

CHAPTER XXII.

Night has quite closed in, a night exmore the sound of wheels upon the gravel without catches Vern's ear.

Perhaps she had been listening for it sudden agitated change that overspreads her face as she hears it. Her pulses quicken unpleasantly and she half rises to her feet.

An hour, two hours, pass, and she is in her room dressing for dinner, when a

servant brings her a note.
"I have to thank you for the kind in vitation which Griselda gave me. Business matters have compelled me to come here again-for the last time-to-night; to trespass, for the last time, upon your hospitality. I beg you will not let my presence disturb you; my stay will be so short that I dare to hope you will not

mark the coming or going."

A quick wave of color dyes Vera's face; she lays the letter with studied slowness upon the table near.

'My compliments to Mr. Dysart, and 1 hope he will dine with me to-night," she says, calmly, but with an unconscious touch of hauteur. How does he dare to treat her like this, to persist in believing or rather, to pretend to believe-that his presence is so distasteful to her? What is he to her, one way or the other, that she should care whether he was in

At dinner, however, she will have an opportunity of widening his knowledge somewhat. It will be the simplest thing to let him see how utterly unimportant an item he is in the scheme of her existence. There is a brilliant light in her eyes as she turns to receive the woman who has now come back with an answer to her message to Dysart.

There is a timidity in the woman's air that warns ber.

'Mr. Dysart's compliments and thanks, madame, but he has already dined in

"Fasten this bracelet," says Vera, holding out her arm. She is aware that the weman is watching her, curiously if ner-vously, and she so moves that the sudden pallor of her face, the sole thing that shows her indignation, shall not betray her. "That will do; you can go," she says after awhile. She sweeps down stairs almost in the servant's footsteps, and into the green drawing room, a smaller apartment than the usual recep tion rooms, and now looking delicately beneath the touches of lamps and firelight, and with the perfume of many

flowers hanging around it. The wind, the thunder, the lightning, still rage, but the rain has ceased, and in the murky heavens above, a pale, sickly moon is striving feebly to break a way through the dense clouds. Suddenly the door is thrown open by an agitated hand, and the woman who had attended her upstairs comes hurriedly, without ceremeny, into the room.

'Oh, madame, I thought you would like to know-that you should be told-" she stops, frightened by the expression on Vera's face

Weil?" says Vera, going a step nearer

"There is a ship in great distress, madame-somewhere out there," pointing vaguely in the direction of the ocean upon the rocks, they say! There is

scarcely any hope-But the life-boat?" cried Vers, sharp ly, forgetting everything now but the aw-ful thought of death—and death so near out there upon those cruel rocks, with the boiling, murderous waves leaping to

receive their prey.
"Yes, madame, but that accident yes terday-you will remember it?-they say it has disabled six of the men, and it is almost certain death to go at all, and the hands being short, there must be volun-teers, and who will risk their livesthe townbred girl stops short with a quiver, and covers her face with her

Volunteers! Where is Mr. Dysart?" eries Vern, suddenly, with prophetic in-stinct. "Speak, girl," turning hercely on her mald.

Gone down to the beach, madame, to

mee what can be done."
"Gone!" says Vera, slowly, as if dazed, and then again, "gone!" A little conviusive shiver runs through her—it is the final breaking up of any lingering deceits, any last illusions, that she may still have clung to.

"Order the carriage," she says, after a minute or two, during which mistress and maid have remained silent. This sudden waking-up has been so far a shock that it has killed all immediate pervousness. She feels chilled, calmed, strengthened.

The moon has in a measure conquered the clouds, and now shines out with pale, watery luster, that rather adds to than takes from the weird wildness of the night. The thunder still rattles overhead, and vivid flashes light the black Here and there, as the carriage passes by the outskirts of the wood, these intermittent bursts of light show where a tree has been felled, or the road ripped up, or a small bridge carried bodily away by the force of the swollen current underneath.

All through the deadly crashing of the storm a booming sound may be heard at long intervals. Half maddened by it, and by that other greater fear, Vera lies back in the carriage, pressing her fin-gers row to her ears, now to her throbbing brow, that feels as if it were burst-

Arrived at the entrance to the village, a drive of about a mile from Greycourt, she stops the carriage, and opening the door springs to the ground. A sudden gust of wind passing by almost dashes her to the earth, but by a superhuman effort she defies it, and half blinded by the flashing lightning, and bewildered by the raging storm, she turns aside, and runs panting, struggling, down a side pathway that she knows leads to the beach below.

CHAPTER XXIII

The wild scene that meets b strikes terror to her heart. The nind roaring of the waves that, mountains high, rush impetuously inland to dash themselves to pieces against the granite -is even in a measure prepared for it. rocks; the cries of the women; the hoarse but even if so, this does not prevent the calls of the men; the flaming, restless torches that fling a weird light upon the

picture; all serve to unnerve her.

And now a shout from the beach! A dark object being dragged forward, a valiant cheer, perhaps meant to reach those miserable sonis hovering on death's brink, and so give courage to their failing hearts; it is the life-boat, and now-

A tail figure has suddenly become prominent; he seems to tower above all those around him. He is evidently addressing them with passionate words, and now he springs into the boat, and with renewed eloquence seems to compel those present to follow him. His voice, in its tain territory in the far East. Such vehemence, rises even above the storm. hemence, rises even above the storm. Not that the stricken girl crouching with-in the shelter of her rock needs that testimony to know that it is he whom her soul loveth.

Vera staggers to her feet and stares. blindly into the semi-darkness. A hearty cry goes up from those crowded together on the beach. The mists have cleared away from the moon, and she can as well as those eager watchers that the five black spots that were upon the rig-

ging are no longer there.

They have been successful, then, far. They have taken those five half-dead creatures into the blessed lifeboat. far. Surely, if the rescuers could go through a sea in safety, they can return.

A blessed relief comes to her, so sharp-ly, so unpreparedly, that she almost gives way beneath it. The good ship, indeed, is gone! Where the black, indistinct mass stood a minute since, now all is bare-there is but sea and sky, and the memory of it! But the lifeboat still lives.

Every onward dash of the tempestuous over-fatigue, waves drives the lifeboat the more sure-ly into shelter, until at last it touches ground. A hundred eager hands are lack of nourishing stretched out to prevent the returning food. Taking coid wave from carrying it backward, some of the men, more adventurous than the rest, rush into the surging tide up to their waists and seize the boat and drag it forcibly into safety.

Dysart, springing to land, helps out the rescued men, now exhausted by fear and ed exposure—one of them, indeed, has faint- a n d ed-but there are kindly arms open to receive them and kindly voices to bid them welcome—and to praise the God of vere colds than all the biasts from Medi-sea and land for their delivery from eine Hat. If a man has pure blood, death this night.

With a burried wave of the hand he turns abruptly away from the cheering often affect him unfavorably, crowd and the dancing torchlights, and makes his way through the heavy darkness toward the small pathway that will lead to the road above. Stumbling, un-certain, and feeling altogether exhausted, stands at the right side of it, where the beach commences.

"Good heavens, what is this? He the small cold hand that has been thrust into his. A sharp little cry breaks through the darkness, and then the cold hand is hurriedly withdrawa, and two are an abomination. Under these the

Oh, Senton! Oh, thank heaven, thank heaven!"

Whose voice is it? Not Vera's? Vera! and yet the clinging arms are warm, liv- has something wrong with his circulation, ing, and genuine; the sobbing voice is real; a small disheveled head is very close to him-very! What has happened? Has ie gone mad?

He is ghustly pale, white as the death from which he has but just now so narrowly escaped, and across his right tem-ple there is a slight streak of blood, still wet. This adds to his pallor. Vern, seeing it, shudders violently, and involunnimost unconsciously, lifts hand, and presses her handkerchief to

"Speak!" says he, and now the word s a command. It rings sharply. There is a very anguish of doubt in his tone, and his eyes, burning into hers, are so full of desperate question, that they ut-

The strain of the past terrible hours has been too severe, and now she sinks beneath it. She bursts into tears.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" she cries, giving him thus vaguely the answer he requires. In a moment his arms are round her, rushing her against his heart. To him those incoherent words are full of sweet-est meaning. Yes, she loves him. Who Who shall tell the joy this knowledge brings

him-joy that is almost pain? "Darling, durling!" whispers be, softly. And then after a little while, "I am too happy. I do not know what to say. cannot speak." And then again, "May

kiss you? He does not wait for permission, but presses his lips to hers-dear lips, that kiss him back again, with honest, heartfelt gladness.

(The end.)

The British marquis working before are Mrs. Rebecca Mayo, Newbern, the mast has turned up in St. Helena Va.; Mrs. Rhoda Augusta Thomson, on a sailing vessel plying between England and Australia, according to the Parksley. Va., and Mrs. Nancy Jones, St. Helena Guardian. It is the Marquis Jonesboro. Tenn. Mrs. Jones has inof Graham, eldest son and helr of the terested Congressman Walter B. sels were too far apart to sight each Duke of Montrose, 21 years of age. He Brownlow, of Tennessee, and he has other Presently, however, the warnwants to find out all about the mer- undertaken to have the \$12 pensions ing bell of the wireless telegraphic ap chant marine and to earn a master's Increased to \$25. certificate.

Jepanese Clocks.

Japan imports American springs and manufactures clocks so cheaply that only the very lowest grades can be im-

Live only for to-day and you ruin to morrow.-Simmons.

## APERS THE PEOPLE.

AMERICA WITH ENGLAND AND JAPAN. By U. S. Senator Shelby M. Cullom.



The alliance between England and Japan to protect the territorial integ rity of China and Corea I regard as a formal adopties if the policy of the United States connection with the eastern question, It is in line with the policy of the Unit ed States set forth

in the Hay note to the powers of June 3, 1900, in which the position of the United States was set forth.

While we are not permitted under our form of government to form alliances of this kind with foreign powers, we are permitted to announce our declaration of principles on questions as they arise If other powers see the wisdom of adopt ing our suggestions and carry out the offense and defense, that is not our as In the present instance fears have been entertained that certain power were looking with Instful eyes upon ce ous to American Interests, commercia and otherwise. At an opportune me our government took a firm stand in be half of American Interests without vio lating any of the fixed principles of diplo matic intercourse, and at the same timmaintaining a dignified neutrality.

The attitude assumed by the United States was right and proper, as subsequent events demonstrated, and now, as a further vindication of our contention. England and Japan have formed of friendly alliance to prevent the division of China by designing powers. We do not propose to interfere or become involve ed in a foreign war, but we reserve the right to assert our rights and see that our interests are protected

## HOW TO AVOID TAKING COLD.

BY E. C. Sneet, M. D.



colds are contract unknowingly DEL E. C. SWEET apparently without cause. Fatigue and a run-down condition of the system causes more cine Hat. If a man has pure blood, steady nerves and a good digestion, low temperature or a slight draught doesn't

The cause of the sensations of cold is more often internal than external, and those who go shivering about under ordinary circumstances can't remedy mathe nevertheless finds it, and puts out his hand to grope for the rock that he knows of course, help to offset a low tempera-ture, but it will not make you warm if there's some internal reason for the chilliness. Most people wear too much heavy starts violently, and then his fingers fast and improper clothing in winter. Many on with almost convulsive energy over swathe their throats when it's warm warm, but not extremely heavy, and the are an abomination. Under these the arms are thrown round him, and cling to skin is unable to breathe, and when the him with passionate vehemence. will be cold if he's clad in furs a foot thick.

A man who seems perfectly well, but who shivers on slight exposure to or his blood is impoverished by imperfect digestion. Take care of the body and encourage circulation; eat plain, whole-some food that will make pure blood, reathe pure air, take plenty of exercise indulge in frequent bathing and ventilaion of the skin and avoid air tight dothes as you would the smallpox.

While severe draughts are always to se avoided, foul air is worse than draughts; indeed, if one is in prime con-dition ordinary draughts are little to be feared, while lack of ventilation is al-

SHE IS ONE OF FOUR.

A Surviving Widow of the Revolution-

ary War.

The war for American independence

began 128 years ago, and, remarkable

as it may seem, the United States

women draw pensions of \$12 per

month. These venerable pensioners

When they were married he

War.

government is still

as a result of that

atruggle, of

course, none of

the soldiers who

participated in the

war under George

Washington are

still alive, but

there survive four

lutionary soldiers,

and these aged

Mrs. Jones is the widow of Darling the message was spelled out:

Jones, a soldier of the Revolutionary you there?—Lucania." ,And then the War. When they were married he two vessels, still invisible to each oth-

was 70 years and she 16. He lived er, and, as it was found, thirty-six

ten years after they were married and miles spart, talked for some hours, ex-

their son, William, lives in Jonesboro, changing experiences as to the weath-

Mrs. Jones lives on a tiny farm of five er and finally parting with the word

acres in a three-room cottage built "good-by," when they were a hundred

den and a vegetable plot, and raises | Such a conversation carried on be-

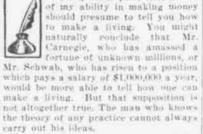
nearly forty years ago. She has a gur- and forty miles asunder.



ways a menuce. The body needs a purboth just as it needs a water bath Few people understand how desperately the skin requires ventilation, and many do not expose their entire bodies to the air once from September to June. It old weather the warm tub bath should be used sparingly, and never immediately before going outdoors, but a sponge bath followed by vigorous friction, everybody should have once a day. Speaking of the sponge bath, I don't mean to use sponge; it's a germ and filth carrier, so your hands or a coarse wash rag, and boil the rag afterwards. The thought ess nucleanliness of some decent people s entirely beyond comprehension. Laun iry bills will prevent many who are no plutocrats from changing underwear daily, but it at least may be ventilated every twenty-four hours, one suit being

Exercise in the open air, dress sensi-dy, cut plenty of plain, wholesome food. don't neglect the water bath or the air sleep enough, don't worry, and ten to one you won't take cold on every

## THE ART OF MAKING A LIVING.



A young man who leaves col-

hing save victory.

Wages have fallen during the last thirty years to an alarming degree. Thirty years ago a stenographer could get \$1,-500 a year readily; now he can get \$20 a week with difficulty. In other lines of work it is the same story. The rich become richer and the poor have their

In the mining district in Pennsylvania the children, from 6 years of age, begin to pick dirt out of coal. Then they go into the mines and work until they are old men at 45 years. Then they return to the screens and pick dirt with the children of another generation until they

I tell you that the people who tell you there is a good chance to make a good that I am an optimist, because I see the the case with which divorces may already the sooner we get rid the sooner we get rid that I am an optimist, because I see the danger,

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFF.



life, it will impress her child more than any dogma that can be inculcated in her in lengthy lectures. If, added to this, the By Louis F. Post mother has the self-control to notice the child's little fads and fancies and treat

It may seem queer that a man f my ability in making money them respectfully, and if the child be allowed the largest liberty consistent with the proper care of her, there will be little to fear for her future. Most girls will sedulously avoid errors which their mothers do not daily commit. A good exam-ple is the practical demonstration of a

the sermonizing one can atter. make a living. But that supposition is not altogether true. The man who knows in intercourse with their children. They do not use the little elegancies which, if forgotten toward a stranger, they would

Now, what is the present state of liv-ing in this country? I am not a pessimist, but I must say that conditions are fearful. lege to-day to earn a living has a hard time of it. He has one chance in 80,-000,000 to become President of the conntry and about as good a chance to become He has a little better show of amassing a fortune, but the chances are few. It is all the time said that there is room at the top, and so there is. The whole society has been divided into two classes-the great class at the bottom and the little class at the top. The ordinary man has no chance at all. It is only the extraordinary man who can get to the top. He must have little regard for any-

No man should ever think of choosing instify secret divorce proceedings, but no a wife without making it a matter of so interest of public policy requires this. rious prayer. John B. Gough and Mary The home, which is the unit of the na-Whitcomb were betrothed, but so earn- tion's strength, should be protected,

Visitors to the section of Tennesses

in which she lives always go to see

quests for her autograph. These she

is compelled to refuse, as she cannot

write. She is nearly 90 years of age.

Talking at Sea.

are great enough to render a recent

use of the system not sufficiently won-

derful to be extraordinary, perhaps,

Journal is one which appeals to the

Two Cunard liners, the Lucania and

the Campania, were crossing the At-

lantic in opposite directions. Each,

knowing the date of the other's sail-

ing, could make a calculation as to

the hour when they would most likely

meet. When the hour came, the ves

paratus in the Campania tinkled, and

The marvels of wireless telegraphy

and myself," she says.

paying pensions Mrs. Jones, and she has many

widows of revo. yet the incident reported by Chambers'

imagination.

chickens for sale, by which means she | tween vessels in the open ocean, sepmanages to eke out her little income, arated by such a vast stretch of wa-My only ambition is to save money ter, and out of sight of each other, is enough to bury me decently and have an impressive illustration of what a nice tombstone over my husband wireless telegraphy means,

> Law to Promote Honesty. "We have an old statute in Arizona

making it a misdemeanor for a hotel or restaurant keeper to act out viands on his bill of fare that he is not actually able to serve," said Clarkson Southard, of Bisbee, "and it might well be adopted here. It was enacted many years ago when prospectors and others, returning to the towns after months of privation, were deluded and enraged by elaborate bills of fare, to find afterward that the only articles they could really get to eat were bacon and beans, jury."-Life. as usual. So many shootings resulted that this law was enacted and for a passed, but it has never, so far as I know, been repealed."-Philadelphia Times.

At Bargain Rates. "Charles," said the affectionate little wife, "didn't you tell me those blue chips cost \$1 aplece?"

"Well, here's a whole box full of all colors that I bought at a bargain counter for 75 cents."-Harlem Life.

Some of the old ctassics are so bot that a person really ought to handle them with a pair of tougs.

It's what you do, not what you say you are going to do, that counts.



An Instruction: "They claim to be est were they to have divine guidance connected with some of the best fain-John said he forgot to kiss Mary until illes." "By telephone?"-Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

after they were married.

There are hundreds of men who have

One essential in a good wife is commo

oftens and soothes and makes agreeable

By Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

The most favor-

able moral educa-

truth, justice, sin-

cerity, patience, furtitude, gentle

ness, a large char-

that is, if she

ity for others-

It warms the heart and quiets the tongue

our mother used to make them.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

MRS, DAVIS.

Too many mothers torget good manners

consider unpardonable. This obviously

is wrong. The habit of trusting children

very vicious one, no matter how trust-worthy the servants. No one can give

a rhild that close attention which is prompted by a mother's love.

No mother can escape the dreadful re-sponsibility of the moral education of

except self-almegation and eternal vigi-lance. Ultra fashionable mothers may

say: "I am too busy to devote myself to my children." True, perhaps, but why?

The child has a natural and first claim to her mother's sedulous attention during

PUBLICITY A CURE FOR DIVORCE.

be obtained. With many it is only a

question of financial ability and a few

months of leisure to insure success in ap-

plication for divorce. They are facilitated, too, by the secrecy with which di-

Publicity in all 'divorce proceedings

where the interests of the children

riage tie. The tendency of di-

paramount duty.

luce:

worked out of debt, paid for their bonces and made money who, if they were to tell the story of their lives, would give the credit to the wife who tolled at their me.—London Tit-Bits.

Recause you are better than the man you despise does not mean that you ense just plain common sense, and with that she will soon learn not to sew on are not worse than those whe dompise you.- New York Press. white buttons with black thread, and

o make biscuits and paneakes just like Edith-You say Mr. Goldley deceived Edith drendfully about his age? Another essential is religion. Religion Gladys-Yes, poor girl! After they were married he confessed that he was only sixty instead of seventy ave.

For the position of wife and mother there is a demand to-day for the best Cassidy-Why don't ye ate yer dinrained women the best colleges can proner? Casey-Shure, this is Froiday, an' She who is ambitions to be an Of m wonderin. Cassidy-What are ye ideal wife and mother will fit herself for wonderin'? Casey-Is turtle soup fish the broadest life possible by a thorough whin it's made out o' veal?-Philadeiphin Press.

> Guest (impatiently)-Say, waiter, how long have you been employed here? Waiter-Bout a week, suh. Guest-Ob. is that all? Then I must have given my order to some other waiter. Chi tionagirt can have cago Dally News. her mother, It she

Pleasant While It Lasted: "What would you do if you woke up some morning to find that you had inherited a million dollars?" "I'd turn ever on the other side and try to dream it

ngain."-Chicago Record Herald. The Author's Privilege: An author wrote to his publisher; "Can I hope for any royalties from my book this year?" The publisher replied: "Yes, you can hope. There's nothing in the world to

hinder you."-Atlanta Constitution. The Test in Harlem - Gazzam infter he has succeeded in waking his wife) -Open the dorsh! Mrs. Gazzam (bend. out of the second story window) Are von seber? Gazzam-Yesh, Mrs. Guzzam-Then say reciprocity.- Harlem meral theory, and is worth more than all | Life,

Collapsed Bullding: "Kape affve, Mike! We're rescuin' ye." Voice (from the debrisi-is big Clancy op there wid ye? "Sure he is." "Ast him wad he be so kind as I' step all the rooms. Fve enough on top av me widout him."-

to the care of servants in the nursery in the formative period of their lives is a Why He Ret Why He Returned: "Did you come back for something you forgot?" maked Mrs. Darley, when her husband returned to the house a few minutes after leaving. "No, my dear," replied be, "I came back for something I rememberher daughter. I confess to being unable to give any formula for its performance ed."-Town Topics.

"What is the matter?" asked the literary man's friend. "I don't know what I am going to do about this week's work." "What is the trouble?" "I can't think of any interesting questions to ask myself in my Answers to Correspondents column."-Washington Star.

the formative period of her life, which I think is from birth to the twelfth or lifteenth year of her youth, and the claims of society should be secondary to this He-My dear, we have cause for congratulation. I have just received notice of an unexpected increase of ten dollars per month in my wages. She-You dear, sweet, levely eld bey. By Judge Henry Bischoff. How perfectly charming you are when There can be no doubt that publicity would be a strong aid under the influence of the X-raise. in impelling a firmer belief in the indissolubility of the mar-

Chlengo Tribune. Doctor (finding patient emptying a bottle of wine)-Here, here, my good ren of another generation until they

Their life is void of all save work.

The life is void of all save man, this will never do. That's the living in this country are fools. Now you law notwithstanding that the general the accountry are fools. Now you

Fast and Furious -- Backstep-Fm glad to see that you are making a name for yourself as an author, old man, Scriblet (modestly)-Yes, Henors are being heaped on me. Why, it was only yesterday that I learned that my Intest book had been thrown out of the Boston Library. Bazar.

Composite: Dashaway - Quilldriver finence of the gospel woman the evils of divorce and create a strong seems to be a fellow of extremes one stands on an equal piane with man, and feeling against it. Sometimes instances who writes awful slush and sublime who writes awful slush and sublime prose, and who is at the same time an idiot and a genius. Cieverton-Where did you get such an idea? Dashaway-I've just been reading the reviews of his latest book.-Harper's Bazar. Papa's Consent. She Isn't it laves

by? Papa consents. He-Does he really? She-Yes. He wanted to know who you were, and I told him you were tape-clerk at Scrimp & Co.'s, and he seemed real pleased. He-I am delighted She-Yes, and he said we could be married just as soon as you were taken into the firm.-New York Week-

Quite another matter: Aarons-"Did von hear dot latest aboud Finkelstein?" Jacobs-"No. Val vas it?" Agross-'Vy, he gave twenty-five tonsand dellars last Friday to dot leedle per vat vas run over mit dem street cars." Jacobs-"Is Finkelstein gone grazy already? Vet alla him dot he do such a ding?" Aarons-"Oh, he vas on der

"But, mamma," said the beautiful South American helress, "do you betime was strictly enforced. The neces- lieve I will have any trouble in being sity for its enforcement has long since received in society in the United States?" "I don't see why," answered her mother; "you have plenty of money, and you can make the best of them look like small change when it comes to being a daughter of the revolution." -Indianapolis Sun.

> His face was pinched and drawn. With faitering footsteps he wended his way among the bustling throng. Anon he paused. "Kind sir," he exclaimed, will you not give me a loaf of bread for my wife and little ones?" The stranger regarded him not unkindly. "Far be it from me." he rejoined, "to take advantage of your destitution. Keep your wife and little ones, I do not want them." And, turning upon his heel, he strode away.