By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

CHAPTER X .- (Continued.) And just as sheep they had huddled together, so as sheep the swept them out before her. They trooped away

through the kitchen and past the little English maid, but their eyes were down and they did not see her. 'Did ye give her that crown piece?"

asked Thurstan, looking into Jacob's eyes. But Jacob said nothing-he only swore a little. "The numskull!" muttered Thurstan, "The tomfool! The booby! The

mooncaif! The jobbernow! I was a fool to join his crackbrained scheme." "I always said it would come to nothing," said Asher, "and we've thrown away five and thirty pound aplece, and fourteen per cent for the

honor of doing it." 'It's his money, though-the grinding young miser-and may ae whistle till he gets it," said Thurstan.

"Oh, yes, you're a pretty pack of wise asses, you are," said Jacob, bitterly. "Money thrown away, is it? You've never been so near to your fortune in your life,"

'How is that?" asked the other five

"How is it that Red Jason has gone to prison? For threatening Michael Sunlocks? Very likely," said Jacob, with a curl of the lip. What then?" said John.

"For threatening herself," said Ja-"She has lied about it." "And what if she has? Where's our

account in that?" said Asher.
"Where? Why, with her husband," said Jacob, and four distinct whistles answered him.

'You go ball Michael Sunlocks knows less than we know," Jacob added, "and maybe we might tell him something that would be worth a triffe."

'What's that?" asked John.

"That she loved Red Jason, and ought to have married him," said Ja-"but threw him up after thye had been sweethearting together, because he was poor, and then came to Iceland and married Michael Sunlocks because he was rich."

"Chut! Numskull again! He'd never believe you," said Thurstan. "Would he not?" said Jacob, "then

maybe he would believe his own eyes. Look here," and he drew a letter out of his pocket. It was the abandoned letter that

Greeba wrote to Jason. "Isn't he a boy!" chuckled Gentleman John.

Two days longer they stayed at Reykjavik, and rambled idly about the town, much observed by the Icelanders and Danes for their monkey jackets of blue Manx cloth, and great sea boots up to their thighs. Early on the afternoon of the second day they sighted, from the new embankment where they stood and watched the masons, a ship coming up the flord from the Smoky Point. It was a brig. with square set sails, and as she neared the port she ran up a flag to the masthead. The flag was the Icelandic flag, the banner of the Vikings. the white falcon on the blue ground. and the Fairbrothers noticed that at next moment it was answered by a like flag on the flag-staff of Government House,

'He's coming, he's yonder," said Jacob, flapping his hands under his armpits to warm them.

In a few minutes they saw that there was a flutter over the smooth surface of the life of the town, and that small groups of people were trooping down to the jetty. Half an hour later the brig ran into harbor. dropped unchor below the lava reef. and sent its small boats ashore. Three men sat in the boat; the two sailors who rowed, and a gentleman who sat on the seat between them. The gentleman was young, flaxen-haired, tall. slight, with a strong yet winsome face and clad in a squirrel-skin coat and close-fitting squirrel-skin cap. When the boat grounded by the jetty he leaped ashore with a light spring. smiled and nodded to the many who touched their hats to him, hailed others with a hearty word, and then swung into the saddle of a horse that stood waiting for him, and rode away at an eager trot in the direction of Government House,

CHAPTER XL

It was Michael Sunlocks.

When the men whom Michael Sunlocks had sent into the interior after Adam Fairbrother and his shipwrecked company returned to him empty-handed, he perceived that they had gone astray by crossing a great flord lying far east of Helka when they should have followed the course of it down to the sea. So, counting the time that had been wasted, he concluded to take ship to a point of the southern coast the latitude of the Westmann Islands, thinking to meet old Adam somewhere by the flord's mouth. The storm delayed him, and he reached the flord too late; but he came upon some good news of Adam there: that, all well, though sore beset by the hard weather, and enfeebled by the misfortunes that had betallen them, the listle band of ship-broken men had, three days before his own coming, ed up the western bank of the lord on foot, going slowly and heavily laden, but under the safe charge of a

guide from Stappen.

Greatly cheered in heart at these good tidings Michael Sunlocks had ordered a quick return, for it was unsafe, and perhaps impossible, to fol-low up through the narrow chasms of the flord in a ship under sail. On getting back to Reykjavik he intended to take ponies across country in the direction of Thingvellir, hoping to come upon old Adam and his people before they had reached the lake or the great chann on the western side of the valley, known as the Chann of

****************************** with him, for he could never bear to be so long parted from her again, all his heart went back to her in sweet visions as his ship sped over the sea. Her beauty, her gentleness, her boldness, her playful spirits, and all her simple loving ways came flowing over him wave after wave,, and then in one great swelling flood. And in the night watches, looking over the dark waters, and hearing nothing but their deep moan, he could scarce believe his fortune, being so far away from the sight of her light figure, and from the hearing of her sweet voice, that she was his-his love, his wife, his darling, A hundred tender names he would call her then, having no ear to hear him but the melancholy waves, no tongue to echo him but the wailing wind, and no eye to look upon him but the eye

> And many a time on that homeward voyage, while the sails bellowed out o the fair breeze that was carrying him to her, he asked himself however he had been able to live so long without hr, and whether he could live without her and whether he could live withhis great happiness into greater grief. Thinking so, he recalled the day of her coming, and the message he got from the ship in the harbor saying she had come before time, and how he had hastened down, and into the boat, and across the bay, and aboard, with a secret trembling lest the years might have so changed her as to take something from her beauty, or her sweetness, or her goodness, or yet the bounding playfulness that was half the true girl's charm. But, oh, the delicious undeceiving of that day, when, coming face to face with her again, he say the rosy tint in her check and the delicate dimple sucked nto it when she smiled, and the light footstep, and the grace of motion, and the swelling throat, and the heaving bosom and the quivering lids over the most glorious eyes that ever shone upon this earth! So, at least, it had seemed to him then, and still it seemed so as his ship sailed home.

> At Smoky Point they lay off an hour or two to take in letters for the capital, and there intelligence had come aboard of the arrest, trial, and condemnation of Jason for his design and attempt upon the life of the President. Michael Sunlocks had been greatly startled and deeply moved by the news, and called on the master to weigh the anchor without more delay than was necessary, because be had now a double reason for wishing to be

> back in Reykjavík. And being at length landed there he galloped up to the Government House, bounded indoors with the thought of his soul speaking out of his eyes, and found Greeba there and every one of his sweetest visions realized. All his hundred tender, foolish, delicious names he called her over again, but with better ears to hear them, while he enfolded her in his arms, with both her own about his neck, and her beautiful head nestling close over his heart, and her fluttering breast against his

> "Dearest," he whispered, "my darling, love of my life, however could I "Michael," she w

you say any more I shall be crying. But the words were half smothered by sobs, for she was crying already. ing this, he sheered off on another tack, telling her of his mission in search of her father, and that if he had not brought the good man back, at least he had brought good news of him, and saying that they were both to start to morrow for Thingvellir with the certainty of meeting him and bringing him home with great rejoicings.

'And now, my love, I have a world of things to attend to before I can go, said Michael Sunlocks, "and you have to prepare for two days in the saddle over the snow."

Greeba had been smiling through the big drops that floated in her eyes, but she grew solemn again, and said-"Ah, Michael, you cannot think what

trouble we have all had while you "I know it-I know all," said Michael Sunlocks, "so say no more about it, but away to your room, my dar-

With that he rang a hand-bell that stood on the table, and Oscar, his ser-vant, answered the call.

'Go across to the jall," he said, and tell Jon that his prisoner is not to be removed until he has had orders from me.

"What prisoner, your Excellency?" "The prisoner known as Jason," said

Michael Sunlocks. "He's gone, your Excellency," cried "Gone?"

"I mean to the Sulphur Mines, your Excellency."

When was he sent?" "Yesterday morning at daybreak.

your Excellency. Michael Sunlocks sat at a table and wrote a few lines and handed them to hir man, saying, "Then take this to the Langmann, and say I shall wait here until he comes.'

While this was going forward Greeba had been standing by the door with a troubled look, and when Oscar was gone from the room she returned to her husband's side, and said, with great gravity, "Michael, what are you

going to do with that man?" But Michael Sunlocks only waved his hand, and said, "Nay, now, dar-ling, you shall not trouble about this matter any more. It is my affair, and it is for me to see to it. "But he has threatened your life,"

cried Greeba. "Now, love, what did I say," said Michael Sunlocks, with uplifted finger and a pretence at reproof. "You've fretted over this foolish thing too long: so think no more about it, and

"And darling," he cried in another voice, as she was slowly going, "that may seem to have you with me all the same, just sing something, and i shall hear you while I work. Will you? There!" he cried, and laughed before she had time to answer. "See what a goose you have made of me!" She came back, and for reply she kissed his forehead, and he put his ips to her lovely hand. Then, with a great lump in her throat, and the big drops rolling from her eyes to her cheeks, she left him to the work she sorely feared.

And being alone, and the candles lighted and the blinds drawn down, for night had now fallen in, he sat at the table to read the mass of letters that had gathered in his absence. There was no communication of any kind from the Government at Copenhagen, and satisfying himself on this point, and thinking for the fiftieth time that surely Denmark intended, as she ought, to leave the people world-old Iceland to govern themselves, he turned with a sigh of relief to the strange, bewildering, humorous, pathetic hodge-podge of petitions, complaints, requests, demands and threats that came from every quarter of the island itself. And while he laughed and looked grave, and muttered, and made louder exclamations over these, as one by one they passed under his eye, suddenly the notes of a harpsi-chord, followed shortly by the sweeter notes of a sweet voice, came to him from another room, and with the tip of his pen to his lips, he dropped back in his chair to listen. "My own song," he thought, and

his eyelids quivered.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine.
Oh, leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might 1 of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine."

It was Greeba singing to him as he had bidden her. "God bless her," he thought again

in the silence that followed. Ah, little did he think as he listened to her song that the eyes of the singer were wet, and that her heart was eating itself out with fears.

(To be continued.)

Raising Locomotive from Canal.

A locomotive recently ran off a bridge over the St. Quentine canal, near Paris, and fell into the water. It was found impossible to raise the locomotive, as the space was so confined, so divers passed chains around it, and these were attached to beams. The load was then raised by means of screw supports, blocking being introduced as the work proceeded to guard against a possible breakdown. The locomotive was lifted fourteen feet, so that a sand-laden barge could be run underneath. The engine was then lowered and taken away. Five days were consumed in doing the work.

Great Catalogue of Books.

The index of books at the British Museum is at last complete, after twenty years of hard work. When the printing of the great catalogue began in 1881, the manuscript catalogue then used contained three million references to about half as many bookscross titles accounting for the difference between the figures. In all there are over 600 volumes of the catalogue, containing the titles of two million books. The subject index is to be commenced at once, but will not be ready for fifteen years at least.

Billy Holly of Poosey, Livingston county, Kan., who had agreed to haul six cords of wood to his aged grandmother and had failed to keep his promise found a bunch of switches at his door the other morning with a note from the "White Caps" stating that he "had better haul that wood before the roads got bad." He was very indignant, but has delivered one load of wood to his grandmother since receiving the note and it is the opinion of the Pooseyites that the other loads will be hauled if the roads keep good for a few days.

Episode of Algerian Insurrection. M. Hughes Le Roux, who will be the 1902 lecturer of the Cercle Francals of Harvard university, is the originator of a play which has just been out on the stage at the Ambigu theater in Paris. It was adapted by Pierre Decourselle from Le Roux's "Le Maitre de l'Heure," the title being changed to "L'Tutre France," as better adapted to the stage. It is an episode of the Algerian insurrection of 1870. M. Le Roux recently started for the court of Menelik, king of Abyssinia, where he was sent by the French government on an official mission.

Boys Trained for Foreign Trade. in Berlin, Leipsic, Cologne and a few other large business centers there are special schools for boys intending to enter commercial life, where they are taught, in addition to all ordinary school subjects, those which they will in after life require, such as business corresepondence in English, French and German, reckoning with money of different nations, bookkeeping, type writing, shorthand and so-called office work, consisting of writing out checks, bills of exchange, invoices, etc.

In One Word.

It is by no means necessary for a man always to enter into an elaborate explanation of his feelings in order to make them clear. "What's the name of the fellow who wrote the tune of that coon song we've just been favored with?" asked one man of another at a meeting of the Amateur Composers' Club. "Jones," returned the other man. "James Jones, I believe. Frank Walley -rote the words." "Ah, I was about to ask the name of Jones' accomplice," was the rejoinder.

Thus far thirty-one cases of bu-bonic plague have been reported at Capetown, including six Europeans.



HE DREW THE LINE

"Recently I visited a small town in the southern part of Kentucky," says a correspondent of the Denver News, "and called on the only merchant of the place. I found him opening a case of axle grease. He took off the lid of one of the small boxes of yellow grease and left it uncovered.

"Soon an old colored man came in, and noticing the axle grease, said: 'Good morning, Massa Johnson! What am dem little cheeses worf?' "'About 15 cents, I reckon, Sam,"

said the merchant. "'S'pose if I buys one you will frow in de crackers.'

Yes, sam. "Sam put his hand into his pocket and fished out 15 cents and Mr. Johnson took his scoop and dipped up some crackers.

"Sam picked up the uncovered box and the crackers and went to the back part of the store. Then he took out his

knife and fell to eating. 'Another customer came in, and Mr. Johnson lost sight of his colored friend for a moment. Presently Mr. Johnson went to the back part of the store

"'Well, Sam, how goes It?" "'Say, Massa Johnson, dem crackers is all right, but dat am de ransomest cheese I ebber eat!""

and said:

IN LOVE, BUT WAS THRIFTY.

From the London Telegraph: The late Professor Shuttleworth of London was particularly fond of telling how, when he once acted as locum tenens in Devonshire, he had to proclaim the banns of marriage of a young yokel and a village maid. A fortnight later the young swain called at the professor's lodgings.

"You put up the banns for me?" he said. "Yes, I remember," replied Mr. Shut-

tleworth. "Well," Inquired the yokel, "has it

got to go on?" "What do you mean?" asked the

professor. "Are you tired of the girl?" "No," was the unexpected answer, but I like her sister better."

"Oh, if the original girl doesn't mind, you can marry her sister." "But should I have to be 'called' gain?"

"Certainly, that's necessary," anwered Mr. Shuttleworth. "But should I have to pay again?"

"Yes, it would cost you three and

"Oh, would it?" rejoined the yokel after reflection. "Then I'll let it remain as it is," and he did.

HE REVERSED.

"Why, what's the matter, daughter? Been married but a brief month and weeping so bitterly! Tell me what is the trouble. Surely you and Jack haven't quarreled already, have you?" 'No. mamma."

"And he hasn't gone away and left von I'm sure "

"Oh, no, mamma! Jack wouldn't be quite as mean as that."

"Then what in the world can have happened to make you so miserable? Is Jack in trouble-I mean, has he met with any reverses?"

"Yes, mamma, that's it! His reverses. When he was courting me he never left the house till 12 o'clock or after and now he's reversed that rule and never comes home till about that time."-Richmond Dispatch.

IT BLEW UP.

Meeting his chief in the companionway, the ordinary pirate, although laboring under the intensest excitement. saluted:

"I have the honor to inform you. sir," said he, "that the magazine has gone up!"

"The powder magazine, you doubt-

less mean?" said the captain. "No. The magazine in which the story of our adventures is running!" The captain paled. For a moment he thought of shouting hoarsely to his men to clear away the boats, but this would obviously avail nothing. They must all perish - Detroit Journal.

A THRIFTY DOCTOR.



Friend-But, doctor, why do you cary two umbrellas? Doctor-One is brand-new and wanted to spare it as long as possible.

IT RETURNED. Mr. Le Jecks-Well, Miss Coldcash, I

suppose you received a good many birthday cards? Miss Coldcash (sweetly)-Oh, yes; and there was one particularly dainty and artistic. I am sure it came from

Mr. Le Jecks (delighted)-What makes you think so? Miss Coldcash-Because I sent it to you on your last birthday,-Tit-Bits.

PICKLE CLIMATE. "I got my cutter down yesterday."
"Did you ride?" Nop-dusted it, and
put it back."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. WHY WILLIE WANDERED.

Lady-Why are you wandering around the country, I should like to know, instead of staying at home and taking care of your family? Tramp-You see, mum, my wife had

a very good servant girl, a regular jewel, mum. "That doesn't seem possible."

"There never was but one perfect girl, and my wife had her, mum.

"Mercy! What a lucky woman!" "Yes, mum, so my wife often said. But you see, mum, the girl didn't like

"She didn't?" "No, mum. She said my wife would have to discharge her or me, and she

discharged me." "Oh. I see. Here's some money."-New York Weekly,

LOVE IN A KITCHEN.

She-Here we have been married nearly three months and I have not shown you what I can cook. He-For heaven's sake, are you tired

of me already? FIRM AS ADAMANT.

It was before the fall. "Adam," said our first mother in a serious tone, "we certainly are living

beyond our means." "That's exactly my own opinion, little woman," said the father of his kind. "And what do you propose to do about it?"

"We must economize," said the uni-

versal mother. "Yes," said Adam, "we must, and I

am ready to second anything you suggest. But wait. There is one item of expenditure that positively must be excepted from the pruning shears."

"And what is that?" "I will not," said Adam, with a strong emphasis, "I will not have our laundry bills cut down!"-Cleveland

LITTLE JOKELETS.

A Foline Slap.

Tess-It's quite likely that my uncle will leave me quite a fortune. He's dying, you know. Jess-Oh, isn't that distressing?

Tess-Er-yes, I do feel sorry for the poor old-Jess-Nonsense! I was sympathiz-

ing with you, dear. To think that all this wealth should come to you when it's almost too late to do you any good. -Philadelphia Press.

It Was Too Long. "I think I'll have to read that new novel; they say it's fine. Have you read it?"

"No; I am afraid it's too long. My wife bought a copy yesterday and she only got half way through it while waiting for her change."-Philadelphia Press.

Held Her Tiebt.

Gunner-Finery and fortune and beauty! She is your opportunity. I notice that you hold her very tight when skating.

Geyer-Yes, experience has taught me never to let an opportunity slip .-Philadelphia Record.

After the Consultation Patient-Now, doctor, what's the matter with me-anything?

Head consulting physician-My dear sir, do you suppose that if we know what was the matter with you we would have decided to hold a postmortem?-Harper's Bazar.

She Worried. Nipp-My wife worried all last week

for fear I should die. Tuck-Were you sick? Nipp-No, but my life insurance pollcy ran out and it was several days be-

Evening Bulletin. Theatrical Light. Mercutio-Hammond considers himself a great theatrical light.

fore I got it renewed .- Philadelphia

Damon-That's right. About as light as I ever saw on the stage. - Boston Transcript.

At Largo. Mrs. Wiggles-Does your husband have a "den?"

Mrs. Waggles-No he roars all over the house .- Somerville Journal.

A CASE OF LAW.

ision Gives Roward to Be ing Dog's Owner.

is a complicated thing, and son

of its decisions seem not to be founded in equity. Probably most readers will pass that criticism upon the case recorded below. Basutoland, being broken and mountainous, was until recently the resort of lions, leopards and other wild animals. Now however, the billsides which were once the resort of these savage creatures are the pasture-grounds of tens of thousands of cattle. Nearly all dangerous animals have been driven away from Basutoland, but not long ago a leopard appeared on the outskirts of a village. The animal soon became badly frightened as the villagers, and sought safety in flight. The next morning the inhabitants turned out for a hunt. One of the hunters was climbing a steep rock when he suddenly found himself face to face with the leopard, whose retreat was cut off by the rock itself. Neither the animal nor the man could escape the encounter. The dilemma was an awkward one, for the climber was unarmed. Recognizing his danger, he put forth his hands and in desperation caught hold of the leopard on each side of its jaws, holding it at arm's length and calling for help. The leopard clawed and tore his captor, but the man held on till help arrived and the beast was speared. Now came a question of law. By Basuto law the skin belonged to the chief who must reward one of three claimants-either the man who speared the leopard, or the man who held it so that it was possible to spear it, or the man who, being warned by the barking of his dog, first discovered the animal in the village. The Basuto Solomon decided the case as follows: The man who speared it could not have done so but for the man who held it, and the man who held it could not have known of its existence if the dog had not first warned the village: therefore the credit for the killing belonged to the dog, whose owner was entitled to the reward.

WHERE AMERICA LEADS. Our Colleges Are More Available for

Wemen than England's. A writer in the London Daily Mail states that popular sentiment in America has done its greatest work in giving the poor girl a desire to go to college and in giving her a college where she can go. The girl who wants to go on £50 a year can do it. Unless she lives in a secluded village or a very small town she can go on half that sum. There are few towns of any size without a college of some kind, privately endowed and publicly maintained. Next to this almost universality of opportunity, the American college girl values most the social trust given her in it all and the knowledge of men which she receives. The typical Am-erican girl studied side by side with her brother in the lower grades; she went to college naturally with him. It never occurred to her that she could not. It never occurred to him that she should not. Every American girl is trusted socially and the typical American college girl-the co-educational girl-receives this trust to the greatest degree. She thinks the English college girl as capable, even m of having this same social trust. "Does not England need now the American type of the college woman?" asks the American. "And, in making higher education so popular that most girls. whether rich or poor, would want it, and so cheap that most girls could get it; in raising the intellectual standard of English womanhood in general, as would be done by the former; in giving discipline of mind to hundreds who need it in the fight for bread, as would be done by the latter-in these is there not a mission as great and as vital as woman's education need have?"

Army Surgeon, Was a Woman. "Murray Hall's" case has brought to mind the case of "Dr. James Barry," once inspector general of hospitals in the British army and a "C. B." This individual presented the appearance of a slightly built, dark-complexioned man, beardless and with abrupt manners. The doctor had a marked impatience with anything like contradiction, and his temper led to several duels, in which he came off best. The courage of the person was beyond question, but the voice was thin and feminine in tone. When "James Barry" died "he" left explicit directions that he should be buried "all standing" as he was when death came. These directions were disregarded, and it was learned that the medical schools had duly qualified and the British government had decorated and pensioned a distinguished medical officer who was a woman.- New York Press.

Blistering Dead Bodies.

The fear of being buried alive has always been strong in Germany, and many precautions are usually taken to ascertain that death has occurred before resorting to burial. Germans are, consequently, much interested in the experiments being made by Parisian doctors to determine the absence of life. It is said the raising of a blister. on the cuticle of a corpse by means of a candle speedily shows the presence or absence of the vital spark. In living bodies the blister is full of serum; in dead bodies it contains only steam. Emil Hensel in Chicago Record,

Anti-Vice Crusade in Japan. Through missionary influences is Japan new police regulations now make it possible for inmates of he of legalised vice, hitherto hopslaves, to leave at their option. Chris-tian reformers have freed at least of