

The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance--By Hannah B. McKenzie.

CHAPTER I.

"Going out again, Magnus?"

"I must, little one. You look quite disappointed, as if you had expected me to spend the rest of my life over a luncheon-table."

"Now, you're laughing at me, Magnus. No; but I hope you are not going far. You're not going to--to Crag Castle?"

Daisy Halcrow uttered the last words hesitatingly, as if not quite sure of how they might be taken; but her brother answered readily enough, though a close observer might have noticed that his bronzed face took on a darker tint as he did so.

"Yes, I am going, Day. You know I have to see Lady Westray."

"Is she then so very ill, that you must go to see her every day?" asked Day quickly. Perhaps there was a faint shade of sarcasm in her question; but if there was, Dr. Magnus took no more notice of it than he had of her former hesitation.

He had been standing by the mantle-piece, leaning his elbow upon it. Now he came to the window, in which his sister stood, and gently laid his hand on her shoulders.

"My dear little Day, Lady Westray is just as ill as she imagines herself--in other words, she is a confirmed hypochondriac. But I must not forget that she is one of the few among my patients who are likely to pay me for my services."

The girl caught his hand impulsively.

"That is not the spirit of my noble, independent, great-hearted Sea-king, who does his work for love of itself, and for love alone! Nor is it the spirit of our dear old daddy, Magnus, who gave of what he had freely, and was content so long as he had wherewith to eat and drink and be clothed."

"Our father was only too generous, Day," said Magnus slowly. "You know it is necessary to have a little worldly wisdom and forethought as long as you are in this world. And I have an ambition, as you know, and that is to repair and beautify this ruined house of the Halcrow's. But I must not waste time now. Give me a kiss, little one, and let me go."

"Take care of yourself, and don't be overtaken by the storm, dear," said the girl. She stood on tiptoe and pressed her fresh young lips to her brother's bearded ones; then suddenly threw an arm around his neck, whispering, "Safe home, my Sea-king!"

She stood by the window until she saw her brother emerge below, leading out his bicycle. The fortunes of the Halcrow's were fallen indeed, and long since Magnus Halcrow had had to part with his fine chestnut, the less aristocratic and less expensive steed serving him equally as well. Day smiled and nodded and waved her handkerchief, as her brother took off his cap, smiling also, mounted his iron steed, and shooting down the road, soon vanished out of sight.

A bicycle is not the best mount for showing off a man's stalwart or handsome figure; but Magnus Halcrow's proportions were so magnificent that nothing could hide them. He was, as his sister had called him, a veritable Sea-king--a lineal descendant of those golden-haired, blue-eyed, brawny Northmen whose fame and exploits Saga and Scald have sung.

Six feet in height, he was splendidly made, with square shoulders and unbenched back. His limbs were sinewy and muscular; his face, burnt to a bronze hue, was the noble, open, generous one of an honorable, God-fearing, clean souled young man. His blue eyes and abundant auburn hair made him like a sun-god.

The Halcrow's were true Orcadians, and to them this "land of the midnight sun" was of more importance than all the great world without. For thirty years Dr. Halcrow, the elder, had lived at Abbot's Head, wearing out his life in the hard work of a country doctor, as his father had done before him. Then he had died, and his son Magnus had taken his place, ministering to the rough fisherfolk and farmers within twenty miles.

And Day lived with him--Day, whom her mother, who had died shortly after she was born, had named Daisy; but who, to her father and brother, was always Day--Day, the soft-eyed and dark-haired, small and slim of stature, whom everybody loved; Day, the eighteen-year-old, to whom all life as yet was fair and sweet, because she had known none but those who loved her and whom she trusted.

When Dr. Magnus was out of sight Day still stood by the window, looking out half-absently on the scene before her.

Abbot's Head stood on an eminence overlooking the sea and Day could let her gaze travel over that great expanse of water which stretched away to unknown worlds. Today it was as calm as glass, but had a dark hue, such as often presages a storm. The sky above was blue, but thickly veiled with grey, thundery clouds, edged with a tinge of copper.

CHAPTER II.

It was a day of excessive heat. No bird chirped, no leaf stirred. All nature seemed exhausted, or preparing for some terrific outburst.

"The storm is coming; I can see it," Day said to herself. "I hope he will reach Crag Castle before it bursts. Why does he go so often? Is it to see Lady Westray, as he says, or to see Lilith Stuart?"

Some disagreeable thought swept across the untroubled calm of Day's brow, like the dark clouds on the Summer sky without. She pressed her hand over it, as if to clear away some unpleasant thought, and murmured:

Am I unjust, I wonder? Unjust and uncharitable? Dear daddy used to say it was the way of youth to judge hastily and uncharitably; yet I can't help it--I can't, I can't! I don't trust her, and can't compel myself to like her. Sometimes I feel as if--as if she were wicked--really wicked, like those women one reads about--wily Vivien, the "lovely, baleful star," or Cleopatra, who won men's souls and then ruined them.

"How unkind, how bitter I am!" she cried, beating her little hands together the next moment. "I must do as dear daddy used to say we ought to do when the devil enters into us--drive him out by doing something for God or for our neighbors. I'll go and see poor old Low. I promised to bring him a little treat of my own baking."

For Day Halcrow was her brother's right hand in everything, and there was no poor or aged or dying person among his patients whom she did not visit and bring comfort to, either physical or mental.

She ran lightly downstairs, packed her little treat--a small cake and one or two other dainties--in a basket, and, putting on a sailor hat in the hall, prepared to go out. Bell, the old servant who had been with her mother, heard her, however, and ran to the door.

"Ye'll not be going out just now, Miss Day? The storm is coming up fast."

"I don't think it will overtake me, I'm only going as far as old Low's; so don't you be anxious, you foolish Bell," said the girl. "Where's Oia? Oia! Oia! you're coming, old boy?"

A great tawny colt as large as a St. Bernard came lumbering into the hall from the kitchen regions at her call, and thrust his cold nose into her hand.

"Come on, then, old boy, and take good care of your missis," cried Day gaily. "Good-bye, Bell. I'll be back in half an hour."

A long straight road led down from Abbot's Head to the small hamlet of Finstray, where Day's pensioner lived. The village was by the sea, most of the houses being built in a hollow between the road and the shore. The road ran on past the lonely lakes of Harris and Stennis, and the standing stones to the important little town of Kirkwall.

The air was still as death and as hot as an oven. The silence and oppression were appalling, and even Day, who was a brave little soul if there ever was one, felt awed by it.

"Magnus must be near Crag Castle now, so he is all right," she thought. Her anxieties were always for her beloved brother, not for herself. Old Low was both lame and deaf, and a conversation with him was trying. He sat outside his door on a bench, smoking a pipe, his only solace; but he smiled, laid it down, and put a trembling old hand to his hat as Day approached.

Day presented her little gifts and sat chatting with the old man for a little. Suddenly she was startled by a vivid flash of lightning, and the next instant a loud roar of thunder burst overhead.

"It be a' goin' to storm, miss, and no mistake," said the old man. "Ye'd better come indoors till it be past."

"No; I think I shall run home before it comes on very badly," said Day. "Good-bye, Mr. Low. I shall come again in a day or two."

"Good-bye, miss, and God bless you for the comfortable words ye've a' spoken to me this an' many times," said the old man, holding her own little roseleaf of a hand in his own work-roughened, aged one. "The Lord be with you for a sweet young lady."

Day picked up her basket, hurried up to the main road, and was soon walking swiftly homewards. But swiftly as she went, the storm moved more quickly still.

Flash succeeded flash with startling rapidity; the whole artillery of heaven seemed rumbling across the skies. The sea was no longer calm, but moved and swelled as if in some strange convulsion; and every moment the sky grew blacker. A dreadful oppression filled the air, which was almost suffocatingly hot. As Day hurried on, half running, she felt her throat dry and parched, and the perspiration stood in beads on her face.

No human creature had passed her; there were no houses between Finstray and Abbot's Head. But suddenly, as Day ran on, she heard the sound of a bell ringing behind her, and, turning, she saw a cyclist come flying along the road at terrific speed. For a moment her heart bounded, for she thought it was Magnus. Bicycles were not so common in that far Orcadian land. The next moment she knew it was impossible--Magnus had gone in the other direction. The cyclist was on her in a few seconds. He slowed up as he

approached, and, touching his cap, asked:

"Can you tell me if I am right for Stronness?"

"Straight on," Day replied. He touched his cap again and flew on. Day looked after him, and his figure was lit up by a brilliant flash of lightning as she looked. He was a gentleman, she could tell at once--slight in figure, dark in complexion, handsome and almost patrician in features. All that Day took in in that bright flash; then he was beyond her sight, hid by a turn in the road. She hurried on.

Suddenly a flash of forked lightning burst out, quivered for a moment over the landscape, lighting it up with a blue and purple glare, then went out. Almost at the same moment a terrific crash of thunder shook the whole sky; the rattling and pealing above was like the day of doom. Day was courageous, but that awful peal made her start nervously and fly onwards. She was close to the narrow road which turned up to the Head when some object lying on the ground just at the cross-roads drew her attention. Her heart leaped to her mouth. Could it be the cyclist, struck by that fearful bolt?

She ran up to it, hardly touching the ground in her haste. In a few seconds she saw that she had been right in her conjecture. The bicycle lay on the side of the road, with twisted handle-bars; and a few paces from it, in a strange, huddled-up position, motionless, lay the unfortunate rider!

CHAPTER III.

Day went on her knees and bent over the prostrate form.

"Are you hurt?" she asked in a somewhat shaken little voice. But no answer came. She tried to draw the man's arm from under him. It was limp and powerless, like that of the dead.

"Oh, God, grant that he is not dead!" Day whispered, in an awe-stricken voice. She was young and strong, and the warm blood of youth flowed through her veins. It seeped a shudder to her inmost heart to think that the man whom she had seen a few seconds ago as full of youthful health and energy as she herself might be, lay now cold, supine, without sight or hearing--dead.

The lightning was still playing about her head, and the thunder rattling; but Day hardly heeded it. All thoughts of her own danger were banished from her mind. The effort to turn him around, so that the man's face was hidden, for it was turned upwards upon his arm. Day made a violent effort to turn him so she could see his face. She succeeded partially at last; but then the sight that met her eyes terrified her more than ever.

Ghastly pale, with closed eyes and mouth, and with apparently no breath coming from between the tightly-set lips, it seemed to Day like the face of a dead man. In its white, awful pallor she saw it more distinctly now than she had before. The features were fine and delicately cut, and the whole face refined; only the mouth, in its close-set seemed to give indication of a stern nature--too stern for so young a face.

"Oh, merciful Father, grant that he may not die!" Day prayed again, hardly knowing what she said, for in her deepest heart she believed he was really dead.

"What am I to do?"

Then, swift as an arrow, it flashed into her mind what she should do. She rose from her knees, called to Oia, who was sniffing about the prostrate figure, and flew up the road which led to Abbot's Head. In three minutes, hot, breathless, panting, she was at the door.

Bell was looking out her face, with a scared expression on her face.

(To be Continued.)

GRANITE CARVED BY NATURE.

Peculiar Effects in the Geological Structure of Newfoundland.

From the Philadelphia Record: Extraordinary activity has been displayed recently in opening up deposits of coal, iron and copper of Newfoundland, and it is reported that the export of copper from the island during the past twelve months was one-sixth of the total output from all other parts of the world, while the prospects are that in the next twelve months a still larger tonnage will be recorded. There are some very peculiar local effects observed in the geological structure of the island of Newfoundland. There is a large granite quarry about fifty miles from St. Johns, the capital, where granite has been hewn by some convulsion of nature into rectangular blocks of different sizes, so conveniently assorted that schooner loads of selected stones have been brought to St. Johns and used in some of the public buildings and the warehouses with little or no hand dressing by masons. The new postoffice and custom house, built after the great fire which practically wiped out all the business part of the town, are partly constructed of these granite stones hewn by nature.

Two Views of a Sad Case.

Her Father--"I am afraid, sir, that my daughter can never be happy with a man who can be engaged to her a month without giving her a ring." The Aspirant--"Sir, I am afraid I can never be happy with a girl whose engagement to me will not induce jewelers to trust me."--The Jewelers' Weekly.

In California there were experiments in storing raisins so as to have them as free from seeds as the ordinary current. Success has followed, till now, seeded raisins are becoming an important item among the fruit industries of California.

BRAVE CUBAN GIRL.

HOW LITTLE IZORA WARNED GOMEZ OF AN AMBUSH.

Part Played by a Stubborn Don Who Persisted in Having His Own Way at Whatever Cost--Breakneck Flight Over Rough Roads.



It was a small and humble cabin with a roof made of palm leaves. It stood beneath some great overhanging shade trees, and was surrounded by tropical flowers, while a small brook made music the live-long day as it rushed past a few feet from the window, jumping over rocks and great gnarled roots, singing its merry song. So beautiful a spot made one wish that he were a humble Cuban, living in this Eden. But to make the picture more complete and homelike, a little child about 8 years of age sat in a swing that was suspended from the limb of a large tree, and as she gently swayed her silvery voice rang out in laughter, as a small dog chased back and forth at her feet.

As we hesitate and finally stop to drink our fill of the tropical beauty of this humble home, a man comes to the door, and speaks to the child, saying:

"Izora, will you go and find old Don for papa?"

"Yes, papa," cries the child in a delighted voice, and without waiting for the swing to stop she sprang to the ground and ran up the road, the dog running after her, barking and pulling at her skirt. Old Don was a mule and there was nothing that little Izora enjoyed more than to go and find him for her father, for it gave her an opportunity to have a ride. Sometimes he wandered far from home, but she did not mind that, as she was acquainted with every road and bypath for miles around. She met a man on horseback, and stopping him she asked if he had seen old Don.

"Yes," said the man. "He was drinking at the spring at the foot of the hill as I passed."

Izora knew the place well, and thanking the man, she whistled to her dog and again started on her journey. About a quarter of a mile from the spring, when turning a bend in the road, she saw a man coming toward her dressed in the uniform of a Spanish soldier. Quick as a flash she darted in among the brush by the side of the road, followed by her dog, and as the soldier happened to be looking in another direction he did not see her. She crept through the brush, three or four rods

brush. Her whole heart filled with one great desire to reach Gen. Gomez and warn him of the danger into which he was marching. Finally, after she had gotten a few yards away, she released the dog, who still, intent on play, nipped at her heels and gave a sharp bark. She seized him and again held him so that he could not make a noise, and then listened.

Suddenly she heard the officer, in a low, sharp voice, hiss out the word "spy," and then heard them coming through the brush toward her. Her heart gave a great bound, and seemed to lodge way up in her throat, and she moaned, "Oh, what shall I do?"

She had heard enough of the Spaniards to know that if they suspected their conversation had been overheard, though but a child, they would not hesitate to kill her. She stood silent and still, almost paralyzed with fear, but as the men almost reached her, she was aroused to activity by the loud braying of a mule, a few rods up the road. It was old Don on his way home. When she heard his familiar bray hope sprang up within her heart. If she could only reach her faithful old friend she believed that she could yet save General Gomez. Old Don was a long-

ing on the mule, when turning a sharp bend in the road old Don found himself face to face with General Gomez's army. In his surprise he stopped as suddenly as he had started, and little Izora went on over his head, landing in the dust. The mule stood with his feet braced and his ears tipped forward, a perfect picture of stubbornness; and curiosity shone from his eyes, as if he was trying to decide whether this was friend or foe.

The next instant, as the Spanish officer came riding around the bend in the road, a dozen rifle shots rang out upon the air and both horse and rider fell to the earth to rise no more.

General Gomez's soldiers picked up little Izora, and when she told her story the General took her up in his arms and kissed her again and again, and tears dropped from his eyes.

"Even the babes of Cuba are patriots," he said. THEODORE BLAUNT.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

A Paris paper of recent date presents its readers with a collection of opinions by certain French women of letters on the eternal man and woman question. The French writers have been accused of hardness, and even animosity, toward men. One of them replies that she paints men in her novels as she finds them, and that there are plenty of bad men in the world. Another points out that women, no longer kept in ignorance, observe, learn and mark. The old illusions are gone; the old sentiment no longer exists; the unmarried women not only know what men do, learn and practice; they themselves have descended into the arena; they are the competitors of men; often they are victorious rivals. Thus the old respect for a superior intellect has been destroyed. A third declares that the old-fashioned love, in which two sought to become one, is no longer possible; the old glory and joy of suffering for love's sake, of making sacrifices for love, has entirely vanished. A fourth says that the conflict of the sexes is not real, but only pretended; that the law of nature makes them necessary to each other, and she prophesies that so long as man can preserve the appearance of superiority he will be satisfied, while the reality will belong to woman.

"Adam," says one, very sagaciously, "would not have tasted that apple if Eve had climbed the tree in order to pick it for him. It must always be the man who picks the fruit." This is a very pretty illustration, not only of the point at issue, but also of the profound acquaintance which the writer possesses of scriptural history, because, if you remember, it was Eve, and not Adam, who picked that apple. A fifth writer very severely points out that women can now read; that they used this accomplishment for the purpose of proving the cruelties, the falsehood, the wickedness, the stupidities of men, their lawmakers, and they ask whether man is more intelligent, more virtuous, wiser than women. One more extract.

"The reign," says another reformer, "of emancipated woman is certainly the end of man's love, for the essential element of man's love is that of protection."

Remark that all this talk of emancipated woman goes on without touching in the least degree the lives or the opinions of the great mass, comments Sir Walter Besant. The millions go on marrying and being married. They go on believing that they love each other in the most absurdly old-fashioned and ridiculous manner. The girls may have found out how wicked, stupid, cruel, vile, villainous, foolish, short-sighted, weak, ignorant, selfish, greedy, avaricious, dishonest all men are--does not history clearly prove it?--but every one knows exceptions. They are not in the least angry with men, or desirous of turning everything upside down; they want no revolution.

Russians Praised.

A writer in the Contemporary Review passes this strong eulogy on the character of the Russians: "I found that the Russians by temperament were without exception the gentlest, most easy-going, and humane nation in Europe--and I have seen them all. Their defects are many, but the leading feature in the Russian character, high and low, which stands above faults, of which they have their full share, is an enthusiastic, generous humanity, easily moved to sadness and tears; full of expansive gratitude for kindness; free from meanness, pettiness, and cunning greed. In short, it struck me, the more I contemplated the Russian character, that they were the only people in Europe who possessed several of the better characteristics of ourselves. The Russians are not so fond of fair play, not so truthful, not so energetic, not so manly as we are; but, on the other hand, they are less hypocritical, more truly modest, gentler, more tender, more truly religious, more humane, and less brutal and violent in every way. This being so, I decline to believe that the Russian nation as a body, or the Russian government as its representative--which shares the virtues and voices of that body--would ever lend itself heart and soul to an aggressive general war for mere purposes of spite and plunder; and in this matter far inferior though the Russians are to their new allies in intelligence, wit, vivacity, and many other noble qualities, they are infinitely superior to the French. They are a juster race, with less venom."

Foreigners in British Mercantile Marine.

Among the foreign sailors in the British merchant marine 9,000 are Scandinavians, 5,000 Germans and 2,000 Russians.

IN PURSUIT OF THE FLYING MULE AND CHILD.

from the road, and sat down, taking the dog in her lap, she held his nose with one hand so that he could not bark, and in whispers commanded him to keep quiet. While trying to still the beating of her heart, she heard the footsteps of the soldier, and at the same time the clatter of horse's feet coming from another direction. The rider of the horse and the soldier met close to her hiding place and stopped to talk. She looked out through the brush and saw that the man on the horse was also a Spaniard, and evidently an officer. The officer said to the soldier, who was a scout:

"Are they coming?"

"Yes," answered the scout; "they have broken camp and are marching down this way."

"Good," said the officer. "We have the ambush laid, and if they march between our lines we will literally riddle them. If one gets away he will do well. Did you find out who was in command?"

"Yes," replied the scout. "It is that old fox, Gomez, himself."

"Gomez!" exclaimed the officer. "Can it be possible that we are going to get him at last?"

As Izora heard these words, in her surprise and horror she almost sprang to her feet. She had heard her people talk so much about the war and how he and his little band of patriots were struggling to free Cuba from the tyranny of the Spaniards. Now, as she heard the plan to massacre Gomez and his men, it made the cold chills run over her, and her heart thumped and pounded until it seemed to her that the men in the road must hear it. Holding the dog under her arm, she slowly and carefully crawled through the

nized the voice of his little friend, and stopping, turned around and stood with his big ears tipped forward, apparently trying to collect his shattered thoughts and grasp the situation. As he saw the child running towards him with the dog at her heels, the scout only a few rods behind, cursing and swearing, and threatening to shoot her if she did not stop, he seemed to realize that some danger threatened the child and started on a trot to meet her. When Izora reached the mule the scout was only about three or four rods away, but with the nimbleness of a squirrel she climbed on old Don's back and tried to push his head around with her hand to turn him up the road; but with muleish stubbornness he persisted in standing and looking at the oncoming scout. When not more than a couple of rods away, with a curse, the scout raised his revolver and fired. The ball pierced one of old Don's ears, and with a wild snort the animal tossed his head in the air, whirled on his hind feet and ran like the wind, leaving such a cloud of dust behind that it was impossible for the scout to shoot with accuracy at either mule or rider. While the scout stood in the road, cursing his luck, there was a loud clatter of horse's feet, and the next instant the officer, mounted on his powerful horse, dashed past him in pursuit of the flying mule and the child. Old Don was not only scared by the noise, but he thought he was going to add another to the long list of races he had run. He strained every muscle in his body, and though the steed of the officer gained upon him, it was too slow at first to be perceptible. A couple of miles they clattered on over the rough road, the officer's horse slowly but surely gain-

