

It is announced that Bjornstjerne Bjornson has added his name to those who uphold Zola. Well, that's a great deal.

Still if a cure is to be effected in the a. up nuisance the authorities must inaugurate it! no tramp will do anything.

The 20,000 people in Rochester, N. Y., who are employed in making cameras do not think that amateur photography is an objectionable fad.

For the crime of bleaching her hair a sensitive St. Louis man killed his sweetheart. Doubtless he wished to teach her the proper way to dye.

A poet in the Buffalo News uses half a column to explain in verse how he happened "to kiss her back." As poor a marksman as that ought to cease firing.

It is reported that an Alabama woman, now 87, has a new set of teeth returning. If there is anything unusual about this, the dentist should be interviewed.

A young husband in Georgia has left home and abandoned his family because his first born is a girl. This is carrying personal aversion to the "new woman" idea entirely too far.

It costs some \$9,000,000 a year to keep our warships in shape. Such a sum isn't much if the ships don't so act as to raise doubts whether it's for the floating debt or the sinking fund.

A Southern poetess sings: "I stand in the twilight; I'm kissed by the dew." All of which may be very nice and very poetical; but we advise her to employ a good understudy for the dew.

In a New York police court the other day a stranger, who claimed to be a real count, was fined \$3 for disorderly conduct. But he evidently was an impostor, for he had money enough to pay his fine.

St. Louis claims to have a woman whose eyes are turning to stone. She would probably get along all right in Boston; all the Boston girls use the cold, stony glare, if the novelists are trustworthy.

Several surgeons in Cincinnati are about to operate upon a girl whose "heart isn't on the right side." We feel certain, however, that those doctors, if they will look around a little, can find other girls who wear their hearts on the left side.

A single order for 4,000,000 tons of Mesabi iron ore has been received in this country from Wales, and it will yield several million dollars to the mine owners. Such a big shipment of raw material out of the country is astonishing and significant.

An educational test for immigrants is not always just. The red-mouthed anarchists are, as a rule, fairly well educated, while some of the most despicable immigrants are densely ignorant, but willing to learn American ways and become American citizens.

It is high time to stop the seed swindle perpetrated by the Department of Agriculture. A Western man says he wrote to the Secretary of Agriculture for some tobacco seed and carefully specified that he wanted certain brands of plug, and was put off with the silly excuse that they were giving out nothing but fine cut this year.

A telephone operator in a place near New York City was at Christmas the recipient of checks for five, ten and a hundred dollars, a diamond pin, a dress pattern and eight boxes of candy; although she was known to the donors only by her gentle, respectful voice, her readiness to accommodate, and her operative number. When Doctor Holmes gave one of his heroines the title of "Number Five," and stretched her in rose-color, he, too, proclaimed that character is independent of name or position, and has its sure reward.

There is always more or less insincerity to be noticed in every discussion of the civil service question, and it is apparent that many members of Congress who criticize and denounce the system in public are privately in favor of retaining it. The experienced Congressman prefers to be relieved of the spoils burden, which in times past prevented so many re-elections. A single postoffice fight has been known to deprive the country of the services of a very able and useful representative in Congress. The present civil service regulations may be improved, no doubt, but the merit system is indispensable.

A class in economics in a Western university has just been struggling with the problem, How would you spend ten thousand dollars? There are twenty-five men and eleven women in the class, and they named fourteen different objects of expenditure. Education was declared to be the first purpose of the majority. Real estate was the most favored investment. Twelve students wanted to travel, seven proposed to spend money for books, the same number made an appropriation for "pleasure," and four were willing to devote a share to "charity." So far

as it went, it was an instructive exhibition, and the only thing needed to complete the revelation of their characters and training is that the same students should answer the correlative question, How would you prefer to earn ten thousand dollars?

Successive suicides among young women prominent in social life form a chapter of tragic interest in journalistic chronicles. Parallel with these deplorable occurrences stand accounts of dreadful murders of children by children. It is not enough to simply catalogue these and other horrible deeds as the acts of "degenerates." It is incumbent upon thoughtful men and women to insist upon thorough investigation of all possible tendencies which, developed, culminate in such atrocious attacks upon individual life, and if continued will disrupt human society. By the very nature of the crimes such scientific investigation falls within the province of the medical profession. Today the duty of a physician is not only to restore the sick, but by sanitary measures to prevent sickness. It is an enlarged field of action from the individual to the community. Furthermore, modern science makes "the doctor" not only sponsor for the physical life of the community, but to a large degree guardian of the public morals. It is not enough that an infant is born; it must be well born. If a child bears the marks of degeneracy it must be helped to conquer those indications, not only for its own welfare, but to protect human society. Medical students should have the ethical responsibilities of their profession impressed upon them. The science of healing comprises not only a knowledge of chemistry and physiology, but of anthropology and psychology as well.

The trade returns of the United States for the calendar year just closed are one of the most remarkable exhibits in the commercial history of the country, in that they show that in no year since the organization of the government have the exports of the country been so large. Of our entire product in 1907 nearly \$1,100,000,000 worth found foreign purchasers and was sold abroad. During the year we purchased in the foreign market products amounting to \$742,630,885, so that to be exact the nation's balance sheet was \$382,000,000 in our favor. The year previous our balance was \$311,360,317, which was phenomenal, being up to that time, the largest in our history. This showing is interesting as showing the growth of our foreign trade and commerce, but it is still more so as an exhibit of our condition as a creditor nation. While it is true that we sold abroad \$382,000,000 more merchandise, produce and silver than we bought, we received no more gold than we paid to the foreigners. With such a balance standing to our credit and nothing standing against it, the question of preserving our gold reserve in the treasury would be the most simple of all our economic questions, while the subject of currency reform would not require a moment's attention from statesmen or financiers. Both of those problems would solve themselves. It therefore becomes an interesting study to decide where the apparent balance of trade in our favor has gone and why it does not appear in gold imports to settle that balance. A very considerable portion of this balance has been absorbed to pay the interest on our indebtedness held abroad. This is estimated at \$5,000,000,000, and at 4 per cent. interest would provide for \$200,000,000 of our balance. Another item is the amount expended by Americans abroad. Navigation reports show the number of tourists and others who annually go abroad to be about 100,000, and the expenditures of these travelers is estimated at \$750 each, or a total of \$75,000,000. Another item against the balance is the net freight charges paid foreign ship-owners for transporting our goods, which is estimated at 8 per cent. of their value, which would be about \$40,240,000. Account must also be taken of the money sent by immigrants back to their native lands. This, however, is so indefinite that it is hard to estimate it. The amount sent home by the Irish, Germans, Italians and Scandinavians is enormous. It could hardly be less than \$10,000,000, and it might reach a sum four or five times as large. But leaving out that item entirely and our net balance is at once reduced to about \$70,000,000. It is quite probable that when the profits of foreign syndicates owning mines, breweries, manufacturing of all kinds and lands have been returned the apparent balance of \$70,000,000 would disappear altogether. It is because our balances are provided for before they are credited to us that makes our financial problems so serious and perplexing.

He Was Not the One. A bishop of the Methodist church was preaching a sermon on the vanity of dress, and incidentally alluded to people who wore velvet and gold ornaments. After the sermon a distinguished member of his conference approached him and said: "Now, bishop, I know you were striking at me, for I have a velvet vest and a heavy watch chain." The bishop smiled, passed his hand over the vest, touched the chain, and then said, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "No, really, Brother B., for the vest you wear is only a cotton velvet and I am half persuaded that your watch chain is brass."

The Largest Creamery. St. Albans, Vt., has the largest creamery in the world, where the milk of 12,000 cows is converted into butter every day. The daily output of butter is about 10,000 pounds.

The younger a girl is, the better she gets along with her mother.

Very few nice girls have fool mothers.



CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Sir Christopher, believing him to be under the influence of drink, opens his lips with the evident intention of ordering him from his presence, when Sir Mark interposes.

"He has come to say something. Let him say it," he says, tapping Sir Christopher's arm persuasively.

"All this time he has his hand pressed against his chest in a rigid fashion. His lips have grown livid, his face pale as wax.

"This is mere raving," says Sir Christopher, excitedly; but again Gore restrains him as he would have gone forward to order Sylve to retire.

"To-day," goes on Sylve, always with his heavy eyes on Fabian, "I heard you speak in my defense—mine! Sir, if you could only know how those flaming words of yours burned into my heart, how they have burned since, how they are burning now!"

"You would be half-avenged. I listened to you till my brain could bear no more. You spoke kindly of me, you had pity on my old age—upon mine, who had no pity on your youth, who ruthlessly ruined your life, who—"

"Man, if you have anything to confess—to explain—say it!" breaks in Sir Mark, vehemently, who is half mad with hope and expectancy.

Portia has risen from her low seat, and gazes with large, wild eyes at the old man.

Sir Christopher has grasped Mark Gore's arm with almost painful force, and is trembling so violently that Gore places his other arm gently round him and keeps it there as a support.

CHAPTER XXI.

"It was for him I did it, for his sake," says Gregory Sylve, monotonously. He is losing his head a little now, and his mind is wandering back to earlier days.

"For my boy, my son—to save him. It was a sore temptation; and he never knew, he never knew."

A gleam of something like comfort comes into his eyes as he says this.

"What did you do?" demands Dicky Browne, in an agony of hope and doubt.

"Can't you say it at once and be done with it? Speak out, man—do!"

"Curse me! Kill me if you will!" cries Sylve, with sudden vehemence, stretching out his hands to Fabian, and still deaf to any voice but his. "You have been deceived, falsely accused, most treacherously dealt with. It was I forged the check—not you!"

The miserable man, as he makes this confession, falls upon his knees and covers his face with his hands.

A terrible cry bursts from Dulce; she springs to her feet, and would have rushed to Fabian but that Roger, catching her in his arms, prevents her. And indeed it is so time to approach Fabian. He has wakened at last into life out of his curious calm, and the transition from his extreme quietude of a moment since to the state of ungovernable passion in which he now finds himself is as swift as it is dangerous.

"You!" he says, staring at the stout figure kneeling before him, in a tone so low as to be almost inaudible, yet with such an amount of condensed fury in it as terrifies the listeners. "You!" He makes a step forward as though he would verily fall upon his enemy and rend him in pieces, and so annihilate him from the face of the earth; but before he can touch him, a slight body flings itself between him and Sylve, and two small, white hands are laid upon his breast. These little hands, small and powerless as they are, yet have strength to force him backward.

"Think," says Portia, in a painful whisper, "think Fabian, you would not harm this old man."

"My dear fellow, don't touch him," says Dicky Browne. "Don't! In your present frame of mind a gentle push of yours would be his death."

"Death!" says old Sylve, in such a strange voice that instinctively they all listen to him. "It has no terrors for me. He has raised his head from his hands, and is now gazing again at Fabian, as though fascinated, making a wretched and wretched picture, as his thin, white locks stream behind him. "What have I to live for?" he cries, miserably. "The boy I slaved for, sinned for, for whom I ruined you and my own soul, is dead, cold in his grave. Have pity on me, therefore, and send me where I may rejoin him."

Either the excitement of his confession or the nervous dread of the result of it has proved too much for him, because just as the last word passes his lips he flings his arms wildly into the air and with a muffled cry falls prone, a senseless mass, upon the ground. When they lift him they find clutched in his hand a written statement of all he has confessed so vaguely. They are very gentle in their treatment of him, but when he has recovered consciousness and has been carried by the servants to his room, it must be acknowledged that they all breathe more freely.

Sir Christopher is crying like a child, and so is Dicky Browne. Fabian, now that his one burst of passion is at an end, is again strangely silent. Mark Gore, laying his hand upon his shoulder, says something to him in a low tone unheard by the rest, who are all talking together and so making a solitude for these two.

"It is too late," says Fabian, replying to him, slowly; "too late." There is more of settled conviction than of bitterness in his tone, which only renders it the more melancholy. "He was right. He has ruined my life. Were I to live twice the allotted time given to man I should never forget these last five horrible years. They have killed me; that is, the best of me. I tell you deliverance has come too late."

"Do not say that—anything but that," entreats Portia, in deep agitation. Once more this evening she lays her small, jeweled hand upon his breast and looks into his eyes. "Fabian, there is renewed hope, a fresh life before you; take courage. Remember—Oh, Mark, speak to him!"

She is trembling violently, and her breath is coming with suspicious difficulty. Her lips are quivering, and pain, actual physical pain, dimming the luster of her violet eyes. The old ache is tugging angrily at her heart-strings now. Still Fabian does not relax.

As yet the very saline that has cured his hurt has only made the hurt more undurable by dragging it into public notice. Now that he is free, emancipated from the shadow of this crime that has encompassed him as a cloud for so long, its proportions seem to grow and increase until they reach a monstrous size. To have been wretched in the body, or deprived of all one's earthly goods at a stroke, or bereaved of one's nearest and dearest, would all have been sore trials, no doubt. But, alas! to make him a fixed figure for scorn to point his low, unmoving finger at. What agony, with misfortune, could cope with that? And she, who had not trusted him when she might, will be care that she should trust him now when she must? Slowly he lifts the pale, slender hand, and very gently lets it fall by her side.

The night closes in, the rain has ceased, and only now and then declares itself in fitful bursts, but still the wind rages and the storm beats upon land and sea as though half its fury is not yet expended. The clouds are scudding hurriedly toward the west, and now and then, as they separate, one catches a glimpse of a pale dying moon trying to shine in the dark vault above, her sickly gleam only rendering more terrible the aspect of the land below.

Still the lightning comes and goes, and the thunder kills the sacred calm of night. Dulce and Julia, standing in the window, gaze fearfully toward the angry heavens, and speak to each other in whispers. Portia, who is sitting in an armchair, with her colorless face uplifted and her head thrown back is quite silent, waiting with a kind of morbid longing for each returning flash.

The men are standing in another window, talking in low tones of Fabian's excitement, when Fabian himself comes in, eagerly, excitedly, and so unlike the Fabian of old that Portia gazes at him in silent wonder.

"There is a ship in sore trouble down there," he says, pointing as though he can see the sea down below, "whence now the angry surf is rolling in, mounting high, hoarsely roaring as it comes." Brown from the sea-coast station has just run up to tell us of it. They are about to man the lifeboat; who will come down to the beach with me?"

They have all come forward by this time, and now the men, going eagerly to seize on any coats and hats nearest to them, make themselves ready to go down and render any assistance that may be required of them. The station is but a little way, the coast-guard's few, and of late a sort of intermittent fever has laid many of the fishermen low, so that their help may, for all they yet can know, be sorely needed.

Fabian, who has been delayed in many ways, is almost the last to leave the house. He hurries now to the doorway, he is stopped by a slight figure, that, coming up to him in the gloom of the night that rushes in upon him from the opened hall, seems like some spirit of the storm. It is Portia. Her face is very white, her lips are trembling, but her eyes are full of a strange, feverish fire.

"May I go, too? Do not prevent me," she says, in an excited tone, laying her hand upon his arm. "I must go, I cannot stay here alone, thinking, thinking."

"You!" interrupts he; "and on such a night as this! Certainly not. Go back to the drawing room at once." Involuntarily he puts out his hand across the doorway, as though to bar her egress. Then suddenly recollection forces itself upon him, he drops his extended arm, and coldly averts his eyes from hers.

"I beg your pardon," he says; "why should I dictate to you? You will do as you please, of course; by what right do I advise or forbid you?"

Oppressed by the harshness of his manner and his determined coldness that amounts almost to dislike, Portia makes no reply. When first he spoke his words, though unloving, had still been full of a rough regard for her well-being, but his sudden change to the indifferent tone of an utter stranger had struck cold upon her heart. Cast down and disheartened, she now shrinks a little to one side, and by a faint gesture of the hand motions him to the open door.

As though unconscious, or cruelly careless of the wound he has inflicted, Fabian turns away from her and goes out into the sullen, stormy night, and, reaching the side path that leads directly through the wood to the shore, is soon lost to sight.

Upon the beach dark forms are hurrying to and fro. Now and then can be heard the distant signal; small knots of fishermen are congregated together, and can be seen talking anxiously when the lurid lightning, flashing overhead, breaks in upon the darkness.

There is terrible confusion everywhere. Hurried exclamations and shrill cries of fear and pity rise above the angry moaning of the wind, and now and then a faint lull comes in the storm; then, too, can be heard the bitter sobs and lamentations of two women, who are clinging to their men, as though by their weak arms they would hold them from battling with the waves to-night.

"Where is the ship?" asks Dicky Browne, laying his hand on the arm of one of these ancient mariners to steady himself, whilst the old salt, who is nearly three his age, stands steady as a rock.

"Close by—a schooner from some foreign port, with wine, they say." So shouts the old man back again.

"And the lifeboat?"

"Is manned away. 'Twill be a terrible to-night, sir; no boat could live in such a sea, I'm thinking. Hark to the roar of it."

The dull moon, forcing itself through the hanging clouds, casts at this moment a pallid gleam upon the turbid ocean, making the terrors of the hour only more terrible. Now at last they can see the doomed vessel; the incessant dashing of the waves is slowly tearing it in pieces; momentarily its side is in danger of being driven in.

At this pitiless sight men cry aloud, and women fall upon their knees; some figure with flowing hair can be seen near one of the dismantled masts. It is a woman! and what is that she holds aloft—a child, a little child.

The agony increases. Some run along the beach in frantic impotency, calling upon heaven to show pity now, in tones that even pierce the ghastly howling of the wind. Anon, the quivering lightning comes again, shedding a blue radiance over all. Twice has the lifeboat been repulsed and driven back, in spite of the strenuous efforts of its gallant crew.

Dulce, who has run down to the strand, without a word to any one, and who is now standing a little apart with Roger's arm round her, hearing this unearthly cry, covers her face with her hands and shivers violently in every limb. At this moment Portia, creeping up to where they are standing, with hands uplifted to her forehead, tries to pierce the gloom. The spray from a projecting rock being flung back upon them drenches them thoroughly.

Roger, putting out his hand hurriedly draws Dulce out of its reach, and would have persuaded Portia to come to a more sheltered spot, but she resists his entreaty, and, waving him off her impatiently, still continues her eye-search for something that she evidently supposes to be a shadow from a huge rock so covers her that she is invisible to any comer.

Now some one is advancing toward them through the darkness and clinging mist. Dulce, who is sitting on the ground and weeping bitterly, does not see him; it is Roger, who goes quickly toward him. It is Fabian, pale but quite composed, and with a certain high resolve in his dark eyes. There is, indeed, in this settled resolve something that might be almost termed gladness.

"Ah! it is you," he says, hurriedly, beckoning Roger to come further away from Dulce, which sign Roger obeying, brings both him and Fabian a degree nearer Portia. Yet, standing motionless as she does within the gloom, they neither see her nor feel her presence.

"Here, catch my watch," says Fabian, quickly, in a business-like tone; "and, when I have a laugh, 'keep it if I don't come back.' He flings him the watch as he speaks.

"Where are you going?" asked Roger, breathlessly, "where?"

"With those fellows in the lifeboat. They want another hand, now poor Jenkins has been bowled over, and I shall go; they are losing heart, but my going with them shall change all that. Tell Dulce—"

"You shall not go!" cries Roger, frantically. "It is throwing away your life. There are those whose lives can be better spared; let them go. Let me go, Fabian, think of that old man at home."

"My dear fellow, don't be in such a hurry," says Fabian, lightly. "Those poor fellows below have wives and families depending on them, and no one employs them not to go; I will take my chance with them."

He turns abruptly aside, and springing down from the rock where he has been standing, finds himself again on the beach. He is hurrying once more toward the boat, which, having sustained some slight injuries in its last attempt, is not quite seaworthy, but requires some looking after by the men before they can start afresh, when he is stopped by the pressure of two soft hands upon his arm.

Turning, he looks into Portia's eyes. She is haggard, ghastly in her pallor, but unspeakably beautiful. Her fair hair, having become undone, is waving lightly in the tempestuous wind. Her lips are parted, and she is not going out there, she says, pointing with a shuddering in a tone so full of agony and reckless misery that it chills him. "You shall not! Do you hear? Fabian, Fabian, listen to me!"

It is so dark and wild that no one can see her; no ears but his can hear. She flings herself in a passion of despair upon her knees before him and encircles him with her arms.

"My darling! My best beloved, stay with me!—live!—live! that sea will tear you from me—it will kill!"

Stooping over her, with a very gentle movement, but with determination, he undrags her clinging arms and raises her to her feet.

"You must not kneel there on the wet sand," he says, quietly; "and forgive me if I remind you of it, but you will not care to remember all this to-morrow."

"I shall not remember it to-morrow," replies she, in a strange, dreamy tone, her hands falling nerveless at her sides. She does not seek to touch or persuade him again, only gazes earnestly up at him through the wretched mist that enshrouds them, with a face that is as the face of the dead.

Upon his arm is a shawl one of the women below (he is very dearly beloved in the village) had forced upon him an hour ago. He is bringing it back now to return it to her before starting, but, a thought striking him, he unfolds it, and crosses it over Portia's bosom.

"One of the women, coldly still, but kindly, 'Return it to her when you can.'"

"With a little passionate gesture she flings it from her, letting it be on the ground at her feet."

"It is too late—the coldness of death is upon me," she says, vehemently. Then, in an altered tone, calmed by despair, she whispers, slowly, "Fabian, if you will die—forgive me first?"

"If there is anything to forgive, I have done so long ago. But there is nothing."

"Is there nothing in the thought that I love you, either? Has not this knowledge power to drag you back from the grave?"

"I love you now as I never loved you," returns he, with sudden, eager passion. Her arms are round his neck, her head is thrown back, her lovely eyes, almost terrible now in their intensity, are gazing into his. Instinctively his arms are around her—he bends forward.

A shout from the beach! The boat is launched, and they only await him to go upon their perilous journey. When death is near, small things grow even less.

"They call me," he murmurs, straining her to his heart. Then he puts her a little away from him, still holding her, and looks once more into her large, tearless eyes. "If life on earth is done," he says, solemnly, "then in heaven, my soul, we meet again!"

He lays his lips on hers.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

It is but a little half hour afterward when they bring him back again, and lay him gently and in silence upon the wet sand. Some spar had struck him; he hardly knows what, and had left him as they brought him home.

Many voices are uplifted at this sad return, but all grow hushed and quiet as a girl with bare head presses her way resolutely through the crowd, and, moving aside those who would mercifully have delayed her, sits down upon the sand beside him, and, lifting his head in her arms, dank and dripping with sea foam, lays it tenderly upon her knees. Stooping over it, she presses it lovingly against her breast, and with tender fingers smooths back from the pale forehead the short, wet masses of his dark hair.

"He is very cold," she says then, with a little shiver.

Sir Mark, seeing the tears are running down Dicky's cheeks, and that he is incapable of saying anything further, pushes him gently to one side, and murmurs something in Portia's ear.

She seems quite willing to do anything they may desire.

"Yes, yes. He must come home. It will be better. I will come home with him." And then with a long-drawn sigh, "Poor Uncle Christopher!" This is the last time her thoughts ever wander away from her love. "It will be well to take him away from the cruel sea," she says, lifting her eyes to the rough but kindly faces of the boatmen who surround her.

"But," piteously, "oh! do not hurt him!"

"Never fear, missy," says one old sailor, in a broken voice, and a young fellow, turning aside, whispers to a comrade that he was "her man," in tones of heartfelt pity.

Still keeping his head within her arms, she rises slowly to her knees, and then the men, careful to humor her, so lift the body that she—even when she has gained her feet—has still this dear burden in her keeping.

She gives way only when they seek to lift him to a rude litter they have constructed. Then she sinks beside him, unconscious, and then—a long sleep, a dream, vivid, yet wild, in which, through weeks of delirium, she lived over again her weak, mistaken past, ending in sad, remorseful self-upbraidings for her lack of trustfulness in a man who had proved himself a hero.

And then—joy, for his eyes, bent lovingly upon her, were the first to greet her waking glance.

Oh! heaven was good—he lived. The sea had given her back her darling. Oh! heaven was kind—the same tender light she had seen in his eyes when he left her that fatal night of the wreck, looked down into her own, full of the memory of the broken words of remorse she had uttered while he had watched by her side.

"Portia," he said, simply, "the storm is over. We have come into the haven of last."

"Of love," she sobbed upon his shoulder—"of perfect love."

(The end.)

Tried to Smoke Her Own. A Bellefontaine (Ohio) special says several months ago Mrs. Nettie Losh, of Indianapolis, came to this city to organize classes in painting and drawing.

For several weeks she and her two daughters have been living in a furnished house belonging to Mrs. Maggie Ginn. Mrs. Losh paid her rent until the 6th inst., and was notified by Mrs. Ginn that the house was desired on the 7th, as the property had been rented to other persons. Both employed lawyers. Mrs. Ginn had the furniture removed, and Mrs. Losh held the fort, with furniture supplied by friends, in the meantime tendering a month's rent, which was refused.

Early yesterday morning, Mrs. Losh says, she heard an unusual noise in the cellar. A few minutes later fumes of sulphur filled the house. Investigation showed that the hot-air shaft in the basement had been disconnected and a roll of cotton batting sprinkled with sulphur set on fire on the ground, where the fumes would ascend through the register.—Indianapolis News.

Clocks All Agree. Brussels has a very complete system of time service, which the merchants use generally, and one cannot go anywhere without being faced with the exact time. There are 451 electric clocks in service, all governed by the master clock, which in this case is the town clock. Each minute all the hands of the clocks in the circuit are advanced one minute by the action of a current impulse sent out by the master clock. The cost of the service is \$20 for the initial installation, but after that the yearly cost is only about \$3.

A Great Many Times. The legal expenses of a bankrupt are sometimes far greater than the amount of his debts.