

The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance--By Hannah B. McKenzie.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Strangers?" repeated Evan Monteith. His tone was one of mingled astonishment and reproach. He stood still in the middle of the road and faced her; but Day did not raise her eyes to his face. She felt she could not. "Strangers, Day?" he repeated, in a low voice that thrilled with some deep feeling. "After all that has been between us, do you still count us strangers? Is this your love or your promised trust?" Day's face was pale as death. She put her hand to her throat before she answered. Then she spoke at last, very slowly, as if she were trying to weigh her words well.

"Mr. Monteith, we know almost nothing of each other. Our acquaintanceship, even now, only extends to three weeks. We Oradians do not leap into friendship so suddenly as the Southrons. It takes years to make our friendship strong and true. You know little of us; we know nothing at all of you. Though it so happened that accident brought you to our door, you must not feel under any obligation to us. We only did what common humanity required of us. Then let us not speak of trust and friendship. If— if we thought of it before, it was because we were foolishly impulsive."

He had been silent for a few moments when Day ceased speaking. Now his voice sounded hard and almost hoarse. "A man does not need to look for much faith among his fellow-creatures. After all, why should I have asked it from you? And yet I thought you meant what you said that day. But why recall the past?" he added, as Day involuntarily made a movement with her hand. "I am only hurting you."

"No; do not recall it. Let us rather forget it," said Day, in a hurried tone.

"Forgive me!" Monteith exclaimed the next moment. "I am a brute to speak like that to you, who, whatever you may think of me, have been an angel of mercy and kindness to me; I cannot clear myself in your eyes now; but when I can—when I am free to tell all, as please God some day I shall—I shall come to you and ask you—well, for your friendship then. Now my mouth is sealed, and any one who trusts me must trust me in all in all, or not at all." Well, shall we say good-by?"

"It is better, perhaps," Day said, a little pantly.

"Then good-by. Will you shake hands?" He stretched out his hand. Day put hers into it with a strange little shrinking motion; but he released it instantly.

"Good-bye, Miss Macerow. And will you remember this—that whatever you may think of me, I hold you now, and ever shall hold you, as the sweetest and truest and kindest woman that ever I have known. Good-by, and may fate give you the happiness you deserve!"

He has gone, and Day, white and trembling, with doubt and remorse and love fighting within her, stood alone on the road.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Mr. Monteith is coming tonight, Miss Troil, so, if you are not engaged with Lady Westray, you might stay in the drawing-room and play to us," said Miss Stuart languidly.

She reclined in a luxurious easy-chair, her reddish-ashen head among the velvet cushions, one beautiful white hand lazily stroking the Persian cat in her lap. Lillith Stuart had a strange affection for these animals. Could it be, as "Aurora Leigh" says the work of woman is, symbolical?

Elsbeth Troil looked up quickly from her seam, taking in at one swift glance the attitude of the graceful, sinuous figure in its pale-green evening-gown, trimmed heavily with creamy lace, until it looked like that of a Thetis springing from the sea-foam. There were times when, even to Elsbeth, who had known her for six years, Lillith was a mystery.

"I shall do so if you desire it, Miss Stuart," she replied, in her grave, quiet tone.

There was nothing in common between these two young women, and silence followed Elsbeth's reply. She went on quietly with her work, while Lillith played with her Persian, alternately stroking it and pulling its ears. Presently steps sounded on the soft-carpeted corridor outside, and the door was thrown open, the footman announcing with ceremony, "Mr. Evan Monteith."

Lillith did not rise, but lay back in her chair, her face turned towards the door, her dark-blue eyes with that deep, mysterious smile in them which had brought so many hearts to her feet, her hand half extended—the action of a queen expecting homage. Monteith came forward and bowed low; but he did not take the half-proffered hand, and Lillith allowed it to fall by her side.

"Look at my lovely Persian! Is she not a queen among Persians?" she said, laying her own beautiful mouth on the top of the animal's head.

"And, do you know, I actually believe she loves me? Is it not strange?"

There was hardly coquetry in the

question; it was almost murmured over the Persian's head, and might have been intended for her as much as for Monteith. Monteith took no notice of it. He turned to shake hands with Elsbeth, then, coming back to Lillith's side, took a seat beside her.

"You have sent for me, and, in obedience to your request, I am here," he said, in a lowered tone. Elsbeth rose and made a motion as if to leave the room.

"Oh, don't go, please, Miss Troil!" cried Lillith. "I wish you to play to us. Something low and soft and sweet, like this divine evening. And we shall sit and dream while you are playing. Ask her, Mr. Monteith."

"I shall play if you wish me, Miss Stuart," said Elsbeth again. She came back, and going to the piano, opened it, and running her fingers over the keys, began one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words."

Lillith lay back in her chair, an expression of delight on her changeable face.

"Ah! don't distress me!" she said, when Monteith made a movement as if he were about to speak. "Do you know what I feel like? A dream—yes; and it is of the past—the past that comes never again!" She sighed a little, and her long dark lashes swept her cheek, lying like a shadow upon them. Monteith looked at her for a moment. Perhaps no other man in the world could have looked at her without a thrill of admiration.

She looked divinely fair and divinely sweet at that moment; but Monteith's face was strangely cold and stern. Elsbeth played on and on. She was only a paid employe, and, however galling it might sometimes be to obey, she knew that on Lillith Stuart's favor depended her situation; for Lady Westray was not in a position to defy the mistress of Crag Castle.

And Monteith, in spite of himself, began to feel strangely softened. His mind wandered to the old-fashioned garden at Abbot's Head, and to the dainty figure that used to flit among the rose-bushes there. He had almost forgotten the one beside him, and started as a soft hand fell on his.

"Let us go out," whispered Lillith's voice almost in his ear, "to the terrace. The evening is so entrancing that it seems a shame to remain indoors. And do you hear the birds singing in the garden? I do even above the music. You will come?" Monteith rose without a word. As they passed the piano Lillith tapped Elsbeth lightly on the shoulder.

"Thank you, it is beautiful," she said. "But we have demanded too much of you. We are going out on the terrace."

Elsbeth looked after them as Lillith's sea-green robe vanished outside the window.

"Dare I warn him?" she said to herself. "And yet I think he knows her. He does not trust her; but there is no one in the world I distrust more."

Lillith had gone to the edge of the balcony and leaned upon the balusters. From that point the view was one which can only be seen in northern lands. Although it was long past sunset, the sunset glory still lingered in the western sky in colors so gorgeous and vivid that no painter's brush would dare reproduce them.

Monteith had followed Lillith and leaned his arm on the balustrade. She looked up at him, her eyes gleaming strangely.

"You have something to say to me. What is it?"

"Yes; I have something to say to you," Monteith answered slowly, as if he weighed every word he uttered. "A fortnight ago, Lillith Stuart, you and I met again under strange circumstances. You asked me then if it was to be war or peace between us. I have come now to give you my answer."

"Once upon a time I was your dupe and believed in you; but that is long ago. Now I know you as you are. I am no longer taken in by your smiles, your touches, your sweet words. I know what these are worth, and I measure my strength, not against them, but against yourself. And having said this, I have said all. You understand me now?"

She was still looking at him, but the expression in her eyes had slowly changed as he was speaking. There was something in them now not pleasant to see—something cruel, gleaming, almost wolfish. She put her hand to the lace at her white neck, and her little pink nails dug into it fiercely.

"Then it is to be war?" she whispered, almost hissing the words in a sibilant undertone.

"If you like to put it so—yes, Miss Stuart," said the young man, very gravely.

She leant over the balustrade again, her face growing curiously pale and set. Then suddenly she sprang erect, turning to him, laid her hand on his arm.

"Evan, remember all the past! Oh, is that nothing to you?"

"Nothing," he answered, in the same cold tone. "The past only causes me shame to remember. I am glad to forget it. Now I have told you the truth—the whole truth. I came to Orkney thinking that in some way I could

spare you or compromise matters; but it is impossible. Right is right eternally; nothing can ever change it. It must be war between us, because no compromise will do—no compromise would be right. Therefore let me say good-by and leave you. When we meet again it will be before all the world as foes."

"As foes?" she whispered. Her voice sounded strangely low in her throat; it was as if something choked her. She suddenly stood erect, and the long sea-green gown fell in loose folds about her sinuous figure. "This is your final decision?"

"It is my final decision," said Evan Monteith. "I shall go now, Miss Stuart, and the day after tomorrow I leave for London. Shall we say good-by now?"

"Good-by," said Lillith Stuart. She held out her beautiful white hand—a hand that Evan Monteith had kissed in the past—to him. Her eyes, which, even in the dark, shone like a cat's, were curiously luminous. "Good-by, Evan."

"I shall not touch your hand," said Monteith gravely. "It would be hypocrisy to do so. Good-by once more, Miss Stuart."

He bowed, turned and left her. A stair led down from the balcony to the gardens. He went down by it, and soon vanished from sight. When he had gone Lillith turned and stretched out her beautiful arms, with their foamy yellow lace, towards the direction in which he had gone.

"The day after tomorrow," she said. And a little, low laugh came rippling from her red lips. "Oh, fool! fool! The day after tomorrow!"

CHAPTER IX.

"There is nothing else for it. I am forced into this unfortunate position!" said Evan Monteith to himself, as he cycled back to Stromness along the cliff-path, which was, however, safe enough, for it was strongly protected by a wooden barricade. Even now it was hardly dark and Monteith had not lit his lamp.

"I wish the work had been committed to any other but to me," he mused as he spun onwards.

"But I must atone for the past. Much of it has been my fault, and on me, therefore, lies the responsibility of undoing any evil I have done. Yes, I shall go to London and lay the facts before the lawyers; then commit all into their hands. But am I to go without seeing Day?"

His face changed as the name was uttered, a little hesitatingly even to himself. The sternness and resolution faded out, and a softened expression crept over it.

"Will she forgive me when she knows all?" he thought. "Ah, surely she will! And yet, could I be satisfied with her forgiveness alone? Is there not more that I crave for, pure-souled darling! Surely her parents were far-sighted when they gave her her name, for she is like the day indeed—bringing joy and sunshine and love wherever she goes. Surely, if a bad woman is the worst creature on earth, a good one is God's best gift to man?"

Monteith had a room at the Gow Hotel; but he did not sleep much that night. When he did, his sleep was haunted by strange, awful dreams, in which he felt himself being hurled over some frightful precipice; and when he looked up to the platform of rock from which he had fallen, he saw the mocking face of Lillith Stuart gazing down at him, and heard her scornful laughter float above him on the air.

The dream haunted him strangely, even after he had risen and breakfasted. He told himself it was only the natural result of yesterday's disagreeable duty; but somehow he could not shake off the uncomfortable impression it had left.

(To be Continued.)

OLD KISSING CUSTOM.

It Dates from Ancient Times and is Still Observed.

Old-fashioned Hungerford is once more celebrating Hocktide with all its quaint customs and ancient ceremonies, says Notes and Queries. This interesting ceremony began with the annual "macaroni supper," and will be continued today, when the two managers of the rival banks, who have been elected "tuttimen" for the ensuing year, go round to the houses of the tenants in the town and exercise their prerogative of kissing all the ladies in each house. Hungerford is one of the last remaining unreformed boroughs of England, and still retains its ancient official nomenclature, electing to have in place of mayor and corporation, a constable, a portreeve, a keeper of the coffers, a hayward, two ale tasters and a bellman. The tuttimen (who are also collectors of the poll tax) have from time immemorial called at every house in the borough and received from each inhabitant, if he be male, a penny, and in case of the ladies a kiss, the ceremony being announced from the balcony of the town hall by a blast from the Hungerford horn blown by the bellman. Afterward a dinner is held, at which the officers for the ensuing year are elected.

Eccentric Tides.

Owing to the effects of shore-lines, and other influences which are more or less obscure, it is very difficult to account for the peculiarities exhibited by tidal waves in various parts of the world. Interfering waves cause one-day tides at Tahiti, and in some other places, while on the other hand, in the harbors back of the Isle of Wight, and in the Tay in Scotland, there are three tides in a day. The latter have recently been ascribed to "overtides," produced by the modification of tidal waves running ashore, and resembling the "overtones" of musical sounds.

A QUEER OCCUPATION.

WISCONSIN WOMEN AS SNAKE CATCHERS.

Rattles and Racers, Careful of Life, Give Them Plenty of Room—Killed Twenty-two in One Battle—An Interesting Picture.



UPON the Wisconsin river, not far from the Iowa line, is a picturesque little town named Boscobel, and in it reside two women who hold the championship record for snake killing. They are sisters, Mrs. John Brindley and Miss Nettie Searles. The Wisconsin river valley at this point—very narrow and inclosed by cavernous precipices—is every summer infested with reptiles of the rattler and racer species. It is thought that they breed in great numbers in the crevices and caverns of the cliffs flanking the river. At all events they are so numerous as to discourage the trout fishermen of the neighborhood, and it is no infrequent occurrence to discover them colonizing under the porches and steps of residences in town. The very dogs of Boscobel have become snake chasers.

Recently Miss Searles was visiting at the Brindley farm, a couple of miles out of town. Not far from the house one day she saw a seven-foot racer glide across the path ahead. Did she faint or fly back to the house? Not a bit of it. She grabbed a stick near at hand and laid his snakeship dead. While he was still writhing another came toward her and the young lady pounced on him like an ophiological expert. The reptiles were immense specimens of their kind, and she trail-

RICHES TAKE WINGS.

English Mushroom Millionaire Who "Went Broke."

The sensational failure of a man who not long ago was supposed to have cleared £2,000,000 out of a single deal recalls to mind several other similar colossal commercial catastrophes. One of the most dramatic, if not actually one of the largest so far as the liabilities were concerned, was that of Baron Albert Grant of "Emma Mine" notoriety. Grant was the uncrowned king of the financial world of his day and generation. He made millions almost as deftly as the late Barney Barnato, and he spent them right royally. He bought Leicester Square and presented it, a free gift, to the people of London. He gave a dinner to nearly a thousand city magnates at a cost which was popularly reputed at the time to have exceeded a hundred guineas a head, and which, in any event, undoubtedly established a record in extravagant dinner-giving which has yet to be beaten. And he started out to build a palace in Kensington which should "knock the spots off" all other private residences, past, present or to come. Everything was got up regardless of expense. The ballroom walls were inset with panels of pink Italian marble costing 800 guineas apiece. In the entrance hall were four pillars of porphyry worth £4,000. The building was scarcely finished when the crash came, and it remained for long a brick-and-mortar white elephant on the hands of the trustees in bankruptcy. Eventually most of the interior fittings and decorations were disposed of piecemeal, the grand staircase, which had cost to build some £40,000, being acquired by the representatives of the late Mme. Tussard for a trifle over one-fourth that sum. It now forms the main approach to the upper and principal suite of rooms of the new exhibition buildings in the Marybone road. Of colossal as distinguished

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

How the Poets Keep Cool—Inauspicious Moment—Shop Lifting.

How the Poets Keep Cool. The snow is falling fast today. The icebergs are in bloom. The hail and sleet with rapture beat On housetop, tree and tomb! The wild wind whistles fancy free With fierce and cutting force; Old Boreas howls so merrily— 'Tis winter time, of course! And, oh!—

The poet wipes his brow and says: "I feel must cooler now!" —Max Scher.

The Scorchers Lament. I know a maiden who is fair, As far as form and features go; Her father is a millionaire, But she can ne'er be mine, for, oh, As I was riding yesterday With my head bent o'er the handle bar, He suddenly got in the way— I was so near, now I'm so far!

An Inauspicious Moment. "I am going away to kill myself!" cried the heartbroken young man as the beautiful maiden slammed the door after him. "Just my luck!" growled the foot-pad, who had been waiting in the shadow. "What's the use askin' him for his money or his life now?"

Shop Lifting. More Important Service. She—"You're a big, able-bodied fellow. Why aren't you away fighting for your country?" He—"Gracious, goodness! I guess you don't keep very well posted. Didn't you know that I had been chosen as one of the members of the team that is to represent our golf club in the match game against the Huxegoa next month?"

An Ordinary Hardship. She's gone away to stay until The early autumn days, Where the winds blow cool and o'er the hill There ever hangs a haze. She lolls at ease from morn till night, While I must toll away— But the worst is that I've got to writhe Unto her every day.

A Slow Method. Willberforce—"Poor Dawkins has committed suicide, did you say? When did it happen?" Tillinghast—"Well, it hasn't taken effect yet. The method he chose is rather slow." Willberforce—"What method did he choose?" Tillinghast—"He has gone to Kloc-dike after gold."

Enough to Make Her Blue. Mrs. O'Brien—"Phwat's t'e matter, Misthress O'Toole, that makes you luk so blue?" Mrs. O'Toole—"An' it's bad luck to me, Misthress O'Brien, Pat's supper is gittin' cowl'd, an' worr'd has jist been brought from t'e quarry that Pat was blewed oop, an' has not come down till yet. Pat is so tortless bad coast t'e him."

Quite True. Convict—"What makes you think I am a golf enthusiast?" Visitor—"You are so attached to the links."—Up-to-Date.

Horrible. "Say, if Spain could only get hold of the man who discovered America! She'd do worse than jail him now." "Heavens, yes! I believe they'd force him to succeed Sagasta."



MISS SEARLES AND MRS. BRINDLEY.

ed them back to the house to show her sister the results of her pluck and prowess.

But Mrs. Brindley knew more about the habits of the racer than Miss Searles.

"Why, Nellie," she exclaimed, "you must have walked into a den of them. Come along, we are sure to find more."

Mrs. Brindley secured a willow fish pole and together the sisters sallied forth to rid the ranch of any other loose racers they might find. Returning to the scene of Miss Searles' encounters the two women beat the grass and brush about until they had actually killed twenty-two snakes averaging seven feet in length, each as thick as a man's arm.

The accompanying sketch is from a photograph taken of Mrs. Brindley and Miss Searles, each posed near the end of a heavy pole to which the dead snakes have been tied or lashed. The continuous length of the lot is about 150 feet.

AN IOWA TRAGEDY.

While John Casiner of Chelsea, one of the best known men in Iowa, was



SHERMAN WILCOX, protesting against the boisterousness of Sherman Wilcox the other night, and with the aid of Wilcox's mother was seeking to persuade the young man to go home, Wilcox drew a revolver and shot Casiner dead. Wilcox fled, but was captured by those who witnessed the murder. As soon as the details of the killing became known crowds began to assemble, and there were mutterings of summary vengeance. The local officials, however, hurried the murderer to the jail, and a strong guard is placed.

Fatal Frog Hunt. Edward Flaherty, a young man, was found dead in his room in Louisville recently. The coroner pronounced death due to heart disease caused by overexhaustion. Flaherty went on a frog hunt the previous night and killed five dozen frogs, but, as it proved, at the cost of his life.

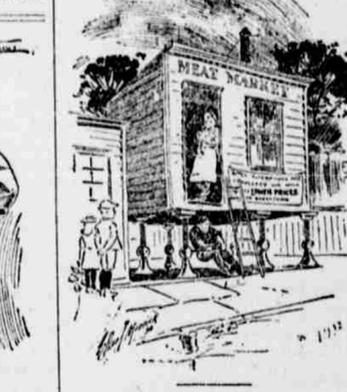
from sensational failures, none has occasioned more widespread ruin than that of the great bill-discounting house of Overend, Gurney & Co. This took place on May 11, 1866, a day known ever afterward throughout the mercantile world by the significant appellation of "Black Friday." The suspension was announced at 10 in the morning and at 10:30 the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to 9 per cent. An hour later the English Joint Stock Bank and its thirty branches closed their doors. Next was announced the failure of Messrs. Peto & Betts, with liabilities estimated at over £4,000,000; and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon more than forty firms had gone under, including the Imperial Mercantile Credit association and the Consolidated Discount company, with capitals of £5,000,000 and £1,000,000 respectively. The panic was terrible, and for months afterward there occurred, from time to time, other great failures directly attributable to that unparalleled financial cataclysm. One of the most distressing features of these commercial debacles is that it is largely the innocent who are involved and ruined. In thousands of homes today women and children are suffering for the criminal recklessness of Jabez Balfour. The failure of the City of Glasgow bank, again, caused widespread and acute distress among the unfortunate shareholders. It is satisfactory to note that, while there have been several English failures that have run into eight figures, we by no means hold a record in "big bankruptcies." America has beaten us several times within the last dozen years or so; as has also France, on at least two occasions. The world's record, however, rests with Egypt, whose late ruler, Ismail Pasha, failed in 1876, with personal debts exceeding £91,000,000. No other single individual has ever approached anywhere near to this figure. Probably no one ever will. Financiers and merchants are no longer, in these latter degenerate days, so confident as they once were.—London Mail.

Elopers Run Down.

Charles Wilson and Mrs. Andrew Laughlin, who eloped from Reno, were apprehended at Pittsburg recently. Mr. Laughlin, who was working in Cameron county when his wife suddenly departed, obtained a clue that led him to believe that Mrs. Laughlin and her companion were in the western part of the state, and a notice to the officials in Pittsburg resulted in their capture. They will be brought to Reno in a few days. The five little children deserted by the faithless wife and mother have been well cared for by neighbors and relatives.

The Liverpool Docks.

The Liverpool docks, one of the wonders of modern commerce, extend along the Mersey a distance of six and a half miles.



MEAT MARKET.

