attached to the outside of the submarine, signals can be received as well when the vessel is submerged as when it is at the surface. It is also possible to transmit from a submerged submarine a distance of 12 miles. Thus it becomes possible for a ship and a submarine to exchange recognition signals. A coil aerial is a satisfactory direction finder when submerged and readily receives signals transmitted thousands of miles, just the same as when used in the air. The navy has equipped its larger submarines with this apparatus.—Scientific American.

Airmen Guide Cavalry.

While the Fourteenth cavalry was on the march recently from Fort Sam Houston, Tex., to Fort Ringgold, Tex., an aviator, who chanced to pass over their heads, acted as their volunteer guide.

The observer in the airplane saw that, instead of the Trio City road, they were following what is known as the Somerset road. He advised them of their error by a message dropped in front of the moving column, and the troop detoured to the correct road.

The air-service officers reported the incident to the chief of operations at Kelly field upon their arrival, and 25 minutes later a map showing the route to their destination, Fort Ringgold, was dropped in the middle of the marching column.

Improving His Method.

Atlas was watching the proceedings of the profiteers.

"These modern fellows," he mused, "know a lot more about holding up the earth than was dreamed of in my young days."

MICKIE SAYS



FARM ANIMALS

BEEF ANIMAL FOR HOME USE

Unprofitable Cow or Heifer That Does Not Promise to Be Good Producer May Be Killed.

The farmer buys more beef than he takes from the farm. Only about 10 per cent of meat furnished by the average farm is beef. In the North and West the average consumption of beef per family is nearly 300 pounds and in the South it is less than 100 pounds.

The beef animal killed for home use, suggest specialists of the United States department of agriculture, may be a beef steer or an unprofitable cow, or a heifer that does not promise to be a good producer and would not bring a good price for beef on the market. Very little veal is killed on



Most Farmers Buy Beef From Village Butchers Who Operate Wagons in Country.

the farm for home use. Much of the beef bought by farmers is bought in the summer from village butchers who operate meat wagons or cars in the country. On the average farm there are no facilities for keeping fresh meat during warm weather.

STEER-FEEDING EXPERIMENT

Cottonseed Meal and Velvet Beans Used With and Without Addition of Shelled Corn.

In a steer-feeding experiment conducted last year on the government farm at Beltsville, Md., four lots of two-year-old steers were fed. The purpose was to compare cottonseed meal and soaked velvet beans when used with and without the addition of shelled corn.

The addition of corn to a ration composed of corn silage, cottonseed meal and wheat straw did not pay. The addition of corn to the ration of velvet beans and corn silage was profitable.

The lot receiving corn silage and soaked velvet beans with a small quantity of cottonseed meal as an appetizer produced the most economical gains and showed the greatest profit, even though the daily gains and the selling price of the cattle were lower than those of any of the other lots.

TO DOUBLE VALUE OF STOCK

President of Michigan Association Wants Every Farmer to Agree to Use Only Purebreds.

St. Joseph county, Mich., plans to double the value of its live stock within three years. Current activities to accomplish the purpose are described by William T. Langley, president of the St. Joseph County Live Stock Breeders' association, in a statement he has furnished the United States department of agriculture.

"We want every man," he declares, "to give us a pledge to use nothing but purebred sires.

"We have a sign in the making that reads 'Purebred Sire Farm' that we want posted on every farmyard gate.

"We want nothing but high-grade and purebred females."

A general association has been organized that includes the members of the various breeding associations and also all breeders of grades that pledge to use only purebred sires.

GROUND RYE BEST FOR PIGS

It Is Better Mixed in Equal Parts With Middlings, Ground Oats, Barley or Corn.

It is generally recommended that rye be ground for feeding to pigs. It is best mixed in equal amounts with middlings, ground oats, ground barley or corn. If the mixture is placed in the self-feeder, care must be taken to see that there is a good supply of water available for the pigs. They should have continual access to salt also.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

The higher the breed of cattle, the better is the beef.

* * *

There is no danger of a good grade of tankage spreading hog cholera.

* * *

A good bull is just as good as a stag as far as market value is concerned.

* * *

Horses are as poor as their feet. Always examine this section of their anatomy when a trade is in prospect.

Rays of Light Cause Mirage.

Mirage is the name given to a certain optical illusion caused by the bending of rays of light in the desert atmosphere. Mirages may appear to the eye as lakes, cities, basaltic precipices, etc., the huge body of water retreating as the eye advances. Mirages are not uncommon in California, Nevada and Alaska.

INSPIRED BY LOVE

Remarkable Flag Made by Young American Girl.

Country's History, From the Birth of Independence, Woven Into Emblem in Honor of Heroes of Spanish-American War.

Peace unfurled a million flags throughout the world, but not one of them was as remarkable and romantic as that which Josephine Mulford wrought with her own hands a score of years ago in honor of the heroes of the Spanish-American war, observes London Answers.

The flag on which Josephine toiled night and day for more than a year, with a great love to inspire her fingers, is so large that three battalions of soldiers could be massed on it, and so heavy that half a dozen strong men could barely raise its folds from the ground.

But it is the romance of its fashioning that places it so far above its rivals.

It was begun on the first day of July, 1898, in the parlor of an old homestead in New Jersey, and from the first stitch to the last it was never for a moment out of the hands or thoughts of the young girl who had set herself this patriotic task. Every stitch was counted as it was made; for it represented an American soldier who was fighting in Cuba.

The Pennsylvania star was partly made in the room in which, a century and a quarter earlier, Betsy Ross worked, under Washington's guidance, on the very first American flag which proclaimed the independence of the states and the star was finished in the room where the first continental congress met.

To make Virginia's star she traveled to Mount Vernon and stitched it in one of the rooms of Washington's home. The Maryland star was made at Fort McHenry, historically associated with "The Star-Spangled Banner" of Francis Scott Key, and New York's star was made partly in the very room in which Washington said goody-by to his officers, and partly on board the flagship New York.

And thus, making as far as possible each stitch historic, the colossal task proceeeded, until the last of the 325,000 stitches was made, with loving, if trembling, fingers, and she rose from her year's work triumphant, but shattered in health.

Josephine lived to see her flag proudly floating over Madison Square garden, to thunders of cheers from a hundred thousand throats. Then came a terrible reaction from the long strain, and within a few weeks the hands that had toiled so long and lovingly were still in death.

But the spirit of courageous love which Josephine Mulford breathed into her work lives on—for courage cannot die.

Health in Business.

A business man walked into a doctor's office the other day.

He looked in the pink of condition.

"I want a thorough physical examination," he said.

The doctor accommodated him. Heart was sound, lungs were healthy, kidneys and all other organs functioning properly.

"You're the most splendid specimen I've seen in a long time," said the doctor.

"Thanks; I intend to remain so," said the client. "You shall go over me like this every six months. And I propose to have every man in a responsible position in my organization undergo a similar examination twice a year.

"A competing firm recently put a man into an important job who looked as well as I. He broke down, and in the demoralization of the firm's business that came with the breaking, our firm has taken over one of their biggest and best accounts. A condition of twenty years' standing, which he thought completely overcome, caused that man's breakdown.

"I don't propose that my firm shall suffer through any such experience."

Good, hard business applied to health. Doesn't good sense recommend to every man such prudence?

How many men can you recall who have discovered a serious state of health too late to mend?—Haverhill Gazette.

Gold Abundant in Siberia.

Literally speaking, rivers in the Okhotsk district have golden bottoms, says a bulletin of the British bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. Three men working in a primitive fashion in the winter wash out easily up to five funts (66 ounces troy) of gold a day. The Okhotsk deposits contain many nuggets. Nuggets weighing one-half funt are not rare. Last winter one zolotnik (0.137147 ounce troy) of gold cost 20 rubles; at the present time it costs 100 rubles. In spite of the rich deposits in this district, many concessions are not being exploited. A United States firm has explored the mine purchased from Stepanov, and is energetically preparing to work it.

Big Ranch of "King of Hawaii."

A $6,000,000 sugar ranch in the Hawaiian islands is about to come into the possession of a few American residents through the death of Col. Samuel Parker, an American who has been so intimately mixed up in Hawaiian affairs as to win the name of "the king of Hawaii." He belonged to the famous Parker family of Boston and located in Hawaii many years ago.

Life Seen as a Poem.

The most beautiful poem there is is life—life which discerns its own sto in the making, in which inspirat and self-consciousness go together and help each other; life which knows itself to be the world in little, a repetition in miniature of the divine universal poem.—Amiel.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3543-0213.jpg