

which I speak," says Seaton, his face now livid, "Who?" he repeats, in a low

"Grunch," replies Mr. Dysart, shortly:

"You hear?" says Seaton, turning to era, "It was Grunch who betrayed on. You are satisfied now?"

"On that point, res. I suppose I should offer you an apology," says she, icily. "But," with a swift glance at his father.

"Sir," cries Seaton, addressing his father with sudden passion, "why did you speak to her of this? Why have you deliberately insulted your brother's

"There was no insult. I may have told

her that if she chooses to do such things

as society disapproves of, she must only

submit to the consequences and consider

"Well, it is as good a word; you are velcome to it."

"Pshaw!" says Seaton, with a quick

motion of the hand, as if flinging the idea far from him, "let us have no more

of such petty scandal. You forget,' sternly, 'that when you seek to compro-

"The man is never in fault; so your world rules," says he, lightly. "You persist, then, in your insult,"

says Seaton, going a step nearer to him,

the veins swelling in his forehead. "You

"I say that, and more," replied the old

mediate marriage with you, as a means of crushing in the bud the scandal that

is sure to arise out of her imprudence." "Go, Vera; leave the room," says Sea-

m, with great emotion.
"Why should she go? It seems to m

you give her bad advice," says Mr. Dy-sart, looking from one to the other with

a satirically friendly glance. "Let her rather stay and discuss with us your

marriage with her."

If he had been so foolishly blind as to

hope by this bold move to force Vera into an engagement, his expectations are

now on the instant destroyed by his son.
"Understand me, once for all, that I shall
not marry Vera," says he, white with
anger, and some strong feeling that he is

almost powerless to suppress. "Were she to come to me this moment and lay

her hand in mine, and say she was willing so far to sacrifice herself, I should re-

fuse to listen to her."

Vera, for the first time since her en-

trance, lifts her head to look at him. Was he thinking of Miss Butler? Was

he true at last to her? A little bitter

smile curls her lip.
"I thank you," she says, with a slight inclination of her head toward her cousin,

and with a swift step leaves the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Four long days have crept languidly into the past, four of the dullest days Griselda Dysart has ever yet endured, as

she is compelled to acknowledge even to

and which she has been making a fruit

less effort to read, and looks out upon

the sunless pleasure-ground beneath her

window. She becomes suddenly aware

of an unfamiliar figure that, kneeling on

the grass before one of the beds, seems

It is certainly the new gardener. Pogr

creature, whoever he is, what could have

induced him to come here? Uncle Greg-

replacing his former employe. Had he

secured this new gardener on the old

poor terms? Unhappy creature! poverty indeed must have been his guest before

he and his clothes came to such a sorry

pass! At this moment the "unhappy creature" lifts his head, turns it deliber-

ately toward her, and—she finds herself face to face with Tom Peyton!

stifles it, but turns very pale,

A little sharp cry breaks from her; she

"You! you!" she says.
"Don't look like that!" he says, in a

low tone, but sharply. "Would you be-tray me? Remember, it was my only

chance of getting near you. Don't faint, mean, or do snything like that."

"Oh, how could you do such a thing?"
says she, in a trembling voice, "And—
and how strange you look, and what
dreadful clothes you have on!"

"Weil, I gave a good deal for them,"

says he, easting an eloquent glance at his

trousers; "more—four times more—than I ever yet gave for a suit. I'm sorry you

approve of them; but for myse

think them becoming, and positively

glory in them; I would rather have them than any clothes I've ever yet had, and

rather a sell if you don't think they suit

my style of beauty."

He is disgracefully unalive to the hor-

or of his position. He is even elated by

it, and is plainly on the point of bubbling over with laughter. Given an opportunity indeed, and it is certain he will give

mirth away! Griselda, however, declines

to help him to this opportunity.
"It's horrid of you-I don't know how you can laugh," says she, beginning to

"Well-I think you're a little unkind,"

says he, regarding her reproachfully. "I

did think you would be glad to see me. I thought, I fancied—I suppose I was

vrong-that when we parted on that last

Well, that was all true," says Gri-

day you were sorry-that you would like

selda, sobbingly.
"Then what are you crying about?"

like that, just like a common man.

me again."

"I can't bear to see you dressed

I think them right down cheap.

ory had evidently found no difficulty

to be weeding away for its dear life.

mise Vera, you condemn me, your son.'
Dysart shrugged his shoulders.

"how can I be satisfied when-Her voice breaks.

" 'Compromised,' you said."

something in his son's face warned him not to go further.

but terrible voice.

Vera.

child?"

herself ostracised."

still say that she-

CHAPTER XII.

Griselda, darting homeward through the twilighted garden, after another stolen meeting with Tom Peyton on the garden wall, stops as she reaches the sum-mer house, a favorite resort of Vera's, notwithstanding the father unpleasant associations connected with it, and pokes in her head to find Vera there.

"I've come back," she cries, breath-lessly, sinking into a seat and looking at Vera with despair in her eyes. "I have done as you desired me, I have said good-

What did he say? Was he very much pact?" with burning interest.
"He said he'd manage to see me in

some way or other," says Griselda, with

a heavy sigh. "Oh, well—come now, that's not so bad," says Vers, cheerfully, forgetful of prudence at sight of her sister's grief.
"He seems from all I have heard from you a-a sort of a person who would be difficult to baffle. I think I should put faith in that declaration of his if I were

you." "Oh, he said more than that," cries Griselda. "Why, it appears that Tom-Mr. Peyton-knows Seston quite well, and likes him, too. Mr. Peyton says that he, Seaton, is engaged to be married to a Miss Butler, a friend of Lady Riv-

For a moment there is a dead silence, during which the pretty crimson on Vera's cheek dies out, leaving her singu-larly pale. No doubt the surprise is

"Is that true?" she says. "I should not be surprised, though I confess I am; it is only what I might have expected it is only what I might have expected man, undaunted, a very demon of ob-from my first judgment of him. And one should not condemn him, either; it is not his fault that he calls Uncle Gregory suggest to her the advisability of an imfather.

A footstep upon the gravel outside makes them both turn their heads.
"What is it, Grunch?" Vera calmly asks as the housekeeper appears on the threshold.

"The master wishes to see you, Miss Dysart, in the library." There is an ex-pression of malignant amusement in the

woman's eyes as she says this. Vera had gone into the library with a pale face, but it was with one paler still she came out of it half an hour later, white as death, and with a strained look of passion on every feature not to be subdued. She might perhaps have given way to the blessed relief of tears if she had had time to escape Griselda; but as she finds herself looking at Seaton Dysart. who has at this moment entered the inner hall leading to the room she has just left, all her being seems to stiffen into a cold horror of contempt.

She stops short and fixes her heavy eyes on his. "So you betrayed me!" she says, in a low tone that vibrates with scorn.

"Betrayed you?" echoes he, starting. There is that in her face not to be mistaken, and a presentiment of coming evil sends a hot flush to his brow.

"You are a bad actor," says she, with a palesmile; "you change color, at a crisis; you have still a last grain of hon-esty left in you. You should see to that; quickly, it spoils your otherwise

perfect role. "You are pleased to be enigmatical." herself. Slowly, with aimless steps, she says he, with a frown. "I am, however, at a loss to know what you mean."

"Oh, are you ashamed to keep it up the deception?" cries she with a sudden outbreak of wrath. "Oh, how could you do it?"
"Great heaven! how can I convince you

that I have done nothing?" exclaims be, growing pale as berself. "There was no one else awake, there

was no one to see me," says she, trying to stifle her agitation. "What, then, must I think but that you were the one to tell our father of that unlocky night when was locked out in the garden?"
"He has heard that?" Seaton Senton, as if thunderstruck, looks blankly at her

"Why do you compel me to tell you what you already know?" says she, with little irrepressible stamp of her foot, 'If you will listen to what is already no news to you, learn that your father sent for me just now-a long time ago, hours ago, I think," putting her hand to her head in a little, confused, miserable way and accused me of having spent the whole night alone with you, purposely, in the garden. 'And you think that I--

"I don't think," with a condemnatory innce. "As I told you before, I know. Vone father has insolently accused me of an impossible thing; but even if I had stayed in the garden with you that night. of my own free will, I cannot see where would lie the disgrace he connects with

"You are right, no one could see disgrace where you were," says Seaton, calmly. "My father is an old man, he-"

"Is old enough to know how to insult a woman," coldly, "when," with a terrible glance at him, "shown the way. Oh," laying her hand upon her breast in a paroxysm of grief, "it was abominable of you, and you said—twice you said it," coming closer to him, and lifting accus-ing eyes to his, "Trust me,' I remember

ing eyes to me, it as though you uttered it but now, and I believed you. "Trust me," you said."
"I should say it again," says Dysart,
"a hundred times again. Come," he says. and leads her back again to the library she has just quitted.

Gregory Dysart still sits in his usual chair, his arms on the elbows of it, his face is set, as though death had laid its seal on it, save for the marvelously, horribly youthful eyes, so full of fire and

"You will be so good as to explain to Vera at once," begins Seaton, in a dan-gerous tone, "how it was you learned of her being in the garden the other night."
"What night? She may have been out every night, for aught I know; she tells me she is fond of moonlight," replies the

"I am unhappy that because of me you must be made so uncomfortable." "If that's all," says be, beaming afresh, "You understand perfectly the night of

I'm not a scrap uncom fortable. It strikes me as being a sort of a lark—h'm—a joke, I mean. I feel as jolly as a sand eoy, and," with a tender, carnest glance, "far jollier, because I can now see you."

"But how long is it to last?" says she, nervously. "It can't go on like this for-

ever, and Scaton comes down here so times, and he knows you.

"I dare say I shall manage to avoid im. Though I have often thought lateby that it would be a good thing to take him into our confidence."
"Oh, no, no, no indeed," cries she; "he might tell his father, and then all would

"Well, there's my sister, Gracie—she's

a very good-natured woman, and clever, too. If I were to tell her all, she would teil Scaton, and between them they might manage something. There's a step Go away, and try to see me to-morrov if you can.

They have barely time to separate be fore the gaunt figure of Grunch is seen approaching through the laurels.

CHAPTER XIV.
To-day is wet; a soaking, steady downand gardens.

Vera, depressed by the melancholy of the day, has cast her book aside, and, with a certainty of meeting nobody in the empty rooms and corridors, wanders aimlessly throughout their dreary length sel is shown, and their relative posithem she turns aside and rather timidly pushes open a huge, faded, buize-covered loor that leads she scarcely knows whither. She pushes it back and looks eagerly

It is not an apartment, after all. long, low, vaulted passage reveals itself, only dimiy lighted by a painted window at the lower end. It appears to be a completely bare passage, leading nowhere; but presently, as she runs her eyes along the eastern wall, a door meets of the other—and to getting into such

Curiosity grows strong within her. Catching the ancient handle of this door, a mere brass ring sunk in the woodwork, she pushes against it with all her might. In vain. But not deterred, she pushes again and again; and at the last trial of that fills the mysterious passage.

At the same moment the door gives

way, and she, unexpectedly yielding with t, steps hurriedly forward into a dark

The poverty of the light has perhaps | The destructive effect of this raking limmed her sight, because after a little fire on the Java's decks is clearly while a shadow on the opposite wall, that resolves itself into an opening, be-comes known to her. It is not a door, rather a heavy bempen curtain, and now, esolutely determined to go through with ner adventure, she advances toward it, pulls it aside, and finds berself face to face with Gregory Dysart!

He is on his knees, next that peculiar cabinet described in an earlier chapter, and as he lifts his head upon her entrance, a murderous glare, as of one hunted, desperate, comes into his curious

The side of the cabinet is lying wide open, and, as he involuntarily moves, the chink of golden coins falling one upon another alone breaks the loud silence that oppresses the atmosphere. In his hand he is holding an old and yellow parch-"I-I am sorry." murmurs Vera, terri-

fied; "I did not know; I—"
"What brought you here, girl-here
where I believed myself safe? Go, gothere is nothing-nothing, I tell you—

they lied to you if they told you anything-go, I say." He has entirely lost his self-possession, and is still kneeling on the door, now hugging, now trying to hide beneath him the paper he holds with his sinewy, nerther paper he holds with his sinewy, nerther holds with his sinewy, nerther holds with his sinewy. vous fingers. "Go, go, go." he shrieks, beside himself. He is in a perfect frenthe grave thus crouching, abased, dishon-

is ghastly pale; the sight of him in his horrible fright, eringing thus upon the ground, has so unnerved her that she actually grasps at the curtain for support. (To be continued.)

Mutually Surprised.

There must have been about four afindred people at Lake Bennett, writes Mr. Secretan, in his entertaining book, "To Klondyke and Back," making four hundred different varieties of deathdealing conveyances, for each had to construct his own boat for descending to the Yukon River. The owner of a little wheezy, portable sawmili, which was puffing away day and night, tearing spruce logs to pieces for one hundred dollars a thousand feet, was getting rich.

Anything that would float was at a premium. Once in a while you would PROTECTOR FOR BOILS AND CARSUNCLES. see something resembling a boat, but not often. As a general rule, the soapbox and coffin combination was the

most popular pattern. Some men could not wait to be supplied by the wheezy sawmill, but went in for whipsawing on their own ac-One man stands on top of the log, and the other below, and the saw is then pushed up and down along a

chaik mark. A story is told of two "pardners" who commenced whipsawing. After working a while, till his tired muscles almost refused duty, the lower one excused himself for a moment, and having hired the first man he met to take his place in the pit, disappeared. The sawing proceeded until the uppermost 'pardner," all unconscious that he was working with an entire stranger, thought him of a device to rest. Making some ordinary explanation, he got

down from the log and quickly hired an Indian to take his place at the saw. 'The "pardners" were mutually surprised to meet each other shortly after-

ward in an adjacent saloon. A Certain Way. "How can you tell mushrooms from

toadstools, little boy?" "Easy! If de guy dat eats 'em teadstools."

THE BROOKLYN'S LOOP WAS NOT A MARKER FOR THIS.

while the Constitution lost but 9 killed

ing Commodore Bainbridge himself,

The effect of the American fire upon

the rigging of the Java was no less re-markable. When the British com-

mander struck his fing, his vessel had

not a single spac standing, and floated,

on unmanageable wrock, upon the sea.

The British fire damaged the Constitu-

tion's sails very much, but fortunately

none of her spars was cut. The pris-

oners and their personal effects were

removed to the Constitution and the

FINISH 5.25

til the victory was won,

Java was blown up.

THE much discussed loop of the shown by the losses on board the Brit Brookly: at the battle of Santia-go was a minor matter compared 101 wounded out of a crew of 400, with the loops and evolutions of war ships propelled by sails in the days and 25 wounded among the latter beprior to steam navigation. The drawing given herewith is copied by the Toledo who was shot twice during the engage-Blade from the United States Military | ment, but pluckily kept at his post un-Magazine, for November, 1840-a periodical published for a few years in Philadelphia. Mr. George A. Chase, of Toledo, has the bound volume for 1839 and 1840 which he kindly tonned for the purposes of this article.

The diagram is of the action between the United States frigate Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge, and the British frigate Java, Capt. Lambert. This flerce sea fight occurred on Wednesday. December 30, 1812, in the Atlantic, off the coast of Brazil. The wind was from the northeast, and the arrow in pour that commenced at early dawn is the diagram shows its direction as to still rendering miserable the shrubbery the vessels. The action began at the vessels. The action began at 2:10 p. m. The position of the two frigates was broadside on, as represented in the lower left-hand corner of and breadth. These rooms are well tions at the various critical points of known to her, and presently wearying of the engagement, until the surrender of the Java, at 5 25 p. m., when their positions were as given at the right-hand top of the diagram. Of course, in the various evolutions, the wind was the only motive power,

This being the case, the efforts of the old-time fighters were largely directed them, an old oaken door, iron-clasped of the other-and to getting into such and literally hung with cobwebs. side could be trained on the enemy's deck from one end, thus raking it from stem to stern with a hall of missiles, and disabling more men at one broadside than could be done in any other her strength a sharp sound—a ring of something brazen falling on a stone floor bridge was the better sailor, for he bridge was the better sailor, for he erashes with a quick, altogether as-tounding noise upon the tomblike silence a position with regard to the Java no less than five times during the fight, while the British did not secure that advantage even once over the Yankee

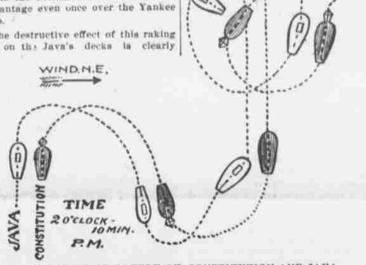
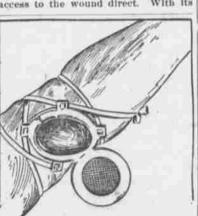


DIAGRAM OF BATTLE OF CONSTITUTION AND JAVA.

SHIELD FOR WOUNDS.

Invention Which Will Likewise Protect Boils and Carbuncles.

of paris or other form of bandage for zy; all dignity is gone; to the girl standing trembling there it is a loathsome sight to see this old man on the brink of cles and the like. In the case of a severe flesh wound it is not desirable to remove the splints at each treatment, and "I am going," she says, faintly. She it is the office of this shield to facilitate



aid it is possible to prevent contact of the sore part with anything liable to injure or bruise it in any manner, and there is no danger of dislocating a small plaster or cloth laid over the wound. The cut shows the device attached to the arm to protect a boil. with straps to bind it on the arm. The protecting cover is thrown back to expose the interior for treatment. A latch s provided to hold the cover in a closed position after treatment. In case of body wounds the straps may be replaced by strips of adhesive plaster. which are laced through the eyelets and fastened to the skin. Edward Shears, of Lakota, N. D., is the inventor.

SHE TOUCHED A CHINAMAN.

Bad Instead of the Expected Good Luck

Resulted from the Eucounter. It is a very common superstition that to rub the hump of a cripple's back is of the country women believe good fortune may be assured by touching a 50, and in 1897 51) are caused by selfstreet, and the women of New Orleans Of course they endeavor to create the impression that they do it playfully, alive next day deys mushrooms. If but they never neglect an opportunity he's shifted off de mortal coll den deys to touch an oriental as they pass him. A young girl at one of the railroad sta- they impress you as great chumps.

tions a few evenings ago figured in a the Chinaman's path at a certain point Here is probably where she made a mistake. At any rate either the girl or the Chinaman erred. Both were walking rapidly and each seemed to be indifferent to the course of the other. She touched the Chinaman all right, and it unreasoning shame, but the nausea the good luck incident to the act of caused by swallowing so much sait touching is measured by the vigor and water quickly brought me back to earth force of the touch good fortune ought again. to shower on her whole family. It was a fierce collision. The girl was embarrassed, and from the capers cut by the Chinaman he evidently thought a freight train had struck him. Yes, indeed, this business of touching a Chinaman is a regular fad now, and if you see a girl rushing wildly and aimlessly down the street, watch her and see if she doesn't brush the clothes of a Mongolian gently in passing.

Too Much for Him.

The other day a young man was presented to Senator Hanna who wanted of our line. Possibly you might squeeze a subordinate place in the army. The Senator saw to it that his application hardly be advisable, for, as you say, was properly filed. Nothing was heard of the application or the young Irishman for several days, until he sent his card through the doorkeeper of the Senate. Senator Hanna promptly responded, and, with his customary democratic frankness, inquired:

"Well, how's everything with you, Dugan?" "I'm in trouble," said the would-be

soldier. "I got through the physical examination all right, but they've downed me on the catechism."-Chicago Tribune.

Suicide in the French Army. The French Militaire publishes statis tics showing that cases of suicide are very frequent in the French army, more so perhaps than in any other European force. Among every 1,000 deaths sure to bring good luck. In some parts in the army from all causes, no less than an average of 50 (in 1896 exactly Chinaman while passing him on the destruction; while in every 100,000 men on the rolls of the army no less than seem to have gone daft on the subject. an average of 27 commit suicide every year. Among the colonial troops the number is even higher.

Some people are very impressive;

HOW IT FEELS TO DROWN.

Anything but "Pleasant," Bo Says One Who Came Near It.

"Drowning is a pleasant death" is a emark constantly made by those who ever guiped down salt water into the elicate tissues of their lungs. I was bathlog in rough water on the beach or a watering place in Northern France, 8wept out to sea, I struggled, sank, became insensible, and was saved by the courage and skill of a gallant Frenchman who wrote his name that day in my mother's New Testament as a memorial of the rescue. This was all, The circumstances were ordinary. A thousand such may occur every year, Psychologically, however, there are points of interest which arise principally from the fact that I remember all that happened during a period of time which may have been four or five minutes, but which appeared to be as many

Almost immediately I entered the water, the much resounding roar of the waves struck me as desolating and sorrowful-full of forebodings and terror. Ashamed of this fancy, I instinctively, but foolishly, fought my way seaward and was promptly out of my depth; not because I intended to run any risk, for I could not swim, but because the strong current had scooped out a hollow in the sandy bottom, which had six feet of water on the top of it. Tumbled over by the waves, the concentrated agony of the moment when the water closed over my head for the first time cannot be described.

It was the bitterest point of the struggle. Cruel and omnipotent force, without warning or reason, surrounded me, and my frantic and determined efforts to escape only incensed the pent-up passion to cease holding my breath and to inhale once more. I felt instinctively, as I writhed in the cold, black water, that if once I succumbed to the temptation to expel my breath, which almost burst the ribs in my angry efforts to retain it, the end would come; that i should be compelled to breathe inward while covered with the pressing salt water. At this time I must have given way and the dreaded stream of air bubbles rose to the surface.

A few weeks before I had watched the drowning of a cat in the clear water of a running stream. The animal was tethered to a stone, and had fought with upturned face for liberty. When the bubbles rose in a silver fountain from the corners of its mouth, it stood at the bottom swaying in the gentle current, turned over, and after one final struggle gave up the ghost. This scene came vividly before me. I thought of this wretched cat, and was half amused to think that my case was the case of the cat. There was no fear. The actual circumstance filled my attention, and the piteous longing to escape became subordinated to the feeling of intolerable pain. Eyes, chest, limbs were all one solid pain.

Just then I touched the sandy bottom with my fingers and knees, and hastily anatched a handful of sand and water to thrust in my mouth to end this struggle for air. All I wanted was to end the pain. No thought of death, except as an interesting and immaterial factor in the situation, came over me. It is true that I remembered that I should rather embarrassing incident on ac be missed when dinner time came, and count of her ambition and her effort to I was found missing and thinking of touch a Chinaman. The oriental had the home people. I thought of a blue drifted into the station and was evi- tie I had left on a chest of drawers in dently bent on an out-of-town trip, and my bedroom, which I had intended to he was going at a rather rapid rate, put on. Then, suddenly, I found my probably fearing that he would miss eyes above water for a second, and I his train. As soon as the girl spied him | saw two blurred fingers near. On this I she jumped up and made a quick dart, sank again, and was conscious of relaxevidently for the purpose of crossing ing effort and sinking out of a conscious state to one in which one dreamand just brushing him as he passed. ed without knowledge what the dreams were.

> From this I awoke in great pain in the center of a crowd on the beach, whither my rescuer had borne me. My first thought was one of infinite and

> > A Very Big Boy.

A lady from the country, who recently had occasion to send to town for a suit of boy's clothes, took the measurements herself. She received the following reply:

"Dear Madam: Your favor received, but we regret to say that we have no clothes such as you want, and we doubt if they can be found outside a museum with a fat boy. Fifty-four inches round the chest, twenty-four round the neck, and sixty round the waist is a little out the boy down a little, but this would he is only 12, and the chances are that he would grow with all you might do. We should advise you to take the youth to some wholesale tailoring establishment. A boy with arms sixty-three inches long and legs just six feet to an inch is a little beyond the capabilities of this establishment, though we study to please."

The lady has since learned that she used the wrong side of the tape measure.-Pearson's Weekly.

Modern Things in Old Manila. There is a central electric lighting station in Manila which supplies current for 1,200 incandescent and 260 are lamps. There are about 720 miles of telegraph in the Island and 70 miles of steam railways. Manila bas also a telephone system. The conductors are all overhead lines carried on poles with porcelain insulators.

Cause for Congratulation. Drummer-Any mail for me-John H. Klawback?

Pettyville Postmaster-Nope! Drummer-Good! The firm fired me yet!-Puck.

The almighty dollar covers a multitude of queer transactions.