



CHAPTER XXVII. Night has quite closed in, a night exceptionally wild and violent...

CHAPTER XXVIII. The wild scene that meets her sight strikes terror to her heart. The mad roaring of the waves that, mountains high, rush impetuously inland...

CHAPTER XXIX. "I have to thank you for the kind invitation which Griselda gave me. Business matters have compelled me to come here again—for the last time—to-night...

CHAPTER XXX. Every onward dash of the tempestuous waves drives the lifeboat the more surely into shelter, until at last it touches ground. A hundred eager hands are stretched out to prevent the returning wave from carrying it backward...

CHAPTER XXXI. "Fasten this bracelet," says Vera, holding out her arm. She is aware that the woman is striving feebly to break a way through the dense clouds...

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

CHAPTER XXXIII. "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...

CHAPTER XXXIV. "Well?" says Vera, going a step nearer to her. "There is a ship in great distress, madame—somewhere out there," pointing vaguely in the direction of the ocean...

CHAPTER XXXV. "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 nervousness...

CHAPTER XXXVI. The British marquis working before the mast has turned up in St. Helena on a sailing vessel plying between England and Australia, according to the St. Helena Guardian. It is the Marquis of Graham, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Montrose, 21 years of age...

CHAPTER XXXVII. Japan imports American springs and manufactures clocks so cheaply that only the very lowest grades can be imported. Live only for to-day and you ruin to-morrow.—Simmons.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

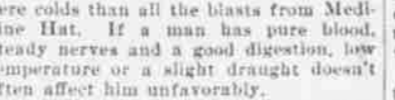
AMERICA WITH ENGLAND AND JAPAN.



The alliance between England and Japan to protect the territorial integrity of China and Korea I regard as a formal adoption of the policy of the United States in connection with the eastern question...

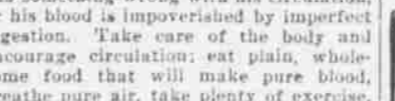
The attitude assumed by the United States was right and proper, as subsequent events demonstrated, and now, as a further vindication of our contention, England and Japan have formed a friendly alliance to prevent the division of China by designing powers...

HOW TO AVOID TAKING COLD.



A cold may be induced by exposure, over-fatigue, lack of proper and sufficient clothing, or lack of nourishing food. Taking cold is more a matter of physical condition than of temperature...

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.



One of the earliest methods of selecting a wife was by barter. Later it was by capture. Today marriage is supposed to be based on the consent of both parties...

SHE IS ONE OF FOUR.



A Surviving Widow of the Revolutionary War. The war for American independence began 128 years ago, and remarkable as it may seem, the United States government is still paying pensions as a result of that struggle...

Law to Promote Honesty.

"We have an old statute in Arizona making it a misdemeanor for a hotel or restaurant keeper to set out vials on his bill of fare that he is not actually able to serve..."

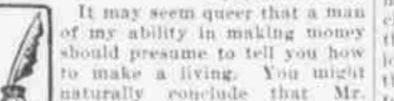
At Bargain Rates.

"Charles," said the affectionate little wife, "didn't you tell me those blue chips cost \$1 apiece?"



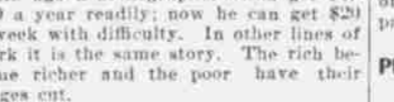
The body needs a pure bath just as it needs a water bath. Few people understand how desperately the skin requires ventilation, and many do not expose their entire bodies to the air once from September to June...

THE ART OF MAKING A LIVING.



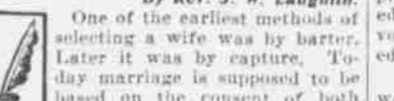
It may seem queer that a man of my ability in making money should presume to tell you how to make a living. You might naturally conclude that Mr. Carnegie, who has amassed a fortune of unknown millions, or Mr. Schwab, who has risen to a position which pays a salary of \$1,000,000 a year, would be more able to tell you...

PUBLICITY A CURE FOR DIVORCE.



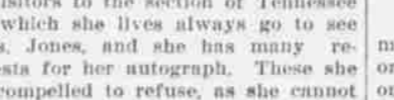
There can be no doubt that publicity would be a strong aid in impelling a firmer belief in the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The tendency of divorce legislation to-day is toward increasing rather than toward decreasing applications for judicial separation...

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FLASHES OF FUN.

An Intimation.

"They claim to be connected with some of the best families." "By telephone?"—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Guest (impatiently)—Say, water, how long have you been employed here?

Walter—About a week, sah. Guest—Oh, is that all? Then I must have given my order to some other waiter.—Chicago Daily News.

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 over on the other side and try to dream it again."—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 (after he has succeeded in waking his wife)—Open the door! Mrs. Gazzam (dead out of the second-story window)—Are you sober? Gazzam—Yeah. Mrs. Gazzam—Then say reciprocity.—Harlem Life.

Collapsed Building.

"Kape alive, Mike! We're rescuin' ye." Voice (from the debris)—Is big Clancy on there wid ye? "Sure he is." "Ast him wud he be so kind as t' step aft the roolus. Fre enough on top av me widout him."—Brooklyn Life.

Why He Returned.

"Did you come back for something you forgot?" asked Mrs. Darley, when her husband returned to the house a few minutes after leaving. "No, my dear," replied he, "I came back for something I remembered."—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.

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, lovely old boy. How perfectly charming you are when under the influence of the X-ray.—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor (finding patient emptying a bottle of wine)—Here, here, my good man, this will never do.

That's the cause of all the trouble. Factious Patient—Well, then, fill your glass, doctor. Now we've found the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better.—Detroit Free Press.

Fast and Furious—Backstop—Fm glad to see that you are making a name for yourself as an author.

old man, Scribble (modestly)—Yes, Honors are being heaped on me. Why, it was only yesterday that I learned that my latest book had been thrown out of the Boston Library.—Bazar.

Composite: Dashaway—Quilldriver seems to be a fellow of extremes—

one who writes awful slush and sublime prose, and who is at the same time as idiot and a genius. Cleverton—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 lovely? Papa consents. He—Does he, really? She—Yes. He wanted to know who you were, and I told him you were tape-clerk at Scripps & 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-ly.

Quite another matter.

Aaron—"Did you hear dot latest about Finkelstein?" Jacob—"No. Vat was it?" Aaron—"Vy, he gave twenty-five thousand dollars last Friday to dot leedle yep vat vas run over mit dem street car." Jacob—"Is Finkelstein gone crazy already? Vat alla him dot he do such a ding?" Aaron—"Oh, he vas on der jury."—Life.

"But, mamma,"

said the beautiful South American heiress, "do you believe I will have any trouble in being 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 faltering 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.

Some of the old classics are so hot that a person really ought to handle them with a pair of tongs.

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