

CHAPTER VIII.

July reigns, vice June, dethroned, but atill the roses hold full sway. Senton Dysart has come and gone many a time to and from Greycourt, and by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterized his early visits has worn away. He has even so far advanced as to be almost on friendly terms with Griselda.

But between him and Vera that first dark vell of distrust still hangs heavilydistrust that, on Vera's side, has taken a blacker hue and merged lizelf into dis-Ilke.

Seaton Dysart's arrivals being only looked for by the girls at about seven e'clock in the evening-just an hour or so before dinner-gave them plenty of time to prepare for his coming. Any day on which he was expected, Mrs. Grunch brought a formal message to Vera from her uncle to that effect. Never yet had their cousin come without the announce ment being made; and so thoroughly un derstood was it that he would not put in an unexpected appearance, that when, after a rather longer absence than usual, an absence extending over all last week and part of this, he turns up at half-past two in the afternoon, his coming causes distinct embarrassment in several quar-Tern.

"What can have brought him at this London must be reduced to hour? " hazards Griselda, her tone now as genial as usual. For one instant sickening fear that it might be Mr. Pey ton's knock had made her blood run cold There had been a short but sharp en-counter between him and her the day before yesterday, and a wild fear that he had come up to have it out with her now, and here, had taken possession of her. At such a moment the advent of Seaton Is hailed by her, at least, with rapture. "Why, what happy wind drove you down at this hour?" cries she, with the

friendliest air, beaming on him as he mes into the room. "It is good of you to call it happy,

mays he, casting a really grateful look at her as he shakes hands silently with "In time for luncheon, too, I see, ," with a rather surprised glance though. at the table, "you don't seem in a very hospitable mood. Nothing to spare, ch?" "We didn't know you were coming, you see," says Griselda, mildly. "And it isn't

lunch you see, or rather you don't see, before you; it is dinner." "What?" says Seaton, flushing a dark red. He has got up from his seat and is

regarding her almost sternly. "Is it true?" asked Seaton, turning to

Vera. It is a rather rude question, but there is so much shame and anxiety in his tone that Griselda forgives him. styl

"Why should it not be true?" say Vera, coldly. "As a rule, we dine early. She means that we always dine early excent when we know you are coming. supplements Grisehla, even more mildly than before.

"And this-" with a hurried glance at the scanty meal, "do you mean to tell me that-that this is your dinner every day?

"Literally," says Griselda, cheerfully "This is the chop that changeth not. It is not all that one could desire, of course, but if sometimes it might be altered

yet it seems to me as if you were bent on competing my likes and distikes." "You are right," says he, going closer to her, his face very pale, "I would com-pel you to--to more than like me."

"Compell" She has drawn back from him, and her eyes, now uplifted, look de fiance into his, "If I could," supplements be, gently,

He turns and leaves the roon

CHAPTER IN.

While the two girls were discussing, in a frightened way, the result of Griselda prudence, Scaton was having a tussle, harp and severe, with his father. "They are all alone in the world," 'he SHYS.

"Yes, yes," acknowledges the old man with a frown. "Except for me," hastily; "l-I alone came to their rescue.

"That is true. It was quite what I sould have expected of you!" "Why should you expect it? There was reason." snys the old man, sharply.

"It was of my own free will that I took them. Do you question my kindness to What more am I to do for them? them? Would you have me kneel at their feet and do them homage? Have I not ex-plained to you how desirous I am of making one of them my daughter? Ha! I have you there, I think! Is not that afa? Am I not willing to receive You should best know." fection?

"Yes," says the young man, stonily, his eyes on the ground.

"Why, look you; I would give her even you! You! My son! My one possession that has any good in it!"

"You must put that idea out of your head once for all. I could not combat n dislike active as hers." "Her dislike? Hers? That beggar!"

his face working. "What d'ye mean, sir" I tell you it shall be! Shall!" "Talking like that will not mend mat-ters. It certainly will not alter the fact

that I myself personally am objection-able to her. I can see that it is almost as much as she can do to be civil to me -to sit at the same table with me. I en

treat you not to set your heart upon this thing, for it can never be. "I tell you again that it shall!" shricks

the old man, violently. "What! is the cherished dream of a lifetime to be set aside to suit the whim of a girl, a penniaside to suit the winn of a girl, a penni-less creature? She shall be your wife, I swear it, though I have to crush the consent out of her." He falls back clum-sily into his chair, a huddled heap, Seaton in an agony of remorse and fear hangs over him, compelling him to swal-

ow a cordial lying on the table near. "Here, sir. Be patient. All shall be as you wish. I implore you to think no more of this matter. Yes," in answer to the fiery eyes now more ghastly than ever in the pallid, powerless face, "I shall try my best to fulfill your desire." He feels sick at heart as he says this, and almost despicable; but can he let the old man die for want of a word to appense the consuming rage that has brought death hovering with outstretch-

ed wings above him? And yet, of what avail is it all? A momentary appease Even as he comforts and restores his father, there rises before his mental vision that pale, proud, sorrowful face, that is all the world to him, and yet,

"My son is willing," says Mr. Dysart, slowly.

At this moment the door is thrown pen and Seaton himself enters.

"You know," she cries. Her tone is aw, but each word rings clear as a bell, "You know! Oh, coward!" she breathes very low, her slender hands clinched. Roused from his lethargy and stong by her contempt, he would now have made his defense, but with a scornful gesture the waves him aside and leaves the

'Great heaven! how did you dure so to insult her?" cries the young man, in ter-rible agitation, addressing his father. He casts a burning glance at him. Dysart owers before it.

"Out of evil comes good," he says, sultenly, "and I did it for the best." He stretches out his hand to his son. "See, hen." he eries, entreatingly, "I did it for you-for you!

"For me! You ruin the one hope 1 and, which meant slience-time-and you y it was for my good?" "I thought to compel her, to frighten say it

her into a consent, and I will yet," cries he, engerly, "Nay, Seaton, do not look thus upon me. I have not betrayed you without meaning, and all for the fulfillnent ETAOIN NU PNUP NUP NUP ing of your desire-and mine.

"You misunderstand me," says Senton. carbing his passion with difficulty. would not have her as a gift on such terms. Is it a slave I want, think you? No, not another word! I cannot stand it to-night. Forgive me, father, if 1 em abrupt, but-

seems heartbroken as he turns He aside and disappears through the doorway

Long after he has gone the old man sits motionless, his head bowed upon his breast.

"Curse her!" he says ,nt last; "the same blood all through, and always to my undoing! Cursed be her lot indeed if she comes between him and me! But that shall never be.

Presently he passes through a door on his right hand, gropes his way along the unlighted passage. Unlocking and enter-ing an apartment here-where the strange old cabinet stands-he fastens the door securely behind him, and goes quickly up to it.

Kneeling down beside it he unlocks the ecret door, and taking out the withered parchment opens and reads it with a feverish huste. . It seems as though he hopes thus to slake the raging thirst for venge that is tormenting him.

Long he kneels thus, conning each rord with curious care, gloating over the ontents of that mysterious document. So lost is he in his perusal of it that he fails to hear the approach of Mrs. Grunch until she lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"What, don't you know it by heart vet?" asks she, derisively,

(To be continued.)

WHERE TO LOSE TREASURE.

Best and Safest Place Seems to Be in a Paris Cab.

If a man must lose his purse somewhere, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus left. He says that the cabmen of Paris are honest enough-possibly in spire of themselves, for they are a rough lot-and are carefully looked after by the police. As a result, some curious instances of self-denial on the part of these poorly paid servants of the public have been recorded.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large winner, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs, in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was again in Par- typical Westerner, Walter Crosskill by name. Just such a character as the au and a friend

WONDERFUL TIDE CALCULATOR.

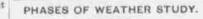
Uncle Sam has a wonderful clock at Washington, D. C., which represents the thought and effort of mastern of the best years of the life of William Forrell, to show mariners owe as much, probably, is to any other nian.

The clock is a title-predicting machine. Day after day a woman keeps turning a little handle, causing the hands on the center dial and the smaller ones at each ide to revolve until they reach certain figures which indicate the time and height of the tide at all principal scaports or the North American coast. nor, the time of low tides is ascertained At some scaports the tides rise higher and fail lower than the average, and the pressing of a handle makes the necesary connectious for such places.

To attempt to describe the intricate arrangement of this wonderful machine would be futile. Suffice it to say that in a day the woman operator can computhe tides for a month, and she will not have to add or subtract a numbertake readings as indicated by the posi-tions of the hands on the dial. So accurate is this machine that the measure-

occur are generally within an inch of the Connected with the tide gauge one may figures announced, sometimes years in often see what is called the tide indi-

To verify the work of this calculator, a between the figures is six inches, machine called a tide gauge is used, indicators are indoor and outdoor. which requires no human assistance ex- latter have hands 10 to 15 feet long, travcent to wind the clockwork. A pencil eling over a half circle possibly 20 feet presses upon a roll of paper that covers from side to side, with figures which the a cylinder. The pencil is fustened to a pilot of a vessel can see half a mile away. wire, whose other end is fixed to a float Indicators are intended for use in shallow on the water. As the water rises and channels, and are also found in shipping talls, the wire tightens and slackens, offices and maritime exchanges,



Medicine Hat, Home of the Blizzard, a Place of Varying Temperature. Medicine Hat! A name to conjure

Every blast from the icehouse of Old Boreas, according

to the weather bureau, starts from Medicine Hat. And where is Medicine Hat? Away up in British Assinibola, 660 miles west of Winnipeg. where the Alaskan gales come whooping out of

the north and the blizzard is cradled In the very home of the storm king. Medicine Hat is a town of 1,600, is very primitive and unfashionable, and is situated in a deep depression with bluffs surrounding it on all sides. It has been aptly likened to a small lump of butter in a huge butter bowl. The Canadian Pacific Railroad enters the town through a narrow ravine, strikes straight across the sunken valley and gradually climbing along the side of the western bluff, comes out once more up-

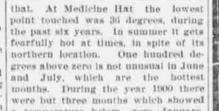
on the prairie. While Medicine Hat is more widely known because of its connection with our weather reports than for any other reason, it is of considerable importance as a railroad and trade center for a large section of the surrounding country. It is a divisional point on the Canadian Pacific and is the junction point for a line stretching away into the Kootenay district at the southwest. It is also the head of nav lgation on the Saskatchewan river and is a commercial center for a very large area of ranching country.

The weather station is in charge of a



and the pencil draws curved lines upon the paper, exactly reproducing, small scale, the fluctuations in altitude of ments of the heights of the tides as they the surface of the water.

Connected with the tide gauge one may advance, while there is usually less than cator. This is another clock, so to speak, fifteen minutes difference between the but the dial records the height of the forecast and actual times of occurrence this instead of minutes and hours. Each figure represents one foot, and each bar Thatsia The



a temperature below zero-January, February and March. December show ed the lowest point to have been 23 degrees above zero;

The average snowfall at Medicine Hat is ten inches for the year. Snow seldom lies on the ground longer than a day or two and, strange as it may seem of such a porthern locality, sleighs are practically unknown. Such rapid changes of temperature as are experienced nowhere else in America are responsible for this.

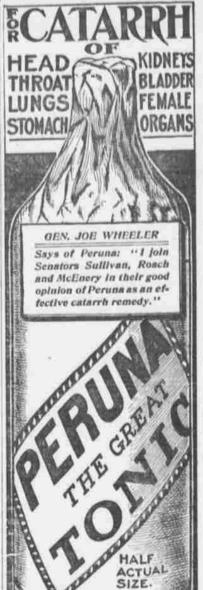
It is certainly a queer country-a country of strange contradictions and odd conditions. To think that the "home of the cold wave" is more often warm than cold seems queer enough, but it remains a fact nevertheless.



Head of Great Steel Works at Essen the Richest Man in Germany. Alfred Krupp, manufacturer of guns, s the richest man in Germany, according to the income tax returns. He has an annual income of



out of which the HERR KRUPP. great fortune has



4 4

C R GS

When He Forgets. When a young lover figures on

whether he can support a wife, he ounts in everything except the rent, butcher and grocer, clothes and inci-dentals.-N. Y. Press.

Ready for Another Game.

Benevolent Old Gentleman - What are you crying for, my little man? Little Boy-I-boo-hoo-jes' lost fi'

Old Gentleman-Well, here is five ents for you, so stop crying. How did the loss it?



WALTER CROSSEILL

"Griselda!" interrupts Vera, rising to

her feet. "Why should I not speak?" asks Griselda, in a meekly injured tone. I was merely going to add that a fowl occa-sionally would be a good deal of moral use to us. I have always heard that to keep the temper in a healthy state, change of food is necessary."

"I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for all this," says Dysart, with a heavy sigh, addressing Vera exclusively, "and as if, too, no apology could be accepted. But I shall see that it does not occur again.

"I beg you will do nothing," says Vera. quickly. "Nothing. I will not have my uncle spoken to on this subject. Griselda is only in jest: she speaks like a foolish child. L." folding her hands tightly to-gether. "I forbid you to say anything about it."

"I regret that I must disobey rou," says Seaton, courtcously, but with deter-mination. "My father's house is in part mine, and I will suffer no guest to endure omfort in it."

"There is no discomfort now, There will be if you try to alter matters in our favor.

"You mean that you will accept noth-ing at my hands; is that it?" exclaims be, passion that will not be repressed in his tone; the coldness seems broken up, there ts fire in his eyes and a distinct anger You have had that 'time' you spoke of; has it fulfilled its missions-has it taught you to detest me? No!" detaining her deliberately as she seeks to leave the room. "Don't go; you should give me a real reason for your studied discourtesy, for I won't believe that I am naturally abhorrent to you. There must be some thing else.

"If you must know," says she, looking back defiantly at him, her blood a little hot, "you are too like your father for me to pretend friendship with you."

'Oh, Vera, I think you shouldn't say that!" cries Griselda, now honestly frightened at the storm she has raised, ueither of the others hear her. Vera, with one little slender white hand grasping the back of a chair near her, is looking fixedly at Seaton, whose face has An expression of keen pain changed. crosses it.

"Has he been so bad to you as that?" he says; and then, with a profound sigh: "My poor father!"

Why will you bring up this discussion again and again?" she says, with re-morseral impatience. "Why not let me ge my way unquestioned, and you yours? What am I to you when all is told? I outside your life-I ever shall be- this arrangement?"

Vera having made up her mind to go to her uncle and fully explain to him that neither she nor Griselda desire any change in their way of living, waits patiently for Seaton's departure from his father's den, and now, at last, seeing

coast clear, goes quickly forward. "Uncle Gregory, I wish to say some-thing to you," she is beginning, hurried-iy, hating her task and hating her hearer, hen suddenly she is interrupted. "Hah! For the first time, let me say, I am gind to see yon," says the old man, grimly. "Hitherto I have been remlss, I fear, in such minor matters of eti-quette, Sit down. I, too, have something to say to you." He fixes his plercing

eves on her and says, sharply: "You have met my son several times? "Yes," says Vera,

"You like him?" with a watchful glanes.

"I can hardly say so much," coldly, 'He is neither more nor less than a comdete stranger to me. Time will cure that; and "As yet.

speak thus early to you, because it is well that you should make up your mind beforehand to like him." "Why?" she asks,

"Because in him you see your future usband."

There is a dead pause. The old man size with bright unblinking eyes fixed upon the girl, who has risen to her feet and is staring back at him as if hardly daring to understand. From red to white from white to red she grows; her breath fulls her, passionate indignation burns hot within her breast.

"Absurd!" she says, contemptuously. "Call it so if you will," with an offended flash from his dark eyes, "but regard it as a fact for all that. You will marry our cousin, let me assure you." "That I certainly shall not," decisively.

"That you certainly shall. Did you not know that your marriage with my son was the last wish, the last commaid of your father?'

He is lying well, so well that at first the girl forgets to doubt him. "My father?" she says, with much amazement. "He never so much as men-

tioned my cousin's name to me." "To me, however, he did. Do you wish

to see the letter?" This is a bold stroke. Vera hesitates-There is something so honestly grieved then, "No," says she, steadily. "Even In his whole air that Vera's heart smites if my father did express such a wish, I should not for a moment accede to it. I shall not marry to please any one, dead

or living, except myself." "So you now think. We We shall see," re-

turns he, in an icy tone. "May I ask if-if your son is aware of

satisfy himself as to whether the missproperty office. He went and asked, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired. "Ten thousand francs lost!" said the

was restored to him. "What a fool that cabman must have

been?" was the Russian's only remark. The comment spoke ill for public morality in Russia.

On another occasion a jeweler in the Palais Royal left a diamond parure worth eighty thousand francs in a cub. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cubman, but worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank; and more unfortunate yet, he had quarreled with the driver, for which reason he had abruptly left the cab.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the jeweler for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied:

"No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again.

All cabmen are not so honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure finds its ports to Chicago, Washington, Minneway to the prefecture, whither everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theaters, cabs and rallway stations, is forwarded. In one case an emigrant, who had made his fortune in Canada, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an om-

nibus. The conductor picked it up and restored it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact. To be sure, he than anything else during the winter overcame was great.

The First Thing. Munson-What do you think

ought to do with the Philippines? Brisbe-I'm thinking that it might low zero is often recorded and it has in be a good idea for us to capture them. a number of instances been lower than for a lot of profanity.

ist loves to picture. While voyaging ing money had been taken to the lost about the world on a schooner he studled astronomy as a pastime; has pros pected through the entire length and breadth of the mountains of British Columbia; has fought Indians and halfofficial. "Yes, it is here;" and after breeds; has been a rancher and trader, the proper identification the packet and is now not only weather observer but town magistrate. He is also a car-



MEDICINE HAT WEATHER OFFICE.

penter and he builds houses when the weather is such that he can leave it without attention. Crosskill is 70 years of age, but looks not more than 50. He is not as polished and well dressed as his fellow scientists of the city, but

finds jeans, collarless shirt and heavy boots a very satisfactory costume. Crosskill twice each day sends re-

apolls and to Canadian points. His reliability has been tested on many occasions. Crosskill's office is a small story and a half building, well back from the street. And not only is it his office, but carpenter shop and living rooms, as well as the town court house.

Weather conditions at Medicine Hat are peculiar and full of surprises. One naturally expects to find the thermometer showing points below zero more

was rewarded with two thousand five months, and also to find lower temper hundred dollars, but the temptation he ature registered than at any other place on the American continent. Such is not the case, however, though it gets pretty cold in Medicine Hat at the right time of year. In the Northern States a temperature of 35 degrees be

been evolved, died in poverty in 1826 The father of Alfred Krupp succeeded to the little foundry in Essen, and he and his son began applying the secret process of transforming steel into the making of guns. Together they worked out many inventions, all of which went to building up the enormous business the greatest of its kind in the world The father died in 1877, but long befor

that time Alfred Krupp had assumed entire charge of the factory. Indicative of what an income of \$5,000,000 a year means in Germany, it may be noted that the next richest man is Herr von Thiele-Winckler, the coal master, whose income is 6,000,000 marks, or \$1,500,000 a year.

The Dangers of Palmistry. If the study of palmistry, which is very general in this country at the present time, were to be pursued only by persons of intelligence and judgment, the results would hardly fail to be good or at least harmless, but as a matter of fact a large proportion of these students (and shall we say teach ers, also?) are of a literal turn of mind. This line, say they, means that the in dividual will die by drowning, or by fire, or be widowed early in life, or inherit a fortune. Fancy the influence upon literal and superstitious minds, and upon nervous and melancholle persons, of predicitons like these! Imagine the aggregate influence upon human happiness of an untold value of such bosh! The very fact that palmistry seems to be approaching the digulty of a science renders its promiscuous and ignorant handling dangerous. When we stop to consider for a mo ment the class of people who are taking up palmistry all over the country, for the half-dollars and quarters to be picked up, the force of this warning is felt. The little knowledge which is dangerous is theirs, and they are multiplying almost like the sands of the

sen.-Good Housekeeping. It Looked Tough.

"Will you carve, Mr. Cleaver?" asked the landlady, as she placed the turkey on the boarding-house table. "No, thank you," replied the face

tious boarder, "let Mr. Hackett. He's a stone cutter."-Philadelphia Bulletin. Blessings in disguise are responsble

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