

The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance--By Hannah B. McKenzie.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Thank the Lord, my dearie, ye're back in safety! I was half demented in this awful storm, thinking you might be killed," said the good woman, drawing Day in by the hand.

"Yes, Bell," said Day, her voice broken and panting. "There's some one down there who, I am afraid, has been killed by it." And, as briefly as possible, she told what had occurred.

"Now, Bell, what I wish you to do is to run and get Jamie, and come down with me to the road. I think you and Jamie can manage to carry him up between you." Bell was considered one of the strongest women within the island. "Then Jamie must go to Crag Castle for the doctor as fast as ever he can."

Bell did not oppose her young mistress, though it was with a considerable amount of fear that she ventured forth.

Jamie, the farm lad, was still worse, hanging back in evident terror, and starting nervously at every flash. But both were away to a solemn silence when they looked upon the white and apparently dead face turned upward to the stormy sky, and every few seconds illuminated by the awful glare of the lightning.

"He's a dead man," said Jamie presently, in a low, awe-stricken voice. "There's no use carrying him up to the house, missis; it's wasted labor."

"No, no! do as I tell you," said the girl, with an imperiousness she could use at times. "There may still be life in him—we do not know—and God may spare it. Carry him into the house, and then run down to Mr. Banks, Jamie, and ask him to let you saddle his horse and ride to Crag Castle as fast as ever you can for the doctor."

Her orders were obeyed. In less than ten minutes the unconscious man was lying on the couch in the sitting-room, and Jamie was hurrying to Farmer Bank's, sorely against his will, though the storm was already beginning to abate.

Meanwhile Bell, who had not been in a doctor's household for twenty years for nothing, tried, with such simple remedies as she could think of, to restore the young man to consciousness. But all her efforts were of no avail—the deathly pallor, the fixed rigidity of that strong face still remained unbroken.

"I fear—I fear," said Bell, standing up and shaking her head at last, "there's not much hope here, Miss Day. Ay, it's a sad thing, such a noble-looking young fellow as he is, and a gentleman, as any one may see. Well, I've done all I can, so you'd better come away, dearie, and leave him till the doctor comes."

"I shall stay here with him, Bell. You can go and see about your work," said the girl quietly. "He might come out of it, you know; and it would be terrible if there was no one beside him when he recovered consciousness."

"Just as you please, Miss Day," said the faithful Bell. But she shook her head as she went out of the room, muttering: "Ah, the poor bairn! she has not seen death as often as I have."

Day sat perfectly still in her chair a little distance away from the couch, with her eyes fixed on the face lying on the cushion. Something in it fascinated and almost mesmerized her. She could not withdraw her eyes. So young a face it was, so handsome, so refined! And only half an hour ago the owner had been full of youthful strength and energy, and had perhaps been thinking, as he sped along that long country road, of many a plan and scheme for his future life. And now he lay there, cold and still, and they said he was dead. Oh, it could not be! it could not!

A low cry burst almost involuntarily from Day's lips, and, rising from her seat, she went to the couch, falling on her knees beside it, and covering her face with her hands.

"God have mercy!" she prayed, speaking aloud in her passionate earnestness.

Her head sank lower, and for a long time she remained kneeling thus, feeling the warm tears run down her cheeks and drop on the cushion on which the unconscious man's head rested—the tears of pity for the unknown and lonely stranger, whose friends could not weep for him because they did not know what had befallen him.

Suddenly Day fancied she felt a motion beside her, as if the man had sighed or drawn a long breath. With a nervous start she looked up quickly.

The eyes in the midst of that deathly pale face—it was no less pale than before—were wide open, and staring at her with strange fixity.

For a moment a vague, powerless, superstitious fear rushed over Day's soul, seeming to clutch her heart in an icy grasp. The face was still so like that of a dead man, and the eyes seemed to have no sight in them.

Then she summoned her brave, womanly spirit to her aid, and, putting out her hand, gently placed it on his. "Don't speak," she said, very softly. "And Day Halcrow's voice was one of the sweetest in the world when modulated by pity and sympathy. "You had a nasty fall from your bicycle, you

know; but I hope you will soon be all right. My brother, who is a doctor, will soon be home, and I am sure he will be able to cure you."

These dark, brooding eyes still gazed at her, never once removing their glance from her face. The gaze frightened Day, but she made another brave effort.

"You are among friends here, you know; so you don't need to be anxious or disturbed about anything. We shall take care of you until you are quite better."

"Thank you," said the stranger at last, speaking in a deep, toneless voice. He hesitated for a long time, then at last added: "And God bless you—for what you have done. You have been kind. I cannot thank you now—the words will not come; but, if God spares me, presently."

Then he lapsed into silence again; and, as his eyes closed, Day stole softly from the room to summon Bell.

Meantime Magnus Halcrow was at Crag Castle.

The Westrays of Crag Castle had been lords of the soil for generations past, and were also proprietors of a very broad acres on the Scottish mainland; but now a time had come when the heritage of many brave and daring men had fallen into the hands of a girl, and Lillith Stuart queneed it at Crag Castle.

It was the Dowager Lady Westray—a distant relative of Miss Stuart's, who also acted as her chaperon—whom Dr. Magnus Halcrow had come to visit professionally; but his patient was not yet able to see him, and he was now seated in Miss Stuart's dainty boudoir, drinking a cup of afternoon tea, poured out by her own slim, white hands.

"It is so oppressively hot that I feel as if even tea drinking were an effort," she said, smiling—and Lillith Stuart's smile was a wonderful one—as she handed him his cup.

What was the secret of Lillith Stuart's strange power over him? None could say—or, rather, every one assigned it to a different cause. Her female acquaintances denied that Lillith was beautiful—and certainly her features were not perfect; yet there was a strange, subtle fascination, far greater than that of beauty, in the half-closed, slumberous, blue-back eyes, usually so modestly veiled by their long dark lashes, but sometimes flashing a look of bewildering, maddening brightness upon those who had been patiently waiting for it; in the droop of the soft, red mouth, whose whole expression was so oddly changed when she smiled; above all, in the smile itself.

The face was fair and somewhat pale; the hair of a ruddy, auburn hue. There were those who called Lillith Stuart a modern Cleopatra, and those who gave her even more unpleasant names; but as those were mostly discarded lovers, their opinions were not to be trusted.

And Magnus Halcrow, that great, noble, simple-minded son of the Vikings of old, had also fallen a prey to Lillith's strange fascination. He himself knew it, and chafed at the knowledge; for he was proud and independent, and could never stoop to sue for that which was so far above him.

"I think a thunderstorm is not far off, and I am glad; it will clear the air," he said, in answer to Lillith's remarks.

"O, I hope not! I hate thunderstorms; I am so afraid!" cried Lillith.

Even as she spoke there was a vivid flash, and in a few moments the storm broke in all its fury.

CHAPTER IV.

Lillith's face turned pale, and her lips quivered as if in abject terror. Fear is not an ennobling expression on the human countenance; and it was so altogether foreign to Magnus Halcrow's nature that for a moment he experienced a sensation not altogether flattering as he saw it depicted in Lillith's. As flash succeeded flash she caught his arm nervously and clung to it. Magnus was sitting close to the window. She drew him away.

"Oh, it is awful! Do come back from the window; I am so frightened—so horribly frightened! What if it were to strike us? How awful to die so suddenly!"

"There is no danger, Miss Stuart," said Magnus soothingly.

He yielded to her pressure on his arm, and allowed himself to be drawn from the window towards the couch on which Lillith had been sitting.

Lillith still clung to his arm. "Oh, I know you are good and brave, and you think me a coward! Well, I dare say I am—weak and cowardly and womanish. I wish I were brave. I wish you could teach me to be brave, as you are!"

There was a momentary lull in the storm, and Lillith's words, spoken in that low, subtle-sweet voice of hers, were distinctly audible to Magnus. His pulse thrilled, his heart throbbled. Lillith's face was close to his shoulder—so close that, by putting out his hand, he could have drawn her within his arm; he could almost feel her breath upon his cheek.

It was a temptation. Lillith strangely appealed to the sensitive part in Magnus' nature—for every human being

has a twofold nature, one part spiritual, the other sensuous and material; but whether Magnus would have yielded to it or not was never known, for at that moment the door opened gently and another girl came in.

Magnus rose to his feet, a slight flush on his face. It was impossible to say whether the new-comer noticed it or not. She extended her hand calmly.

"Lady Westray is able to see you now, Dr. Halcrow," she said.

Magnus knew Elpeth Troll well. They had played together as children, and Elpeth was not far from his own age, which was twenty-six. She had been the only child of the Manse at Finstray in those days. Now both parents were dead, and for five years Elpeth had been part companion, part secretary to Lady Westray. Now that Lady Westray was no longer lady of the manor, but that lady's chaperon—for the widow of the late Sir James had been left poor—Elpeth occupied a somewhat anomalous position.

She was a tall, slender girl, with a grave, thoughtful face, whose only beauty lay in the eyes—dark brown, soft and earnest. They looked at Magnus often with an expression whose meaning he could not fathom, but which made him vaguely uneasy.

He rose to follow her from the room. As he did so there was a startling glare of light, and overhead a rattling peal, which seemed to shake the whole house. Lillith uttered a cry and clung to Magnus.

"Oh, don't go! don't leave me alone! Lady Westray can wait; there is no hurry!"

"Lady Westray is nervous about the thunderstorm, Miss Stuart," said Elpeth, in her quiet tones, which might have almost seemed emotionless if it were not for a certain flash in her brown eyes, which Magnus caught as she raised them for one moment, and then let them fall again. "That is why she wishes to see Dr. Halcrow at once."

"But you are keeping her company!" Lillith cried. Then she raised her imploring eyes to Magnus' face. What man could resist that look?

"Miss Troll will stay with you, Miss Stuart. There is nothing to be afraid of," said Magnus, gently loosening her hold. "You know my first duty is to my patient."

"Duty? Ah, what an unpleasant word that is!" said Lillith. "But I have no right to detain you; only you will come back before you leave the castle?"

"I shall come back!" Magnus replied gravely. Then he left the room. But he had barely escaped from Lady Westray, who was a nervous, selfish hypochondriac, for whom no one had any affection save Elpeth Troll, when the messenger arrived from Abbot's Head, covered with perspiration and pale with fright.

Magnus was met on his way to Lillith's sitting-room by a footman with the message.

"It's a matter of life and death, sir, the young man bade me tell you," said the pompous functionary.

"Tell him to return to Abbot's Head at once, and I shall overtake him," said Dr. Magnus. He snatched a moment to say farewell to Lillith, who was still sitting in a corner of her room hiding her eyes from every flash of lightning; while Elpeth Troll bent her dark eyes over a heavy seam. For Elpeth, as Magnus knew well, was never idle, but employed all the time she could spare from Lady Westray in working for the poor.

"Going? Ah, it is unkind—it is positively cruel of you!" said Lillith when Magnus announced his intention. "And in such a storm! Must I exercise my woman's right, and forbid it?"

"You will not, Miss Stuart, I am sure," said Magnus, holding her hand fast and feeling his pulse thrill, "when you know duty calls me away."

(To be Continued.)

WHEAT FIELDS OF THE FUTURE

Siberia May Soon Be a Competitor in the World's Markets.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser: No doubt the opening of the wheat bearing regions of Siberia to settlement will compel revised estimates of our own contribution of this cereal to the markets of Europe, if not the amount grown for home use. The London Morning Post publishes an account of the progress of the trans-Siberian railroad, in which it is asserted that by the end of next month the road will be completed as far as Irkutsk, and that the Russian government will transport 200,000 peasants to fertile belts along the road for the purpose of cultivating wheat. At the same time railway communication with the northern seaport of Archangel is being made, with the object of aiding cheap cultivation by cheap transportation to the European markets. The government will aid these peasant colonists with implements, and will require only a tithe of their produce as rent. The result of this experiment is practically certain to cause a change in existing wheat areas. Russia has been our chief competitor in the Liverpool wheat market hitherto, although Argentina and India have also been asserting themselves, but the new accession of wheat growing area will give Russia an advantage difficult to offset. Unless our agricultural interests are prepared to meet the threatened competition serious times are ahead for those farmers of the west and northwest whose chief source of wealth is their wheat fields.

Not to Be Sneezed At.

"They assert that the Holland submarine boat stayed under water two hours recently."

"Holland mixed with water isn't to be sneezed at."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A CHRISTIAN FIGHTER

COMBINATION WORKS WELL IN CASE OF CAPTAIN PHILIP.

A Confession of Faith—After a Battle He Says "I Believe in God"—Drove Away the "Hoodoo" for the Battleship Texas.

(Special Letter.)



THE day when the roar of battle was associated by common understanding with more or less profanity; when particularly a naval fight could hardly be thought of without much expressive dashes, the idea of a Gustavus Adolphus invoking blessing from above in front of his regiments before opening battle, or of the roundheads of the Cromwellian age, so well delineated by Walter Scott, had always something strange in it. The admonition to "trust to God" was generally associated with the mundane advice, "and keep your powder dry," as Col. Blacker advised his "boys." In short, fighting, both by sea and land, has been coupled more with his satanic majesty than with anybody else. The "God of battles" usually came in for His share before the fray to assure His assistance, or afterward to express gratitude.

It is certainly not the least insignificant experience of the present war that officers in high command think of the "God of battles" when the fray is on. No doubt many a commander is a true Christian, but few will have the true manhood to avow their religious sentiment while shells are bursting and bullets are whistling around their ears. One of these few is John W. Phillip, commander of the United States battleship Texas, who demolished Saepoa battery on Santiago bay and who helped to send Admiral Cervera's fleet to the bottom on the eve of the "glorious Fourth."

It is indeed a strange contrast, the conduct of Capt. "Jack" during and after the great battle off Santiago on Sunday, July 3, and the conduct of many a "heart of oak" on similar occasions. Touching as well as a fine sample of the American sailor is Capt. Phillip's remarks to his crew when an American shell exploded the magazine of the Oquendo and the boys began to cheer tremendously: "Don't cheer, boys, when so many a brave fellow has been blown into eternity!" And after the great battle, when the Texas lay alongside the Cristobal Colon after the latter had been beached and surrendered to the American commander, Capt. Phillip said to his officers and men: "I wish to make confession that I have implicit faith in the officers and crew of the Texas, but my faith in you is

what the officers and crew of such a commander are. He is a very quiet man, almost reserved, in fact, but he is a great favorite wherever he is known, with his equals in society as well as with his men in his capacity of commander."

Capt. Phillip's true Christianity has not prevented him from being a good sailor and a brave fighter during the civil war. His career has put to shame Shakespeare's

drunken sailor on a mast, Ready with every nod to tumble down.

The captain was born in New York Aug. 26, 1840, and was appointed to the naval school Sept. 20, 1856. He was made midshipman in 1861, and passed through all the grades to his present rank, his commission dating from March 31, 1889. He was in active service all through the civil war, and after the close of the latter was transferred to the Asiatic squadron as executive officer. Subsequently he served with the European squadron, and since that time his service has been diversified. During leaves of absence he commanded one of the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship company, and also the Woodruff scientific expedition around the world. He was engaged in surveying the west coast of



MRS. PHILIP. Mexico and Central America and was lighthouse inspector of the twelfth district.

In every position Capt. Phillip has given good record for himself. Thus, eyewitnesses of the battle of Santiago bay state that during the fierce fight this typical Yankee commander stood on the bridge of the Texas and directed the operations of his vessel personally from the beginning to the close of the memorable running engagement. He just escaped being blown to pieces once by the explosion of a shell, a mere accidental change in his position being all that saved him.

Contrasts have been referred to repeatedly in this brief sketch of a



CAPTAIN PHILIP.

secondary only to my faith in God. We have seen what He has done for us in allowing us to achieve so great a victory, and I want to ask you all, or at least every man who has no scruples, to uncover his head with me and silently offer a word of thanks to God for His goodness toward us all." What a strange contrast, indeed, between this silent prayer and the customary wild shouts of victory!

Chaplain Harry W. Jones of the battleship Texas furnishes these and other incidents of the pronounced religious sentiment of Capt. Phillip.

On one occasion, prior to this battle, so disastrous to Cervera's fleet, the captain was called on board the flagship for a council of war. It was also a Sunday, and the decision was reached to bombard the forts of Santiago bay that afternoon, when Capt. Phillip said:

"Admiral, this is Sunday. I do not think we should fight today. We may be sorry if we do."

The bombardment was deferred until the next morning. The strong religious faith of Capt. Phillip is corroborated by Edwin S. Wheelock, of this city, president of the Christian Citizen Publishing company, whose brother married a sister of the captain.

"From all I know about him," said Mr. Wheelock, "I know he hates to hurt any human being, yet, if his duty calls him, I know he will fight as bravely as any warlike Christian of ancient times. You can readily imagine

afoul of a coral reef near the Dry Tortugas. This was in March of the present year, but the injuries were so trifling that she was put to sea again in a few weeks. Since then she has behaved herself. The unshaken faith and Christian fortitude of Capt. Phillip was too much for hoodooism.

The Texas was the first American battleship built after English plans, and this fact made her a cynosure for a long time.

JOHN EHLERT.

HOODOOED TO A MADHOUSE.

This Woman Is Sure a Spell Was Thrown Upon Her.

Hannah Gray has been hoodooed into the madhouse. Hannah is a motherly-looking, mild-mannered, good-natured old colored "mammy" from New Madrid, and is stopping at the city hospital en route to an asylum for the insane. The sheriff of New Madrid is on her trail, and has telegraphed ahead to have the woman held for him. Hannah and her "old man," as she calls him, are well-to-do colored people, and when she left home yesterday morning she carried off the family's savings bank, a stocking full of coins. That's the reason the sheriff wants to capture her. She left home because none of the New Madrid doctors could remove the "varmints" which she insists live, move and have their being in her vitals, and having heard of Dr. Sutter's skill, came here to consult him. The doctor hadn't the time to inquire fully into Hannah's troubles when a Star man visited the hospital last night, but he is of the opinion that her only ailment is aggravated superstition. She has lived 53 years in the firm belief that there are such things as hoodoos, and gets violently angry when their existence is questioned. Only when she is engaged in such conflicts of opinion does she show insane symptoms. Notwithstanding this apparent simplicity Dr. Sutter fears the case is incurable, because the mental impression of such long standing becomes positively fixed. Hannah was in a very communicative mood when the reporter visited the cells last night, and among other things she said: "All this trouble I have in me comes from two lazy niggers that I've lived next to for thirty years. My old man got a mortgage on their farm and lent them money. They would spend from \$5 to \$50 at a time until they had spent the whole farm. Then my old man said he was going to close down on the mortgage. In less than a week I was taken sick with a misery in my breast. I could feel a little snake crawling round my heart all the time I knew I was hoodooed, and said right away Sally Jones did it. That was seven years ago. One day I went over to Sally's house and asked her what she done it for, and she said 'Cause your old man's gwine to sell in out.' I goes back home and lay the case before him and explains that it he sells out the farm he kills me. Well he agrees not to sell if Sally agrees not to pester me. I wasn't troubled no more till year before last, when Sally's old man died. Then I took sick again in less than a month, and every month I gets worse. You see Sally is after my old man, and if she gets me out of the way she thinks she'll get him. I've got every kind of worm and bug and varmint there is in my stomach, and nothing won't get them out but to cut me open. I've tried all the voodoo doctors in my country, and all of them say it is no use. I reckon I does get crazy sometimes about that nasty Sally and my old man. But she shan't have him. I'm going to find a doctor somewhere to get these things out of me, if I have to go plumb to Europe."—St. Louis Star.

A New Turn of Affairs. "We are selling these goods," said the clerk, "at a positive loss. Practically, we are giving them away." "Then," said the lady with the haughty demeanor, "I must decline to purchase. I cannot accept gifts from a shopkeeper."—Indianapolis Journal.

FOR THE FRIVOLOUS.

Poet—Poets, sir, are born, not made Publisher—That's right; lay the blame on your poor father and mother.—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Cawker: "But how do you know that it is a secret?" Mrs. Cawker: "How do I know? Why, everybody knows that it's a secret."

Aged Millionaire—And you refuse me? Miss Beauty—I am sorry, sir, but I can not be your wife. "As it because I am too old?" "No. Because you are not older."—New York Weekly.

Happy Innocence—"I wonder if those Bushby's use laudanum on their baby nights?" "No, Bushby sings it, to sleep." "I didn't know Bushby could sing." "Well, the baby isn't old enough to be critical."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

American—You're a fine lot, anyway. You did a great deal of talking before the fighting, but what else have you done? Cuban—Caramba, senior, haven't we given your people a chance to cover themselves with glory?—Cleveland Leader.

"What is delaying the wedding?" inquired a guest at the ceremony which united an American fortune and a European title. "Possibly," replied Miss Cayenne, "they forgot to put a revenue stamp on the dowry and the count refuses to accept the check."—Washington Star.

Hicks: "You've got a beautiful place out here; such a beautiful lawn." Wicks: "Yes, but I don't enjoy it. You see that fellow sitting on that plaza smoking? Well, that's the way he sits every evening, watching me push the lawn mower. It makes me mad clean through. He has the benefit of the lawn and does nothing, while I have to share it every other day, besides paying taxes on it."—Boston Transcript.