

EXPORT OF BARLEY

Profitable Trade Could Be Carried On With Great Britain, Says Commissioner Smith.

Prime Samples of Grain Are Grown Several Hundred Miles Northwest of Edmonton.

Special to The Journal.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 13.—J. Obed Smith, dominion immigration commissioner, is of the opinion that the export of barley to Great Britain would prove very profitable.

The English quarter represents about 1.3 bushels. The price, therefore, in England, is about 80 cents a bushel, while here it is quoted at 20 cents a bushel, leaving a large margin for freight and profit.

A new officer is to be added to the staff of the immigration department. Hitherto when new surveys were required, application had to be made to Ottawa, but in future these matters will be attended to from the Winnipeg office.

Allie Brick, of Peace River crossing, has forwarded samples of wheat and oats grown on his premises in the neighborhood of Fort Dunvegan, several hundred miles northwest of Edmonton.

The sample of oats is a particularly fine one and will grade as No. 1 white. The wheat, while very even in the berry plump, has the appearance of red fire growing in Manitoba on new or scrub land, but being light in color and without the full amber color distinguishing pure red fire wheat.

FEITO IS CRAZY

He Had a Fall From a Car and Has Once Been in an Asylum.

Buenos Ayres, Jan. 13.—Jose Collado Feito who on Saturday fired a shot from a pistol at a carriage in the royal procession in Madrid, lived here during many years. He married a French woman who is still living here with two children.

Florida and the South Via the Popular Monon Route.

Tourist tickets to all southern points. Fifteen days transit limit, with stopover privileges. All tickets via Louisville are good for stopover at French Lick Springs.

TOLD IN A LINE

Waterloo, Ill.—Colonel William R. Morrison, the most prominent democrat in the state is lying dangerously ill at his home here.

Matlan, Mexico.—There is still serious, eight persons having died yesterday. It is reported that a case has been found at Batopales, a mining town.

Batavia, N. Y.—John Mott was killed, Lemuel and Mrs. Mott fatally and two other members of the family severely injured by a falling struck by a train. They were on the way to a funeral.

Chicago.—Three robbers held up fifty men in the wholesale liquor house of E. Korba & Bros. A fight ensued and the thieves escaped with only a small amount of loot.

Indianapolis.—Charles W. Fairbanks was selected as the candidate of the republican members of the general assembly for re-election to the United States senate at the joint caucus.

Chicago.—W. P. Dickinson, capitalist, with offices in the Masonic Temple, is the object of a diligent search by Sheriff Hill, of Buchanan county, Iowa, on the charge of embezzling \$21,000 from the Boone Valley Coal and Iron company, of Boone, Iowa.

New York.—Fire, which began in a mysterious manner in the neighborhood of the city hall of the home of George J. Gould, early this morning, burned valuable tapestries and several paintings hanging on the broad staircase, doing damage estimated by the firemen at \$10,000.

Mexican.—The plague is still serious in the Miller-Blowers, the object of a diligent search by Sheriff Hill, of Buchanan county, Iowa, on the charge of embezzling \$21,000 from the Boone Valley Coal and Iron company, of Boone, Iowa.

New York.—If the Pennsylvania legislature refuses to repeal the act of 1890, which prohibits the erection of monuments to the memory of a member company's stockholder, at Dallas, today, and were not captured until Moley had been mortally wounded.

New York.—Professor John Thomson, D. Sc., F. R. S., a well-known English scientist, has been appointed to the chair of natural philosophy by the trustees of Columbia university, to succeed the late Ogden Nicholas Rees.

Boston.—Edward J. Dunning, the broker who was arrested charged with the larceny of \$22,000 from the late Ogden Nicholas Rees, is in the state court proceedings yesterday.

Chapter III.—Continued.

As he said this the wish came upon him to be idle and do nothing more while Sir Peter was his companion.

He had thought of going below, now that the millionaire had finished his inspection of the cabins, and he might chance upon some one overlooked by the other; but he was possessed by the new idea which had been whispered (perhaps by his own eager instinct) into his ear.

He wanted to have the yacht to himself before he even began to try working out the theory which as yet floated but hazily before the eyes of the elder man.

But there was a big packing case, this case, for the time being, affords no clue, but the mystery is deepened by the discovery of a large iron cage broken open.

"I'm going to think things out a bit, if you don't mind, sir," he said, and leaving Sir Peter seated in one of the deck chairs near the broken cage, he walked away, puffing at his pipe, sunbathing up and down, and until the moon had set and the dawn quivered, white and tremulous in the east.

In the pale light Sir Peter's heavy face was gray and curvilinear, for he had dropped asleep in his chair at last, and had fallen into troubled dreams.

Dick stopped in his walk and looked at him. "I believe if I could see into your brain now," he said to himself, "the secret which you have kept so long, and can't make up your mind to give up, would be written there as, if on a slate. You look as if you were living through your past again. This night has occurred to you like a ghost."

Well, I send you a little to try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, 429 Pearl street, New York.



Anheuser-Busch

Sales for 1902

1,109,315 Barrels of Beer

83,790,300 Bottles of

Budweiser

—“King of Bottled Beers”

Made of selected barley-malt and best imported hops, pure water and fresh yeast. No corn used. The purity, maturity and excellence of their beers have made

Anheuser-Busch

The Largest Brewery in the World

Greater than all the breweries in Pilsen, Bohemia, combined, or the three principal breweries in Germany.

A Secret of the Sea

A MYSTERY STORY.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sir Peter Markham is yachting in the Mediterranean with his daughter Eve and his private secretary, Dick Knight, a clever fellow, but with no prospects. The girl, understanding the reluctance of the young man, induces him to make love to her. Her father hears the confession for which the girl takes all the responsibility.

The father, who made his money in South Africa, however, discourages the idea, as Knight is neither rich nor a genius. It is arranged that the private secretary shall leave at Tangier. In the meantime the yacht comes across a strange craft. There appears to be no one on board, and Sir Peter and the secretary, with volunteers from their crew, resolve to board this mysterious vessel.

Dick leads the way. The yacht proves to be a cabin which was used for the purpose of a woman. There is a gold repeater watch with diamond movements, and some other belongings of a wealthy person. But there are no signs of a crew, or indeed, of a departure from this spellbinding ship. At last, however, attention is directed to a big packing case. This case, for the time being, affords no clue, but the mystery is deepened by the discovery of a large iron cage broken open.

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As he said this the wish came upon him to be idle and do nothing more while Sir Peter was his companion.

He had thought of going below, now that the millionaire had finished his inspection of the cabins, and he might chance upon some one overlooked by the other; but he was possessed by the new idea which had been whispered (perhaps by his own eager instinct) into his ear.

Suddenly Sir Peter stirred in his sleep. His hands, on the arms of his deck chair, clenched themselves, and his eyes opened wide and surprised. "Eve! Where are you, Eve?" he called, in a hoarse, strange voice. Then his wandering gaze fixed itself upon Knight, the widower, dying gradually out of his eyes.

"Where am I? What has happened?" he asked confusedly.

"You've been asleep, Sir Peter, on the derelict Xenia," said Dick, "and you were calling your daughter. But she is safe on board the Lily Maid."

"I was not calling my daughter," said the elder man, dreamily still; "I was calling the other Eve. I thought that she was standing here, looking down on me as you are now. But do you know what she was saying to me?"

"I can't guess," Dick answered, humoring the other, who must, he fancied, have been dreaming of his dead wife.

"The other Eve," he had said, so probably Eve had been called after her mother, who had died many years ago. Somehow Dick had been under the impression that Sir Peter had not greatly loved his wife; but now he began to think that he must have been mistaken. There had been intense, even passionate emotion in that cry of "Eve, Eve!"

"She was saying to me that I must tell you what I had meant to keep from you—or let you find out for yourself, if you were clever enough. Is there a special reason, I wonder, why I should have seen her so plainly on this yacht?"

"You are speaking of your wife, Sir Peter?" Knight asked, gently, for the millionaire's manner was so strange, so unlike the cynical coldness which Dick had associated with him until now, that he seemed wise to bring him back as quickly as might be to himself.

"I am speaking of a woman who should have been my wife, if some terrible fate had not come between us and separated us forever," Sir Peter answered. "The one woman I ever loved; the woman after whom my daughter Eve was named—but not her mother."

show you how it may concern the quest you are taking up. But twice I stopped myself. My lips have been closed so long that it seemed—a sort of sacrifice to open them. But this dream of her has brought back the impulse to speak.

Once, long ago—seven-and-twenty years ago, to be exact—when I had begun to make a name and money, I loved a woman—a girl she was then. She was very beautiful, and very poor. Her father had been an Irish earl, but he was dead. All her near relatives were dead, except an old aunt with whom she lived when I met her in London.

They had just returned there after several years abroad. Her name was Eve Desmond. She loved me too, or I believed she did. But what man can know a woman's heart? We were engaged, and our wedding day was fixed. It came; I went to the church. She was not there. The marriage was to be a quiet one, without bridesmaids. Her aunt and my best man were to have been the only witnesses. "Well, we waited, my friend and I, and the parson, for nearly an hour. Then the parson left the church, and my friend and I drove to the house where Eve Desmond and her aunt lived. They had just returned from the sea at that time. We knocked and rang. Nobody answered. We found the janitor and brought him upstairs to open the door with a duplicate key. Inside the flat, silence. We hurried from room to room, at first finding no one; but at last in a little boudoir where Eve and I had often sat together, we came upon the old lady, sitting in a chair—one of those high-backed, grandfater chairs, as they call them; and as its back was half-turned to the door, we saw her at first. She had disappeared; and, if you will believe me, Knight, though I employed the most skilled detectives in England, not only has the cause of old Miss Desmond's death remained a mystery, but not a trace of Eve was ever discovered from that day until to-night."

"Yes—the night!" echoed Dick.

"The night!" the elder man repeated, with meaning in his emphasis, "until to-night!"

CHAPTER IV.

What the Watch Held.

"Twenty-seven years make a lifetime," the millionaire went on, "more than your lifetime, Knight. Although I never forgot—never for a moment—I gave up hope long ago, of solving the mystery of Eve Desmond's disappearance. Eight years after I lost her I married a girl whose guardian I had been for some time. She cared for me, I found out, and all I had ever known of her, and I was just beginning to ask her to be my wife. When a child came I asked that she should be given the name of Eve, and my wife was good enough to consent, without asking questions. The other love began to seem like a beautiful dream to me, as I grew older and my blood cooled. Still, the thought of her meant youth, and all I had ever known of the happiness of youth. Sometimes I have waked from dreaming of her at night, all the old agony of loss upon me, as fresh as if we had just been torn apart, on our marriage day. You can guess, then, what it must have been to me to open that watch on the man's dressing-table in the stateroom down be-

low, and see Eve Desmond's photograph inside. Now you know why I will give a fortune to find out the secret of this yacht."

Sir Peter Markham still sat in the deck-chair in which he had slept, and dreamt of his lost love. Dick Knight stood near him, with his back to the rail, facing the millionaire and the broken cage. As the older man talked on, the whiteness of the dawn spread over sea and sky, and the cage behind Sir Peter's chair seemed to Dick's imagination to form a dark background for the strange story, as well for the gray head of the speaker. Always, as Dick's mind challenged the secret, his eyes were drawn to that broken cage.

"I see what you think, Sir Peter," he said. "Your idea is that she—Miss Desmond—was the lady on board this yacht."

"Naturally that possibility has occurred to me, and I am thrilled me as I have not been thrilled for seven-and-twenty years. It is maddening not to know. Heavens! I feel as if I could tear the secret out of the very boards of the yacht's hull, or drag it up out of the sea. To think I may have been so near to her—that I missed her, after all these years of separation, for a few hours' sojourn on the yacht, that is not to say that, for by the length of those few hours it is too late—forever too late, this time. Whatever the mystery, the sea has got her now—and with her all the secret of the past."

"Remember, Sir Peter," said Dick, as soothingly as he knew how—for the vehemence of the hard man was startling—"remember that it is twenty-seven years since she disappeared. Because you saw her picture in a watch, down below, and because some woman was undoubtedly a guest on the yacht, that is not to say that she was on board. Besides, can you be absolutely sure it was Miss Desmond's photograph in the watch? After all these years, might you not be deceived by a striking resemblance?"

"A thousand times not," protested Sir Peter. "If you are going to take that ground you can be no use to me. There was only one Eve Desmond in the world. When she was made, the model was broken."

"Granting you were not mistaken, then, what is to prove that the photograph you saw in the watch was not taken before she disappeared?"

"Because the face is older, and the fashion of the dress is later. Still, the photograph is faded and old. Many years must have passed since she sat for it. When I left you and went below, some time ago, to have a look through the cabin, I opened the watch again and took out the picture, to see if anything were written on the back. But it was blank. No clue there or anywhere—except her face in a watch which belonged to another man. Somehow I had always felt that she must be dead; and I was a grim kind of consolation in the theory, for at least, if she was not for me, she was for no one else, and I could still believe that she had not gone from me of her own free will. But now, to have had that peaceful idea uprooted—to think that all these years she has been on the same earth with me, living her own life, happy perhaps, loving and loved, while I mourned her! Heavens! I don't know myself. Get to the bottom of this mystery quickly, Knight, if you're going to do it at all."

Knight was a good deal moved, and for the first time Sir Peter Markham seemed to him human, a man like himself. His

heart warmed to the millionaire, and he felt that he could forgive him many things. He was ready to work for Eve's father, now, as well as for Eve and himself.

"Trust me to do my best," he said, earnestly. "Look, Sir Peter, the sun is rising, there's a glow like a great splash against the sky; and—there's Eve—there's Miss Markham on the deck of the Lily Maid."

The strange night had passed. Once more they were in the harbor at Gibraltar, where, twenty-four hours ago, they had been before, and like a great splash, much surprised to be told that they would return so soon again.

Dick had secretly hoped, after that confidential conversation which had brought his employer and himself into unexpected intimacy, that Sir Peter might have relented so far as to sanction a farewell word or two between parting lovers; but he did not yet know the millionaire. Sir Peter had stated his intentions, and would abide by them. He had, after all, not confided in Dick Knight solely because he felt the need to open his heart, but because his late secretary had undertaken to do the detective, it was taken to the detective, therefore, that he had spoken, and he did not yet know the millionaire. Sir Peter had stated his intentions, and would abide by them. He had, after all, not confided in Dick Knight solely because he felt the need to open his heart, but because his late secretary had undertaken to do the detective, it was taken to the detective, therefore, that he had spoken, and he did not yet know the millionaire.

"Oh, you can play the heavenly father," if you choose, dad," she protested, boldly, "but it won't make any difference in the end. I've got your blood in my veins, and when I want a thing I don't give it up a bit more easily than you do. I suppose you can't intend to shut me up in my state-room all the rest of the trip."

"Not I," said Sir Peter, as calmly as if his soul had not been tempest-tossed by the events of the night. "If you will be a good little girl and keep out of Knight's way this morning, till we get to London."

"What do you mean by that? Do you mean that Dick and I are to be allowed to see each other just—as we were before?"

"Don't you think, my child, it would be as well to speak of the young man as 'Mr. Knight,' until things have gone a little further between you? As for seeing him, if you'll do me the favor to breakfast in your cabin this morning, during the rest of the trip you can see each other as often as you get the chance in your way."

Eve's big, long-lashed gray eyes studied her father's face suspiciously, but found it apparently candid, and untroubled by her scrutiny. "Well, since you are going to be nice, I'll be nice, too," she said. "But I don't quite believe in you, or armed neutrality, or whatever you call it. When are you going to tell me all about that strange yacht? I've been asking Captain Jennings lots of questions, but he hasn't been on board the Xenia. Is it true that you can't find trace of all the poor people, who must have jumped overboard or something?"

"Traces in plenty, but none as to why they have disappeared." Sir Peter answered, curiously conscious of the monogrammed watch with the photograph which he had removed from the profaning eyes that would soon pry among the other relics. "You must be satisfied for the present with what you've heard from Jennings, for I shall be very busy for the next hour or two—and so will Dick Knight. We shall have to leave the derelict here, in charge of the captain of the port, the man who lunched with us yesterday. He will keep her until it's discovered who was the owner, where he lived, what's to be done with his property, and so on. As for ourselves, we can't stop. There's nothing more we can do now we've towed her in; the work must be left in other hands—trusty ones, I hope—and we shall go on to Tangier and meet Lord Waverley and Lady Drayton. Patience for a little while; eat your breakfast, read a novel—or even think of Jennings, for I shall be very busy for the next hour or two—and so will Dick Knight. We shall have to leave the derelict here, in charge of the captain of the port, the man who lunched with us yesterday. He will keep her until it's discovered who was the owner, where he lived, what's to be done with his property, and so on. As for ourselves, we can't stop. There's nothing more we can do now we've towed her in; the work must be left in other hands—trusty ones, I hope—and we shall go on to Tangier and meet Lord Waverley and Lady Drayton. Patience for a little while; eat your breakfast, read a novel—or even think of Jennings, for I shall be very busy for the next hour or two—and so will Dick Knight. We shall have to leave the derelict here, in charge of the captain of the port, the man who lunched with us yesterday. 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