• SERRORDORRAGARARARARARARA

wedding day."

py or very wretched,"

though there was so much beauty lying

"Yes, it is a lovely place," she assent-

"Olivia," I said, taking my courage by

ed, a mischievous smile playing about her

Marriage will make you either very hap-

"Not at all," I answered, trying to

speak gaily; "I do not look forward to

any vast amount of rapture. Julia and I

will get along very well together, I have

no doubt, for we have known one an-

other all our lives. I do not expect to be

any happier than other men; and the

married people I have known have not

siet voice at my side, not much louder

"I esteem her more highly than any

experience has been different?"

han the voice of conscience.

CHAPTER VIII.

Awfully fast fine sped away. It was around us. the second week in March I passed in Bark; the second week in May came up on me as if horne by a whichwind. It lips, was enty a month to the day so long fixed upon for our marriage. My mother began to friget about my going ever to London to fit myself out with wedding clothes. Julia's was going on fast to completion. Our trip to Switzerland was listinctly planned out. Go I must to London; order my wedding suit I must,

But first there could be no harm in runbing over to Sark to see Olivia once more. As soon as I was married I would tell Julia all about her. But if either arm or ankle went wrong for want of attention. I should never forgive my self.

It was the last time I could see Olivia before my marriage. Afterwards I should see much of her; for Julia would invite er to our house, and be a friend to her. I spent a wretchedly sleepless night; and whenever I dozed I saw Olivia before me. weeping bitterly, and refusing to be com-

From St. Sampson's we set sail straight for the Havre Gosselin. To my extreme ourprise au l chagrin, Captain Carey aunounced his intention of landing with me, and leaving the yacht in charge of his men to await our return.

The ladder is excessively awkward," I objected, "and some of the rungs are loose. You don't mind running the risk of a plunge into the water?"

"Not in the least." he answered cheer-By; "for the matter of that, I plunge into It every morning at L'Ancresse. I want to see Tardif. He is one in a thousand, as you say; and one cannot see such a man every day of one's life."

There was no help for it, and I gave in, hoping some good luck awaited me I led the way up the zig-zag path, and just as we reached the top I saw the slight, erect figure of Olivin seated upon the brow of a little grassy knoll at a short distance from us. Her back was towards us, so she was not aware of our vicinity; and I pointed towards her with an assumed air of in lifference.

'I believe that is my patient yonder,' I said; "I will just run across and speak to her, and then follow you to the farm.' "Ah!" he exclaimed, "there is a lovely view from that spot. I recollect it well. I will go with you. There will be time

enough to see Tardif." Did Captain Carey suspect anything? Or what reason could be have for wishing to see Olivia? Could it be merely that he wanted to see the waw from that particular spot? I could not forbid him accompanying me, but I wished him at

Olivia did not hear our footsteps upon the soft turf, though we approached her very nearly. The sun shone upon her glossy hair, every thread of which seemed to shine back again. She was reading aloud, apparently to herself, and the sounds of her sweet voice were wafted by the air towards us. Captain Carey's

face became very thoughtful. A few steps nearer brought us in view of Tardif, who had spread his nets on the grass, and was examining them narrowly for rents. Just at this moment he was down on his knees, not far from Olivia, gathering some broken meshes to gether, but listening to her, with an ex-Pression of huge contentment upon his handsome face. A bitter pang shot through me. Could it be true by any possibility -that lie I had heard the last time

I was in Sark? "Good day, Tardif," shouted Captain -Carey; and both Tardif and Olivie started. But both of their faces grew bright er at seeing us. Olivia s color had come back its her cheeks, and a sweeter face me man er looked upon.

am very glad you are come once more," she said, putting her hand in mine; "you told me in your last letter you were going to England."

I glanced from the corner of my eye at Captain Carey. He looked very grave, but his eyes could not rest upon Olivia without admiring her, as she stood before us, bright-faced, slender, erect, with the folds of her coarse dress falling about her as gracefully as if they were of the richest material.

"This is my friend, Captain Carey, M)ss Olivia," I said, "in whose yacht I have come to visit you."

"I am very glad to see any friend of Dr. Martin's," she answered as she held out her hand to him with a smile; "my doctor and I are great friends, Captain Carey.

"So I suppose," he said significantlyor at least his tone and look seemed fraught with significance to me.

"Tardif." I said, "Captain Carey came ashore on purpose to visit you and your farm.

I knew he was excessively proud of his farm, which consisted of about four or five acres. He caught at the words with alacrity, and led the way towards his house with tremendous strides. Olivia and I were left alone, but she was moving after them slowly, when I ran to her and offered her my arm, on the plea that her ankle was still too weak to bear her weight unsupported.

"Olivia!" I exclaimed, after we had gone a few yards, bringing her and my self to a sudden halt. Then I was struck dumb. I had nothing special to say to her. How was it I had called her so

familiarly Olivia? "Well, Dr. Martin?" she said, looking into my face again with eager, inquiring exes, as if she was wishful to understand

my varying moods, "What a lovely place this is!" I ejac

More lovely than any words I ever beard could describe. It was a perfect I cried. day, and a perfect view. The sea was like an opal. The cliffs stretched below us, with every hue of gold and brenze. and hoary white, and sort grey; and here grin and bitterness as their practical reand there a black rock, with livid shades | sult, that I stood aghast even while my of purple, and a bloom upon it like a pulses throbbed, and my heart heat high, raven's wing. Rocky islets, never trod- with the novel rapture of loving any den by human foot, over which the foam woman as I loved Olivia. poured ceaselessly, were dotted all about the changeful surface of the water. And | Captain Carey, "we must see what can just beneath the level of my eyes was

the indulgence of emotion of any kind. THE BATTLE-FIELDS. It was impossible for me to remain on the cliffs, bemoaning my unhappy fate. I strode on doggedly down the path, kicking the loose stones into the water as they came in my way. Captain Carey followed, whistling softly to himself. He continued doing so after we were abourd the yacht.

I cannot leave you like this, Martin, my boy." he said, when we went ashore it St. Sampson's, and he put his arm brough mine;

You will keep my secret?" I said, my coice a key or two lower than usual.

'Martin," answered the good-hearted, clear-sighted old bachelor, "you must not do Julia the wrong of keeping this a seeret from her.'

"I must," I orged, "Olivia knows nothing of he nobody guesses it but you. I must conquer it'

Martin," urged Captain Carey, "come both hands, "he is only a month till my up to Johanna, and tell her all about it."

Johanna Carewwas one of the powers Was I deceiving myself, or did she realin the island. Everybody knew her; and ly grow paler? It was but for a moment everybody went to her for comfort or if it were so. But how cold the air felt counsel. She was, of course, related to all in an instant! The shock was like us all. I had always been a favorite that of a first plunge into chilly waters. with her, and nothing could be more natand I was shivering through every fiber. ural than this proposal, that I should go "I hope you will be happy," said Olivia, and tell her of my dilemma. "very happy. It is a great risk to run,

Johanna was standing at one of the windows, in a Quakerish dress of some grey stuff, and with a plain white cap over her white hair. She came down to the door as soon as she saw me, and received me with a motherly kiss. "Johanna," said Captain Carey, "we

have something to tell you." "Come and sit here by me," she said, making room for me beside her on her exactly dwelt in Paradise. Perhaps your

"Johanna," I replied, "I am in a ter-

"Oh, no!" she said, her hand trembling rible fix! "Awful!" cried Captain Carey sympaon my arm, and her face very downcast; thetically; but a glance from his sister "but I should have liked you to be very,

put him to silence. "What is it, my dear Martin?" asked So softly spoken, with such a low, faitering voice! I could not trust myself her inviting voice again.

"L will tell you frankly," I said, feelspeak again. A stern sense of duty wards Julia kept me silent; and we ing I must have it out at once, like an loved on, though very slowly and linaching tooth. "I love, with all my heart! and soul, that girl in Sark; the one who "You love her very much?" said the

has been my patient there."
"Martin!" she cried, in a tone full of surprise and agitation, "Martin!" "Yes; I know all you would arge. My



"TILL MY FLESH CREPT."

"Do you think she will like me?" asked Olivia, auxiously. "No; she must love you," I said, with

warmth; "and I, too, can be a more useful friend to you after my marriage than I am now. Perhaps then you will feel free to place perfect confidence in us."

She smiled faintly, without speakingher own secret closely. It provoked me to do a thing I had had no intention of doing, and which I regretted very much afterward. I opened my pockerbook and drew out the little slip of paper containing the advertisement. "Read that," I said.

But I do not think she saw more than the first line, for her face went deadly white, and her eyes turned upon me with a wild, beseeching took-as Tardif described it, the look of a creature hunted and terrified. I thought she would have fallen, and I put my arm round her. She fastened both her hands about mine, and her lips moved, though I could not catch

a word she was saying. "Olivia!" I cried, "Olivia! do you suppose I could do anything to hart you? Do friend truly. I wish to heaven I had not shown you the thing. Have more faith in me, and more courage."

"But they will find me, and force me away from here," she muttered.

"No." I said; "that advertisement was orinted in the Times directly after your flight last October. They have not found you yet; and the longer you are hidden the less likely they are to find you. Good heavens! what a fool I was to show it to

to you!" "Never mind," she answered, recover ing herself a little, but still clinging to my arm; "I was only frightened for the time. You would not give me up to them

if you knew all." "Give you up to them!" I repeated bit-

terly. "Am I a Judas?" But she could not talk to me any more She was trembling like an aspen leaf and her breath came sobbingly. could do was to take her home, blaming

myself for my cursed folly. Tardif walked with us to the top of the Hiff, and made me a formal, congratulatory speech before quitting us. When he was gone, Captain Carey stood still until he was quite out of hearing, and then stretched out his hand towards the thatched roof, yellow with stonecrop and

"This is a serious business, Martin," he said, looking sternly at me; "you are in love with that girl." "I love her with all my heart and soul!"

The words startled me as I uttered ed in numbers, and have had to be killthem. They had involved in them so many impleasant consequences, so much cha-

"Come, come, my poor fellow!" said be done.

Olivia's face the leveliest thing there. It was neither a time nor a place for always call him "Shorty."

other woman, except my mother," I said. honor, my affection for Julia, the claims she has upon me, the strongest claims possible; how good and worthy she is; what an impossibility it is even to look back now. I know it all, and feel how miserably binding it is upon me. Yet I love Olivia; and I shall never love Julia.

A long, dreary, colorless, wretched life stretched before me, with Julia my insmile which said plainly she could keep | separable companion, and Olivia altogether lost to me. Captain Carey and Johanna, neither of whom had tasted the sweets and bitters of marriage, looked sorrowfully at me and shook their heads. "You must tell Julia," said Johanna.

after a long pause, « "Tell Julia!" I echoed, "I would not tell her for worlds!"

"You must tell her," she repeated; "it is your clear duty. I know it will be most painful to you both, but you have no right to marry her with this secret on your mind." "I should be true to her." I interrupt-

ed somewhat angrily.

"What do you call being true, Martin Dobree?" she asked, more calmly than she had spoken before. "Is it being true to a woman to let her believe you choose not be so frightened! Why, I am your and love her above all other women, when that is absolutely false? No; you are too honorable for that. I tell you it is your plain duty to let Julia know this, and know it at once."

Nothing could move Johanna from that position, and in my heart I recognized its righteousness. She argued with me that it was Julia's due to hear it from myself. I knew afterwards that she be lieved the sight of her distress and firm love for myself would dissipate the indid not read Julia's character as well as my mother did.

Before she let me leave her I had promised to have my confession and subsequent explanation with Julia all over the following day; and to make this the more inevitable, she told me she should drive into St. Peter-port the next afternoon about five o'clock, when she should All I expect to find this troublesome matter settled, either by a renewal of my affection for my betrothed, or the suspension of the betrothal. In the latter case she until the first bitterness was over,

(To be continued.)

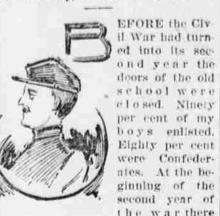
Wild Boars in Windsor Park.

It is stated that the wild boars in Windsor great park are to be shot, by order of King Edward. The herd was presented to Queen Victoria by the Prince of Wales during his tour in India. The animals have largely increased off periodically. They have been a Iters, but they are dangerous, and several people have narrowly escaped in-

When a brakeman has curly hair, his associates call him "Curly." But if he is over six feet tall, however, they

SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle,



boys enlisted. Eighty per cent were Confederates. At the beginning of the second year of the war there was not a school in the town or county. I cannot describe to you my feeling at that time. I suppose the excitement and passion of the hour kept me from being lonely. My age, health and fam-

struggle The trying moments of the situation to me were those in which I saw some of my boys enlisting under one banner. some under the other. I knew the possibilities of their meeting la battle. For a year I carried this cross. I said nothing to any one, but I used to He awake until I was exhausted thinking of my

By responsibilities kept me out of the

boys at war with one another. At the end of the second year of the war those of us who stayed at home began realizing the meaning of war. One night I was called into my li brary to meet a man whose appearance Immediately suggested that he was in trouble. He had come in out of a storm. His clothes were ragged and a queer combination. His coat was of the United States cavairy uniform. His trousers, or what had been trousers, looked like a dilapidated quilt. His slouch hat was in tatters and almost hung upon. his neck. He had but one arm.

Quicker than it has taken to me to give you this description, he had told me that he was one of my boys; that he was a spy sent by Gen. Sterling Price, the Confederate commander under whom he served. He had come to me for a few hours of rest and because he wanted to see me.

I knew the meaning of war after 1 had seen him and had heard him talk. In the old school on the hill this "spy" was known as the gallant of the crowd. He was our chevalier.

At the time of his visit to me the Federals held the town. The hills commanding the place had been conwith guns which poked their hungry nouths from bastions

One of the officers in that fort was also one of my boys. And what a handsome fellow he was. His enlistment in the Union army, however, had cost him the friendship of most of his schoolmates. It had cost him his sweetheart, a spirited Southern girl.

My boy who called upon me as a "spy" told me his mission. I begged him to stop before he had said too much, but I knew when he left he was going to the Federal fort on the hill, as a spy! I did not tell him his old classmate was an officer there.

A few days later the Confederate spy was cantured. He had succeeded in getting the information he wanted, and was leaving when he was taken as a suspicious person. When he stood before the commanding officer it was known from papers found that the pris-

oner was a spy. One of the staff of the commanding officer was there. He recognized his old classmate, but not a word passed around the hills that have been made between them. The spy was confined, | memorable in the country's history by of course, at once, and it was the talk of the town, for this was the first incident of the sort in our place. And the thetic about it to me. spy was one of the old boys of the

town-our chevalier. My boy from the Federal fort hastenlars. Of course my lips were sealed touching the visit of the "spy" to me before the capture.

Again did I realize the meaning of

The incident was soon relegated to the events of yesterday by more important ones at the front. Once, at the invitation of my boy in blue, I visited the one who belonged to the gray, although his uniform did not so indicate, fell over behind logs and sought other and grate the fruit fine. Then weigh fatuation of my love for Olivia. But she and who was held as a spy. I messed places of concealment in their effort the pulp and place it in a kettle over the

with both. After the spy had been a prisoner for nearly six weeks my Federal boy came to see me one night hurriedly, and told me in confidence that "the chevalier" had escaped.

"If he comes here," said the Federal officer, "you protect blin until he can get through our lines."

Before I could protest, if I had destred, before I could realize the situapromised to carry Julia home with her tion, the Federal was off, I heard the sounds of the iron hoofs of his horse on the stones until it seemed to me they would never die out. But much to my gratification, in some respects, the spy did not come.

I was learning more about the meaning of war!

The spy was never captured. After

the war was over he came back to camp stricken, as many of them did. One evening I went to his old home just out of town. The Federal officer, considerable source of attraction to vis- now an ex., was also there. The old classmates had lived through the storm of battle and met again. I was the witness to the marriage of the "spy's" sister to the Federal officer who had held the "spy" a prisoner. Every one your own opinion as to how the escape | Kingdom, Italy.

of the "spy" was effected. I never had any doubt of it. Perhaps because I knew that before the war the girl was the sweetheart of the man whom she married after the war.-Chicago Trib-

The Monotonies of Life. While the slege of Vicksburg was in Its most exciting stage and the rations of the beleaguered garrison had been reduced to mule meat and unground corn, a party of Johnnies succeeded. by what seemed to them miraculous good fertune, in obtaining a small quantity of wheat flour. They had not come into possession of their treasure been found necessary in order to acquantity, or rather lack of quantity, of acquisition. The little squad of jubilant thieves, after a brief preparation, determined to make biscuits. The biscuits were accordingly made, and, burned on the outside, raw on the inside, were finally ready for consumpplayed on a blanket with the daily mule beef and the other edibles issued by the Confederate commissariat.

The hungry pilferers gathered round the festal blanket, but when about to for the chap in the circus who relishes begin the business of the occasion a ground glass and eats swords and tenshell from a Federal battery came hiss. penny nails, but it shortens the lives of ing along, struck one of the party just average people. above the eyes and tore off the upper half of his skull. The body fell forward on the blanket, the remainder of are still green and hard. Pick them from the party fell backward, stunned by the the stems, place them in a kettle and concussion and momentarily forgetful add a little water. Cover and boil till of the danger to which their edibles soft, stirring them often; then inclose were exposed. One of the number, how- them in a bag, bang it up, and place a ever, instantly apprehending the sig- bowl underneath to receive the juice, nificance of the incident and the Im- When bag stops dripping, press out all portance of the impromptu feast, re- the liquor, return it to the fire and boil covered himself, jerked the dead body without a cover thirty minutes. Then off the blanket, meantime swearing at measure and add to each pint of liquor his companions for falling down and one pound of sugar; stir and cook till letting the man bleed so close to the the sugar is dissolved; remove and finbisenits. "They would have all been ish as directed. This jelly is excellent spoiled if it had not been for me," he served with roasted meat and game. angrily remarked, and, after conceding the truth of the statement, the body of the unfortunate was temporarily laid aside and the feast began.

gree repulsive. Death at the feast is a the ingredients into four layers, beginstate of siege, wounds, blood and death cream or hard sauce. are so often seen that sensibility is dulled and the most frightful spectaoccurrences of battle and campaign. The death of a soldier was to this little party of flour thieves no more than any other daily occurrence, but biscuits were unusual, entirely out of the line of their every-day life, hence the soldier's death from a bursting shell assumed an importance quite subordinate to that of the prospective loss of the dainties they had taken so much trouble to procure. In other words, the large, ripe strawberries, and mix it siege, the shell firing, the sight of with six tablespoonfuls of sugar; wounded and dying men had all be- shortly before serving wash and drain come monotonous, but the biscults one and a half quarts of large, ripe were a decided novelty, hence the strawberries, put them into a glass death was treated with comparative in- dish, sprinkle over three tablespoondifference .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat. fuis of sugar, pour in half of the cold

Comparative Enjoyment. "I was in Chickamauga Park a other half, and serve at once. short while ago," said an old veteran who had been discussing the reunion

at Memphis with a Times Democrat reporter, "and I was impressed with the number of veterans who still hang the fierce battle that was fought there in the 60's. There is something pa-

"They are typical of the character of gem forms twenty-five minutes. the man who followed the fortunes of the lost cause. But many of them are ed to see me to give me all the particu- full of good stories, and I recall one story told me by an old Confederate, now, running an old livery stable in Scrape out all the potato, much and Chattanooga. He is fond of telling it season, adding a teaspoonful of finely on himself. It was during one of the chopped parsley. Put back into the preliminary skirmishes at Chickamauga.

The Federal troops had reached the top of the hill, and the Confederates had been forced down on the other side. They hid behind clumps of trees. to escape the Yankee bullets. 'I fell fire; boll twenty-five minutes and add over behind a log, with my face down,' to each pound of pineapple pulp threesaid the Chattaneoga liveryman, and quarters of a pound of sugar. Stir and I could hear the Yankee bullets whistling over my head or burying them- jars and finish as directed. selves in the log behind which I was

"'In hugging up so close to the log I had shoved my face into a horners' nest. The hornets covered my face and head, and I lay there picking them off one at a time until I found an opportunity to escape. Soon after that I met a ragged-looking soldler, and be said: "Great goodness, Jim, what on earth is the matter with your face?" I told him I had shoved it into a hornets' nest while dodging Yankee bullets. "You must have suffered fear fully," he said. "No," I replied, "I never experienced a more delicious sting of those hornets.' The old liveryman chuckled over the story, and no doubt he really felt that the horsets' nest was a pleasure resort under the

circumstances." In size, not counting colonies, the European powers stand in this order: Rus. breadcrumbs and fry. No sauce with of the three is dead. Perhaps you have sia, Austria, Germany, France, United these croquettes. It would spoil the



Oatmeal and Dyspepsia. The Scotch, says the Healthful Home, are the greatest dyspeptics on earth, without difficulty. Much planning had largely owing to their use of half-cooked oatmeal and soft bread. Next to the complish the theft by which the flour Scotch are the Americans, and no sinwas obtained, and it was consequently gle thing has contributed more to prized, not only in proportion to its American dyspepsia than half-cooks oatmeal mush for breakfast. In rural but also in proportion to the difficulty France, where dyspepsia is practically

unknown, hard bread and vegetables, with a very moderate amount of meat, comprise the chief items of the bill of fare. Take the center out of a hot biscult and roll it a minute in your hand, and it soon becomes a solid mass of tion, and, in imposing array, were dis. dough, a "lead pill." That is the thing your stomach wrestles with when it attempts to digest bot bread or biscuit. A good deal of the cold bread is just about as bad. Such food may be nutritious

Wild Grape Jelly. Gather some wild grapes while they

Apple Betty.

Two cups of tart cooking apples, chopped, a cup and a balf of stale These half-famished soldiers furnish- bread crumbs-baker's bread is the ed an unconscious illustration of the best; four heaping tablespoonfuls of ease with which men can accustom sugar, one generous tablespoonful of themselves to surroundings that would butter, and the grated rind of one ordinarily be considered in the last de. Jemon. Butter a pudding dish, divide grewsome visitor, and in the peaceful ning with apples and linishing with walks of life a sudden calling away by bread crumbs. Sprinkle the sugar and the grizzly monarch of one of the par- lemon over the apples and cut the butticipants in a festive occasion instantly ter into tiny lumps and scatter over the deprives the entire party of appetite crumbs. Bake three-quarters of an and enjoyment, but to soldiers in a hour in a moderate oven. Serve with

To four even tablespoonfuls of barley verted into a military camp. It bristled cles are beheld without emotion, almost steeped over hight add one small with indifference, as the ordinary inci-dents of military life, the common salt, and boil in two quarts of water until soft. Make a paste of a large tablespoonful of butter and half a teacupful of Indian meal heated in a saucepan, moisten and thin it with the broth till thin enough to sair into the remainder; mix well, add a little chopped celery or celery seed, and serve.

> Compote of "trawberries, Press out the juice from one pint of syrup, shake them up, pour over the

> > Graham Gems.

Three-fourths of a pint of Graham or whole wheat flour, one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, onehalf teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth cupful of sugar. Mix together and add the following: One-half pint of milk, one egg, and lastly two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake in hissing hot

For Supper.

Bake until done five large, smooth potatoes. With a sharp knife cut from the flat side an oblong piece of the skin. skin, not returning the cover; place again in the oven until the potato in the opening is browned.

Pineapple Marmalade.

Peel the pineapples, remove the eyes boil ten minutes; then pour lute the

A Hint.

Almost any kind of plain cake can be turned into a good dessert dish. Cut the cake into squares, and cut a next, small piece from the center of each square. Fill the cavity with jelly or marmalade and replace the piece that was removed. Cover the top with

Currant Sherbert.

One plat of current juice, one pint and a half of water, the juice of one lemon, one pint of sugar, one tablespoonful of gelatin. Soak the gelatin in cold water and dissolve it in half a feeling in my life," and really I never plat of boiling water. Mix it with a enjoyed anything as much as I did the bint of cold water with the sugar, temon and current juice and freeze,

> Chicken Crequettes, Princess Style, Chop the cold cooked meat of a chicken and mix with it bulf its quantity of chopped fresh mushrooms. Molsten with a little Madeira, dip in egg, in delicacy of their flavor.