

"It is an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good."

That small ache or pain or weakness is the "ill wind" that directs your attention to the necessity of purifying your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then your whole body receives good, for the purified blood goes tingling to every organ. It is the remedy for all ages and both sexes.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

IMPROVED TOURIST SLEEPERS.

Railroads Are Acceding to Demands of Middle-Class Who Want Better Sleeping-Car Service.

In response to the demand of the times the O. R. & N. and its connections are placing in operation a much better grade of tourist sleepers for the Pacific coast service than at any previous time. The largely increased traffic to this section of the country has demanded all the improvements of latter day transportation, and in consideration of this the railroads are establishing a service which is excellent in every particular. Not only are the wishes of the first-class passenger served, but those who are traveling to and from the East on second-class tickets are splendidly cared for. There are a time when a tourist sleeper appealed to a limited number of people who were traveling on the "cheap" order, in every meaning of the term. Now, however, there has been a radical change. With the better tourist sleepers in operation the class of passengers has been improved, and one may now travel upon them and enjoy all the privileges of a first-class sleeper at a greatly reduced rate.

Daily, on the O. R. & N. Eastbound mail, is attached one of these latest improved tourist sleepers, a class of beauty and handsome appointments. The new cars are almost an exact counterpart of the first-class sleepers. One noticeable feature of the new tourist cars is the absence of a smoking apartment. The new cars being built by the Pullman Company are now provided with smoking apartments. This new departure has been taken because of the fact that most through trains are provided with composite cars, which provide a smoker for the sleeping-car passengers.

The demand for men to work in the lumber woods during the season that is just opening is better than it has been for some years, and the wages offered are 25 per cent higher. The tide of workers from the harvest field to the plow is set in, and yet the demand is greater than the supply.

A German journal is authority for the statement that two-thirds of the trained nurses actively engaged acquire and die of tuberculosis.

Kit Carson's rifle, which was carried by him for more than 40 years, is now in the possession of the Montana lodge of Masons, at Santa Fe, of which lodge Kit was a member.

There are few things so selfish as melancholy.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is, cancer. The cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Cancer, when taken in its early stages, requires a constitutional treatment. The cure is a blood and mucous membrane purifier, and gives the patient a new strength by building up the constitution and giving the system the power to resist the disease. The cure is a blood and mucous membrane purifier, and gives the patient a new strength by building up the constitution and giving the system the power to resist the disease. The cure is a blood and mucous membrane purifier, and gives the patient a new strength by building up the constitution and giving the system the power to resist the disease.

Sold by druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The New York Custom Tailors' Union reports that many employers have restored the 10 per cent reduction in wages ordered during the hard times.

For lung and chest diseases, Pico's Cure is the best medicine we have used. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

The supreme court of Nevada has rendered a decision in the governor's ship contest, by which Sallier wins the case by 60 plurality, an increase of 40 over the original count.

The East Ohio Methodist Episcopal conference condemned the army campaign, criticized the army general's interpretation of the army reorganization law and asked for the strict enforcement of section 17 of that law with respect to the canteen.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF PICO, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinal in their form and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

CARTER'S INK

No household can afford to be without it. It is a very good ink and can afford to have it.

RELIEF FOR WOMAN

That tired, languid feeling, the pains in the back and the chronic headache will disappear quickly if you take

Moore's Revealed Remedy

It is an ideal medicine for women, easy and pleasant to take. \$1.00 per bottle at your drugist's.

PISO'S CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION

It is an ideal medicine for women, easy and pleasant to take. \$1.00 per bottle at your drugist's.

GOOD-BY TO LIFE.

AND TO GO BACK TO THAT HORRIBLE LONDON?

"Only for three months, dearest. Then I shall come back to Rocksea and claim you."

Jessie Poole laid her pretty head contentedly on the rough tweed shoulder of the Norfolk jacket.

Will Preston was a clever young artist. Looking around for a suitable place at which to stay the summer, he had stumbled across the little crooked cottage where Jessie Poole lived and nursed her bed-ridden father, and had induced them to let him make his home his abode during his stay. A thorough woman was Jessie, and as such she appealed to the artist's temperament. Beautiful she could hardly be called, but her clear gray eyes and the curve of her small, firm mouth went straight to Will Preston's heart, and before he was aware of it the inevitable had happened.

Presently the shapely head was raised from the collar of the Norfolk jacket, and a low voice inquired:

"What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon, Will?"

"Oh, I'm going to row out to that picturesque old wreck and take a few sketches of it."

"Are you not going alone, Will, are you?" You know how off a very dangerous part of the coast, and there are a lot of cross currents and sunken rocks."

"Oh, that's all right, little one. Your

old admirer, Jim Barclay, is 'bossering' the show. He knows every inch of the coast, and I've every confidence in him; so you need have no qualms, dear, that I shall not be back safe after dark."

As he mentioned the name of his guide Jessie looked up suddenly and seemed about to speak, then appeared to alter her mind, and was silent.

"So, ta-ta, dearest," he went on, bending down and fondly kissing the sweet lips upturned to him. I must be off. "The tide will be on the turn soon, and it's a good two miles row."

The wreck toward which the little boat was rapidly cutting its way was all that remained of the schooner Belle. A year ago she had been driven by a storm on to a sunken rock. At high tide merely a few feet of her sole remaining stump of a mast was visible, but at low water she was only partially submerged.

As Jessie looked back in the stern of the boat fingering the tiler ropes she could not but admire the stalwart figure in front of him. Jim Barclay was a young fisherman, living down in the village about a mile from Jessie Poole's lonely cottage. Over six feet in height, and proportionately broad, his muscles stood out like bands of steel as he pulled untrudgingly at the oars.

Soon they reached the wreck, and, as it was now low tide, the boat was pulled alongside and the clambered up to the slippery deck. The schooner was but a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke slowly came back to him he found himself propped up by his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a noose, and a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion. "A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

WILL PRESTON FOR HIS DEAD RIVAL GAVE PLACE TO HORROR AT THE DEATH SO SLOWLY AND

relentlessly approaching. He tried to wriggle up by clasping the mast with his legs; he found it impossible, and blank despair began to creep over him.

The tide had already turned and was creeping through the broken bulwarks, and soon the first wave came gently washing along the deck, nearly reaching his feet. Again he strained and tugged at his bonds in vain. He turned his eyes longingly toward the boat which had been moored to the side of the schooner, and then indeed he gave up hope, for it was gone.

The rope had been too loosely tied, and there was the boat, already fifty yards away, drifting with the incoming tide.

The sun was dipping toward the cliffs overhanging his sweetest's cottage, and he knew that he had but an hour or two longer to live unless help came, and that he felt was almost impossible.

Soon the water reached his chest, then in little ripples circled round his waist.

Another half-hour passed, and the cliffs were lost to sight, while the lights began to twinkle in the distance and along the little wooden pier. Higher and higher rose the water until it reached his shoulders, and he began to feel chill and numb. Presently the beach of a small paddles came wafted over the shimmering water, and with a wild thrill of hope he turned his head.

Yes, there she was, gliding along swiftly and smoothly, her portholes and saloons brightly lit, and the strains of the band coming to him cheerily as she churned her homeward course. The passengers joining in song in happy content after the pleasures of the day. Oh, if he could only get rid of that suffocating gag his cries might be heard. But no sound came from his aching throat, and the pleasure steamer glided on her way.

And now the water reached his chin, and he knew this time he was numbered by minutes only. He fixed his eyes upon one light that glimmered starlike on the side of the cliff, away from the others. He knew it came from the little room where his love would be waiting and longed for him.

As he looked the light seemed to go out for an instant; then it appeared again; again disappeared, and once more flashed into sight. What did it mean? Suddenly the surface of the water which kept coming between his eyes and the light. Could it be a boat? He strained his ears, and fancied he could hear the rattle of the oars in the rowlocks. Yes, yes, it was a boat—coming straight toward him, and at last a straggling moonbeam came slanting across the sea, and doubt gave place to certainty, for, although still a long way off, he could distinguish a figure in the boat—a figure that caused his pulses to throb wildly, the figure of a girl. Would she, could she, do it in time? He was standing now on the very tips of his toes, and even then a wondrous wave, higher than the rest, broke over his nostrils, and gave him a foretaste of what was to come. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and higher rose the water. Could he hold out? The strain was awful.

"Whatever can have come to those two?" queried Jessie, as the shadows lengthened, and still no Will appeared. Throwing a shawl around her, she strode out into the evening, and looked away over the sea. She could not make out the mast of the wreck in the falling light, but something bobbing about at the foot of the cliff arrested her attention.

"It looks like a boat!" she gasped with sudden foreboding. And in an instant she was speeding down the path to the shore, and there, not twenty yards away, she recognized Jim Barclay's boat—empty; and something of the truth flashed upon her.

"Merciful heaven!" she moaned. "The boat has got adrift and left them on the wreck!"

There was no time to run to the village for help. What had to be done was done quickly. With a fervent prayer the brave girl dashed into the water, clambered over rocks, and shipped the oars, and in another minute the bow was once more turned seaward and the little boat was speeding to the rescue.

At last, after a lifetime of doubts and fears, she turned and saw the sunken mast standing out in bold contrast to the silvery pathway caused by the rising moon; and at the base, on the surface of the water, there was something else—something round and dark.

With redoubled energy and panting breath she tugged desperately at the oars, heedless of the blisters on her little hands. It was indeed a race for life or death, and it seemed that, after all, her effort had been in vain, for the boat bumped against the mast the head of her lover dropped forward and sank out of sight. With a piercing cry she flung herself forward and caught him by the hair; then, moving her hand lower, she grasped his collar and pulled with all her might.

In an instant the gag was removed, and then poor Jessie was plunged into despair again as she found his hands stiff and powerless to loose the knotted rope, and she had no knife. Then her eyes caught sight of Barclay's knife sticking in the mast above the victim's head. With a cry of delight she seized it, and in another moment the bonds were severed. At the risk of capitalizing the boat she dragged the precious burden slowly and painfully out of sight. With a piercing cry she flung herself forward and caught him by the hair; then, moving her hand lower, she grasped his collar and pulled with all her might.

In an instant the gag was removed, and then poor Jessie was plunged into despair again as she found his hands stiff and powerless to loose the knotted rope, and she had no knife. Then her eyes caught sight of Barclay's knife sticking in the mast above the victim's head. With a cry of delight she seized it, and in another moment the bonds were severed. At the risk of capitalizing the boat she dragged the precious burden slowly and painfully out of sight. With a piercing cry she flung herself forward and caught him by the hair; then, moving her hand lower, she grasped his collar and pulled with all her might.

In an instant the gag was removed, and then poor Jessie was plunged into despair again as she found his hands stiff and powerless to loose the knotted rope, and she had no knife. Then her eyes caught sight of Barclay's knife sticking in the mast above the victim's head. With a cry of delight she seized it, and in another moment the bonds were severed. At