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CHAPTER L

I think I was as nearly mad as I could on, turned pleasantly to me, be; nearer madness, I believe, than I shall ever be again. Three weeks of it saked slowly, as if English was not his 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 montas; 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 soll-tary 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 ouse 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 floormy rooms, which I had not been allowed to leave since we entered the house, three weeks before-were very badly furnished. The carnet was nearly threadbare, and 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. 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 an other 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, car rying in a tray, upon which were a lamp and my ten-such a meal as might be prepared for a school girl in disgrace, She ne up to me, as if to draw down the

"Leave them," I said; "I will do it my

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

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 dress ed, and not many years older than my self. I took no notice whatever of h 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 un-der 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 tnunting speech. My silence served to fan her fury.

"Upon my soul, madam," she almost shricked, "you are enough to drive me to murder! I could beat you, Ay! and I I trust myself and my fate? 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 in-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 be-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 alippers I was wearing. I a very dirty night in the Channel. 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

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 quickiy 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

The omnibus drove into a station yard, and every passenger, inside and out, pre-pared 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 cont. and a seamsn's hat of 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 an-"You'll have a rough night of it," said the conductor. "Sixpence, if you please,

offered an Australian sovereign, a pocket piece, which he turned over curi-onaly, asking me if I had no smaller change. He grumbled when I answered ventured to climb

t no, and the stranger who had not passed

ordinary speech. going to Southampton?

Yes, by the next train," I answered, deciding upon that course without hesita-

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

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

He put me into a compartment where hat and ran away to a second-class car-

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.
"Ob, 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. fore me lay a dim, dark scene, with little | zelle; but the island is far away, and in specks of light twinkling here and there, the winter Sark is too mournful. but whether on sea or shore I could not tell. Immediately opposite the train said quicklq; "it would suit me exactly stood the black hulls and masts and fun- Can you let me go there at once? Will nels of two steamers, with a glimmer of lanterns on their decks. The porter lanterns on their decks, opened the door for me.

"You've only to go on board, miss," he

********* fresh air amote upon me almost palafully. The see was a owing brighter, and glittered here and there in spots where the sonlight 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 sauk like lead. 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 roublous tire!

"Mam'zelle is a brave salior," said a voice behind me, which I recognised as my seaman of the night before; "but we

shall be in port soon."
"What port?" I asked, "St. Peter-port," he answered, "Mam' relle, then, does not know our islands?"

"No," I said. "Where is St. Peter "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 please ant 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

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 an-wered. "We live in Sark, my mother gwered. 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'

you take me with you?"

"Mam'-selle," he replied, smiling, "the room must be made ready for you, and I must speak to my mother. If God sends



"SHOOK HER CLENCHED HAND IN MY FACE.

he 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 sort of a man you are." I 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

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 scross 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 gentle man 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 cap-tain; "there's not danger enough to keep me and the crew in port; but it will b course we shall use extra caution, and all that sort of thing. No: I cannot say 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 swiri of the Chandistracted my thoughts. My hasty escaphad 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 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 stew ardess 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. counted them over, eight of them; forty pounds in all, my sole fortune, my only eans 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

As the light grew I left my berth and

said, "your luggage will be seen to all us fair weather I will come back to St. right." And he hurried away to open Peter-port for you in three days. And he hurried away to open 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

"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

"Oh! my name is Olivia," f said. I went below, inexpress and comforted. What it was in this man that won my complete, unquestioning con fidence, I did not know; but his presence, and the sight of his good, trust worthy 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 riect star I saw not when I dwelt therein." It would be untrue to represent my self 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 solltary life mself, 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 worship in a small room, when Tardif generally took the lead. For this reason sort of coldness existed between him and the larger portion of his fellow lal anders.

portant 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 fer 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 Ollivier, 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 weman who was ledging in the space 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 mone; 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 nover 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. ventured to climb the cabin steps. The I was sitting there one morning. Tardif

was going to fish, and I had helped Mm YOU ARE LOP-SIDED. to pack his basket. I could see him get ting out of the harbor, and he had caught a glimpse of me, and stood up in his out, bare headed, bidding me good by. I began to sing before he was quite out of hearing, for he paused upon his ours 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 know my dinner would be ready, and I had been out in the fresh 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 dwell-

(To be continued.)

Ilia Mania Is for Clocks.

One of the most ingenious mechanics in the world is a Frenchman named Le has made himself famous for the curi- ple, Short sight is more common ceivable material. Straw and paper proportion of short-sighted persons. are among the raw materials he uses. For twenty years be has been manufacturing freak clocks and most Frenchcommon in that line apply to Le Boul- ment of maturity.

of the compound. Even the wheels of the middle finger growing the fastand all the machinery of the clock were est, while that of the thumb grows the made of this material. Naturally this slowest. goes at all. The newspaper clock is an average human male skeleton one of Mr. Le Boullat's latest tri- weigh twenty pounds; those of a wom-

never varying more than two minutes of over 500 pounds.

of gold, with diamond-tipped hands, and rubles, garnets, pearls, opals and emeralds to represent the figures on the dial. Some of his clocks are beautiful works of art and a few of the most interesting specimens are among be smallest of timepleces.

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 pressed with the incident, and looked shortest; in July, the tallest. at her father doubtingly when he was pany at the house, and the host became involved in a heated political debate with a peppery guest. The formfintly denied.

ling?"

as she sprang in front of the visitor so that the heart of an ordinary man, and glared at him with flaming eyes. 80 years of age, has beaten 3,000,000, robber and a thief, but he is no liar!" a minute less when one is lying down

The explanation was soon secured from the child, and the bilarity follow- tion. ing the expose was the joy of the evening.-New York Tribune.

Air Torpedo.

5,000 kroner (\$1,340) to Major W. T. gray represents the head. Unge for the purpose of making further experiments with the air torpedo invented by him. Major Unge's inven- an expert in eyeology. "It is the soft tion is patented under the name of "the eye with a large pupil that contracts flying torpedo," is intended to convey and dilates with a word, a thought or a through the air large explosive flash of feeling. An eye that laughs charges for considerable distances, and that sighs almost; that has its sunshine looks like an clongated cannon shell. its twilight, its moonbeams and its It is propelled through the air in the storms. A wonderful eye that wins same manner as a rocket. In a sep- you, whether you will or not, and holds arate compartment the torpedo con- you after it has cast you off, no matter tains some kind of slow-burning chem- whether the face be fair or not." ical composition, the propelling charge, which generates gases in large quan- these same experts you can generally titles. In the base of the shell is a rely on. She never descends to scanturbine through which these gases es- dal, never talks too much or too little, cape, thus furnishing the motive pow- prefers her bushand's comfort to her er and causing the shell to rotate around its axia.

Ingenious.

The most recent triumph of the French postal administration is an ingenious little machine which not only automatically weighs letters and samples, but records on an indicator at the side the amount required for stamps. When the article deposited on the balance exceeds the regulation weight, the indicator promptly hoists the sign, "Too heavy."

America's First White Child. The first white child born on United States soll was the granddaughter of White, the governor of Roanoke Island. She was christened Virginia Dare, and her birthday was on Aug. 18, 1587.

Slow but Not Sure. "They are not engaged yet? I sup pose he is slow and sure," "Well, he's slow, but she isn't at all sure."-Brooklyn Life.

Water for Plants. Plants need a good deal more water as the days grow longer and warmer than they do in midwinter,

Woman may be at the bottom of all man's troubles, yet without her life would not be worth living.

FACTS ABOUT DEFECTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Discrepancies Hetween Like Members on Different Sides of the Body-Only One Pair of Eyes in Fifteen Is Perfeet - haracteristics.

Two sides of a face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect

eyes, the large percentage of defective-Boullat, living at La Contaness, who ness prevaling among fair-haired peoous clocks he manufactures. He can town than among country folk, and of make a clock out of almost any con- all people the Germans have a larger

The crystalline lens of the eye is one portion of the human body which continues to increase in size throughout men who want something out of the life, and does not cease with the attain-

The smallest interval of sound can be A while ago he turned a lot of news- better distinguished with one ear than papers into pulp, mixed it with harden- with both. The nails of two fingers ing substance and carved the clock out | never grow with the same rapidity, that

curious clock does not keep very cor- In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is rect time, but the wonder is that it stronger than the right. The bones of an are six pounds lighter. That unruly Another of his designs appears to be member, the tongue of a woman, is also merely a collection of large and small smaller than that of a man, given a sticks held together by wires. It is man and a woman of equal size and only upon close inspection that one sees | weight. It may be appalling to reflect, that it is a clock constructed on excel- but it is nevertheless true, that the lent principles. It keeps very fair time, muscles of the human jaw exert a force

The symmetry which is the sole in Now and then the clockmaker receives telligible ground for our idea of beauty, commissions from wealthy Frenchmen the proportion between the upper and for clocks of unique design in allver or lower baif of the human body, exists gold, decorated with precious stones. In nearly all males, but is never found Some of these clocks are entirely made in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people.

The rocking chair, according to an English scientist, is responsible for the exercise which increases the beauty of the lower limbs. The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the in step bigh, the calf round and full, and it keeps misshapen flesh off the aukle. making the ankle delicate and slender British women are said to average much the other day. Not long ago he two inches more in height than Amerilost a high-saiaried place in a business cans. Averages for the height of womhouse because of its absorption by a en show that those born in summer and

trust, and in the evening denounced autumn are taller than those born in all persons connected with trusts as spring or winter. The tallest girls are thieves and robbers. But the trust born in August. As far as boys are confound that it needed him, and he was cerned, those who first see the light soon holding his old place, in addition during autumn and winter are not so to a good block of stock. It was no tall as those born in spring and sufferticed that the little girl was deeply im- mer. Those born in November are the

A head of fair hair consists of 143,040 home. One evening there was com- hairs, dark 105,000, while a red head has only 29,200. Fair-haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly A person who has lived seventy years

er made a statement which the latter has had pass through his heart about 675,920 tons of blood, the whole of the "Why, my dear man," laughed the blood in the body passing through the host, "you don't mean to call me a heart in about 32 beats. The heart beats on an average of 70 times a minute, or "No, he don't," declared the little one. 36,792,000 times in the course of a year "and I won't have it. My papa is a 000 times. The heart beats 10 strokes than when one is in an upright post

Gray eyes, however, are of many va rietles. There are the sharp, the shrew ish, the spiteful, the cold, the pene trating, the meditating and the intel The Swedish government has given lectual; but the fact remains that the

> "There is one variety of the gray eyes of which the lover should beware," says

A hazel-eyed woman, according to own, and is, on the whole, an intellectual, agreeable, lovable creature.

Of green eyes it is said that they be token courage, pride and energy. Black eyes are symbolical of fire firmness and herolam. Sometimes they

have a trace of diabolism in their rays that have a potent attraction over men's hearts.

Men have light eyes oftener than women; but in the intermediate grade of color between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly, though not quite, the same. In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine black.

A prominent or full eye indicates command of language, ready and unlersal observation.

Round-eyed persons see much. They live much in the senses, but think less. Deep-seated eyes receive impressions more accurately, definitely and deeply, Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely.

HE LOST THE GIRL

All Through a Ridiculous Mistake on the Part of the Lover.

"A curious thing happened to a certain young man up in Mississippi some time ago," remarked a visitor to the young man has never completely recov- sure sign.

ered from the influence of the joke. Ha was a bright but timid young fellow, but had that modicum of vanity usually found in young men who are just reaching the period in life when they drift in the evenings from the home of one Dulcinea to the other and while away the time in cooling the soft nothings of the swaln. He was an average young fellow except in looks. In this respect be was rather above the average, and recognized the fact, of course. There was a certain young girl who happened to be the particular favorite in the community, and she deserved all the wooing she received, for she was really a splendld young woman, and, in fact, had all the charming attributes of a rustic belle in Mississippi-lips like roses, checks after the tint of the peach blossom, pretty, white, evenly set teeth, curis, and sinuous curves, and all that sort of thing. She was simply a pink dream, and there was great rivalry among the young fellows who visited On a certain evening last winter the

young gentleman who figures in this tale brushed his hair, polished his teeth, and went forth to woo the rustic queen. The old genileman was at iome. I ought to remark at this point that the old man was very fond of hunting, and he had just purchased a new breech-loading shotgun, and his exuberance over the event was posfively boyish. The young lady happened to drift back into the sitting-room and found her father explaining to a friend the many advantages of the new shotgun, and telling what he would do to his hunting companions on the next day, when they would go out to the lake. The young lady was very enthusinstle over the weapon, and turning to her father, she said: "Oh, papa dear, take the gun in and show it to Mr Blank. I'm sure be'd be delighted to see it for, you know, he is so fond of hunting.' The old gentleman acted on the suggestion, and, excusing blinself from his guest, made a start for the parlor with the shotgun in his hand. He shoved the door of the parlor open and rushed in rather burriedly.

"Well, the young man rushed out after the same fashion, and he left a nicely polished cane and a brand-new hat on the rack. One of his rivals had told him that the old gentleman did not like him, and that he seriously objected to the attention he was paying to the young lady. When the old gentleman broke into the parlor with a shotgun the young fellow could hear the leaden pellets rattling in his face, and he broke the sprinting record of the community, He recovered the hat and cane, but lost the girl."-New Orleans Times-Demo-

Process Too Expensive.

Warts are curious things. They come and go mysteriously, although their going is frequently marked by exasperating delays, and there are almost as many infallible cures as there are warts, the only trouble with these cures being that they are useless when applied to the particular wart you happen to have. They are only good for other people's.

"In my opinion," said a club man, who was discussing the subject with a friend one day, "a wart is merely the outward correspondence of some mental excrescence. Get rid of that, and it

goes away. "Let me give you a bit of my own ex-perience," he continued. "Last year I went to Europe. For about three years I had had a wart on my little finger, on which I had tried everything I could hear of, but without effect. It only grew larger.

Well, in the excitement of preparing for the trip, and of the journey itself, forgot all about my wart, and when looked for it, about six weeks later. It had vanished, without leaving the slightest mark. I simply forgot it, and it had no mental condition to feed on. I see you have one on the back of your hand. Forget all about it for a few weeks, and it will go away of itself."

"Yes," said the other club-man, shrugging his shoulders, "but I can't afford to take a trip to Europe for the sake of curing one wart."

A Health Barometer.

"My mustache tells me when I am not quite well, or when I am a little run down, before I feel the altered condition in the ordinary way," said an expert on the bair, "and many other people can say the same, either with their hair or beard, or they could do so if they took the trouble to watch.

"My mustache gets thick and unruly. I know what that means, yet I am not conscious of any deterioration in health or mental strength. But I always heed the warning, for I have learnt by experience that it is a warning. A lady patient of mine has wavy hair.

"When she has been subjected to mental or physical strain, her hair loses its waviness and becomes straight, Overdoing it on her cycle, or worry, will bring about this change, and, though she feels no particular weakness she comprehends that her vitality has been decreased, and acts accordingly.

"Anger and the other emotions and sensations have their effect on the hair, more so in some persons than in others, I admit, but I believe that we might all make 'health barometers' of our head-covering if we chose."

Robinson Crusoe's Musket.

A Philadelphia firm of nuctioneers recently offered at one of their sales Robinson Crusoe's musket. It was a fine old flintlock. It was in the possession of a grandniece of Alexander Selkirk, and its pedigree is much more unclouded than is usually the case with objects of this kind.

When a widower acts like a hen city yesterday, "and the aforesaid that is trying to steal a nest, that is a