

you teased at Breistolen. You have fallen in love with my fine clothes, and my pearls, and my maid's work! not with me. You have fancied the girl you saw other men make much of. But you have not loved the woman who might have prized that which Miss Guest has never learned to value."

"How old are you?" I said hoarsely.

"Nineteen!" she snapped out. And then for a moment we were both silent.

"I begin to understand now," I answered slowly, as soon as I could conquer something in my throat. "Long ago, when I hardly knew you, I hurt your woman's pride, and since that you have plotted—"

"No, you have tricked yourself!"

"And schemed to bring me to your feet that you might have the pleasure of trampling on me. Miss Guest, your triumph is complete, more complete than you are able to understand. I loved you this morning above all the world—as my own life—as every hope I had. See, I tell you this that you may have a moment's keener pleasure when I am gone."

"Don't! don't!" she cried, throwing herself into a chair and covering her face.

"You have won a man's heart and cast it aside to gratify an old pique. You may rest content now, for there is nothing wanting to your vengeance. You have given me as much pain as a woman, the vainest and the most heartless, can give a man. Good-bye."

And with that I was leaving her, fighting my own pain and passion, so that the little hands she raised as though they would ward off my words were nothing to me. I felt a savage delight in seeing that I could hurt her, which deadened my own grief. The victory was not all with her lying there sobbing. Only where was my hat? Let me get my hat and go. Let me escape from this room wherein every trifle upon which my eye rested awoke some memory that was a pang.

Where was the hat? I had brought it up. I could not go without it. It must be under her chair by all that was unlucky, for it was nowhere else. I could not stand and wait, and so I had to go up to her, with cold words of apology upon my lips, and being close to her and seeing on her wrist, half hidden by fallen hair, the scar she had brought home from Norway, I don't know how it was that I fell on my knees by her and cried:

"Oh, Bab, I loved you so! Let us part friends."

For a moment—silence. Then she whispered, her hand in mine: "Why did you not say Bab to begin? I only told you that Miss Guest had not learned to value your love."

"And Bab?" I murmured, my brain in a whirl.

"Learned long ago, poor girl!"

And the fair, tear-stained face of my tyrant looked into mine for a moment, and then came quite naturally to its resting place.

"Now," she said, "you may have your hat, sir."

"I believe that you sat upon this chair on purpose."

And Bab blushed. I believe she did.

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A SUNKEN CONTINENT ON THE PACIFIC.

THE fact is quite generally conceded among scientists that the probabilities are strongly in favor of the supposition that there formerly existed a large island of continental dimensions between the West Indies and the western coast of Africa. This continent is supposed to be the "Atlantis" of the ancients. Recent discoveries point to the further probability that there also once existed a similar continental area of land in the Pacific Ocean, between the west coast of South America and the present Australian continent. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco, Captain Churchill read a very interesting paper in relation to this matter. His paper referred especially to the gigantic sculptured figures still to be seen upon Easter Island, and evidently the work of a different race than that which now inhabits the island, and one much more numerous, since the works referred to are on too large a scale to have been constructed except by many hands. He argued that a vast continent once existed where there is now nothing but a waste of ocean, dotted with countless isles and islets of varying size and character, the majority showing in their formation the traces of that former volcanic action which either upheaved them from the depths of the sea or shattered and sunk the continent of which they are now the only vestige. Easter Island, it is believed, was once the home of a population numbering many thousands, of whom scarcely any now remain. Besides dwelling upon the sculptured figures to be found there, Captain Churchill laid much stress upon the hieroglyphic tablets of wood discovered upon Easter Island, and which are the only instance of a written language in Oceanica. He thought sufficient attention had not been given them. From other sources we learn that a German government vessel recently visited that island, and made a large collection of prehistoric remains, and made copious notes of other matters of scientific interest. The German Government, it is understood, are making preparations to send another expedition to Easter Island with a corps of scientists and engineers to sketch the island, survey the ground, and to make plans and sections of the prehistoric buildings and ruins. Our own Government has also taken steps to secure some of these valuable remains representing the prehistoric and known races of this hemisphere. Instructions have already been sent to Admiral Upshur, in command of the South Pacific squadron, to send one of his vessels on a cruise in the direction of Easter Island, and to make such explorations, collections and reports as he may think important in the interests of his Government. The Government of France is also turning its attention to this island, with a view to the establishment of a protectorate.

It is reported in the accounts given by the German vessel that the island, which is small, is strewn with large stone images and sculptured tablets. The inhabitants of the island know nothing about the remains, and even tradition gives no account of a people living there when their ancestors arrived on the island.—*From the Jewelers' Journal.*