

# The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance--By Hannah B. McKenzie.

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

He had to go out after breakfast and make some arrangements as to his leaving next day. He was gone an hour or two, and when he returned the hotelkeeper met him at the door.

"Miss Stuart has been calling for you, Mr. Monteth, and has just gone. Now what a pity you were not back ten minutes ago, and you would not have missed her!" said the worthy Mr. Nicholson. "But she left a note for you, sir. Here it is."

Monteth took the dainty envelope, from which a subtle perfume of sweet violets arose, and glanced at the address. He was too astonished to speak.

He took it into his room—a regular bachelor's room, with pipes strewn about the mantelpiece, and his bicycle, which had been mended since his accident, standing against the wall. There he tore open the note. "Dear Evan," ran the bold, dashing writing of Lilith Stuart. "I am so sorry to find you are out. I must see you again, if only for a minute. Do not be unmerciful; grant me this that I ask of you. Meet me at the Rowan Craig at two o'clock exactly. I shall be there. Yours, Lilith. P. S.—I shall depend on you."

What could it mean? Had Lilith repented? He could hardly think so, knowing of her what he did. If not, what more could she have to say to him on the subject? It was impossible to conjecture. The note puzzled Evan.

"But I must go. I shall give her that last chance," he thought. "I shall meet her at two, as she asks. There will be time after that for me to run round to Abbot's Head."

It was half-past one when he started from the Gow Hotel. The path from the town towards the seashore road was steep and stony. Evan walked in a machine down it, as he usually did. Once on the seashore road, he mounted and rode as quickly as the hillsiness of the path would permit.

His machine was a high-grade one, with Dunlop tires and high-gear, so that he had to put a good deal of pressure on the pedals in ascending the hill. He was near the top, and the path was very stony, when suddenly his fore wheel came in contact with a large stone he had not noticed.

The wheel went over, but the next instant there was a sound as of something cracking beneath him; then the whole frame seemed thrown violently over, and before Evan could help himself he was shot over the handlebars, and landed on his back a little distance away from the machine. Luckily he was not much hurt, and in a few seconds was able to pick himself up and look at his machine. To his amazement, the front fork had snapped at the point where it was drilled for the axle, the framework had lurched, the axle springing from the socket, and the wheel had "buckled."

"I am an unfortunate beggar," muttered Monteth to himself. "This is the second time I've come to grief in these islands of nightless summer. Well, there's nothing for it but to leave the machine here and hurry on to keep my appointment. I can trust the natives not to touch it." He had scratched his hand severely and twisted his arm; but these were trifling injuries to what he might have experienced. And as Evan hurried on, he thanked God for what seemed almost a miraculous escape.

"If it had happened near Rowan Craig, God only knows where I might be now!" he thought to himself, shuddering a little as he hurried onwards. If he had understood better the terrible nature of the danger he had escaped, his thanks would have been deeper than they were.

"I am going along by the cliffs this afternoon, Miss Troil. You will tell Lady Westray so."

"On your machine, Miss Stuart?" Elspeth Troil asked, looking up quickly.

"Yes; on my machine. Why not?"

"I do not know that it is quite safe," Elspeth said, turning away again to look out of the window. Nicholson has not mended that broken fence yet," Lilith laughed a little.

"You think I am afraid? It takes more than a broken fence to frighten me, Miss Troil."

She passed out of the room, and Elspeth looked after her uneasily.

"I do not know why I should feel so about this sudden resolve of hers," she said to herself at last, rising and walking uneasily about the room. "I feel as if—as if some terrible catastrophe were hanging over us all, and if she had a hand in it. Surely I am allowing my imagination to run away with me? And yet—"

She paused by the work-basket which stood in a corner of the room. A book had been hastily thrown into it. Half mechanically Elspeth picked it up. It was entitled "Cycling; Common Accidents, and How to Avert Them."

The book fell open at a leaf which had been folded down. The section was headed, "Fork and Axle; How They Break, and How to Repair." Elspeth glanced over the page and, as she did so, a strange pallor came into her face.

everything—despatched the men with stretchers, telegraphed for a doctor, soothed Lady Westray, and was in violent hysterics, and directed the horror-stricken servants.

She had kept up her courage while doing all this; but now, as the men solemnly filed into the hall, carrying between them two rude litters covered with sheets, under which lay—oh, God what?—a strange dizziness came over Elspeth, and she had to cling to the wall for support.

Evan Monteth came to her side, and as Elspeth's eyes wildly sought his face, she guessed the truth.

"No use deceiving you, Miss Troil," he said, his voice low and husky. "No power on earth can do anything for her. She must have been killed instantaneously, that is one consolation."

"And he?" whispered Elspeth.

"Still lives, thank God!" said Monteth. And he lifted his hat from his head reverently.

Elspeth slipped from his hold and knelt for a moment on that marble floor, covering her face with her hands. When she rose, Evan Monteth, looking in her face, read there the secret of Elspeth Troil's life.

(To be Continued.)

### CHIVALRY AT CHAPULTEPEC.

Noble Act of a Mississippian in the Storming of the Fortress.

The Hon. John Temple Graves, in a brief speech before Georgia Woman's Club, told on the spur of the moment a beautiful story—a true story—which embodies the heroism and surpassing chivalry of a gallant veteran now living in Atlanta. Mr. Graves said: "This is an era of heroes. We are glorifying the prowess of Dewey and Hobson and Blue and crowding them with immortal memories. And this is right. The appreciation of heroes produces heroes. Men do not mind risking their lives for a country that will remember the daring. And the time to recognize heroes is while they live, not after they are dead. Let us remember our present heroes while they are with us, and let us not now or ever forget the heroes yet living whose prowess glorified an earlier day.

"There is a hero and a night of chivalry in this hall to-night. Let me tell you the splendid story which his modest lips have never told: 'The war with Mexico is a part of our martial history. Taylor and Scott and Davis and Lee came out of it immortal. The epic of the great struggle was the storming of Chapultepec. That frowning fortress was the Gibraltar of Mexico. Its massive walls seemed impregnable. But American daring halted at no obstacles, and an intrepid band of volunteers was chosen to scale and assault it. "Among the first of the dauntless few who braved their way through the shot and shell to the fortress on that dreadful day was a young Mississippian, handsome as Alcibiades, proud, confident, and thrilling with patriotic fervor. He was among the first if not one of the first, to scale the wall, and sword in hand, dashed along that storm-swept rampart in advance of all his fellows, to cut down the waving flag of the enemy and reap the immortality of the deed. He was the first to reach the flag; his sword was raised, when he heard swift footsteps behind him. He paused, turned and saw his commanding officer, to whom he was tenderly attached and deeply obligated. And then this gallant Mississippian, without a moment's hesitation, with the bow of a Chesterfield, lowered his sword and with the point at rest stood aside while his friend and commanding officer cut down the flag of Mexico and was bulletined for the laurels of that splendid day. In the history of battles there was never more gallant, more chivalric deed than that. And the real hero of Chapultepec, maimed and gray, but glorious still, sits just before me here tonight in the person of my noble and beloved friend, General William S. Walker of Atlanta."

### TRAITS OF THE CAT.

All Tend to Show It Is Naturally a Solitary Animal.

All the cat's habits show it to be by nature a solitary animal, says Louis Robinson in "Wild Traits in Tame Animals." Even in early life, when family ties bring out the instinct of association, this is apparent. If you compare the play of puppies with that of kittens you will find in one case that companionship of some kind is an essential, for if a puppy has no playmate of his own species he will always try to make one of the nearest biped; whereas a cork or a bit of string is all that is necessary to satisfy the requirements of the kitten. The way in which the cat takes its food is a sure sign that in its natural state it is not in the habit of associating with greedy companions. When given something to eat it first carefully smells the morsel, then takes it in a deliberate and gingerly way, and sits down to finish it at leisure. There is none of that inclination to snatch hastily at any food held before it which we observe even in well-trained dogs, nor does a cat seem in any hurry to stow its goods in the one place where thieving rivals cannot interfere with them. Indeed, no greater contrast in natural table manners can be observed anywhere than when we turn from the kennel or the pigsty and watch the dainty way in which a cat takes its meals. That a cat allows people to approach it while it is feeding without showing jealousy proves that it does not attribute to human beings like tastes with its own.

In rural districts many people use no more than 200 words; the ordinary man can do very well with a vocabulary of 500 words.

By the terms of the treaty of peace to be signed by Spain and the United States as speedily as may be, we come, whatever may become of the Pacific islands, into possession of Porto Rico and a dozen small islands of the West Indies, which under American control should yield a comfortable revenue to the government. Porto Rico alone would provide a remunerative investment for both American capital and industries, but the smaller islands are not to be despised. They are collectively known as the Passage Islands, and comprise all the islands and keys lying between the Virgin Passage and the east end of Porto Rico.

The second largest of them is Culebra Island, about sixteen miles to the eastward of Cape San Juan, as the northeast point of Porto Rico is called. It is six miles long by three broad, Culebra Island, sometimes called Carl or Serpent Island, is one of a very irregular outline. The northern shore is steep and rocky and bare of harborage.

On all the other sides there are small islets and reefs, which shelter good anchorages. The island is uninhabited. It is of moderate elevation, broken and rugged and thickly wooded, with scarcely a level spot on the surface. Near the center it rises to a height of fifty feet.

Near Culebra is Northeast Cay, very small, oval-shaped, 350 feet high and thickly wooded. Byrd Cay, a trifle larger, lies 300 yards from Northeast Cay. Byrd Cay is a remarkably small, rocky islet, sixty feet high. About a mile from it are two small rocky islets fifteen feet or so high, and 800 yards southeast are two more about eighty feet high.

Culebrita Islet, or Little Culebra, lies about a mile from Culebra. It, too, is of irregular shape, is 300 feet high and thickly wooded. From the highest point of the islet a thick, white light is exhibited at an elevation of 305 feet, and is visible in clear weather nearly

# Facts Concerning Porto Rico and the Passage Islands.

valuable that the minerals have been neglected in order to cultivate the vegetables.

San Juan is a city of 300,000 people. The inhabitants are Roman Catholics and are highly educated. The women are of middle size and are exquisitely formed. They have all the coquetry of the women of the tropics, and their beauty, gentleness and grace is the talk of all who visit the island. The harbor of San Juan is the best in the West Indies.

One of the principal sources of its revenue is its water supply. More than twenty islands of the West Indies send to it for water. Little boats sail up the harbor of San Juan, load their tanks with water, and sail away again.

Poverty is unknown in the island. Every man owns his horse and every woman has her chickens. The principal sport of the island is cock fighting, and the men of Porto Rico fight with game cocks as Madrid people indulge in bull fights. There is nothing but hospitality on the island, and the traveler who hands out money offends his host.

A feature which strikes the traveler is the roof gardens, for all Porto Rico enjoys itself on the house-tops at night. The houses are built a little off the ground, and to the dreamy person seeing them for the first time they look not unlike castles in the air built for pleasure, rather than for dwelling purposes. The people have the habit of sleeping in the day and at night they do their shopping and visiting. This is the custom in Australia and other hot countries, and in Porto Rico it is almost universal.

Every man has his country house and town house. At time of carnival or celebration he takes his family to town and brings them back again when the sport is over.

Porto Rico is immensely wealthy in proportion to its size, and it is doubted if the Philippines can equal it in richness in proportion to the square foot.

On the northern shore of Crab Island is Port Mula, at the mouth of a little stream. It contains about 1,000 inhabitants, and is the residence of the governor, who is nominated by the captain general of Porto Rico.

There is a lighthouse erected at Mula Point, from which a fixed red light is exhibited. There is comparatively no trade except in fruits and fish in this archipelago, but undoubtedly these islands are capable of development, and will pay a fair revenue after they become a portion of the United States. Their natural beauty is unsurpassed, and over them the trade wind is continually blowing, giving them a warm, delightful climate.


To the west of Porto Rico other islands to become the property of the United States are Mona and Monica Islands, lying close together in the Mona Passage, and Deserches Island, just off the northwestern coast.

They have a total area of some 500 square miles, which, when added to 3,500 in Porto Rico, makes quite a respectable total.

Porto Rico extends 37 miles from north to south and 100 miles laterally. Running across the island from east to west is a chain of mountains, the highest peak of which is El Yunque, 9,000 feet high. It can be seen seventy miles at sea. A magnificent shore signal could be raised there.

For commerce Porto Rico is perfectly adapted, for in its small area there are 1,300 streams, 50 of which are navigable and could be used for commerce. Sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton, corn and potatoes are constantly shipped up and down these rivers, and were Porto Rico to be fully cultivated many more streams could be opened and communication made between others by means of canals, so that the entire island would present a splendid system of waterways.

SOME SCENES IN OUR NEW DEPENDENCY.



There are 100,000 people in Porto Rico who live in towns and villages. The exports amount to \$15,000,000, and so luxurious are the people that in no year \$5,000,000 of goods were carried to the island. These consisted mostly of manufactured products such as clothing and household wares. Sheep, which thrive in a hot country, grow big and fat in Porto Rico and fresh lamb and mutton are constantly shipped from there. A very large class of people are shepherds.

And so much richness would one think that the Lord would have endowed Porto Rico no more heavily, yet it is a fact that in one end of the island gold mines exist, and iron, copper, coal and salt are found in plenty. The vegetable productions are, however, so

It presents great possibilities as a resort and is one of the finest pieces of property on the earth's surface.

To cook corn, the wise camper will lay the ears on the coals, wrapped in their husks, and when the husks are quite burned off the corn is cooked deliciously.

If one is where shad abound the fish can be fastened to an oak shingle and turned before the fire till done, when it will be found to have a fine flavor of the oak.

### MUSTACHE OF AN EX-QUEEN.

Natalie Counts the Hair on Her Lip as a Mark of Beauty.

Ex-Queen Natalie of Servia, who is about to organize a corps of titled ladies to act as nurses in the Cuban war, has a mustache—a thick, well-defined mustache, of which many a downy-lipped dude might be justly envious. Natalie is known as "the most unfortunate queen in Europe," and to the mind of the average American woman the mustache is doubtless sufficient ground to establish the title. But Natalie is enough of an oriental to count the shadowy line above her lip as a mark of especial beauty—a particular mark of favor from the gods. She has had more tragedies in her life than any other queen consort of modern times, not excepting the ill-fated Eugenie, who was an empress-consort, by the way. One of the favorite pastimes of Natalie's disreputable husband, King Milan, was to swing her about by her long, black hair before the entire court circle. Her son, Alexander, was torn from her arms at the age when he most required her care. Her life was saved by a party of students, who escorted her carriage over the frontier when it was attacked by hired assassins. Her reason finally gave way under her burden of sorrows, but this last misfortune was only temporary, and she went to a convent for a time for the peace the world could not give. Natalie now forgets her own griefs in trying to lighten those of others.

If you reside in a stone house, don't throw glasses.

### American Locomotives on Russian Railways.

We have already noted the placing in the United States of large orders for armor plate and naval cruisers by the Russian government. In other lines the same government has testified to the superiority of all American mechanical work. Within a period of six months orders were placed in Philadelphia alone for 138 locomotive engines for Russian railways, of which eighty were ordered within nine weeks for the great Manchurian road. Orders aggregating nearly 35,000,000 were also placed in the United States for the equipment of the Imperial railways with air-brakes—orders understood to be but the first of a series.

He was Interested.

Voice over the Phone—"Any more fighting in Santiago?" "The Office Boy—" "Nop." "Voice—" "Sure?" "Yes sure. You seem mighty anxious." "You bet I'm anxious. I've got a nephew there who owes me \$13."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Particular.

Miss Frigid—If I had known that Margaret Doyle had been bathing here nothing would have induced me to enter the same sea. I feel that it contaminates me now—Pick-Me-Up.

Perhaps Justifiable.

Askins—I understand that Miss Oldangles, whom young Whoopler married recently, is very wealthy. Grimsbaw—Oh, yes! There were extenuating circumstances.—Puck.

### ABOUT MOLECULES.

Their Relations to Electricity and Its Effect on Them.

The New South Wales government analyst, William M. Hamlet, delivered the presidential address in the section of chemistry at the recent meeting of the Australian Association for the Advancement of Science, the subject being "The Molecular Mechanism of an Electrolyte." He defined an electrolyte as a body in solution or state of fusion, capable of being instantaneously decomposed by a current of electricity, and he claimed that if the explanation he offered was adequate for the electrolyte it must hold good for the constitution of the matter in the universe, so that the treatise on the electrolyte has a most important scientific bearing. The method of investigating the action of one body upon any other, he reminded his audience, was brought to a high degree of accuracy by the immortal work of Sir Isaac Newton. He alluded to some observations of the late Professor Clifford, made over twenty years ago, this authority remarking, almost prophetically, "We can look forward to the time when the structure and motions in the inside of a molecule will be so well known that some future Kant or Laplace will be able to make an hypothesis about the history and formation of matter."

More Than Was Needed.

"He was a liberal judge," said Lauguid Lawrence. "In wot way?" asked Restful Rawson. "He gimme four hours fer leave town, when I needed but ten minits."—New York World.