CHAPTER V.

one breath. Yes, mademoiselles," I said, uncoiling asked faintly.

are you surprised to see me?" "Quite easily," I replied. "I came on trail

know what it has been." "To be sure," answered Emma; "and how is dear Julia? She will be very anx-

ious about you.' tend to increase her anxiety."

from the Renoufs she had had a dangerous fall. To think of you being in Sark ever since Sunday, and we never heard a word of it!"

'Is that the young woman's hair?" "Yes," I replied: "it was necessary to cut it off. She is dangerously ill with

Both of them shrank a little towards the door. A sudden temptation assailed me, and took me so much by surprise that I had yielded before I knew I was attacked. It was their shrinking movement that did it. My answer was almost as automatic and involuntary as their

"You see it would not be wise for any of us to go about," I said. "A fever breaking out in the island, especially now you have no resident doctor, would be very serious.'

Thus I secured isolation for myself and my patient. But why had I been eager to do so? I could not answer that ques tion to myself, and I did not ponder ovo it many minutes. I was impatient, yet strangely reluctant, to look at the girl again, after the loss of her beautiful hair. The change in her appearance struck me as singular. Her face before had a look of suffering and trouble, making it almost old, charming as it was now she had the aspect of quite a young girl, scarcely touching upon womanhood We sat up again together that night, Tardif and I. He would not smoke, lest

the scent of the tobacco should get in through the crevices of the door, and lessen the girl's chance of sleep; but he held his pipe between his teeth, taking an imaginary puff now and then, that he might keep himself wide awake. We talked to one another in whispers.

"Tell me all you know about mam' zelle," I said. He had been chary of his knowledge before, but his heart seemes open at this moment. Most hearts are more open at midnight than at any other

"There's not much to tell, doctor," he answered. "Her name is Ollivier, as I said to you; but she does not think she is any kin to the Olliviers of Guernsey if she had been born poor, does she?"

"Not in the least degree," I said. "If she is not a lady by birth, she is one of the first specimens of Nature's gentlefolks I have ever come across. Has she written to any one since she came here?" "Not to a soul," he answered eagerly. "She told me she had no friends nearer than Australia. That is a great way

"And she has had no letters?" I asked. "Not one," he replied. "She has neither written nor received a single letter.' "But how did you come across her?" I inquired. "She did not fall from the skies, I suppose. How was it she came to live in this out-of-the-world place with you?" "I'll tell you all about it, Doctor Mar-

tin," he said, and he related how he had met the young lady in London.
"Tardif," I said, when he had con-

cluded the recital, "I did not know what a good fellow you were, though I ought to have learned it by this time ' "No," he answered, "it is not in me;

It's something in her. You feel something of it yourself, doctor, or how could you stay in a poor little house like this, thinking of nothing but her, and not caring about the weather keeping you away from home? There was a curious thing -she had not any luggage with her, not fancied that I knew, for that would have troubled her. It is my belief that she has run away.'

"But who can she have run away from, Tardif?" I asked.

"Heaven knows," he answered, "but the girl has suffered; you can see that by her face. Whoever or whatever she has run away from, her cheeks are white from it, and her heart sorrowful. know nothing of her secret; but this ! do know: she is as good, and true, and sweet a little soul as my poor little wife was. If she should die, it will be a great grief of heart to me. If I could offer my life to God in place of hers, I'd do it

willingly.' 'No, she will not die. Look there, Tardif!" I said, pointing to the door sill of the inner room. A white card had been slipped under the door noiselessly—a signal agreed upon between mother Renouf and me, to inform me that my patient had at last fallen into a profound slum-ber, which seemed likely to continue

some hours. The morning was more than half gone before mother Renouf opened the door and came out to us, her old face looking more haggard than ever, but her little eyes twinkling with satisfaction.

'All goes well," she said. "Your little mam'zelle does not think of dying

I did not stay to watch how Tardif re ceived this news, for I was impatient If my mother had not been by I should myself to see how she was going on. have filled it up with books. Thank heaven, the fever was gone, the delirium at an end. The dark gray eyes, opening languidly as my fingers touched and hard, as I know after eating it for a her wrist, were calm and intelligent, week She was as weak as a kitten, but that did not trouble me much. I was sure her tin?" exclaimed Julia's unwelcome voice natural health was good, and she would behind me.

soon recover her lost strength. I had to "Martin Dobree?" ejaculated both in stoop down to hear what she was saying. "Have I kept quite still, doctor?" she

At mind when the second of the

the tress of hair as if it had been a ser-pent, and going forward to greet them; my voice was not to be trusted. I had never felt so overjoyed in my life as at "Surprised!" echoed the elder. "No; that moment. But what a singular wish we are amazed-petrified! However did to be obedient possessed this girl! What a wonderful power of submissive self-con-

Sunday, and Tardif fetched me in his "I should like to see Tardif," murown boat. If the weather had permitted | mured the girl to me that night, after she I should have paid you a call; but you had awakened from a second long and peaceful sleep.

all the little room. She could not raise "She was on the verge of a nervous attack when I left her," I said; "that will wards us, and she held out her small wasted hand to him, smiling faintly. He "Poor, dear girl!" she replied sympa- fell on his knees before he took it into his thetically. "But, Martin, is this young woman here so very ill? We have heard on it as he held it very carefully with on it as he held it very carefully with tears standing in his eyes.

"Why, it is like an egg shell," he said. "God bless you, mam'zelle, God bless you for getting well again!"

She laughed at his words-a feeble though merry laugh, like a child's-and she seemed delighted with the sight of his hearty face, glowing as it was with happiness. It was a strange chance that had thrown these two together. I could not allow Tardif to remain long; but sages to send to him through me whentremely limited, as the old woman's

"He has been living on Tardif's coarse any one lovely enough to wear ralment MEISSONIER'S CUTE GARDENER **\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** fare for a week," answered my mother; 'so now he has compassion enough for his Sark patient to pack up some dainties for her. If you could only give him one or two of your bad headaches he would have more sympathy for you."

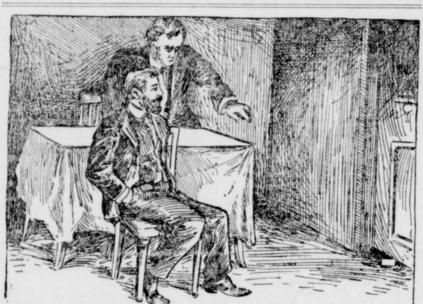
"Have you had one of your headaches, Julia?" I inquired. "The worst I ever had," she answered.

"It was partly your going off in that rash way, and the storm that came on after, and the fright we were in. You must not think of going again, Martin. shall take care you don't go after we are

Julia had been used to speak out as calmly about our marriage as if it was no more than going to a picnic. It grated upon me just then; though it had been much the same with myself. There was no delightful agitation about the future that lay before us. We were going to set up housekeeping by ourselves, and to be made on either side. There would ing. We had grown up together; now we had agreed to grow old together. That was the sum total of marriage to Julia

finished packing the hamper, and ing addressed it to Tardif, who had en- the purpose. gaged to be down at the Creux Harbor to receive it when the cutter returned. I was in haste to secure a parcel of books before the cutter should start home again, with its courageous little knot of market people. I ran down to Barbet's. I hit upon two novels. Besides these, I chose a book for Sunday reading.

Barbet brought half a sheet of an old Times to form the first cover of my par-The shop was crowded with market people, and as he was busy I undertook to pack them myself. I was about to fold the newspaper round them, when my eye was caught by an advertisement at the top of one of the columns. "Strayed calities as the best Havana tobacco. after that she kept devising little mes- from her home in London, on the 20th inst., a young lady with bright brown in the United States for cigar boxes ever I was about to leave her. Her in hair, grey eyes, and delicate features; tercourse with mother Renouf was ex- age twenty-one. She is believed to have been alone. Was dressed in a blue silk knowledge of English was slight. It dress, and sealskin jacket and hat. Fifty



"LOOK THERE, TARDIF."

her through the long and dreary hours.

My mother was lying on the sofa in the breakfast room, with the Venetian blinds down to darken the morning sunshine. Her eyes were closed, though she held in her hands the prayer book, from which she had been reading as usual the Psalms for the day. Whilst I was looking at her, though I made no sort of sound of movement, she seemed to feel that I was there; and after looking up she started from her sofa, and flung her arms about me, pressing closer and closer.

"Oh, Martin, my boy; my darling!" she sobbed, "thank heaven you are come back safe! Oh, I have been very rebellious, very unbelieving. I ought to have known that you would be safe. Oh, I am thankful!

"So am I, mother," I said, kissing her, "You have come back like a barbarian." she said, "rougher than Tardiff himself. How have you managed, my boy? You must tell me all about it."

"As soon as I have had my breakfast,

mother, I must put up a few things in a

hamper to go back by the Sark cutter," "What sort of things?" she asked, "Tell me, and I will be getting them ready for

"Well, there will be some medicines, of course." I said; "you cannot help me in that. But you can find things suitable for a delicate appetite; jelly, you know, and jams, and marmalade; anything nice that comes to hand. And a few amusing

"Books!" echoed my mother. I recollected at once that the books she might select, as being suited to a Sark pensant, would hardly prove interesting to my patient. I could not do better than go down to Barbet's circulating library and look out some good works

"Well, no," I said: "never mind the books. If you will look out the other things, those can wait."

"Who, are they for?" asked my mother "For my patient," I replied. "What sort of a patient, Martin?" she nquired again.

mmon name. Our postman's name is

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I know several families of Olliviers. I dare say I should know this person if you could tell

me her Christian name. Is it Jane, or

Martha, or Rachel?" "I don't know," I said; "I did not ask." The packing of that hamper interested me wonderfully; and my mother, rather amazed at my taking the superintendence of it in person, stood by me in her store closet, letting me help myself liberally. There was a good space left after I had taken sufficient to supply Miss Ollivier with good things for some weeks to come,

"Give me a loaf or two of white bread," I said; "the bread at Tardif's is coarse

"Whatever are you doing here, Mar-

happened, in consequence, that I was the pounds reward is offered to any person only person who could talk or listen to her through the long and dreary hours. Her restoration to her friends. Apply to Messrs, Scott and Brown, Gray's Inn Road, E. C.

stood perfectly still for some seconds. staring blankly at the very simple advertisement under my eyes. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that it had a direct reference to my pretty patient in Sark. But I had no time for deliberation then, and I tore off a large corner of the Times containing that and other advertisements, and thrust it unseen into my pocket.

In the afternoon I went down with Julia and my mother to the new house, to see after the unpacking of furniture can imagine circumstances in which nothing could be more delightful than the care with which a man prepares a home for his future wife. The very tint of the walls, and the way the light falls in through the windows, would become matters of grave importance, but there was not the slightest flavor of this sentiment in our furnishing of the new house. It was really more Julia's business than mine. I went about the place as if in splendid view of the whole group of the Channel Islands, and the rocky islets innumerable strewn about the sea. The afternoon sun was shining full upon the window I could see the cliffs of the catch." Havre Gosselin, purple in the distance, with a silver thread of foam at their foot. No wonder that my thoughts wandered, and the words my mother and Julia were speaking went in at one ear and out at the other. Certainly I was dream ing; but which part was the dream?

"I don't believe he cares a straw about the carpets!" exclaimed Julia, in a disappointed tone.

"I do indeed, dear Julia," ! said, She had set her mind upon having flowers in her drawing room carpet, and there they were, large garlands of brightcolored blossoms, very gay and, as I ventured to remark to myself, very gaudy, "You like it better than you did in the

pattern?" she asked anxiously. I did not like it one whit better, but I should have been a brute if I had said so. She was gazing at it and me with so "Her name is Ollivier," I said. "A troubled an expression, that I felt it necessary to set her mind at ease.

"It is certainly handsomer than the pattern," I said, regarding it attentively; "very much handsomer."

"Julia, my love," said my mother, "re those patterns whilst it is daylight. Tomorrow is Sunday, you know.'

A little tinge of color crept over Julia's tintless face. We then drew near to the window, from which we could see Sark so clearly, and Julia drew out of her pocket a very large envelope, which was bursting with its contents.

They were small scraps of white silk and white satin. I took them mechanically into my hand, and could not help admiring their pure, lustrous, glossy beauty. I passed my fingers over them softly. There was something in the sight of them that moved me, as if they were fragments of the shining garments of some vision, which in times gone by, when I to a place where you'd get dead loads of was much younger, had now and then it and a shave thrown in for 10 cents." floated before my fancy. I did not know -Philadelphia Press.

of glistening white like these, unlessunless- A passing glimpse of the pure How He Planted Fish Eggs and Grew white face, and glossy hair, and deep grey eyes of my Sark patient flashed across me. "They are patterns for Julia's wed-

ding dress," said my mother, in a low, tender tone.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT CIGAR BOXES. spanish Cedar Is the Best Wood, but

Comes from tuba. "There are something like 14,000,000 cigar boxes used in the United States annually, and about nine-tenths of that number are made in this city, where the trade rivals the clothing industry in point of capital invested, and the number of people employed," said a leading eigar-box manufacturer in New that was all. There was no mystery in York to the writer. "The material out it; no problem to be solved; no discovery of which the best boxes are made comes principally from Cuba, and is be no Blue Beard's chamber in our dwell- known as Spanish cedar. The recent war with Spain shortened the supply and increased the price of the article to such an extent that many box makers have been compelled to use a cheapsent Pellet with it to the Sark office, hav- er and less desirable grade of wood for

"One New York firm has been experimenting with timber from the unexplored Paraguayan forests, which are said to contain the finest cedar wood in the world. They have, however, ex-I looked through the library shelves until perienced considerable difficulty in selling their boxes, as cigar manufacturers and connoisseurs insist that it spoils a fine cigar to put it in any box not made of genuine Spanish cedar. The latter wood always retains the flavor of a good cigar. Indeed, some people claim that it improves the flavor. The reason given is that it grows in the same lo-

"Attempts made to use cedar grown have not been very successful. The Florida and South American cedar contains a peculiar gum that melts when the wood is exposed to the heat of a store or house, and thus the labels and sometimes the cigars in a box are spoilt. Of course, the smokers of cheaper brands of cigars are less particular about the quality of the wood used for their boxes, and a veneered cedar, made from a peculiar sort of cedar that grows in Mexico, is often substituted for the Spanish article. But it cannot be done without the cigar dealers finding it out, and the consequence is that even a good cigar when packed in such a box sells at a disadvantage.-Washington Star.

A DOUBTFUL STORY.

Too Good to Be True, Though a Sober

Man le la lt. "Never had such a shock in my life." down.'

I listened as I heard her ring for one goes. It is quite wholesome, and is doctor after another, always quick and into the bargain a capital disinfectant. pointed in her inquiries, but patient Jam made with saccharin ought to and not a lost note in that flute-like keep forever. Coal tar scents are by voice. I forgot that I was sick, and I no means cheap and nasty substitutes. was sorry wheen she finally found a They are harmless-sometimes more physician whom she told to hurry to harmless than the original preparations

"A little later she called up to know if I needed a nurse. Of course I did. workman has ever been made ill by just because I wanted the pleasure of hanging on to that receiver while she routed up one number after another until the desired article was procured. It was great. When it came to getting drugs she was only one removed from a magician. I ordered dainties that I never eat, just to hear her call for them, for I pretended a degree of weakness that would not permit of my standing some dream. The house commanded a too long at the 'phone. The whole thing was a startling revelation to me. When I'm well the company is going to lose that girl or she'll refuse what a Sark, and whenever I looked through good many mammas regard as a

Then one of the most desirable eligibles in the town went to the telephone and asked the time, though he had three clocks and a chronometer, all on duty.-Detroit Free Press.

A Queer Inscription.

A queer sentence closes the inscription on a tombstone in a churchyard in Leigh, England. After announcing the name and other particulars of the lady there buried, these words follow: "A virtuous woman is 5s to her husband' The explanation is that space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonecutter argued that a crown equals

A Fellow-Feeling.

Perambulating Pete-Boss, I ain't an bout April, my wife insists upon clean-Mr. Boerum Place (interrupting him

Brooklyn Eagle.

A Conservative Claim. "I suppose you think you have the greatest climate in the country," said

the tourist. "No," said the man who was suffering from a cold. "We don't claim the greatest in that line. But we do claim

the largest variety."-Washington Star. Cheap Enough. "Isn't it ridiculous to say 'Talk is cheap?

"Oh, I don't know. I could take you to a place where you'd get dead loads of

Red Herring. A good story is being told about a gardener who was for many years in

the service of Messonier. This gardener was not only wonderfully skilled in the art of cultivating flowers and vegetables, but he also was a true scientist, and as he was endowed with a phenomenal memory he was able to give offhand the botanical name of any plant that was shown to him. Some of his employer's friends frequently tried to baffle him by handing him seeds or cuttings of exotic or other out-of-the-way plants, but they never succeeded.

Now, Meissonier was proud of him, but he vowed that he would, once at least, bewilder him, and one day, while Emile Augier was dining with him, he summoned the gardener, and taking from his pocket a small paper package, in which he had previously placed some eggs of dried herring, he said to him: 'Here are some curious seeds. Can cisco, Cal., writes: you tell me what they are?"

"Of course I can, sir," replied the gardener, and after examining them with neurasthenia (systemic catarrh), for a moment or two he gave them a most impressive Latin name.

"If you sow them now," asked the painter, "how long will it take for them found Peruna benefitted me very to appear above ground?" "A fortnight," was the reply.

"Well," said Meissonier, "I wish you would sow them at once, for I am curious to see what kind of plant it is." A fortnight later Emile Augier, desfring to see the end of this joke, came to breakfast at the painter's villa, and as he and his host were at table the gardener presented himself and said: "If you gentlemen will oblige me by stepping into the garden I will show you the plants that those curious seeds have produced."

The two friends followed him to the conservatory, where he pointed out to them twelve odd-looking objects in a box filled with freshly watered brown earth. They stooped to examine them piece of Anderson gingham, ma'am. more closely, and the next moment they burst into shouts of laughter, for the strange objects were the heads of twelve red herrings.

Coal Tar Scents. Many perfumes owe their origin to

and other similar delicate perfumes are obtained from a substance called cumarin, which up to a few years ago was extracted from sweet woodruff and other scented grasses. It was discovered that cumarin could be obtained by distillation of one of the volatile oils of coal tar. White heliotrope is also made almost entirely of coal tar, together with seven other I questioned for a few minutes whether scents, generally known by the names was in my right mind. I was sick, of the flowers they used to be extracted and good and sick at that, I called up from. The Island of Mauritius lost ceentral, and was informed in one of much of its scent industry through the the most pleasant voices I ever heard rivalry of coal tar scent. Vanilla, one that they were busy on the line of my of the most delicate products of coal, is regular physician. Just as I was go- used by the gallon in making the exng to cut loose on a string of profanity tract of vanilla, for flavoring custards she said: 'You're sick, sir. I can tell and puddings. Coal tar also gives us from your voice. I'll call physicians till that greatest boon of the man whose I get one. Meantime you'd better lie doctor won't let him take sugar-namely, saccharin. Of this substance, one Say, nothing but a dead faint would pound is equal to two hundredweight have removed me from that telephone. of sugar, as far as sweetening power they have superseded. And, in spite of the evil odor of coal tar, not one dealing with it.

Natural Waters.

All natural waters contain a greater or less amount of mineral matter in solution. Rain water has the smallest percentage of solid impurities of any, and therefore it is taken as the standard variety of soft water.

The terms soft and hard, however, as applied to water are scientifically considered purely relative.

Water is usually reckoned to be "soft" when it contains less than one five-thousandth part of its weight of mineral ingredients and "hard" when it contains more than one four-thousandth.

Soft water has the property of easily forming a lather with soap, and is therefore suitable for washing purposes, while hard water will only form a lather, and that imperfectly, with considerable difficulty.

A mineral water has more than one two-thousandth of its weight of natural dissolved acids, and a medicinal water is a variety of mineral water containing a varying percentage of dissolved natural solid or gaseous drugs.

Rate at Which Infants Should Grow An infant should double its weight in six months, and treble it in a year, provided it is a healthy child, and its nutrition is in every way satisfactory. ordinary tramp. But every spring, says a writer in the Journal of Hygiene. If a child does not increase at the rate of one pound a month during the first year of life, and twelve ounces sympathetically)-My poor man! Don't a month during the second year, its member that we wish to show Martin say another word. Here's a dollar!- nutrition is not satisfactory. If a child does not grow nearly three-quarters of an inch every month during the first year of life and half an inch a month during the second year of life, it is not satisfactory. The latter is, of course, not of the same importance as the former. Clearly, premature children would not be so large, though they should increase at about the same ratio.

> The Pull that Draws a Ton On level pavement a pull of thirtythree pounds will draw a ton, on macadam it takes forty-six pounds, and on rough gravel 147 pounds.

Don't mourn for those who are dead; think what they are missing.

## CURED BY PERUNA

Of Nervous Prostration.



J. A. SIMPSON.

Hon. J. A. Simpson, secretary of the board of education of San Fran-

"I have found Peruna an ideal tonic. Some months ago I suffered caused by too close application to office work. My system seemed worn out and I felt far from well. I much. It built up the entire system and made me feel like a new man. I believe it is well worthy the high praise bestowed upon it."-J. A.

Simpson. "Summer Catarrh," a book written by Dr. Hartman, president of The Hartman Sanitarium, on the subject of the nervous disturbances peculiar to summer, sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine, Co., Colum. bus, O.

Miss City (entering small country notion store, wherein was collected a little of everything)—Have you Black's "In Silk Attire?" Clerk-No. But here's one new

Solicitous. Little Ethel-I guess you don't like coffee, do you, Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith—Why, yes, Ethel. I am

very fond of coffee. Little Ethel-Well, you make such coal tar. "Extract of new-mown hay" a noise swallowing it that I thought it hurt you.

## St. Jacobs

beats all records and always will. Cures



Sprains Weakness of

the limbs and all Aches and Pains. Acts like magic **Conquers** Pain

Ineligible.

"So Spudder's going to join your fishing club, eh?" No. He heard that a man had to be a pretty good liar as well as a fisherman to join."

"Spudder can't fish."-Brooklyn

The Climax. Tommy-You must be a regular lady-killer, Mr. Sappy. Mr. Sappy-Why do you think that, Tommy?

Tommy-Well, Mabel said that after you left last night she nearly died laughing.

On to His Curves. Reckless Youth - Father, dear, would it be asking too much for you to advance me a small loan-say

about \$50. The Governor-Not at all, my son. You might ask me for double the amount with equal likelihood of getting it. You can't afford to be modest in these little requests a bit more than can afford to grant them .- Ohio State Journal,

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Qui-nine in a tasteless form. No Cure, Ne Pay. 50c.

The Kissing Bug.

"What was that?" asked the old gentleman, suddenly appearing in the doorway. "I-I guess it was a kissing bug,"

she answered, hesitatingly, while the young man tried his best to look at The old gentleman looked at them

both sharply.
"Does the kissing bug make people blush?" he demanded.-Chicago Post.

very teeth. Blathers-Serves you right; leave your teeth home next time.-Ohio State Journal.

They Were False.

Blithers-He called me a liar to my

The Hunt.

Mr. Muggins-Been hunting yet? Mr. Moover-Yes. Mr. Muggins-Shoot any ducks?

Moover-Wasn't huntin' ducks.

Mr. Muggins-No?

Mr. Moover-No-huntin' a house,-Columbus (O.) State Journal.