DAYTON HERALD.

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DAYTON .....OREGON.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Busy Readers.

Chinese officials are much dissatisfied with terms of the treaty.

Ohio river steamer overturned in a squall and 16 passengers were drowned.

Rebels in Colombia and Venezuela continue operations in hopes of getting help.

Latest passengers from Nome bring stories of threatened destitution there this winter.

Constitution-Columbia race was declared off temporarily on account of heavy winds.

Latest estimate of visible wheat in the United States shows a decrease of 1,449,000 bushels.

Steel trust has started up several plants, but strikers contend that they have lost no ground.

Colombian minister assures Secretary Hay that traffic is entirely undisturbed in that country.

British surprised two Boer laagers and killed 23 men, but were unable to follow up their success.

England demands prompt punishment of authors of Chinese massacre or she will not withdraw her troops.

Cervera, the Spanish admiral, is to be presented with a loving cup for kindness shown American prisoners during the Spanish-American war.

Germany will soon establish a colonial army.

The United States may send more warships to Colon.

An Ecuadorean force is preparing to invade Colombia.

Von Waldersee hopes to become chancellor of Germany.

General MacArthur has arrived at San Francisco from Manila.

The results of the gulf storm were not so bad as at first reported.

Hayden, the embezzling treasurer of Swift & Co., cannot be found.

A force of Colombians invaded Venezuela, but were driven back.

San Francisco retailers have made a move towards ending the strike.

Kruger urges the British Nationalists to continue their efforts to secure peace.

Venezuelan officials blame the Colombian government for the present trouble.

The steel trust is landing non-union men at Monessen and will start up the mills there.

A Chicago trolley car collided with a passenger train, killing four and injuring 11 people.

Explosion of two cars of powder wrecked an entire train on the Southern Pacific near Glendale, Or.

The Alaska steamer Islander struck an iceberg and sank immediately, carrying down about 60 of the passengers and crew and $250,000 in gold.

Both sides are making gains in the steel strike.

The Shamrock II is being put in order for racing.

There is little change in the San Francisco strike situation.

Crispi's remains were taken by a warship from Naples to Palermo.

A. J. Montague was nominated for governor by Virginia Democrats.

The gunboat Machias has been ordered to Panama immediately.

The German Crown Prince may be engaged to the Princess of Battenberg.

The fishing season on the Columbia has closed and the pack will be about 337,000 cases

Over a dozen lives were lost by the burning of the waterworks crib in the lake at Cleveland, Ohio.

Chicago steelworkers who would not obey the strike order were put out of the Amalgamated Association.

River and harbor recommendations for the coming year are about the same as in the bill that failed to pass last winter.

Burglars who attempted to rob an Ohio bank were frightened away before they secured anything and are now surrounded in the woods near the town.

The Union Pacific Railroad has notified its empoyes that habitual drinking or even the mere frequenting of saloons will in future be considered cause for discharge.

A coal famine in San Francisco is imminent because of the strike.

Two men were asphyxiated and others nearly so in a Montana mine.

An advance of from one to two dollars a ton has been made in all finished steel products.

Krupp, the German gun maker, has a fortune of nearly $50,000,000, an income of nearly $14,000,000 and a pay roll of 80,000 persons.

Mrs. William E. English presented to the state museum a dead Jersey pig with one head and two bodies joined at the shoulders.

After 18 months of continuous work it is announced that the telegraph line from Seattle to Dawson is nearly completed.

Forty-two prohibitionists made up a state convention in Richomnd, Va., and put out nominations for the state offices to be filled next fall.

Premier Sagasta has announced the Spanish programme, which will include reorganization of the army, establishment of bases for naval operations and the construction of an arsenal on a vast scale.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Census Work Being Rushed—Further Reduction in Philippine Military Forces.

Owing to the necessity of completing a large part of the census work before congress meets, Director Merriman has been compelled to employ over 3,000 clerks, and to prevent waste of time certain clerks in some of the divisions have been detailed as inspectors.

Only a few of the letter carriers of the country have availed themselves of the privilege granted by the postmaster general, after several years of petitioning, to wear shirt waists during the summer season while on duty.

The huge lottery that Uncle Sam has conducted in Oklahoma for land taken from the Indians has brought to light a peculiar phase of the homestead law. Judge Ryan, first assistant secretary of the interior, said that under the homestead law a married woman could not make entry for a homestead because she is not the head of a family. A single woman, however, can make an entry.

The second largest claim yet presented with the Spanish treaty claims commission was filed the other day on behalf of Francis Zeiglie, of Havana. He was owner of a sugar estate of 2,970 acres, worth $1,000,000, which was laid waste by Spanish troops in May, 1896. For this he wants $722,47.

The postoffice department has issued an order that is designed to be of special advantage to business men. Those firms and business houses that have been in the habit of sending money order blanks to their customers free of cost with the special money order blanks in which the name of the payee or firm sending them out will be conspicuously printed in red ink.

Preparations are being made by the war department to make a further reduction in the military force in the Philippine islands. It has been decided to bring back the remaining artillery organizations in the Philippines.

TURNED OVER IN A SQUALL.

Ohio River Boat Lost With Sixteen Passengers—Happened Without Warning.

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 21.—The steamer City of Golconda, plying between this city and Elizabethtown, Ill., was struck by a squall during a storm about 7 o'clock last night, as she was en route to Paducah, and turned over in 10 feet of water, six miles above the city, as she was going into Cromwell's Landing. Sixteen people are reported drowned.

The disaster happened as supper was being served, and many of the 75 passengers were in the cabin. The wind struck the boat without warning, and there was no time for those on the inside to escape. Captain Jesse Bauer and Pilot E. E. Peck were the last to leave the boat and swim ashore. They saved several persons struggling in the water, left the survivors in a house near the river bank and came to the city. Captain Bauer, who arrived here two hours after the accident, said:

"The boat was getting ready to land, when the squall struck her and she listed. Several passengers who were inside jumped overboard and were caught by the boat. The women, all of whom were in the cabin, could not be reached. The boat settled down in 10 feet of water over a reef and two of the men who were in the cabin broke through the glass and were saved. The colored deck hands saved a woman, and I do not think she was the only woman saved. A yawl which had broken loose, was caught by some men struggling in the water and rowed to shore. We returned to the boat on this, but could find no signs of life and returned to shore."

The boat was valued at $25,000 There is no way to determine the number or names of the dead until the boats books are found. Captain Peck places the number at 16.

General Joseph F. Knipe Dead.

Harrsburg, Pa., Aug. 21.—General Joseph F. Knipe, a hero of two wars, is dead at his home in this city. He fought through the Mexican war with General Scott, and in the Civil war he participated in all the battles in which the Twelfth corps took part, from Chattanooga to Atlanta. He afterward served as chief of cavalry in the army of the Tennessee. He was postmaster of Harrisburg during the Johnson administration and at the time of his death was connected with the state department.

Successful Wireless Telegraphy.

Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 17.—Communication by wireless telegraph has been established between this island and South Shoal lightship, and the system is working to the satisfaction of Commander J. D. J. Kelly, who has been in charge of the installation. Numerous messages have been exchanged between Flasconset and the lightship.

Large Cigar Plant Burned.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 21.—Fire today destroyed what is locally known as the J. Wright Company plant of the American Cigar Company. There were about 400,000 pounds of leaf tobacco in the building, owned by the American Cigar Company, and this, with the machinery, it is estimated was worth $115,000. The building, an immense five story structure covering 15,200 square feet, was entirely destroyed.

Winter Beef for Klondike.

Seattle, Aug. 21.—From 1,200 to 1,500 beeves will be shipped to Dawson from this port and Vancouver, B. C., toward the close of the season. Hundreds of cattle are being shipped in for the summer use, but 1,200 or 1,500 head will be needed to supply the winter demand. They will be loaded on river steamers at White Horse and shipped to Dawson, where they will be butchered from 10 days to two weeks before the first heavy freeze.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

The water agate crop at Newport is of good size and quality.

The fruit driers around Albany will have their hands full this season.

A 30 foot steel tower has been ordered for the 400 pound firebell which was presented to the Athena hose company.

Jake Smith, who lives near Laylock creek, in Grant county, recently killed two rattle snakes, one three and one half feet and the other three feet long.

Big forest fires are reported in the Flounce Rock, Trail creek and Big Butte sections, of Josephine county. Some damage is being done to the timber.

The Owl and Elephant mines, in the Cable Cove district, have been sold to a Maryland syndicate for $11,000. The new owners are going to run a tunnel in 500 feet on the vein.

The La Grande-Cove motor line is now assured and will be under construction this fall. It will extend through Island City, down the Grand Rounde river, direct to Cove. Its object is to further the interests of beet growing in a section believed to be especially adapted to it.

The new 90 horse power boiler is in place at the plant of the Athena Flouring Mill Company. It is a huge affair, made entirely of steel, and is composed of two plates, tubes and ends. It is encased in brick and will add materially to the value of the plant, which is up-to-date in every respect.

Threshing is now well under way throughout the Rogue river valley, and from all information that can be gathered the product of this year will be about one half a crop. The lightness of the yield this year is attributed to the lack of rain early in the season, considerable of the acreage having been cut for grain hay.

This is the dryest season the Blue mountains have experienced for many seasons. An unusually heavy snow fell during the past winter, and it was hoped the water supply would be ample; but the intense heat of early July melted it all very raddidly, and now the mountain streams are fed by springs alone.

A case of smallpox has been reported at Howell, in Marion county.

Panthers attacked a band of sheep on the North Coos river and killed over 20.

A good sized porcupine, which had been killing numerous chickens, was slain in Moro, Sherman county.

Owing to the great number of buildings being constructed in Pendleton, contractors are having difficulty in securing enough carpenters to do the work.

As an example of how the old donation land claims in Polk county are being divided into small farms, the Grant 640 acre claim, which for many years yielded a living for a family of only five, now affords homes for over 60 people, and there is yet much waste land in the tract.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 55@56c per bushel; bluestem, 57@58c; valley, nominal.

Flour—best grades, $2.90@3.40 per barrel; graham, $2.60.

Oats—$1.15@1.20 per cental.

Barley—Feed, $16@16.50; brewing, $16.50@17 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $27 per ton; middlings, $21.50; shorts, $20; chop, $16.

Hay—Timothy, $11@13; clover, $7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 17½@20c; dairy, 14@15c½; store, 11@12c per pound.

Eggs—17c per dozen.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 11@11½c; Young America, 12@12½c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3.00@3.75; hens, $3.75@4.75; dressed, 10@11c per pound; springs, $2.50@4.00 per dozen; ducks, $3 for old; $2.50@3.50 for young; geese, $4@4 50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 8@10c; dressed, 10@12½c per pound.

Mutton — Lambs, 3½c, gross; dressed, 6@7c per pound; sheep, $3.25, gross; dressed, 6@6½c per lb.

Hogs — Gross, heavy, $5.75@6; light, $4.75@5; dressed, 6½@7c per pound.

Veal — Small, 8@9c; large, 7@7½c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, $3.50@4.00; cows and heifers, $3.25@3.50; dressed beef, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—12@14c per pound.

Wool — Valley, 11@13½c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 20@21c per pound.

Potatoes—90c@$1.00 per sack.

The present Kansas wheat crop is the highest grade ever known.

A ship load of Filipinos are to be tried on Hawaiian sugar fields.

The average net consumption of tea per head of population is 1.11 pounds; in England, 6 pounds per head.

A woman has just published a directory and gazetteer of the Yukon valley, Alaska, showing 16,000 names of residents.

Mexico's jurisdiction extends to more than 30 islands.

The Kentucky whisky crop this season will be limited to 25,000,000 gallons.

During the past six months the volume of new industrial capital invested in Germany foots up over $300,000,000.

European governments have organized colonial departments, through which efforts are being made to elevate the standard of civilization and industrial and commercial activity throughout the world.

WRECKED BY WAR.

MacArthur Says Philippines Are Pacified but Not Tranquilized.

Chicago, Aug. 21.—The following is a statement of General MacArthur, as regards the Philippines:

"War has wrecked the Philippines and laid waste whole districts. The people in many districts have relapsed into barbarism. The best conditions prevail in Northern Luzon. You may say that the whole territory is pacified, but not tranquilized, but it will not be many months before law and order are observed everywhere.

"While the conditions are not perfect, they are gratifying. A few groups of armed insurgents are still at large, but they will soon surrender, as their power is broken and they are not being aided by the natives. These natives have come to see that surrender does not mean death and they are coming in every week with their rifles.

"Throughout Northern Luzon the insurrection has been dead for some time, and there is freedom of movement. Still, a large criminal class there commits depredations on Americans and natives, though the latter suffer the most severely. The natives are earnestly seeking the establishment of civil government that they may root out these bands of criminals. There is every reason to believe that the whole country will soon be perfectly safe for travelers.

"At present there is some trouble in Samar, but General Hughes, with a large and effective force, has gone after them and will soon bring the insurgents to their senses. That is the worst place, but it is not interfering with the coast business. In Cebu and Bohul, and occasionally in Southern Luzon, there is a slight outbreak, but it is caused by the criminal element.

"The civil commission was about to put into force some excellent ideas for the municipal government of the City of Manila when I left. The city is in excellent condition, especially in its sanitary department, and its growth in business has been enormous."

CHINA WILL NOT RATIFY IT.

Earl Li Says the Proposed Manchurian Treaty Is Not Acceptable.

London, Aug. 21.—According to a dispatch from Pekin, Li Hung Chang recently called upon M. de Giers, the Russian minister and urged a settlement of the Manchurian question. The Russian minister replied that the indemnity had been settled and all were ready to sign the protocol. The two governments, he said, ought to determine the question in the interests of permanent harmony. Li Hung Chang asked that Russia give the matter immediate consideration in order to avoid exciting suspicion on the part of the other powers and thus hindeirng other important matters.

M. de Giers said that the Chinese minister at St. Petersburg had already arranged the terms of a treaty which, out of consideration for the long friendly relations between the two governments, Russia was satisfied to accept, but China was not satisfied with it. This, he added, was not Russia's fault. Li Hung Chang said it was certain that China would not ratify the treaty that was previosly proposed, to which other nations made strenuous objections. Mutual consultation and a radical change in the terms of the treaty were necessary.

Pioneer Train Dispatcher.

New York, Aug. 21.—Samuel J. Gifford, who was the first telegraph operator on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway and despatched the first train ever run over it on telegraph orders, is dead at his home in Dunkirk, N. Y. After filling positions on the Erie & Lake Shore as operator and despatcher, he became a partner in the firm of Skinner & Gifford, which built large shops in Dunkirk for constructing engines and railroad fixtures, and also built in 1875 and 1876 the Texas & New Orleans Railroad, now the Southern Pacific.

Iowa Is Ready to Sail

San Francisco, Aug. 21.—The battleship Iowa has taken on coal and ammunition and is expected to sail at once direct for Panama. The Ranger is now en route to the same port, but on account of her slowness, she will not reach Panama until after the Iowa arrives there. These vessels will protect American interests on the western side of the isthmus.

Killed While Fighting a Fire.

Little Falls, N. Y., Aug. 21.—The Mohawk and Malone roundhouse at Herkimer was discovered to be on fire at 10:30 tonight. Watchman Gilbert and an engine tender named Deck, assisted by residents of the vicinity and members of the bridge building gang, attempted to extinguish the flames. While they were battling with the fire, a large quantity of dynamite stored in the building exploded with terrific force, killing Gilbert and Deck and four others.

Shells in Mail Went From Panama.

Colon, Aug. 21.—The postal authorities here say regarding the explosion on board the German steamship Croatia that the mail bag containing the two gun shells was mailed in Panama, and that the bag was admitted, in view of the formal declaration of German merchants that there were no explosives therein. No one was injured by the explosion, but considerable mail was destroyed.

Boer Laager Surprised.

London, Aug. 21.—Lord Kitchener, in a dispatch from Pretoria says a party of South African constabulary yesterday surprised a strong Boer laager near Middleberg, Cape Colony, killing 23 men. The constabulary numbered 150 men, but, owing to the strength of the enemy, 600 to 800 strong, they were unable to follow up their success, and during their retirement they lost one man killed and had six wounded. Fourteen men are missing.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER I.

I think I was as nearly mad as I could be; nearer madness, I believe, than I shall ever be again. Three weeks of it had driven me to the very verge of desperation. I cannot say here what had brought me to this pass, for I do not know into whose hands these pages may fall; but I had made up my mind to persist in a certain line of conduct which I firmly believed to be right, whilst those who had authority over me were resolutely bent upon making me submit to their will. The conflict had been going on, more or less violently, for months; now I had come very near the end of it. I felt that I must either yield or go mad. There was no chance of my dying; I was too strong for that.

It had been raining all the day long. My eyes had followed the course of solitary drops rolling down the window panes until my head ached. There was nothing within my room less dreary than without. I was in London, but in what part of London I did not know. The house was situated in a highly respectable, though not altogether fashionable quarter; as I judged by the gloomy, monotonous rows of buildings which I could see from my windows. The people who passed up and down the streets on fine days were well-to-do persons, who could afford to wear good and handsome clothes. The rooms on the third floor—my rooms, which I had not been allowed to leave since we entered the house, three weeks before—were very badly furnished. The carpet was nearly threadbare, and the curtains of dark red moreen were very dingy. My bedroom opened upon a dismal back yard, where a dog in a kennel howled dejectedly from time to time, and rattled his chain as if to remind me that I was a prisoner like himself. I had no books, no work, no music. It was a dreary place to pass a dreary time in; and my only resource was to pace to and fro—to and fro from one end to another of those wretched rooms.

A very slight sound grated on my ear; it was the hateful click of the key turning in the lock. A servant entered, carrying in a tray, upon which were a lamp and my tea—such a meal as might be prepared for a school girl in disgrace. She came up to me, as if to draw down the blinds.

"Leave them," I said; "I will do it myself by and by."

"He's not coming home to-night," said a woman's voice behind me, in a scoffing tone.

I could see her in the mirror without turning round. A handsome woman, with bold black eyes, and a rouged face, which showed coarsely in the ugly looking glass. She was extravagantly dressed, and not many years older than myself. I took no notice whatever of her, but continued to gaze out steadily at the lamp-lit streets and stormy sky.

"It will be no better for you when he is at home," she said fiercely. "He hates you; he swears so a hundred times a day, and he is determined to break your proud spirit. We shall force you to knock under sooner or later. What friends have you got anywhere to take your side? If you'd made friends with me, my fine lady, you'd have found it good for yourself; but you've chosen to make me your enemy, and I'll make him your enemy."

"I set my teeth together and gave no indication that I had heard one word of her taunting speech. My silence served to fan her fury.

"Upon my soul, madam," she almost shrieked, "you are enough to drive me to murder! I could beat you. Ay! and I would, but for him. So then three weeks of this hasn't broken you down yet! We shall try other means to-morrow."

She came up to where I stood, shook her clenched hand in my face and flung herself out of the room, pulling the door violently after her. I turned my head round. A thin, fine streak of light, no thicker than a thread, shone for an instant. My heart stool still, and then beat like a hammer. I stole very softly to the door, and discovered that the bolt had slipped beyond the hoop of the lock. The door was open for me!

I had been on the alert for such a chance ever since my imprisonment began. My sealskin hat and jacket lay ready to my hand in a drawer. I had not time to put on thicker boots; and it was perhaps essential to the success of my flight to steal down the stairs in the soft velvet slippers I was wearing. I stepped as lightly as I could. I crept past the drawing room door. The heavy house door opened with a grating of the hinges; but I stood outside it in the shelter of the portico—free, but with the rain and wind of a stormy night in October beating against me.

I darted straight across the muddy road and then turned sharply round a corner. On I fled breathlessly. As I drew nearer to shop windows an omnibus driver, seeing me run toward him, pulled up his horses in expectation of a passenger. I sprang in, caring very little where it might carry me, so that I could get quickly enough and far enough out of the reach of my pursuers. There had been no time to lose, and none was lost. The omnibus drove on again quickly, and no trace of me was left.

The omnibus drove into a station yard, and every passenger, inside and out, prepared to alight. I lingered till the last. The wind drove across the open space in a strong gust as I stepped down upon the pavement. A man had just descended from the roof, and was paying the conductor; a tall, burly man, wearing a thick waterproof coat, and a seaman's hat of oilskin, with a long flap lying over the back of his neck. His face was brown and weather beaten, but he had kindly looking eyes.

"Going down to Southampton?" said the conductor to him.

"Ay, and beyond Southampton," he answered.

"You'll have a rough night of it," said the conductor. "Sixpence, if you please, miss."

I offered an Australian sovereign, a pocket piece, which he turned over curiously, asking me if I had no smaller change. He grumbled when I answered no, and the stranger who had not passed on, turned pleasantly to me.

"You have no change, mam'zelle?" he asked slowly, as if English was not his ordinary speech. "Very well! are you going to Southampton?"

"Yes, by the next train," I answered, deciding upon that course without hesitation.

"So am I, mam'zelle," he said, raising hand to his oilskin cap; "I will pay this sixpence, and you can give it me again when you buy your ticket in the office."

I smiled gladly but gravely. I passed on into the station. At the ticket office they changed my Australian gold piece and I sought out my seaman friend to return the sixpence he had paid for me. I thanked him heartily.

He put me into a compartment where there were only two ladies, touched his hat and ran away to a second-class carriage.

In about two hours or more my fellow-passengers alighted at a large, half-deserted station. A porter came up to me as I leaned my head through the window.

"Going on, miss?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" I answered, shrinking back into my corner seat. He remained on the step whilst the train moved on at a slackened pace, and then pulled up. Before me lay a dim, dark scene, with little specks of light twinkling here and there, but whether on sea or shore I could not tell. Immediately opposite the train stood the black hulls and masts and funnels of two steamers, with a glimmer of lanterns on their decks. The porter opened the door for me.

"You're only to go on board, miss," he said, "your luggage will be seen to all right." And he hurried away to open the doors of other carriages.

I stood still, utterly bewildered, with the wind tossing my hair about, and the rain beating in sharp stinging drops upon my face and hands. It must have been close upon midnight. Every one was hurrying past me. I began almost to repent of the desperate step I had taken. At the gangways of the two vessels there were men shouting hoarsely, "This way for the Channel Islands!" "This way for Havre and Paris!" To which boat should I trust myself and my fate?

A mere accident decided it. Near the fore part of the train I saw the broad, tall figure of my new friend, the seaman, making his way across to the boat for the Channel Islands; and I made up my mind to go on board the same steamer, for I had an instinctive feeling that he would prove a real friend. I went down immediately into the ladies' cabin, which was almost empty, and chose a berth for myself in the darkest corner. It was not far from the door, and presently two other ladies came down, with a gentleman and the captain, and held an anxious parley close to me.

"Is there any danger?" asked one of the ladies.

"Well, I cannot say positively there will be no danger," answered the captain; "there's not danger enough to keep me and the crew in port; but it will be a very dirty night in the Channel. Of course we shall use extra caution, and all that sort of thing. No; I cannot say I expect any great danger."

"But it will be awfully rough?" said the gentleman.

It was very stormy and dismal as soon as we were out of Southampton water, and in the rush and swirl of the Channel. It did not alarm me so much as it distracted my thoughts. My hasty escape had been so unexpected, so unhoped for, that it had bewildered me, and it was almost a pleasure to lie still and listen to the din and uproar of the sea. Was I myself of no? Was this nothing more than a very vivid dream, from which I should awaken by and by to find myself a prisoner still, a creature as wretched and friendless as any that the streets of London contained?

I watched the dawn break through a little porthole opening upon my berth, which had been washed and beaten by the water all the night long. The stewardess had gone away early in the night. So I was alone, with the blending light of the early dawn and that of the lamp burning feebly from the ceiling. I sat up in my berth and cautiously unstitched the lining of my jacket. Here, months ago, when I first began to foresee this emergency, and whilst I was still allowed the use of my money, I had concealed one by one a few five-pound notes. I counted them over, eight of them; forty pounds in all, my sole fortune, my only means of living. True, I had a diamond ring and a watch and chain, but how difficult and dangerous it would be for me to sell either of them! Practically my means were limited to the eight notes of five pounds each.

As the light grew I left my berth and ventured to climb the cabin steps. The fresh air smote upon me almost painfully. The sea was growing brighter, and glitte ed here and there in spots where the sunlight fell upon it. I stayed on deck in the biting wind, leaning over the wet bulwarks and gazing across the desolate sea till my spirits sank like lead. I was cold, and hungry, and miserable. How lonely I was! how poor! with neither a home nor a friend in the world!—a mere castaway upon the waves of this troublous life!

"Mam'zelle is a brave sailor," said a voice behind me, which I recognized as my seaman of the night before; "but we shall be in port soon."

"What port?" I asked.

"St. Peter-port," he answered. "Mam'zelle, then, does not know our islands?"

"No," I said. "Where is St. Peter-port?"

"In Guernsey," he replied. "If you were going to land at St. Peter-port I might be of some service to you."

I looked at him steadily. His voice was a very pleasant one, full of tones that went straight to my heart. His face was bronzed and weather-beaten, but his deep-set eyes had a steadfast, quiet power in them, and his mouth had a pleasant curve about it. He looked a middle-aged man to me. He raised his cap as my eyes looked straight into his, and a faint smile flitted across his grave face.

"I want," I said suddenly, "to find a place where I can live very cheaply. I have not much money, and I must make it last a long time. Can you tell me of such a place?"

"You would want a place fit for a lady?" he said.

"No," I answered. "I would do all my own work. What sort of a place do you and your wife live in?"

"My poor little wife is dead," he answered. "We live in Sark, my mother and I. I am a fisherman, but I have also a little farm. It is true we have one room to spare, which might do for mam'zelle; but the island is far away, and in the winter Sark is too mournful."

"It will be just the place I want," I said quickly; "it would suit me exactly. Can you let me go there at once? Will you take me with you?"

"Mam'-zelle," he replied, smiling, "the room must be made ready for you, and I must speak to my mother. If God sends us fair weather I will come back to St. Peter-port for you in three days. My name is Tardif. You can ask the people in Peter-port what sort of a man Tardif of the Havre Gosselin is."

"I do not want any one to tell me what sort of a man you are," I said, holding out my hand. He took it with an air of friendly protection.

"What is your name, mam'zelle?" he inquired.

"Oh! my name is Olivia," I said.

I went below, inexpressibly satisfied and comforted. What it was in this man that won my complete, unquestioning confidence, I did not know; but his very presence, and the sight of his good, trustworthy face, gave me a sense of security such as I have never felt before or since. Surely God had sent him to me in my great extremity.

CHAPTER II.

Looking back upon that time, now it is past, and has "rounded itself into that perfect star I saw not when I dwelt therein," it would be untrue to represent myself as in any way unhappy. At times I wished earnestly that I had been born among the people with whom I had now come to live.

Tardif led a somewhat solitary life himself, even in this solitary island, with its scanty population. There was an ugly church, but Tardif and his mother did not frequent it. They belonged to a little knot of dissenters, who met for worship in a small room, when Tardif generally took the lead. For this reason a sort of coldness existed between him and the larger portion of his fellow islanders.

"SHOOK HER CLENCHED HAND IN MY FACE."

But there was a second and more important cause of estrangement. He had married an Englishwoman many years ago, much to the disappointment of his neighbors; and since her death he had held himself aloof from all the good women who would have been glad enough to undertake the task of consoling him for her loss. Tardif, therefore, was left very much to himself in his isolated cottage; and his mother's deafness caused her also to be no very great favorite with any of the gossips of the island.

I learned afterwards that Tardif had said my name was Olivier, and they jumped to the conclusion that I belonged to a family of that name in Guernsey; this shielded me from curiosity. I was nobody but a poor woman who was lodging in the spare room of Tardif's cottage. I set myself to grow used to their mode of life, and if possible to become so useful to them that when my money was all spent they might be willing to keep me with them. As the long, dismal nights of winter set in, with the wind sweeping across the island for several days together with a dreary, monotonous moan which never ceased, I generally sat by their fire; for I had nobody but Tardif to talk to, and now and then there arose an urgent need within me to listen to some friendly voice, and to hear my own in reply.

March came in with all the strength and sweetness of spring. I went out frequently to the field near the church. I was sitting there one morning. Tardif was going to fish, and I had helped him to pack his basket. I could see him getting out of the harbor, and he had caught a glimpse of me, and stood up in his boat, bare headed, bidding me good by. I began to sing before he was quite out of hearing, for he paused upon his oars listening, and had given me a joyous shout and waved his hat round his head, when he was sure it was I who was singing.

By 12 o'clock I knew my dinner would be ready, and I had been out in the fresh air long enough to be quite ready for it. Old Mrs. Tardif would be looking out for me impatiently, that she might get the meal over, and the things cleared away, and order restored in her dwelling.

(To be continued.)

Her Father Was Not a Liar.

There is a little girl in Detroit whose passion for the truth under all circumstances embarrassed her father very much the other day. Not long ago he lost a high-salaried place in a business house because of its absorption by a trust, and in the evening denounced all persons connected with trusts as thieves and robbers. But the trust found that it needed him, and he was soon holding his old place, in addition to a good block of stock. It was noticed that the little girl was deeply impressed with the incident, and looked at her father doubtingly when he was home. One evening there was company at the house, and the host became involved in a heated political debate with a peppery guest. The former made a statement which the latter flatly denied.

"Why, my dear man," laughed the host, "you don't mean to call me a liar?"

"No, he don't," declared the little one, as she sprang in front of the visitor and glared at him with flaming eyes, "and I won't have it. My papa is a robber and a thief, but he is no liar!"

The explanation was soon secured from the child, and the hilarity following the expose was the joy of the evening.—New York Tribune.