something more important to talk about.

"When-where?" was all he asked.

slowly faded, till even his lips were ashy

The Colonel described the meeting at the

"There has been a mistake," he said in

conclusion. "I no longer ask you to divorce

your wife-for in all probability she is inno-

cent of any sin against you, except the error

of suffering her affection to be won by an-

other man. I ask you now to find her. It

is your duty to do that, and without an

"That is all mighty fine," exclaimed Va-

lentine savagely. "My wife chooses to run

away and hide herself after penning a delibe-

I rate avowal of her love for another man-and

you tell me it is my duty to find her. I tell

you that from the hour she wrote that letter,

she was dead to me. It was our final irre-

vocable parting. Living or dead she was

my wife no longer. You are her father; she

has not outraged you—she has not cast you

off with scornful words, as she did me. It

"You may be sure, Mr. Belfield, that

shall not fail to do a father's duty," an

swered the Colonel, throwing down the end

of his cigar, and grinding it under his heels

somewhat savagely, to the detriment of the

justification for repudiating all obligation

towards a wife who had written such a letter

intended flight. That her courage had

failed, or that her conscience had been

awakened at the last moment, would hardly

make atonement to an angry, insulted

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A Decided Case of

DRY ROT.

Deverill in the billiard-room, Valentine Bel

field withdrew himself still more from the

society of his fellowmen. Even his appear

ance in the hunting field became spasmodic.

He was rarely seen at the meet, but would

contrive to fall in with the hounds about the

middle of the day, and would ride till the

finish like a modern Zamiel, or any other

demoniac character, with a reckless disre-

gard of his own bones which was only a

little less offensive than his carelessness

for kicking horses, or he would never get

such brutes as he rides," said Mr. Free-

mantle, who rode a sober well-mannered

weight carrier, in a sober and gentleman-

like way, and who contrived to keep pretty

near the hounds without exerting himself

There was a general feeling that Mr. Bel-

field had gone altogether to the bad since

his wife's disappearance. People pitied

him, but wanted to see as little of him as

possible. He had never been a favorite in

the neighborhood, and of late, his sullen

manner had been calculated to alienate

And now it had become known that St.

Austell was in London, and people-

especially the feminine portion of the com-

munity-began to be exercised in mind as

to what could have become of Mrs. Belfield.

Had she eloped with St. Austell, and had

they quarrelled and parted after brief

union? Or had she never gone off with him?

That was the question debated with hushed

whom she would be likely to be living?"

asked one of the Miss Traduceys. "Most

girls have an old aunt that they can go to on

"I don't believe Mrs. Belfield has anything

so respectable as an old auut belonging to

her," replied Dorothy Toffstaff, who was sour-

ed by three unsuccessful seasons in London,

during which all the attentions she had re-

ceived had been too obviously inspired by

her father's wealth rather than by her own

charms. "My idea is that she went off

with St. Austell, as everybody thought at

the time of her disappearance, and that he

has grown sick of an empty-headed beauty,

and has left her in India. She would be

sure to get picked up by somebody," added

Miss Toffstaff, with the air of consigning

Thus lightly did society at Cnadford dis-

cuss the problem of a fallen sister's fate; but

it was not so lightly that Lady Belfield con-

disappearance. In a conversation with Col-

onel Deverill, she drew from him much that

had passed between him and St. Austell, and

at the last, after writing that terrible let'er,

as the possible shelter from temptation; as

Louise de la Valliere in the dawn of love fled

from her royal lover to the convent. There

only could she find a safeguard against her

own passionate heart, and aid for her own

weak will. Such a course would account

for the unclaimed trunks in the bed chamber.

For the handmaid of heaven, vowed to holy

poverty, fine clothes and feminine luxuries

resolved to travel quietly through the West

of England, visiting all those institutions,

Anglican or Romanist, to which Helen

might possibly have attached herself. She

had taken Mr. Rockstone into her confi-

dence, and with his aid she had obtained

until her plan was made and she was on the

her companion. The journey would not be

To her disappointment, Adrian strongly

"Dear mother, no good would result from

filled her with a new hope.

were a dead letter.

north coast of Cornwall.

opposed her scheme.

Mrs. Belfield to the Oriental gutter.

" Has she any old aunt in Ireland with

breath over many an afternoon tea table.

"I believe Belfield must offer a premium

After that brief convergation with Colonel

He could not but feel that Valentine had some

was for you to look after her."

polished parquet.

about other people.

even friendship.

an emergency.

have seen St. Austell."

Badmit ton.

hour's loss of time.'

By M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF " LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, WYLLARD'S WEIRD, ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER. XXXVIII—(CONTINUED)

Colonel Deverill did not go back to Devonshire next day as he had promised. He was absent from Myrtle Cottage for nearly a week, and when he returned he was accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced to Mrs. Baddeley as his old friend Melnotte, the famous African traveller.

Leonora was not learned upon the subject of Africa or the Royal Geographical Society. She had heard such names as Cameron and Stanley, which she associated vaguely with sand, camels, black men, and yellow fever. She had no love for the Dark Continent. It gave her neither silk gowns nor high art furniture; and she was proud to remember that her diamonds were genuine Brazilians. She yawned when her father expatiated upon the interesting experiences of his guest and put him forward as a man whom it was an honour to know.

"He seems an inoffensive little person," said Leo, "and Tory evidently likes him. But I cannot imagine him getting the better of a lion, or discovering the source of a river And then he is so dreadfully lame! How did he ever get about Africa with that lame

"He was not always lame. His gun burst one day when he was shooting antelopes and wounded him in the hip."

"Well, he is rather nice little soul, and hope he will put you in better spirits," an swered Leo lightly. Her father told her nothing about his in-

terview with St. Austell. He was unusually grave and silent after his return from London, but on the arrival of an invitation as that in which Helen had declared her to dinner from Lady Belfield, he hastened to accept it.

"My friend, Melnotte, the African traveller, is staying with me," he wrote, "and I should much like to be allowed to include | husband. him in our party."

The messenger who carried Colonel Deverill's note brought back Lady Belfield's

shall be charmed to make Melnotte acquaintance, though I confess to a lamentable ignorance about Africa. I am prepared to be interested, but not intelligent.'

Leonora Baddeley had described Mr. Melnotte inaccurately when she spoke of him as an offensive little person. He was small, with a small round head, close cropped hair and rather insignificant features. But his eyes were remarkable-luminous, keen, quick, and yet steadfast. Those rather prominent blue gray eyes had a kindly look too, keen as they were. Mr. Melnotte was not handsome; but he was a pleasant-looking little man, and seemed thoroughly at his ease in a dress coat, in spite of Africa.

"I almost expected to see you with a circle of ostrich feathers standing straight up from your head," said Leonora, laughing, as she stood ready for her fur cloak, gorgeous in black and gold, one of those gowns which defy description and leave only a vague impression of Brussels lace, brocaded velvet, and bullion.

"I left my feathers in Bashuto Land," answered Melnotte, " but I sometimes regret a continent upon which I was not obliged to dress for dinner."

He seemed to enjoy himself at the Ab bey, whatever his prejudice against civilisation. He was graciously received by Lady Belfield, and Sir Adrian talked to him for a great part of the evening, and questioned him closely about his African experiences. "I have read most of the books upon Africa," said Adrian, "but I blush to say

I have not read yours." "I have not written any book. I have been content to jog along in a very quiet I am pretty well known in a certain part of Africa, but I doubt if anybody has ever heard of me or my adventures. I am not a Fellow of the Geographical."

Sir Adrian knew this beforehand, as he had looked up the list of Fellows, and had been surprised at not discovering Mr. Melnotte's name.

The traveller's conversation was not the less agreeable because his fame had been samewhat exaggerated by Colonel Deverill. He told a good many interesting anecdotes, some of which were rather familiar to Sir Adrian's ear; but then there must needs be a resemblance between all adventures in a primitive world, where the changes had to be rung upon blacks, buffaloes, lions, alligators, and fever.

Mr. Rockstone, Mr. and Mrs. Freemantle and their daughter Lucy, were of the party. and every one at the table, except Valentine, seemed interested in the lion and buffalo stories, the serious aspect of desert life being relieved by recollections of a comic American, who had been Mr. Melnotte's fellow traveller at one period. Mr. Belfield heard these anecdotes with a gloomy brow, and did not trouble himself to be particularly civil to the narrator.

It was the first time Valentine had seen is father in-law since the Colonel's journey to London, and when they were in the bil liard-room after dinner, Colorel Deveril took occasion to mention St. Austell's return. Mr. Freemantle and Mr. Melnotte were playing billiards, while Valentine and the Colonel sat on a raised settee at the end of the room, in a pannelled recess decorated with breech-loaders of the latest fashion, and rapiers that had been carried by bucks and bloods in the days of Addison and Chesterfield.

Mr. Melnotte played a neat game, but he was a very slow player-aggravatingly slow Mr. Freemantle thought, when he had to wait through a longish break, his opponent deliberating before every shot, and looking down his cue meditatively before he took his aim.

"A man who can play as well as he does needn't be so confoundly slow," thought Mr. Freemantle.

Colonel Deverill smoked haif his cigar in silence, while Valentine sat by his side, apparently engrossed by watching the game. "Have you known your African friend lorg?" he asked, presently.

"A longish time." "He was never at Morcomb, was he!" "No, he was in Bashuto Land when I had Moroomb."

rican cun. "Oh, he has been back over a twelvemouth,

all that fatigue and anxiety on your part," "Ah, to be sure. He is not very yellow, he said, gently if I am sure that Helenia considering he has been so long under an Af- not in any such retreat." "But how can you be sure?"

"Mother, I have reason to know. You knocking about in Ireland;" answered the must ask me no more. You must have some "But never mind him. I've got pity upon me," said Adrian, deadly pale.

"You know that lost girl's fate, and yet hide the truth from me.

"There are secrets that must be keptthat are sacred. Mother, you know how fondly I love you. In my own life there has never been a secret; but in this case I can not tell you all I know without betraying another person. You would have me guilty of dishonor ?"

"No, no; you know I would not. But let me understand-give me some kind o hope and comfort. You know where she is, then : you have known all along ?" Valentine's brow darkened, and his colour

Adrian bent his head in assent. "And yet you let me puzzle and torture myself about her ?"

"I was tongue tied." "I see. She confided in you. It was to her you bound yourself to silence?" "I can answer no questions."

"But you can tell me that she is safe-She is safe. She did not elope with Lord St. Austell. Her last sin against her

husband was the writing of that fatal letter." "Thank God! But why may I not know her retreat? Why may I not see her again? You know that I loved her as a daughter. Even if she can never be reunited to her husband, she may at least be restored in some measure to me. And there is her poor

uncertainty; or allowed to think that his daughter is leading a wicked life? It is your duty to reveal the truth, Adrian." if you say one word more, I shall regret people all her life. A few years ago when the spot where Valentine sat, from the having trusted you. I beseech you to keep faith with me. Not one syllable to anyone,

least of all to Valentine."

father, too. Why should he be tortured by

"Poor Valentine. Can you see him so miserable and yet not tell him?" "Nothing I could tell would help him. Mother, the best thing you can do for your own peace of mind-and for us all-is to forget the past as far as it can be forgotten. There is nothing that can be done; nothing. I think you know that I am not without conscience—that I have some sense of duty. It there were anything that could be done, I would do it: but there is nothing. As hope for the life eternal, there is no act of

her whose loss we both deplore. His words and looks were so deeply earnest, that his mother could not disbelieve. Adrian had been her strong rock in the last few years; her friend and companion, the one being whose presence always brought brightness and comfort, upon whose sound sense and unselfish affection she could rely. She was mystified but she was submissive; and the journey to Lanherne was given up. She told Mr. Rockstone only that she had

yours or mine that can be of any service to

changed her mind. doning your idea," he said. "Be sure that if Mrs. Belfield is in any retreat of that kind, she will communicate with you before long. Her heart will yearn for you as time | being slow. goes by, and the longing to see you or to hear from you will be too strong to be repressed by any ascetic rule, however se-

After that conversation with his mother. Adrian had an uneasy feeling that he had said too much, that he had gone too near the betrayal of his brother's dreadful secret. Yet to have allowed his mother to follow a phantom, to wear out her heart in false hopes and disappointing researches, was more than his duty as a son would allow. His first thought had been of his mother; it was for her sake he had kept Valentine's secret; and it was for her sake that he had lifted a corner of the veil. It was for her sake that he had tried to seem happy and at ease when his heart was gnawed by care, and his life darkened by the shadow of

"Let us forget," he had said to her; and often, in the long slow days, he had said to himself, "Oh, God, if I could but forget."

His daily welk was by the river. He seemed drawn there by an irresistible attraction. Scarcely a day passed on which he did not stand beside that silent pool beneath which ley the murdered wife. He went there oftenest in the twilight, when all things had a vague and ghostly aspect, or when the eye created its own spectres out of the commonest forms. He wondered some times that her spirit had never appeared to him, when his thoughts were so full of her. He gazed with melancholy eyes among the shadows of the willow trunks, half expecting to see a spectral form waving tremulously above the bank, like a ghostly Undine. But there was nothing. The dead made no sign.

brightly amidst the gray. It came nearer as he advanced along the path, and presently he found himself face to face with Mr. Melnotte, who was strolling quietly along, smoking a big cigar.

"Good evening, Sir Adrian. A mild sidered the mystery of her daughter-in-law's night, and a picturesque spot," "Very. But I should think it must seem uncommonly tame to you after the Zambesi

the idea that Helen had changed her mind as if I had never seen Africa. A favorit; What more likely than that the erring walk of yours, Sir Adrian?" girl had turned to some conventual sanctuary

"Yes; it is one of my favorite walks." "I thought so. I have seen you here nearly every evening for the last ten days. or interests, moping away his life in a coun I generally take my afternoon stroll in this direction, but on the opposite bank. Lady Belfield was so good as to say I might make free with the park and meadows."

Deverill's would be welcome. Is this your you going wrong without speaking my first experience of Devonshire?" "Of this side of the county, yes. I know They sat round the fire for some time "You will begin a new life. Even the Impressed with this idea, Lady Belfield

the south coast pretty well. A delightful after this, talking of many things, enjoying "You are not a Devonshire man?"

"I have not that privilege." There was a silence. Mr. Melnotte [did ] not volunteer any information as to his birth | might be. For Adrian there had been no or parentage. He was a curious little man all the information necessary to guide her in this wise, and, except for his African experiences, seemed to be a man without a She told Adrian nothing of her purpose history. Sir Adrian wondered how his friendship with Colonel Deverill could have point of setting out with her old servant for come about. The two men seemed to have a long one. The furthest point was to be the Convent in Lanherne Valley, on the invitation which was promptly accepted. "It is always a pleasure to visit such a

"Any ghosts. Any story of a dark orime "I have beard of neither ghost or orime." It don't pay to take palme ghout it, Mrs.

out those embellishments," said Melaptte, cheerfully, "and the park and gardens are perfect. This is a tributary of the Chad, I suppose, this river in your "Yes it unites with the Chad lower

" A swift, deepish river, eh ?" " Swift and deep."

"It makes a very pretty feature in your grounds. Nothing like water for giving beauty and variety to a landscape. To morrow evening, at eight, I think you said, Sir Adrian? Good night."

Mr. Melnotce crossed a rustic bridge and disappeared in the twilight on the further bank, white Adrian strolled slowly along the cypress walk-

He was met by Lucy Freemantle, who unconsciously suggested a reminiscence of Shakespeare's Beatrice.

"I have been sent to ask you to tea," she said, blushing a little, her complexion of lilies and roses looking brighter than ever in the gray winter atmosphere.

"You are very good to take so much trouble about me," answered Adrian, as they shook hands.

"Oh, it was no trouble. I am always glad of a run. Mother and I came to call upon Lady Belfield, and Lady Belfield was getting fidgetty about you, so mother told me to run and look for you, and I guessed I should find you this way.'

"How clever of you. They were on very friendly terms, Lucy and swords in the recess at the further end "It is my duty to keep my oath. Mother, having known the Abbey and the Abbey and there was a circle of soft light round she had been in the nursery she had looked up to Sir Adrian as a very grand personage, standing as it were apart from all other young men upon the strength of superior attainments, but of late she had felt herself more upon a level with him, and more at her ease in his society. He called her Lucy, as a matter of course having known her in pinafores, but she called him Sir Adrian. "Is my brother at home?" he asked, as

> they walked towards the Abbey. "No, there is no one but Lady Belfield and mother. They are talking parish talkabout the poor old people and their ailments -such dreadful complications. How hard it seems that the poor should suffer in all ways. People who know nothing about them. think they are healthy and hardy because of their scanty fare and open air life: but when one comes to know them, one finds that theory a hollow mockery. The open air may be very good for us, but the poor get too

She spoke warmly, having just come from a scene of suffering in one of the cottages. She was a frank, warm hearted, energetic girl, tall and strong, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, a girl for whom life meant "I think you have done right in aban- action and duty, not dress and pleasure. Yet at a county ball she danced as gaily as the most feather-headed of her sisters, and never complained, as they did, of an evening

Lady Belfield and Mrs. Freemantle were sitting by the fire in the inner drawing room, the cosy tea table and hissing kettle between them. They had been joined by Mr. Rockstone, who sat in one of the most luxurious of the large arm chairs, with his legs stretched out in front of the hearth, basking in the glow of a friendly fireside, after a long day

among his poorest parishioners. They were talking of Valentine.

"He ought to make an effort, my dear Lady Belfield, "said the Vicar. "The blow that has fallen upon him is a heavy one, but it is almost unmaply to succumb as he has done. His whole being is undergoing deterioration. He has brooded upon the one great wrong until his soul has become steeped in gall He is a misanthrope at an age when men generally love their fellow creatures. Something must be done to save him from him-

"Yes, something must be done," echoed Mrs. Freemantle. "It is terrible to see fine young man like Valentine lapsing into physical and moral decay. My husband tells me that he shuns all his old friendsdoes not even show at the meet, and rides in a way that shows he cares no more for other people's lives than he does for his own. He ought to go to Australia."

"That is the remedy, Mrs. Freemantle," said the Vicar, "a new country-Australia, or the Red River district-a new and not too civilised country-utterly new surroundings. That kind of thing is your only Lethe; the only remedy for a mind diseased. I know it would grieve you to part with him, my dear Lady Belfield, but you would have him back in two or three years, a new man. Whereas, if you let him stay here, decay is inevitable. You remember what One evening he saw a red spark shining | Dickens says about the dry roc in a man. I'm afraid poor Valentine's is a case of dry

"I would do anything for his welfaresacrifice anything," replied Lady Belfield. "Then you and Adrian must put your heads together and persuade him to travel -California, Texas, Red River, or even Africa, if he fancies shooting antelopes, or dealing in buffaloes. You can take advantage of this Mr. Melnotte, who I am told is "Oh, but I am catholic in my tastes. I a mighty traveller. The grand thing is to can admire an English landscape as heartily | rouse Valentine from his present apathy, and set him going in some way."

"I am entirely of your opinion, Vicar, said Adrian. "My brother wants new surroundings. A young man without aims try place, is a sorry spectacle. I will take him in hand to night.

"Do, my dear Adrian," exclaimed Mrs. Freemantle, "I have known you and your "Naturally. Any friend of Colonel brother too long to be able to see either of

the blaze of the great pine logs, and the aroma of Lady Belfield's excellent tea-but two among them were heavy at heart, cheerful as the general tone of conversation helping others—of doing brave and generous helping others—of doing brave and generous such thing as happiness, or even peace of mind, since that fatal night. His life had been one long pretence.

It was a hunting day, and on such day a Valentine always stayed out among the latest, rarely appearing until after dinner. so little in common. From a good natured He would come into the house on the stroke impulse, rather than for any particular of eight, perhaps, and would be changing his reason, he saked Mr. Melnotte to dinner, an clothes while the others were dining. He would dine alone between nine and ten, at a little table in front of the billard-room house as yours, Sir Adrian," he said ; "A fire. He had never been a gourmand, but house with a history. No doubt the Abbey he are now with the air of a man who hardly has its history. It has a good many histories, or the servants set helotte sing anything the servants set helotte sing anything. more then was good for him.

"He sin't got no appreciation of a nice "Well it is a mobile cld bount, over with- I Magrable, as I tells cook. Give him a bettle

of burgundy, and the liquer state dinner, and he asks no questions There were no more of these ches deinkings with the mother after teday sport; no more recitals of the days adm ture. The young man west out along the morning, moody and silent; he con home in the same temper. His mother ha watched him in quiet grief, hoping that as the months went by the bread with to deepen that abiding gloom, and of his she had grown hopeless. Thus it was the gestion. she was ready to receive any plansible me

He was late on this particular evening and it was not until half-past nine that he was

"1'll go and talk to him after he ha dined," said Adrain, who had been linguing over dessert with his mother, trying h cheer her with the promise of brights days.

"Do dear. For pity's sake, influence him for good. I am helpless. His mind is a sealed book to me. He has never con. fided in me from the time of his boyhood He has taken his own way always, for good

Valentine was sitting in a Glastonbury chair in front of the wide fireplace, the burgundy decanter before him, almost empty, The lamps over the billiard cable were m. lighted, and the spacious room was half in shadow. The firelight flickered on gra colza lamp on the small Sutherland talk "A good run, Val?" asked Adrian, seating himself opposite his brother.

"Pretty good." "You must have killed uncommonly "We killed at sunset, on Plimpeted

"But that means five o'clock, and athree quarters of an hour's ride home. When have you been since?"

"I don't know." "Valentine!"

"Don't stare at me, man! I tell you! don't know. I have been riding about somewhere-losing myself on the moor, i you like. Great God, if I could only los myself altogether-ride away into some er chanted valley, and go to sleep there, in

It was almost the first time he had spake openly of his despair. From the hoard the crime matil now there had been no confidence between the brothers. They have lived together, and talked of the daily buil ness of lifes, but there had been an impus able gulf betwixt the past and the present By mutual consent they had been dumb.

But to-night, Valentine was utterly wen out in mind and body, fagged, helples, nervous. That powerful frame and strong self-reliant temper had been broken by the slow agonies of remorse. Brutal as the man's nature might be, conscience was not dead in him. It had awakened in the hou when he found himself alone after his crime -face to face with the memory of a murder.

It had never slept since. "Valentine," began Adrian earnestly, 'you are leading a miserable life. Thing

cannot go on like this." "You mean that I had better do as your criminal of the lower classes sometimes does under such circumstances—give myself up-walk into Freemantle's study to-morrow morning and tell him that I killed my wife. Is that what you mean?"

"No. It is too late for that course. What I mean is that you must leave the scene of your -misadventure. You have lingered here too long. You must go away -to another continent-Africa, Australia, wherever you can find the resources which will give you most relief of mind. The past is past, Val. There is no help for that. Let it be past. You have suffered for your sin of a moment in all the loag months that have gon by since that fatel night. You will suffer more or less to the

"More or less, no doubt. I have the privilege of an excellent memory," answered Valentine, with quivering lips, staring gloomily at the fire, the incarnation of despair.

"Your self torture can do no good to you or to anyone else. Far away, in the wild free life which suits your temperament, you will at least suffer less. Anything would be better than the stagnation of your existence here.'

"You are right. Anything would be better-but I think the best would be death."

"Don't say that, Val. Men have outlived worse sorrows than yours."

"Men are made of very hard wood, and I flattered myself-till last summer-that I was teak or iron-wood: but the dry rot of remorse has got into me, all the same. am worm-eaten to the very core. Yes, think you are right, Adrian. I must get away from this place, if I don't want to become a howling lunatic. I have stayed here in a kind of gloomy despair, thinking that I could hardly be more miserable here than anywhere else—but you are right have stayed too long. I will stay no longer. Here I am a cause of misery to others as well as to myself. In the desert-or the buch-I shall be my own man again. There will be no need for hypocrisy. I could lie on the ground face downwards and groun aloud without anybody calling me to so

"Your mind will clear and lighten face to face with unsophisticated nature, said Adrian, who throughout this converse tion had spoken with ineffable tenderness. memory of your sorrow will be soften that far off atmosphere. You will look back upon your old self gently, as we remember the dead. You will have opportunities of deeds. You will be born again, a better and a wiser man. My brother—my beloved brother, the second half of myself, I have infinite factors. infinite faith in you yet." He laid his hand caressingly upon his brother's shoulder. felt as if a great burden was lifted of his heart by this conversation of to-night. For wrecked both their lives, the brothers had spoken together freely. It was like a re-

good to me," said Valentine, and this from (TO BE CONTINUED.) him was much.

It is reported that Prince Biemerck suffering from insomnia, produce by initition caused by the young Emperor's course a acitag contrary to his advice.

A Tropical Right at Sea. Night: steaming towards the Demerara for a goal. A terri that compels the taking in saleg and wind-sail. Driving to phorescence of the sea, which plays extraordinary radiance. Our wake is a great broad seeth fre, whiter than strong moonli bright enough to read the trail is birghtest; at les cloudily, curling like a dreat sharp lights momentarily through it like meteor however, than this wake light are the long slow fices that ke ing about us, at a distance, out in Nebulous incandescences arise, cha and pass; serpentine flames wriggle there are long billowing crests of fir sem to be formed of millions of t that light up all at the same ti brightly awhile, disappear, reap swirl away in a prolonged smould Morning : steaming still south, vast blue day. Deep azure hea bluishwhite glow in the horizon; i Then again night, all luminous The Southern Cross burn We are nearing the enormous al the South American coast.

Morning. The light of an oran sun illuminates, not a blue, but yellow, sickly sea-thick, fou smooth. We are in the shallows caster keeps calling, hour after h a half four, sir!" "Quarter less There is little variation in its s always a quarter of a fathom or ha difference. The air has a sickly like the air above a swamp. And a blue sky! The water g olive and brownish tones alter foam looks visc ous and yellow is ochre-colored, very yellow and

looking. It seems unnatural th sky should hang over so hideous water; it seems to demand a gray such gray and such green being of a fresh-water inundation. five or six degrees north of the Very low the land lies before dark green line, suggesting miasma, paludal odors; and na useous color of the water deep Even this same ghastly flood great penal colony of Cayenne. a convict dies, the body is born and a great bell is tolled. And viscous, glaucous sea surface fu denly by fins innumerable, sy

triangular-the legions of the

to the hideous funeral. The

Bell !- [Harp ? 's Masszine. Married in Spite of Then

Some years ago, when free were running around loose in N a Boston man and woman who of these doctrines unt l they a spise all the common convention came to the conclusion that th together without going through of marriage. They had both n society and made no secret o tion. In fact, they announce

one they met. Staid old Bost m was shaken to the depths. The man was prevailed u dinner party, to which were nent society people, including of the State. When dessert the table the talk became ger turned upon the perverse cou and woman answered every them with the most perfect eq ally the Gov ran: took a ha versation. After asking a

and commenting on the ansy a calm, judicial manner, he man and asked: "Do you, Mr. --, inter cherish this woman as your v

"Yes, sir," answered the "And do you, madam, this man as your husband for for good or evil?"

"I do, sir," answered the "Then by the power inv Governor of this commonw you to be man and wife."

And thus the plans of t frustrated. Not So Favora Deacon Williams. "Bru did yer son come outen de t

Brother Jones. " De jed two munfs in de jayul." Deacon Williams. "Per if you oughter be pow'ful th off mighty light, he did." Brother Jones. "Twar seem ter think. Day's a-9 when de two munfs is up.' The Sweetest

Which are the sweetest The brown, where fire The sunny, laughing eye Or black, with glance Or opsline, with change

Or gray, where mind

Or violet, so soft and tru Tell me, which are th My darling bent her sur Her radiant face seen "The sweetest eyes to

"Are those that look A Sight for th Tramp-Will you give

a glass of beer with, sir Citizen—I guess so. you might feel quits saloon, my friend. Tramp-Yes, sir; but pure, de licious abandon, some time when I'm in

For the B It is not necessary to bu and women should reme Painless Corn Extractor and painless corn remo its work quickly and that the signature N. pears on each bottle.

Napoleon even in his darned stockings. There is nothing as r