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A Romance---By Hannah B. McKenzie.

them?

Can you love me, in spite of doubt

and suspicion? Day, won't you look

Oh, what earthly happiness could be

compared to this? Day's whole past

life seemed blank and empty in the

light of this glorious sunshine that had

She could not speak; but she looked

up, and Evan read the truth in those

sweet, shy, melting eyes. He opened

his arms and drew her within them.

And Day made no resistance, but bur-

ied her face on his breast, until he

bade her again lift it.up, and then laid

on her young lins the first kiss of love

CHAPTER VII.

from Crag Castle looking strangely

pale and dejected. Day was wise

enough, like a tactful maiden as she

was, not to ask him anything; but

when she had given him his tea, and

Magnus was leaning back in his chair,

the castle when I was there, Day."

Day started, and warm blood rushed

into her cheeks, then receded, leav-

"With-Miss Stuart?" she asked, af-

"With Miss Stuart," Magnus replied,

in a tone of assumed cheerfulness. He

was silent for a little; then, rising.

walked to his sister's side and laid ais

"My dear little sister, there is just

one word I wish to say to you, and

then we shall allude to this subject

no more. It is about this young fel-

low, Evan Monteith. We must remem-

ber that we know absolutely nothing

about him. I do not wish to enter-

tain any prejudice against him; but

this we can say in all fairness-he has

preserved a perfect reticence with re-

"It is better, I think, for us both to

treat him as this reticence almost

compels us to do-as a mere chance

acquaintance, a stranger, with whom

there can be no question of friendship,

simply because the necessary basis of

friendship does not exist. Now, little

one, that is all. Put him out of your

mand, if you ever allowed him to have

any place there; and be my own sweet,

light-hearted little sister once more.

Don't let us speak again of the sub

ject. Now give me a kiss, Day, and

let me see you smile and look as bright

Day held up her mouth to his, but

a rush of mingled tenderness and pity

swept over Magnus as he felt the piti-

ful trembling of her lips. She made a

brave effort to smile, and succeeded

"That is like my joyous Day," said

"Now another cup of tea, little one,

I am going over to Kirkwall tomor-

row. Day-or, rather, to Scapa. Capt.

Ferguson's boy is ill, and he wishes me

I shall have to take a conveyance.

could call for the manse folk at Kirk-

Day's heart was sick within her, but

she made another brave attempt to

look delighted, though the projected

trip held out no attractions for her

now. A fortnight ago she would have

"It would be nice, Magnus," she said

wondering if Magnus guessed how

hard it was to make her voice sound

cheerful. "Yes, of course, I shall go.

It isn't likely I would miss such a

Go they chatted gaily over the pro-

jected expedition, though the heart of

each was heavy; but love made each

News flies fast over the length and

breath of the Orkneys, and Day found

that Mosteith's accident had been re-

tailed in Kirkwall with sundry addi-

"And we heard such a queer story

yesterday, my dear," said Mrs. Nichol-

son, the parish minister's wife, who

was a known lover of gossip. "It was

that this young fellow-what is his

name again?-is up at Crag Castle at

all hours. Robertson, the coachman

from the Gow hotel-where he is stay-

ing, you know-told the minister yes-

terday that Miss Stuart herself cycled

half-way to Stromness to meet him,

and they went on together to the castle.

I always said she was a strange crea-

ture, my dear, lady of the manor as

Day got away at last, heart-sick and

miserable. Could it be true? Could

Evan Monteith, after all, have been

merely amusing himself with her,

while all the time his heart was per-

haps pledged to Lilith Stuart? Oh, it

was not possible! There could not

be such heartless cruelty hidden be-

hind those earnest, dark eyes, which

had looked with such deep sincerity

into hers! There must be some ex-

planation! She would trust him still.

But the slow poison of doubt was in

her veins, and no reason could check

she is—a very strange creature!"

try to hide that from the other.

leaped at it with childish delight.

wall on the way back."

Magnus, smiling. His own gloom had

disappeared in his effort to render her

as you used to do."

not badly.

cheerful.

to see him.

chance."

tions to it.

gard to himself towards us.

"Your friend, Mr. Monteith, was at

One day Magnus had come home

He loved her! He loved her!

now come into it.

they had ever known.

he suddenly said:

ter a long pause.

ing them deadly pale.

hand on her shoulders.

She rang the bell, and tea soon appeared. While she was attending to it up? Won't you let me see those sweet, the others talked; but Magnus, com- truthful eyes, and read my answer in ing to her side, helped her at the teatable. The voices of the other two grew lower. For a moment they hardly rose above a whisper. When tea was handed round the conversation became more general, and turned on Evan's accident. Presently Miss Stuart asked: "And how much longer are you to

remain at Abbot's Head?"

"I have already trespassed too long on the hospitality of Dr. Halcrow," said Evan. "I was thinking of leaving tomorrow." He glanced at Magnus, who sat strictly silent.

"And you are going to Stromness then?" asked Lilith.

When Lilith rose presently, both young men stood up. She glanced up at Magnus. Would it be too much to ask you to

bring my machine round, Dr. Halcrow? And you are going a little bit of my way, are you not?" "I am going to Borenow," Magnus

replied briefly. He turned and left the Lilith bade Day good-bye with her

usual languid grace; then she turned to Evan.

"You will see me to my machine?" she said, in a low voice. "That is all

I will ask of you."
Evan bowed and fellowed her. On the doorstep they stood for a few myments, conversing in a low tone. They were there when Magnus brought round Lilith's machine. The face of the Doctor looked darker than Evan had yet seen it as he glanced at them.

"I am at your service, Miss Stuart," he said, coldly, removing his cap.

"Thank you," said Lilith. She did aot offer her hand to Evan, but, saying in a low voice, "Remember!" she went forward to take her machine from Magnus' hand, then, putting her foot on the pedal, she was off.

Magnus was leaning on his handles. his brow drawn in a dark frown. He did not follow Lilith immediately. though she glanced round to see if he was following, but paused for a moment by the step on which Evan was standing.

Then he spoke, without lifting his eyes from his handle bars:

"You have been under my roof for a week, Mr. Monteith. Were there the same occasion again, I should ask you to remain under it as I did before. Were you my greatest enemy I should do the same.

"But I thought you would act honestly and honorably by us, with whom you have been on such terms of friendship. Instead, I find you have deceived us. Over and over again you have allowed us to believe you knew no one in all the island. Was that fair? Was it honorable? I put the question to you yourself, but I ask you no an-

Without another word, and not al lowing Evan time even to open his lips, he sprang on his machine and was gone. Evan Monteith returned slowly to the drawing-room. His face was pale and troubled; there was ar odd contraction about his lips.

Day had risen from her seat by the fittle tea table and was at the piano. where she was playing a plaintive air with one hand. Evan knew the air It was the sad but beautiful one of "The Flowers of the Forest."

She did not hear him come in, and he went up to her and laid his hand fightly on her shoulder. She started and looked up, a half-frightened look leaping into her eyes.

"It is only I," said Evan gently. "Well, Miss Day, I have got my marching orders, and I feel as if I were the meanest hound on earth! I have partaken of your hospitality, and to you botn I owe my life; and I have repaid you by a reticence which amounts to deceit. The worst of it is, I cannot say anything to extenuate or explain my conduct. My mouth is shut, I can only trust to your clemency and sweet charity."

Day was silent, but he could see her lips quivering; and her downcast eyes grew heavy, as if with unshed tears. He spoke again, presently, in a lower

"I must leave you tomorrow. Before I go will you not speak one word of kindness to me, and say that, in spite of appearances, you trust me, and will trust me always?"

Day could not reply.

"Speak, Day!" he pleaded-"only one word. Tell me that you still think of me as a friend-that you will not turn against me."

Then at last Day found her voice, albeit a somewhat low and trembling

"Mr. Monteith, why should I turn against you? You have a right to keep your own secrets if you will. We do not wish to pry into them. If my friendship can be of any use to you. if it is of any value, I am ready to be your friend now and always."

"Of any value?" he cried. how little you know!"

He went down on his knees beside her, and took her hand in his.

"Day, I love you with my whole soul! I have only known you a week, and yet I love you. My pure-souled little darling, can you ever care for me? its evil effects if all the fair earth and sky had grown dark and clouded for her. She turned a sharp corner, which ted

from Stromness, it seemed to Day as

over a steep "brae" to the road for Crag Castle. As she did so she started, a sharp physical pain shot through her heart. For there, standing very close together on the road, evidently in deep and earnest conversation, were the two people she was thinking about-Lilith Stuart and Evan Monteith! They did not see her-their backs were towards her; but even as she looked Day saw Miss Stuart suddenly lay her hand on Montelth's arm, and lift her face to his with an expression which Day could not see, but which she could guess.

She hurried on, feeling as if she could not get beyond reach, beyond sight of them, fast enough. "It is all at an end," she said to herself. "He could not have loved sie. He was only playing with me. Oh, it is hard! Why did he ever come? My life was so peaceful and happy before. I was quite content with the love I had-Magnus' and Bell's, and even Ola's, and that of the poor people whom I loved in return. And now it is all ended! Things can never be the same again-never! never!"

A quick step rang on the dry summer road behind her. Day heard it, and knew whose it was; and the blood rushed from her face to her heart.

and had taken her hand in his. "I saw you as I was coming up Beli Brae on my way to the hotel, and ventured to run after you," he said, a tone of eagerness in his voice. "It seems such a time since I saw you last, and yet it is only a week. Do you know

In a few minutes he was by her side

where I have been all that time?" Day's white lips framed the word 'No," but it was almost too low for him to hear it; yet her heart had bounded. He had been away somewhere, then! At least he had not been near her all that long week, and yet never troubled to come to see her!

"I have been to London and back again. A good long distance from this land of nightless summer, is it not?" he said, almost gaily. "Business took me there, and business has brought me back again; but I think, even if I had had no business, I should have

Then the thought darted into Day's mind that he had gone to see Lilith Stuart before he had even thought of her; and again bitter, miserable jealousy, which will find a lodging in the gentlest and most tender heart, crept over her.

"Have you missed me at all, Day?" Monteith asked, after a long pause, during which he waited in vain for Day to speak. He asked the question almost in a whisper.

Day's heart melted, then she hardened it again. How she loved him! So much that even as he spoke, her heart was at his feet. But for the sake of her own woman's pride she must crush that feeling down, and not allow Lilith Stuart's lover to think he could lirt with her for a summer amusement.

"I wondered a little what had become of you," she said, trying hard to steady her voice and speak calmly and indifferently. "I thought you might have called to see us if-if you were leaving Orkney; but I had no right to expect it, of course; we were almost strangers to each other."

(To be Continued.)

ARTIFICIALLY GROWN PEARLS. The Method of Producing Them I Not Difficult.

The method of producing figures and symbols from the fresh-water mussel dipsas plicatus, of Lake Riwa, central China, kas been in vogue many cen-What do you say to coming, too? It turies, says Popular Science News. Suwould be a nice little trip, and you perb examples of Buddha and flat, pearl-like disks-produced by inserting between the mantle and shell of the mollusk small tinfoil figures of Buddha, or small hemispherical disks, which in time become coated by the pearly nacro-are to be seen in collections, such as that of the Field Columbian and other well-known museums. Experiments of a like nature with the "rough-shelled" unios, of Cedar River, Iowa, have been practiced by the writer the last three years with fair success. An average-sized shell, or shells, from a section of the river's bed known to produce brilliantly lustered shells, were allowed to remain in the sun until the valves part. With a quickly inserted wedge in the opening the shell is immediately dipped in water to sustain life. The operator then confully lifts the mantle from the she and with a pair of tweezers, drops in a pellet of wax, glass bead or other small article that he is desirous of having coated. Care is taken not to strain the muscles by forcing the wedge while the clam is resisting the intrusion.

After the objects are placed in that part of the mussel showing the best color the mantle is drawn to place, the wedge removed and the shell allowed to resume its normal condition. With a sufficient number "fixed" in the above-described manner they are then placed in a pond or bayou that the expiration of six months, or one thrown over these irritating foreign substances a nacreous covering that about two-thirds of the object thus fastened remains above the shelf, though it is presumed that in time the natural growth of the shell would entirely efface this. By careful work it is possible to remove these objects, so added. as to have considerable pearl surface, though their commercial value is small-very small, indeed in comparison to more perfect gems.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Some Notes of the Modes -The Gathered Costumes Are Deemed the Most Perfeet for Juveniles-A Child's Reefer Jacket-Hints for the Household.

The Indian Mother's Lament All sad amid the forest wild An Indian mother wept,
And fondly gazed upon her child
In death who coldly slept.

She decked its limbs with trembling hand, And sang in accents low:
"Alone, alone, to the spirit-land,
My darling, thou must go!

"I would that I might be thy guide To that bright isle of rest-To bear thee o'er the swelling tide, Clasped to my loving breast!

'I've wrapped thee with the beaver's

To shield thee from the storm, And placed thy little feet within Thy snow-shoes soft and warm.

Tve given thee milk to cheer thy way, Mixed with the tears I weep; Thy cradle, too, where thou must lay Thy weary head to sleep.

I place the paddle near thy hand, To guide where waters flow: For alone, alone, to the spirit's land, My darling, thou must go.

"There bounding through the forests Thy fathers chase the deer, Or on the crystal lakes are seen. The sleeping fish to spear.

"And thou some chieftain's bride may My loved departing one:

Say, wilt thou never think of me, So desolate and lone? "I'll keep one lock of raven hair Culled from thy still, cold brow-That when I, too, shall travel there,

My daughter I may know But go'-to join that happy band; Vain is my fruitless wee; For alone, alone, to the spirit's land, My darling, thou must go."

of mauve velvet.-New York Herald.

That evening, as she walked slowly FOR WOMEN AND HOME, least of these is high and close about The two-scamed sleeves are of fash the cars, while some are veritable excoverings. In Paris a bow of lace or ribbon or what not, directly under the chin, is exceedingly popular, white another good siyle is that of finishing the collar with two triangular pieces of the dress goods, edged with lace and standing high and erect precisely over the wearer's ear. With dresses opened a little in front, a dog collar of satin. hooking neatly in the rear, gets much patronage from women who know that their white throats are all the whiter for this black swathing.

> Hint from Paris. The Illustration represents a pretty



by Palls & Deshayes. The skirt is trimmed with mauve velvet, and the Patent Leather Sallors. There are so many new wrinkles in

corsage is of the same, draped, and with a yoke of thread gulpure and bertha, forming equulets. Waistband



FOR SUNNY AUTUMN DAYS.

Style for Little Folks.

An exceedingly attractive effect is produced by those children's costumes the fullness of which is gathered in well above the waist in small gatherings and plaits resembling a yoke. Sometimes a second row of plaits and gatherings is found at the line of the waist, and takes the place of a belt or girdle. This arrangement does away with all trimming other than a small plait of linen edged with lace around the collar. If older people have regretted the passing of the balloon sleeve and the advent of the glovelike arm covering, how much more is it to be regretted on the part of the children, whose shoulders are even less likely to show up well in a closefitting sleeve than are those of their elders? Many mothers are in open rebellion against this decree of fashion, and insist on making their children's dresses with the small Empire puff, the flounced epaulette, or after the fashion of the English sleeves. will not freeze its depth in winter. At Sailor hats, large, flapping affairs, and hood-like head coverings of flexible year at most, the unio will have straw, simply trimmed with knots of ribbon, are in favor for little girls between the ages of four and twelve. fastens them to the shell. Usually Then the fashions of their elders are gradually assumed. At first little trimming is noticeable, and simplicity is the main requisite. Little by little the ruchings, ribbons and feathers that decorate the hats of their elders are

> That Throat Finish. All important is the finish at the threats of summer gowns. Even the free edges to match the cape collar.

Child's Reefer Jacket.

Hunting red cloth made this smart little reefer, black braid in straight rows and scroll design with gilt military buttons adding much to its up-todate style. This style of jacket retains



its well-merited popularity, no child's wardrobe being complete without it. The stylish cape collar closing at the neck affords just the protection most necessary when a jacket is required at all during the summer months. The simple shaping includes under-arm gores, shoulder and centre back seams, extra fullness being disposed in an underlying box plait below the waist line in center back. The neck is finished with a rolling collar trimmed on its

ionable shape, with modified fullness at the top, and the wrists are decorated to match the collars. Serge in blue, tan or cream, pique, duck, crash, as well as faced cloth, are all used to make jackets in this style. The collar can be of white pique trimmed with embroidered frills and finished separately, so as to launder when neces-

Daily Cold Sponge Bath.

Although "doctors differ" about many things, they all agree as to the advisability of the daily bath, and the majority say that it is best taken cold, unless the bather's vitality is much below the average. A cold aponge bath is an excellent tonic as well as an admirable prophylactic.

The summer is the best time to acquire the habit.

Use a bathing glove or wash rag. and soap yourself rapidly and thoroughly from head to foot. This ought not to take more than two or three minutes, for the quick rubbing is especially desirable, both as exercise and for the skin. Then wash the soap off. rubbing as hard and as fast as you can, and then dry in the same fashion with a Turkish towel, or, still better, one of crash. The bath should occupy about ten minutes and leave you with a healthy glow when it is over.

There are many people whose constitutions will not endure a cold plunge bath; very few who would not reap benefit from a daily sponge with cold water, and vigorous rubbing with a rough towel afterwards, the year round. If cold water does not leave you glowing, begin with lukewarm water, using less and less warm water every day until you can dispense with it entirely.

millinery that it is impossible to cover them all in one paragraph. Artificial fruit is being used in trimming hats. Cherries are much in vogue on the other side, and when used as a trimming on hats of deep yellow straw are very smart. They are frequently combined with black velvet bows. White gull wings make a pretty trimming for white sailor hats and white and black combinations in millinery grow hourly in favor. The sailor hat of white patent leather is being worn in New York. In fine weather a scarf of white chiffon is twisted about the crown and a bunch of flowers is laid carelessly on the brim. When the weather is threatening a white surah sash takes the place of the chiffon and a white or black wing is caught at one side. An odd little contrivance in millinery is of black tulle run with gold thread. The tulle is arranged in a great fluffy circle and in the center there is a space for the colffure. From the back falls two wide gauze streamers that may be wound round and round the throat and caught with a great cluster of red roses or a bunch of violets beneath the chin.

The Seashore Girl Escheus Jewel Your truly well set up girl at the seaside does not wear a gold, silver or gun metal chain about her neck. She cares not if the metal thread is strung with jewels as big as her thumb, and as precious as the tomb of Mahomet. They are incidents in her past life, not to be recalled, and in their stead she wears an elastic ribbon, one-fourth of an inch wide, black or white, and long enough to pass round her neck, having two ends to tuck in her belt. A slide slips over the ribbon, a jeweled slide, very small; either a wee square tortoise in a gypsy setting or three infinitesimal diamonds set in a row. By aid of a slide a loop of ribbon is made to drop over the head, while to one end of the narrow silk reins is fastened a watch, to the other her smoked sailing and driving glasses.

Pork Cake.

Into one pint of boiling water put one pound of fat pork, which has been chopped fine and free from skin and shreds of muscle. Let this stand for five or ten minutes, then stir in three cups of brown sugar and one cup of molasses, one pound of stoned raisins, eight cups of flour, one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon and allspice. one teaspoonful of cloves, eight cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Dissolve the soda in three tablespoonfuls of warm water and beat in gradually. After stirring for twenty minutes pour into pans and bake in a moderately hot, steady oven. If there is danger of burning, cover with paper.

Bleaches Her Hair in the Sun. To bleach her hair in the sun is a latter-day notion of the woman who fares by the seaside. For this reason outing hats are somewhat at a discount, all save a very ugly and unbecoming but none the less vigorously adopted reefer cap made of white canvas. To the thinking of some little cotton platter, set rakishly to one side, and held doubtfully in place by a series of long pins, put through the white suede crown band, is infinitely coquettish, but that is an open question.

Cheese Turnovers

Cut some nice puff paste into rounds or squares and on one-half lay some nicely grated or sliced cheese and sprinkle it with pepper and salt, and add bits of butter. The cheese should be within half an inch of the edge of the square or round, so that when the other half is turned over the edges. previously dampened with water, may be neatly fastened down. Brush them all over with milk and bake in a quick

In some parts of central and south Africa a single firefly gives light to illuminate a whole roor