

The despot of authority is an enemy of mankind.

Brutus never licked a Roman postage stamp behind his back—and Brutus was an honorable man.

Edward VII. looks after the household in person now and makes the toddlers stand in line.

Education is the best cure for crime. It costs less to build additions to schoolhouses than it does to enlarge our jails.

The idea of an island for anarchists is not a bad one. Why not buy Iceland and let the king-killers till the soil there?

There are now additional opportunities for a young man in the Philippines. He can go there and marry a school ma'am.

It is reported that a lot of more or less damaged American pugilists are going to Cuba to teach the natives the many art of self-government.

A Western woman tried to commit suicide and failed, and right afterward she received a number of offers of marriage. This shows how advertising pays.

The disappearance after an earthquake of a high mountain in Japan is new evidence that the crust of this old earth of ours isn't so thick and solid all over as it might be.

Brooklyn has a preacher who before entering the ministry was a member of the city police force. The influence of habit, if nothing else, should cause him to arrest the attention of his congregation.

A horrid man has planted himself firmly in the pathway of civilization and progress and is demanding that his wife, who has become a missionary, come home and look after her four children. The brutality of man continues to assert itself.

A man in a New York hospital has had his head opened and a clot of blood removed from the brain, so that he is on the high road to recovery from total paralysis. We seem to be nearing the point where a human being can be taken entirely apart and put together again as good as new.

Our Presidents are often attacked because they often expose themselves to attack. Assassination is commoner among them than among any other chiefs of state because it is easier. All the customs of their office invite it and throw wide open the door of opportunity to every maniac or fanatic who may be seized with a murderous impulse.

Because a man is born into the world with this mental distortion, which permits him under the influence of others to become a murderer, society requires for its reasonable protection that he shall not have the incentive to murder put upon him through the words of others, and if he indicates the least disposition in that direction that he shall be securely confined as one whose incapacity for orderly reasoning was likely to lead him to take the life of another.

An advocate of the metric system argues that our present weights and measures put us out of touch with the commerce of the world, except that of England, and even there he discovers some amusing discrepancies. The articles we send here, he notes, are mainly grain, sold by the bushel, which differs from the English bushel; petroleum, sold by the gallon, which differs from the English gallon; and meat and cotton, sold by the pound, which fortunately corresponds with the English pound.

The enormous extent of the summer hotel business in this country is but little understood or appreciated. The Hotel Gazette estimates that we spend \$500,000,000 a year for summer vacations. Upward of 10,000,000 flee annually from the cities to the mountains and seashore. There are between 20,000 and 25,000 summer hotels in the country and they employ about 300,000 people. New York State alone has about 4,000 summer hotels. The largest single resort in the country is at Atlantic City, with a summer population of about 200,000, and an average of 15,000 employees. It is estimated that \$20,000,000 is spent at Atlantic City every season for this form of entertainment.

There is an evolution in small things as well as in great ones, and perhaps it is the small things that tell which way the winds of evolution blow. In the days when cardboard air castles hung from chandeliers and decorated snow shovels leaned conspicuously against marble mantels it was the fashion to place mottoes worked by feminine hands upon the walls of our homes. These mottoes were usually of a religious character and were in the nature of a prayer to the Deity to "bless our home," or "feed our lambs." It is still the custom to hang quotations upon private walls, but now they usually express the possessor's own theory of life and serve as reminders of his responsibilities. A favorite quotation that is now winning the distinction of wall space is from Robert Louis Stevenson and runs as follows: "To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." Of course, to hang a quotation upon the walls of one's own house is a different thing from hanging it upon the walls of one's heart, and it is quite possible to stare every day at a hand-painted motto without once making an effort to make it a thing of practice, but that such sentiments should be sufficiently popu-

lar as to be deemed worthy of frames and places of honor upon domestic walls is a proof of a prevailing healthy moral tone.

Is the housewife becoming extinct? Madame Henri Schmall declares that she is. She gives reasons for her belief, which is a hope as well as a belief. Madame Schmall is an Englishwoman, the wife of a Frenchman, and has devoted herself largely to the interest of "women's rights" in France. According to this independent lady the extinction of the housewife is greatly to be desired. Woman has progressed beyond the state of servitude to the home, and in the near future the wife "will have nothing whatever to do with her husband's dinner except to partake of it."

Of course husbands will continue to eat and to have dinners as formerly, but Madame Schmall expects the cook and the kitchen to disappear from the household, and the dinner to be served by a "universal provider." The idea is neither strictly original nor even novel. It has been tried in several instances in this country, and has not been encouragingly successful. But perhaps the conditions were not favorable, and Madame Schmall may be justified in assuming that when she has the direction of the enterprise it will result in a perfection satisfactory to the most advanced woman. Whether the world will be better or humanity the happier when madam, the housewife, has disappeared, and whether the "universal provider" will fill the bill of "home cooking," are questions which must be answered by experiment and not by pure reasoning. There is every disposition to gratify the ladies, even the most progressive and most thoroughly emancipated ladies; but when home cooking and industries have been turned over to restaurant-keepers and servants jobbing by the hour, shall we still feel a thrill of emotion when we sing, "There's No Place Like Home?"

The American abroad, or in England at least, is no longer the easily plucked bird he was once. As a consequence he has lost the popularity he once enjoyed with London cabmen and porters. He may be held in higher respect than he was, for the tourist who allows himself to be plundered is not respected by those who do the plundering, but he is no longer so much sought after. The hotel servants say that the Americans are now the least profitable of their customers. It is well that the Americans should lose their reputation for silly prodigality. They got it partly through ignorance. They did not know the legitimate charges or tips in foreign countries, were unwilling to ask about them, and preferred to run the risk of giving too much rather than giving too little. Even when they have thought they were being imposed on they have often felt that it would not be dignified to make a fuss about it. Ignorance and false pride have cost them a great deal. That ignorance is passing away. The number of Americans who make frequent trips abroad, especially to England and France, is increasing. Little by little these tourists have learned the ropes. They have found out the foreign scale of remuneration for certain services and they stick rigidly to that scale. They do so all the more rigidly when they recall past occasions when they have been imposed on. But every year Americans are going to Europe for the first time, full of inexperience and full of the notion that it is a mark of gentility to be open-handed and not to make a row when overcharged. The man who at home will argue for half an hour with a street car conductor over a question of 5 cents refrains from similar controversies abroad, even when he knows the language of the country. Therefore foreigners who live by plucking Americans will not altogether lose their American harvest.

Why They Don't Have Gout. A writer says that typical southerners very rarely have gout in their lower extremities, and he explains his statement as follows: "The moment one sits down he looks about for some object upon which to elevate his feet, usually resting them on a chair or window sill if indoors or the balustrade if on the porch or piazza. Now, the location of gout being simply a question of specific gravity, it does not descend to the feet because of this habitual elevation. If it should get there it would be obliged to climb. The smallness of the Southern foot is accounted for in the same way—that is, of course, the Southern man's foot. The women never elevate. Englishmen have whopping big feet, which they place plastered down on the ground or floor at all times, as if afraid of letting something get away from them. They have gout in their feet in consequence."—New York Press.

The Lost Flag. As H. M. S. Ringdove was cruising past one of the Solomon group of islands in the Pacific, the lookout reported that the British flag was not flying. An armed body of marines was promptly sent ashore to inquire the reason. The chief told, according to a British Columbia paper, words in reply. He summoned his favorite wife, and when she appeared, pointed to her. She was clothed from head to foot in the missing Union Jack, the flag having been cut and fashioned into a loose-fitting blouse and skirt. This, of course, does not settle the question whether trade follows the flag or the flag follows trade in the cannon-proved advance of empire, but it does prove conclusively that the ladies of the Pacific Islands, when they acquire civility, will not need to take lessons of their Anglo-Saxon sisters in the art of "making over."

It is supposed that anybody is good enough to speak before school children, and advise them to mind the teacher, and behave, and study, and become great men and women, but school children are fierce critics. A little man recently appeared before the children of an Atchison school, with an address he had learned by heart, and the children are still "mocking" him. When a woman burns the steak she thinks that a flower laid beside it on the plate is apology enough for any man.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, JR

CHICAGO PARODY ON DOYLE'S WONDER DETECTIVE.

An Example of His Marvelous Powers of Deduction as They Strike the Modern Newspaper Writer—History of an Exchanged Umbrella.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., was seated at his desk with his back toward me as I entered.

"Good morning," he said, writing away without turning his head, "that's a fine umbrella you're carrying."

A queer feeling came over me as he spoke. Surely, I thought, this man must be in league with unseen powers. I carried the umbrella under my arm, and even if I had struck the floor with it, how could he have known that it was not an old, cheap one—or a cane? "Sherlock," I said, "you cause my hair to rise. I suppose you will tell me you know by deduction that I carry a fine umbrella, but that will not satisfy me. There is nothing to deduce from. I cannot account for it only on the theory that you have second sight or eyes in the back of your head."

"My dear Watson," he said, smiling and swinging around in his chair, "you are unusually dull this morning. Don't you see that I have the mirror over the door without passing within the range of my vision, even though my back is turned? I arranged that all myself. Who but the greatest of all deducers would ever have thought of it? Ah, let me examine your umbrella. Yes, it is as I supposed. The man who exchanged with you is blind. Poor fellow! He hasn't been that way long, though. Are you going to return it to him?"

Fanting with excitement over the man's wonderful powers, I dropped into a chair and stared helplessly at him for a moment. When I was able to speak again I asked:

"How do you know he is blind and that he has been so for a short time?"

"Pardon me, my dear Watson, if I decline to answer those questions just now. You haven't said whether you intend to return the umbrella or not."

"How am I to return it," I asked, "when I don't know whose it is?"

"That should be easy," he said, reaching for it, and unbuttoning the strap that held it neatly folded. Then he half opened it, exclaiming, "As I guessed. Here is a little silver plate with his name on it."

I was dumfounded at the man's cleverness.

"Holmes," I said, "there is only one man in the world who would ever have thought of doing what you have done. Oh, if I could only deduce as you can. But his name alone is there, you see. It seems to me that we are as far away from him as ever. How are we to find him among the hundreds of thousands of men in this great city?"

"Wait a moment," he replied, as he put on his hat and left the room. In a few minutes he returned, saying:

"He lives at 4363 Paradise road; telephone, West 7696."

I had risen as he entered, but I staggered back and fell into a chair again, overcome.

"How do you know all this?" I gasped.

"There is a city directory in the drug store across the street," he calmly replied, "it is yours to use, and I have told him that you have his umbrella? You can at the same time ask about his blindness."

Almost overcome by the man's uncanny art I permitted him to conduct me across the hall into an office where there was a telephone that he was permitted to use. It was as he had said. The man who owned the umbrella had suddenly gone blind a little while before, but the doctors were going to operate on him and hoped to restore his sight.

When we had returned to the great amateur detective's room I said, almost shuddering:

"Now, tell me how you knew he was blind and that he had lost his sight only recently?"

He smiled half wryly, half in pity, as he replied:

"Ah, my dear Watson, I'm afraid I'll never become much of a deducer. If he could have seen he would never have taken the old umbrella you carry, mistaking it for his own. And men who are long blind develop a delicate sense of feeling that makes it possible for them to know their own by a mere touch. So it was plain that he was blind and that he had not been so long enough to recognize things by feeling them. Don't bother me any more this morning, please. I am working on a very abstruse problem. An Ohio man resigned a public office the other day. I have been commissioned to find out what's the matter with him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SAVED BY HIS WIT.

How One West Point Cadet Avoided Being a "Deficient."

"There was an officer in the regular army who is stationed not a hundred miles away from Governor's Island, this very day," said a West Pointer yesterday, "who would never have graduated at the academy had it not been for his cool nerve plus his quick wit on a trying occasion." And the West Pointer went on to tell of the cause and effect of that nerve and quick wit.

Twenty odd years ago, when he was at West Point, there was a cadet there who "dunked" in his final examination in his fourth year. He was a popular fellow and his classmates felt sorry for him. They were all to doff the gray for the blue in a few days and the poor fellow—it had leaked out despite regulations—would be declared on graduation day "deficient"—the only one out of a class of more than 60.

It so happened that a night or two before graduation day Mr. X.—let him be called that—was obliged to be on sentry duty. The officer of the guard that night got a sudden idea into his head, the cadet might be so disheartened that he would be neglectful of his duty. He would test him—see if he had "soldier stuff" in him, even though the odds were against his future.

It was a dark, rainy night. The officer of the guard suddenly came across the cadet's post.

The clock of steel at the same time warned the intruder that the sentry's eyes were upon him—at least, that his quick hearing had detected the stealthy steps on the wet sod. Then came out in a half muffled voice: "Who goes there?" This was the moment the officer of the guard had fixed in his mind for a test of the cadet's soldierly qualities. The answer came quickly to the sentry's challenge: "Nobody."

To the amazement of the officer, the cadet came to a "right shoulder shift," as it was called on those days, paced by him and said: "All right, my orders are to let nobody pass, major."

The cadet had recognized the officer. His answer, even if not regular in a military sense, was correct, but it was a tough one on the major. The story was so good it could not keep, and it went to Washington.

To make a long story short," said the West Pointer, "that answer, under the circumstances, was sufficient enough for that cadet not to leave the academy as a 'deficient,' but merely to be put back for another year's chance. Result? He graduated with high honors in the following June and was my commander in the Philippines six months ago."—New York Journal.

In the Harvest Field.

Frederic Mistral, the Provençal poet, tells a charming story of the first meeting of his father and mother. Like all romances it has its like in a more ancient legend, suggesting, even to the scene, the ever-beautiful story of Ruth and Boaz. Mistral was born at Maillane, a village at the foot of the Alps. He was the child of a second marriage, contracted when his father was about 55, a marriage of pure romance. This was the meeting of the middle-aged man and the girl who became his wife.

One year, on St. John's day, Maitre Francois Mistral was in the midst of his wheat, which a company of harvesters were reaping. A throng of young girls, gleaming, followed the reapers, and raked up the ears that fell. Maitre Francois, my father, noticed a beautiful girl who remained behind, as if she were ashamed to glean like the others. He drew near, and said to her, "My child, whose daughter are you? What is your name?"

The young girl replied, "I am the daughter of Etienne Poulmet, Maire of Maillane. My name is Delaide."

"What! the daughter of the Maire of Maillane gleaming?"

"Maitre," she replied, "our family is large, six girls and two boys, and although our father is pretty well-to-do, as you know, when we ask him for clothes he replies, 'Girls, if you want finery, earn it.' And that is why I came to glean."

Six months after this meeting, Maitre Francois asked Maitre Poulmet for the hand of Delaide, and of that marriage I was born.

Catching Tigers.

Capturing tigers by a novel method is now being adopted in Sumatra, and is proving almost invariably successful. As soon as a tiger's lair has been found, natives are employed to construct a wooden fence nine feet long and four feet wide a short distance away from it, and in this inclosure is then placed as a bait a dog, which is tied to one of the fence posts. A narrow entrance leads into the inclosure, and there, deftly concealed under earth, leaves and boughs of trees, is placed a strong steel trap, which is so designed that any animal that places its foot on it is certain to be held captive.

This trap is of recent invention, and consists of strong steel plates and equally strong springs. When it is set the plates form a sort of platform, and as soon as the tiger which has been lured thither by the dog sets his foot thereon the springs are released, and the cruel steel grips the leg and holds it fast.

Powerful as a tiger is, he cannot free himself from such bondage, and as those who have set the trap are never far away he is in a short time either killed or securely caged. At the same time the dog is released, and, indeed, he could not be removed from the inclosure as long as the trap was set, since this instrument, strong as it is, nevertheless is so delicate that the pressure even of a dog's foot would release the springs and cause the animal's leg to be crushed in a twinkling.—London Telegraph.

What He Might Do.

The custom of preserving the business name of a firm years after the founders have passed away or disappeared finds a new proof in a story related by the New York Evening Post.

A young man who was sent out to canvass leading lawyers in a certain city interested the office of a firm of great prominence and said:

"I should like to see Mr. M."—mentioning the first name of the firm.

"Very sorry, sir, but Mr. M. has been dead three years," was the answer.

"Well, in that case, I should like to see Mr. N."—the second name of the firm.

"Mr. N. retired from the firm over a year ago," said the clerk, with a smile.

"Indeed; then may I see Mr. O."—the last name of the three.

"Mr. O." replied the clerk, "sailed last week for Europe, and won't be back for a month yet; is there anything I can do for you?"

"There is," answered the canvasser, with the utmost suavely; "some day, when you have time, you might bring the firm name up to date."

If In Doubt, Work It Out. A Cambridge university professor, who dreams in figures, has done the following arithmetically.

1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11.  
12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.  
123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.  
1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.  
12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.  
123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.  
1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111.  
12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.  
12 times 8 plus 1 equals 98.  
123 times 8 plus 2 equals 987.  
1234 times 8 plus 3 equals 9876.  
12345 times 8 plus 4 equals 98765.  
123456 times 8 plus 5 equals 9876543.  
1234567 times 8 plus 6 equals 98765432.  
12345678 times 8 plus 7 equals 987654321.  
123456789 times 8 plus 8 equals 9876543210.  
987654321 times 8 plus 9 equals 98765432109.

The Doctor's Dilemma  
By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XIII.

In one sense time seemed to be standing still with me after my home return, so like were the days that followed the one to the other. But in another sense, for those days fled with awful swiftness, for they led me to a great grief which would soon, far too soon, lie between us.

Every afternoon Julia came to spend an hour or two with my mother; but her arrival was always formally announced, and it was an understood thing that I should immediately quit the room, to avoid meeting her. There was an etiquette in her resentment which I was bound to observe.

I had not taken up any of my old patients again, for I was determined that everybody should feel that my residence at home was only temporary. But about ten days after my return the following note was brought to me, directed in full to Dr. Martin Dobree:

"A lady from England, who is only a visitor in Guernsey, will be much obliged to Dr. Martin Dobree calling upon her at Rose Villa, Vaivre Road. She is suffering from a slight indisposition; and knowing Dr. Senior by name and reputation, she would feel great confidence in the skill of Dr. Senior's friend."

"I was so glad to hear of that," said I, "and I will be glad to see her. I will call on her to-morrow afternoon, and I will be glad to see her."

"I found a very handsome, fine-looking woman with hair and eyes as black as a raven's, and a clear olive complexion to match. Her forehead was low, but smooth and well shaped; and the lower part of her face, handsome as it was, was far more developed than the upper. There was not a trace of refinement about her features; yet the coarseness of them was not slightly apparent as yet. My new patient did not inspire me with much sympathy; but she attracted my curiosity, and interested me by the bold style of her beauty."

"You Guernsey people are very stiff with strangers," she remarked, as I sat opposite to her, regarding her with that close observation which is permitted to a doctor.

"So the world says," I answered. "Of course I am no good judge, for you Guernsey people behave themselves as perfect as any class of the human family."

"I have been a week," she replied, "putting her full crimson lips, 'and have not had a chance of speaking a word, except to strangers like myself who don't know you.'"

That, then, was the cause of the little indisposition which had obtained me the honor of attending her. I indulged myself in a mild sarcasm to that effect, but she was lost upon her. She gazed at me solemnly with her large black eyes, which shone like beads.

"I am really ill," she said, "but it has nothing to do with not seeing anybody, though that's dull. There's nothing for me to do but take a bath in the morning and a drive in the afternoon, and go to bed very early. Good gracious! it's enough to drive me mad!"

"Try Jersey," I suggested.

"No, I'll not try Jersey," she said. "I mean to make my way here. Don't you know anybody, doctor, that would take pity on a poor stranger?"

"I know of none," I answered.

"She frowned at that and looked disappointed. I was about to ask her how she knew the Seniors, when she spoke again.

"Do you have many visitors come to Guernsey late in the autumn, as late as October?" she inquired.

"Not many," I answered; "a few may arrive who intend to winter here."

"A dear young friend of mine came here last autumn," she said, "alone, as I am, and I've been wondering ever since how she got on. I don't know any one along amongst such a set of stiff, formal, stand-offish folks. She had no money except for a dash, or that would make a difference, I suppose."

"Not the least," I replied, "if your friend came without any introductions, I pursued my patient, with a tone of exultation. 'She was quite young, and as pretty as a picture. All the young men would know her, I'll be bound, and you amongst them, Dr. Martin. Any woman who isn't a fright gets stared at enough to know again.'"

"Could this woman know anything of Olivia? I looked at her more earnestly and critically. She was not a person I should like Olivia to have anything to do with. A coarse, ill-bred, bold woman, whose eyes met mine unabashed, and did not blink under my scrutiny. Could she be Olivia's step-mother, who had been the ruin of her life?"

"I'd bet a hundred to one you know her," she said, laughing and showing all her white teeth. "A girl like her could go about a little poky place like this without all the young men knowing her. Perhaps she left the island in the spring. I have asked at all the drapers' shops, but nobody recollects her. I've very good news for her if I could find her—a slim, middle-aged girl, with a clear, fair skin and grey eyes, and a hair of a bright brown. Stay, I can show you her photograph."

She put into my hands an exquisite portrait of Olivia, taken in Florence. There was an expression of quiet mournfulness in the face, which touched me to the core of my heart. I could not put it down and speak indifferently about it. My heart beat wildly, and I felt tempted to run off with the treasure and return no more to this woman.

"Ah! you recognize her," she exclaimed triumphantly.

"I never saw such a person in Guernsey," I answered, looking steadily into her face. A sullen and gloomy expression came across it, and she snatched the portrait out of my hand.

"You want to keep it a secret," she said, "but I defy you to do it. I am come here to find her, and find her I will. She hasn't drowned herself, and the earth here's as far as here, and that I tell you. She crossed in the Southampton boat one dreadfully stormy night last October—the only lady passenger—and the stewardess recollects her well. She landed here. You must know something about her."

"I assure you I never saw that girl here," I replied evasively. "What inquiries have you made after her?"

"I've inquired here and there and everywhere," she said. "I've done nothing else since I came. It is of great importance to her, as well as to me, that

"She has seen the girl," continued Julia, in the same husky tone, "and she is convinced she is no adventuress. Je-hanna says the same. They tell me to you to the dreadful lunatics I feel. It is something like that, but I refuse to promise you ever made to me, Martin."

"Julia!" I cried, crossing to her and bending over her with more love and admiration than I had ever felt before; "this is very noble, very generous."

"No," she said, bursting into tears; "I am neither noble nor generous. I do it because I cannot help myself, with a white face looking so imploringly at me. I do not give you up willingly to that girl in Sark. I hope I shall never see you or you for many years. Aunt says you will have no chance of marrying her; where; but you're free to ask her to be somebody to love you and care for you after she is gone, as I should have done."

"But you are generous to consent to it," I said again.

"No," she answered, wiping her eyes and lifting up her head. "I thought I was generous; I thought I was a Christian, but it is not to be a Christian when one is mortified, and humbled, and wounded. I am a great disappointment to myself; quite as great as you are to what I am. I hope you may not be disappointed in that girl in Sark."

Her hand was lying on her lap, and I stopped down and kissed it, seeing on it still the ring I had given her when we were first engaged. She did not look at me of the house, but I was glowing with shame and gladness. I met Captain Carey coming up the street, with a basket of fine grapes in his hand. He appeared very much amazed.

"Why, Martin?" he exclaimed, "can you have been seeing Julia?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Reconciled?" he said, arching his eyebrows, which were still dark and bushy, though his hair was grizzled.

"Not exactly," I replied, with a smile exceedingly difficult to force; "not so much as you would think. Captain, you will take me across to Sark to-morrow."

"Come, come! none of that, Martin," he said; "you're on honor, you know. You are pledged to poor Julia not to let Sark again."

"She has just set me free," I answered; "and she has the fullness of my heart laid him all that had just passed between us. His eyes glistened, though a film came across them which he had to wipe away."

"She is a noble girl," he ejaculated; "a fine, generous, noble girl. I really thought she'd break her heart over you at first, but she will come round to Sark to-morrow. I will have a run over to Sark to-morrow. I felt myself lifted into a third heaven of delight all that evening. My mother and I talked of no one but Olivia. The present rapture so completely eclipsed the coming sorrow that I forgot how soon it would be upon me. I promised my mother neither by word nor sign referred me to be reminded of her illness. She listened to my rhapsodies, smiling with her divine, pathetic smile. There is no love, no love at all, like that of a mother."

Swiftly we ran across the next day, with a soft wind drifting over the sea and playing upon our faces, and a long furrow lying in the wake of our boat. It was almost low tide when we reached the island. I found Tardif's house completely deserted. The only sign of life was a family of hens clucking about the fold.

The door was not fastened, and I entered, but there was nobody there. I stood in the middle of the kitchen called, but there was no answer. Olivia's door was ajar, and I pushed it a little more open. There lay books I had left her on the table, and her velvet slippers were on the floor, as if they had just been taken off. Very worn and brown were the little slippers, but they reassured me she had been wearing them a short time ago.

I returned through the fold. All the place seemed left to itself. Tardif's sheep were browsing along the cliffs, and his cows were tethered here and there. At last I caught sight of a head rising from behind a crag, and I shouted to him, making a trumpet with my hands.

"Where is neighbor Tardif?" I called.

"Down below there," he shouted back again, pointing downwards to the Havre Gosselin. I did not wait for any further information, but I rushed off down the steep gully to the little strand, where the pebbles were being lifted lazily by the ripple of the lowering tide. Tardif's boat was within a stone's throw, and I saw Olivia sitting in the stern of it, shouting again with a vehemence which made the water tremble.

"Come back, Tardif," I cried, "and take me with you!"

"The boat was too far off for me to see how my sudden appearance affected Olivia. Did she turn white or red at the sound of my voice? By the way, I heard a steep gully to the little strand, where the pebbles were being lifted lazily by the ripple of the lowering tide. Tardif's boat was within a stone's throw, and I saw Olivia sitting in the stern of it, shouting again with a vehemence which made the water tremble."

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