



CHAPTER I.

Below, a great broad stretch of ocean, calm as death, shimmering placidly beneath the sun's hot rays; above, a sky of palest azure, flecked here and there by dainty masses of soft, fleecy clouds; and far inland, a background of high hills, clothed with a tender foliage, a very baby leaf from just bursting into the fuller life.

Toward the west the trees give way a little, letting a road be seen, that like a straight pale ribbon runs between the greenery, for the space of quite a mile or so, and then reaches the small fishing village where the simple folk of Glowing Densley told from one year's end to the other, some in careless joy, some in ceaseless labor, some, alas! in cruel weeping, because of those "who will never come back to the town."

Along the white road, that gleams thirstily in the burning sunshine of this hot midday in June, a carriage is crawling with quite an aggravating slowness—an antiquated vehicle of a type now almost unknown, but which once beyond doubt "cost money." The carriage, being an open one, enables the people as it passes through the village to see without undue trouble that the occupants of it are two girls; both very young, both singularly alike, though in distinctly different styles.

"It is charming," says the younger girl, with a little quick motion of the hand toward the sweeping bay, and the awakening trees, and the other glories of the landscape. "All charming, far better than I ever dared hope for, and yet my mind misgives me, Vera."

She turns a brilliant glance on her sister, full of terrible insinuations, and then laughs a little. "This animal, she is a very pretty girl, half child, half woman, as fresh as the morning, and with eyes like stars. She lifts one slender black-gloved hand, and placing it beneath her sister's chin, turns her face gently to her.

Such a beautiful face! Very like the riant one beside it, yet unlike, too. There is a touch of sadness round the lovely lips, a mournful curve; indeed, a thoughtfulness too great for her years is stamped on every feature. A tender, loving, yet strong soul shines through the earnest eyes, and when she smiles it is reluctantly, as if smiles all her life had been forbidden to her.

"Oh! that reminds me," said Miss Dyaart, "I quite forgot to tell you of it, but the day before we left Nice, Nell Stewart said that this cousin you speak of, if he does exist at all, at all events does not do it here."

"Which means?" "That either he won't, or can't, live with his father. Can't, Nell rather led me to believe."

"Can't it be, you may be sure," says the younger girl, restlessly. "Fancy a father whose son can't live with him! And yet, after all, virtuous astonishment on that score is rather out of place with us. I can imagine just such a father."

"Well, never mind that," says Miss Dyaart, hastily. "Yes, very good; let us then go from this to another," says her sister with a little shrug. "Do you think we shall gain much by the change? This old relative of ours is, perhaps, as delightful as we could wish him, and yet I wish father had not left us to his tender mercies."

"Do not dwell on that," says Vera, with nervous haste; "do not seek for faults in the inevitable. He is all that is left us. You know the sudden decision arose out of a letter received by father from Uncle Gregory about a year ago. When father was—was—dying—"

She pauses abruptly, and a tremor shakes her last words. "The younger girl turns quickly to look at her. There is infinite love and compassion in her glance, but perhaps a little contempt, and certainly a little impatience."

"Do you know," she says, "it may seem heartless—positively coarse, if you will—but I do not think our father was a man to excite respect, much less love or regret, or—"

"Oh! it is better not to speak like that," interrupts Miss Dyaart, in a low, shocked tone. "Don't do it, darling. I know what you mean, but—"

"And I know that I shall never forgive or forget the life he led you," says Griselda, with a certain angry excitement.

"Well, that is over," says Miss Dyaart, with a quick sigh, heavily indrawn. "What was this vendetta, this terrible lifelong quarrel that was kept up between him and father with such monotonous persistency?"

"That had to do with our grandfather's will. Papa was the eldest son, yet the property was left to Uncle Gregory; and that for no reason at all. Naturally, papa was very angry about it, and accused Gregory of using undue influence."

"Just so, and of course there is a good deal behind that you don't know. There always is; nobody ever tells quite everything. And besides—Oh! Oh, Vera! Oh! what has happened?"

Griselda clutches in an agonized fashion at the leather side of the crazy old chair, which has toppled over to the left side and stands in a decidedly dispirited position. The ancient driver, presumably asleep, had let the horses wander at their own sweet will, and they being old and sleepy, too, the result was that they had dragged two of the wheels up on a steep bank and nearly capsized the carriage.

ABOUT THE BIOGRAPH MACHINE THAT PRODUCES THE MOVING PICTURES

Great Future for Them in Education—Some of the Uses to Which They May Be Put—How the Films Are Made.

There is a great future for moving pictures in education. To the insular child what more impressive method of information as to what a warship is like in all its majesty than to show him one in motion-photography? The children of the Central States will be shown waves dashing high upon the strand, or rolling in gentle billows on the bathing beach where children are at play. There are city children, too, who can be shown harvesting and haying scenes in the great West; cows, horses, and all animals, wild and tame.

And for both rural and urban youngsters the microscope will display the Indian, the Conaman, the Zulu—all races of men and their manners and customs. To the geography class the microscope will display the capes, rivers, cities, bays, towns and historic buildings that heretofore have been but names to the book-dazed scholar. It will be shown the Mulr glacier in its mighty disintegration, Vesuvius in eruption and Niagara's resistless flood. It will take the scholar up the Danube or down the Mississippi, or show him the wondrous panoramas of London, New York, Paris, Bombay and Canton life. To the history class the microscope will show the great personages of to-day, as they live and move and have their being. What more vital suggestion of the war with Spain than the two views of the Spanish warship Viscaya—one showing her at anchor in New York harbor, her captain, in letter-jest, training his cannon on the city; the other a battered wreck upon the beach of Santiago a few weeks later?

Life-motion pictures are made with one type of camera and projected by two kinds of machines. The moving-picture camera is arranged so that, when turned by a crank, either by hand or by an electric motor, the sensitized film passes behind the lens at a rate of 320 feet per minute. But, to make each picture, this film must come to a dead stop for one-seventeenth part of a second, during which time the shutter of the camera opens and closes. Then in less than the hundredth part of a second the film moves down about two inches, and the process is repeated until the picture is finished. From one-half a minute to a minute is sufficient time to take ordinary scenes in life-motion. Five hundred or six hundred men marching eight abreast can pass at a walk a given point in one minute; and so, in taking life-motion photographs of a parade, the operator of the camera turns on his machine only at the moment important personages are passing. Pictures three minutes in length or longer are often taken, but experience has shown that long pictures on the biograph grow tiresome.

A developed biograph film is simply a ribbon of semi-transparent celluloid three inches wide, on which appears a succession of pictures. These pictures are two inches high and cover the film to its edges, while between each picture there is a margin of one-sixteenth of an inch. A picture-film of a scene that has lasted a minute will be three inches wide and 320 feet long. On it will be 1,800 separate photographs of the subject. The camera makes exposures at the rate of thirty distinct snap shots per second, and the biograph or microscope (by which names the two forms of reproducing apparatus are distinguished) exhibit them to spectators at the same rate of speed. The eye cannot detect where one picture joins another, for they pass at the rate of 1,800 pictures per minute.—Everybody's Magazine.

USES HEIRLOOM RECIPES.

Secret of Fine Cookery at a New York Woman's Restaurant. The trio of luncheoners that went into the little home restaurant out of curiosity lingered long to eat and praise. "Such flavoring!" "Such seasoning!" they said to the proprietress. "Where did you get your recipes?"

The smart little woman smiled in appreciation of these little compliments. "You are right," she said, "in attributing my success to the recipes. Without them I should have been a rank failure. With them I have been able to establish a profitable business down on this corner."

"My cook book is simple. There isn't another like it in the whole country. If it should ever be given to the public it would be no misnomer to call it the Blue-Blood Cook Book, for every recipe therein is an heirloom of some old American family."

"I never knew until I went into the catering business how many families own a special dish that is looked upon as their own property. Indeed, the old colonial family that has not such a possession is rare, and friends and neighbors all respect the sanctity of this recipe, and would as soon rob them of valuable chattels as to pilfer the secret of that dish, which was, perhaps, invented by some great-great-grandmother and solemnly bequeathed to posterity along with old lace and satin dancing slippers."

"In one respect these recipes are like unto Shakespeare's women—they have an infinite variety which custom cannot stale. Some treat of a special way to fry chicken, others tell how to prepare roasts and vegetables, and still others relate to desserts. But no matter what you want to cook, if you follow the minute directions given you can't help but turn out a culinary masterpiece."

"It was through pure luck that I secured this invaluable manuscript work."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS. Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

With remembrance His promise and so forgets His own failures. The miracles of Christ can only be judged in the light of His mission. The surplus church in the community will always be a sheep-stealing church. Hygiene is not holiness, but holiness will include hygiene. Glib religious phrases are but the froth on shallow eddies. No man can speak for God unless he has been speaking with Him. He who would be great in the day of trial must be great in that of trifles. Riches in religion must be measured by expenditure rather than by income. Where the church is not overcoming the world the world is overcoming the church. The preacher who panders to the throng will get no approval from the Throne. If Christian conversation is not a means of grace it will be a means of disgrace. When the church sells its principles to buy up the rich man it is quite apt to find itself sold.

COASTING IN THE TROPICS. Sport That Has Been Enjoyed Time Out of Mind in Hawaii.

In one form or another coasting is among the most ancient and universal of amusements. Inconspicuous as it sounds, this has been a favorite sport in Hawaii time out of mind. The author of "Hawaiian America" describes the possibilities of coasting in the tropics. It seems impossible that any speed can be obtained with the long native sledges without the aid of snow, and yet there is abundant evidence to prove it. The course, made of dry grass and smooth stones, was laid down the side of a steep hill, and the pace attained sent the coaster quite a distance across the plain at the foot of the runway. In my travels over the islands I noticed these odd courses, very plainly marking several precipitous hillsides and suggesting a considerable amount of toil in their original making. The sledge was only six inches wide by three inches deep, and about twelve feet long, made very stoutly of hard wood. A curious variation of the sport of coasting still lives in Hawaii, and serves to keep alive the native skill of the inhabitants. This is surf-riding in a canoe or on a board. The onah is a board made of the famous koa wood about twelve to eighteen inches wide and from six to eight feet long, often with a flat surface, but usually with both sides slightly rounded. Pushing the boards before them, the natives swim beyond the breakers, where they wait the approach of a suitable incoming wave. When a big one comes, they lie on the board face downward, and paddle with both hands and feet shoreward, until the wave overtakes them, when by expert manipulation the onah is kept on the face of the waves and coasts toward the shore at steamboat speed. As the board rests on the face of the wave at a considerable angle, some idea may be had of the skill required to keep it there during the quarter-mile rush for shore, yet some of the natives become so expert that they stand upon the board during the steeper periods of its flight. In a canoe with two strong paddlers and a helmsman of experience and skill, the sport is not less exciting. In front, the bow, cutting the water, sends strings of spray backward and upward. At the stern the great blue-green wall curls above and over you, and if you are a sentient creature, your pulse thrills with an exhilaration that no other sport can supply. It is tobogganing without its blinding, gasping speed.

A Commonplace City. Berlin, as compared with London, is an upstart city, and the Berlin crowd suggests the appearance of people of some great village. They look commonplace, as if just taken from the ranks of toilers that have not yet had time and money to cultivate the more graceful arts of life. The dressing of Berlin women is mostly execrable, and that of the men is scarcely better. You wonder that so much of ugliness of attire, so much commonplaceness in the appearance of men and women could be got together. It is in such a moment that you feel the full difference between London and Berlin.

Concealment. "You say you are a detective?" "Yes." "But ought you not to conceal the fact to some degree?" "I do." "How?" "By not detecting anything."—Washington Star.

Military Kite. Russian engineers are experimenting with a military kite which will, it is hoped, prove useful for reconnoitering purposes.

Cheap Railway Fares. It is said that the cheapest railway fares in the world are to be found in Hungary.

The next time you are tempted to spend a dollar foolishly, reflect how much red flannel it will buy when you are old, and rheumatic, and poor.