

WRECKED.

AN OCEAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER III.

"Yes, my dear! Is it not dreadful? A fisherman's daughter—an uncivilized creature who runs about the beach half dressed. Oh, it is true! Angus showed me a sketch he had made of her, and she had neither shoes nor stockings, and only a little red cap on her head, and he assured me that was her usual style of costume."

"Nothing else?"
"Really, Marion?"—and Mrs. Marriot frowned impatiently—"You know quite well what I mean! I think you might sympathize with, instead of sneering at, my trouble. Angus has grieved and disappointed me often enough by his odd ways; but he never did this before."

Mrs. Marriot put her handkerchief to her eyes and leaned back in her easy chair with a deep sigh; then, suddenly remembering that the buttons at the back of her gown would seriously injure her handsome velvet mantle, drew herself up with a jerk and looked sharply at her companion.

It was a very hot day in the beginning of August, and in Mrs. Oakley's pretty drawing-room the sun-blinds were carefully drawn over the windows, and the flowers looked drooping and parched under the sun's burning rays.

Mrs. Oakley herself, however, lying back in her low chair, dressed in a cream-colored gown of Indian silk and lace, with a bunch of crimson roses fastened artistically on her left shoulder, looked deliciously cool and comfortable, and a great contrast to her visitor, whose face was flushed with heat and anger. She had a feather fan in her hand, which she swayed slowly backwards and forwards before her face, and she scarcely took the trouble to raise the heavy white lids which drooped over her blue eyes as she answered:—

"This could not well happen more than once or twice you know, auntie dear. Oh, perhaps he is only joking, it may not be true! Angus never could be such a fool!"

"Angus is fool enough for anything," Angus's irate mother retorted. "And you know how obstinate he is when he takes anything into his head! Oh, he will marry her! There is no doubt of that!"

Again Mrs. Marriot sighed deeply. A sudden spark, which was half amusement, half anger, flashed for a moment into Mrs. Oakley's eyes, and her little white fingers closed viciously round her fan.

"Is it—the wedding I mean—to be soon?" she asked lazily.

"In the autumn, he says."
"Not till autumn? Oh, lots of things may happen before then; I would not trouble about it, if I were you!" Mrs. Oakley answered languidly. "She may die, or pick up another sweetheart, or Angus may be led to see the error of his ways—a hundred and fifty things."

"You can take it easily enough, at all events," Mrs. Marriot said in a deeply aggrieved tone.

"Why not? What difference will it make to me?"—and Mrs. Oakley elevated her eyebrows in calm surprise.

"Not much, I suppose; still, considering the affection which you always professed for your cousin, I did think you would have felt more interested;" and again the lace-edged handkerchief came into use.

Mrs. Oakley looked half amused, half impatient.

"Dear aunt, how can you expect me to be frantically interested in anything on a day like this, with the thermometer at eighty in the shade?" she retorted. "I am very sorry; but I really don't see what I can do. If Angus is bent on making a fool of himself, I can't prevent him! He is old enough to manage his own affairs."

"Couldn't you, Marion?"—and Mrs. Marriot looked searchingly at her niece.

"You have great influence with Angus. You always had when you were boy and girl together, and he thinks so much of you."

"Yes, an influence you did your best to destroy," Mrs. Oakley said, in her quiet voice. Mrs. Marriot colored faintly, but passed the remark over in silence.

"And if you had to talk to him, to convince him of the disastrous effect a low marriage would have on his career, surely it might do some good! I should like him to marry; but he cannot afford—he positively cannot afford to marry without money," Mrs. Marriot went on solemnly.

"My remonstrance would not be of any use; if Angus has once decided on any course of action, nothing will move him," Mrs. Oakley answered carelessly. "It is equally impossible to coax or bully him into submission. No; your only plan—and she hesitated a moment—"is to see the girl."

"See the girl!" What do you mean?"

"I mean that, if she is the sort of person you describe—and there was unbounded contempt in the low clear voice—"I dare say she might be bought off, or something arranged."

"But how can I see her? You don't expect me, in my delicate state of health, to go to that out of the way place, I suppose? Really, Marion, you are too provoking!" There were real tears—tears of anger and vexation—this time in Mrs. Marriot's eyes. Mrs. Oakley was silent. A thoughtful look had settled over her face, and her red lips were closed in a firm line.

There had been a time in her life—not so very many years ago, though it seemed like a lifetime when she looked back—when the cousinly affection which Angus had always felt for her seemed likely to change and deepen into a warmer feeling. She was a penniless girl then, a dependant on her aunt's bounty, and Mrs. Marriot had been terribly alarmed at her son's devotion, and had done her best to separate the two. But she need not have been

alarmed; Marion Marriot was not of the race of women who think the world well lost for love. She had loved Angus after a fashion; but she had put that love aside calmly enough when Mr. Oakley, a rich merchant, and endured the disagreeableness of her short married life in a sufficiently philosophical way.

But she was a widow now—rich and free—and it had not seemed improbable that she would eventually bestow her hand and fortune on her old lover.

Angus—as far as she knew—had never cared for any other woman; she had almost persuaded herself that he never would; but now this news came like a sudden blow. She walked up and down her drawing-room after her visitor had left, with a flush of vexation in her fair face, and her heart beating with passionate anger and contempt. She had given Angus up once; but she would not do it a second time, she told herself, as she stood before the mirror and looked at her reflected figure with a long intent gaze, at her lustrous blue eyes, her wealth of golden hair, and smiled, a little reassured. Was it likely that Angus, with his cultivated taste, would turn away from her refined beauty and choose the coarser charms of a peasant girl?

And then a sudden resolution took firm possession of her mind. She would go to Holroyd, unknown to either Angus or his mother—she would go to Holroyd, and see this girl in her home and amid her coarse surroundings, and judge the extent of the danger herself.

Six weeks had passed since Marriot's departure; but the time had not seemed long to Olive. How could it, when ever before her eyes the shingling vision of the future rose, when in each ripple of the waves, each sigh of the wind, she seemed to hear the echo of her lover's vow of constancy?

Madame—who missed Angus's visits and lamented over his absence—had feared lest her charge should suffer from the same cause, and was delighted to find her as cheerful and light-hearted as ever. Only old Margery, who had known the girl from childhood—known her and her mother before her, and loved her for that mother's sake—used to sigh and shake her head as she watched Olive dreaming over her work with that happy far-off look in her eyes. The old woman crooning an old ditty as she went about the house, which Olive unconsciously caught up, and would sometimes find herself singing, and would check herself, with a laugh of derision.

"Quick thaw—long frost,
Quick joy—long pain;
Soon found—soon lost;
You will take your gifts again."

She could well afford to smile at the ominous ditty, it was so unlikely to prove true. To think that she would ever be called upon to take back the precious gift of her love which she had given so freely and ungrudgingly! So, firm in her belief in her own and her lover's constancy, she hoped and waited patiently till the three months of probation should be over and the full fruition of her hopes be realized.

"Old Dan'll will make his fortune," Dick said to Olive one morning, when, as usual, she had gone down to the beach to watch the unloading of the fishing-boats, Dick's work was finished and he was standing by her side, tall and stalwart, with his pictureque brown face and bright eyes. "Another stranger—a lady this time—a Mrs. Oakley—came last evening."

"A lady! What brought her here? Is she a friend of Mr. Dacre's?" Olive wondered carelessly.

"Maybe—now I never thought of that! What a cute little lass you are!"—and Dick's tone expressed great admiration of his cousin's superior sagacity. "It is likely enough. See—here she comes."

He lowered his voice and glanced over his shoulder as he finished the words; and Olive, raising her eyes, saw a tall lithe figure approaching. Mrs. Oakley was perfectly dressed in her favorite colors—pale blue and cream—with a broad hat casting shadows on her blue eyes and the rings of pale gold hair which clustered round her forehead. Very graceful and beautiful she looked as she picked her way daintily among the pools of sea water and heaps of sea-weed, and Olive looked at her with frank admiration.

"How pretty she is! What a sweet face!" she said softly.

Mrs. Oakley looked at the cousins curiously as she approached.

"Can this be Angus's sweetheart?" she wondered, with a quick blush, born of fear and anger, flashing into her face. There was the serge dress, the little red cap which sat so coquettishly on the plaits of sheeny hair; but there all resemblance to the wild peasant girl whom Mrs. Marriot had described to her ended.

This was no peasant girl, no village-beauty, whose pink and white charms had lured Angus from his allegiance, but a gracious stately woman whom any man might be proud to win. With an effort, she steadied her voice and forced a smile to her lips as she quickened her steps and advanced towards Olive, who was standing alone, Dick having walked away and rejoined the rest of the fishermen, and held out her hand.

"Surely I am not mistaken—you are Olive Neelson?" she said sweetly.

"Olive looked much surprised,—"Yes, that is my name; I am Olive Neelson," she answered.

"I thought so. I was sure I was not mistaken," and Mrs. Oakley smiled again as she took the girl's half-reluctant hand in her own. "I was certain you were Olive Neelson; and I am Angus Marriot's cousin."

"Are you?" A sudden sweet flush swept over the girl's face, and her eyes grew wonderfully bright and happy. "I am so glad to know you. Are you staying here?" she went on, with a tinge of shyness in her clear voice.

"I am staying at Lynde,"—and Mrs.

Marriot named a little seaside town a few miles distant from Holroyd—"and, as I was so near, I could not resist the temptation of running over to Holroyd and making your acquaintance. I have heard so much about you from Angus that I was quite anxious to see you."

"And now that you have seen me?"—and Olive threw back her pretty head, and colored, half with pride, half with embarrassment, under Mrs. Oakley's searching eyes.

"Now that I have seen you, I may deplore, but I can no longer wonder at Angus's infatuation," Mrs. Oakley answered quickly. "We were all a little disappointed—you won't mind me saying so, will you?—when we first heard of the engagement. Angus and I were like brother and sister, you must know; we were brought up together till I married; and we have always been so anxious—my husband and I—that Angus should marry well."

Olive colored again—a little angrily this time.

"Is Angus well—have you seen him lately?" she asked proudly.

"Last week. No, he is not looking very well; he works too hard, I am afraid," Mrs. Oakley answered, with a gentle sigh. "And, of course, now, with the prospect of an increased expenditure he will feel bound to strain every nerve to increase his income! But have you not heard from him lately?"

"No," Olive's dark eyes looked down steadily into Mrs. Oakley's fair face. "Has he not told you the terms of what he calls our engagement? When he first asked me to be his wife, we had known each other such a short time that I would not consent to any definite engagement. I asked him to wait three months, and during those months we were neither to see nor write to each other; but if, after that, we were still in the same mind—and the girl's voice quivered a little as she spoke—"we were to be really engaged."

"How wise you were! What a wonderful knowledge of human nature—man's nature, at all events, you showed!" Mrs. Oakley looked at Olive with a certain pitying admiration on her face. "Yes, I quite understand, Angus is romantic and susceptible. He met you here, and saw your beauty and refinement heightened by your coarse surroundings, and he fancied he had found his ideal woman at last. And really I cannot wonder at or blame him—now I have seen you." Olive's lips tightened into a firm line, and a look of pain flashed across her face; but she answered in a resolutely quiet voice:—"Yes, I think it was the wisest plan; as it is, there is no harm done—we are both perfectly free. Are you going to stay long at Lynde?"

"Oh, no; only a few days! I am with some friends," Mrs. Oakley answered hurriedly. "I came here last night just to have a peep at you, and I intend returning to Lynde this evening or tomorrow."

"You will spend the remainder of the day with us, I hope?" Olive said graciously, and Mrs. Oakley accepted the invitation readily.

After all, things were not so bad as she had feared, she thought, as she followed Olive up the steep path which led to the cottage. The hours which followed were inexpressibly long and dreary to Olive. She took Mrs. Oakley to her home, where madam, always charmed to see strangers, received her with a delighted welcome, and was loud in her praises afterwards of the fair visitor's grace of manner and charming toilette.

Mrs. Oakley was, or professed to be, charmed with everything she saw, with the quaint cottage under the hill, with the straggling village and stretch of golden sand, with the tall cliffs and murmuring ocean.

"It is quite too charming! 'Tis like a scene in a play," she declared. "I cannot wonder any longer at Angus's raptures."

And then she sighed and smiled sadly; and Olive felt the color flash hotly into her face as she listened.

Olive was very silent all that evening, very pleased when the visit was ended; madam chattered incessantly about the monotony of life so pleasantly; and Olive sat by the window apparently busy with some work, and said a word or two mechanically now and then, and was, oh, so thankful when bed-time came, and she could be alone with her sad thoughts, her doubts, her perplexities!

Oh, was it true—this which Mrs. Oakley had hinted? Was Angus repenting—was he wearying of her already? The girl tormented herself with vain conjectures as she lay awake in her bed and listened to the low moan of the waves breaking over the distant rocks. Had this gleam of happiness come suddenly into her life only to die as suddenly—"Quick joy, quick pain"? Old Margery's ditty seemed to ring in her ears like a weird prophecy. Was it true, and had she really given her love only to take it back again—crushed and spoiled and valueless?

"Mrs. Oakley, I am going to ask you a question," she said quietly next afternoon, as they sat under the shadow of the rocks watching the rippling light dancing on the blue water; "and I want you to answer it truly, for Angus's sake. Do you think"—she hesitated an instant, and her clear voice faltered a little—"that he repents his promise—that he would like to be free again?"

Mrs. Oakley started, and the faint-tint in her cheeks deepened ever so slightly. "My dear child, what an odd question! Why do you ask me? How can I tell?" she answered evasively.

"You know him well—you know his mode of life, the world and the people among whom he lives," Olive went on steadily. "Now tell me—don't think of me, don't shrink from speaking your real opinion out of consideration for any fancied pain to me; but speak the truth."

Would it be for his ultimate advantage and happiness to marry a girl like I am?" Mrs. Oakley returned the steady look as steadily, and with a gleam of triumph in her blue eyes.

"You want my real opinion? Well, I will give it then," she answered with cold distinctness. "It would be, to my mind, at least, utter ruin for Angus to marry a girl without money, or position, or any power to help him on in his career. He is clever—very clever. He has it in him to do great things if he had time and means; but, failing these, I fear he will sink down into a mere literary hack—a mere struggler for daily bread! And I have seen so many lives ruined, so many promising careers blighted by imprudent or early marriages that I cannot help trembling for my cousin. There—I have pained you!" and she placed her white fingers gently on her arm. "Forgive me, dear; but you asked for the truth, and the truth is rarely pleasant to hear."

"Very rarely," Olive assented quietly. "And you think that he—Angus—shares or is beginning to share your opinion?"

"He never said so; but I fancy"—and Mrs. Oakley hesitated. "It was something in a letter he wrote to me some little time ago which caused me to think so; but I may be mistaken. You shall read it and judge for yourself."

She took a letter from her pocket as she spoke, and placed it in the girl's hand. Olive took it and bent her head over it in silence. She could not see to read at first, for there was such a thick mist before her eyes; but by-and-by the words came out clearly enough, as clearly as if they had been written in letters of fire.

"Upon that other subject, dear Marion, concerning which you were kind enough to express an interest, I would rather not touch. If I made a mistake—and I am half inclined now to think so—it is too late to rectify it. I made it with my eyes open, and as I have given my word and cannot in honor draw back, I must abide the consequence of my folly."

That was all; but it was quite enough for poor Olive. How could she know that the words referred to a literary appointment which Angus had accepted, and afterwards repented accepting; they could bear but one interpretation in her eyes. Silently she folded the letter, replaced it in the envelope, and gave it back to Mrs. Oakley.

"Thank you—that is enough. I will write to Angus," she said very quietly.

"Oh, no, you must not!"—and a look in which there was something of compunction, but more of sudden alarm, crossed Mrs. Oakley's face. "He would never forgive me. He would say it was my doing, that I had no right to interfere—no right to show you that letter. He would not see—or, if he did, he would not acknowledge it—men are so obstinate—that it was for your own good—his equally with yours—that I did it."

"You need not be afraid—he shall never know from me," Olive answered proudly. The mist had quite cleared from her eyes now; they looked down into Mrs. Oakley's pretty agitated face full of a great calmness and sadness.

"See," she said, putting her hand gently on the other's arm, "I will say to you what I never acknowledged to any one before—not to Angus—not even to myself. I love him with all my heart and soul—I love him so well that I dread to think of what my life will now be without him; but, just because I do love him so well, I am strong enough to let him go in silence. I can bear to know that he will think me fickle and inconsistent—anything rather than that my love should bring harm to him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horse Maxims.

Never allow any one to tickle your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment, and does not understand the joke. Vicious habits are easily brought on.

Let the horse's litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing on hot, fermented manure makes the hoofs soft and brings on lameness.

Change the litter partially in some parts and entirely in others every morning; brush out and clean the stall thoroughly.

To procure a good coat on your horse, use plenty of rubbing and brushing. Plenty of "elbow grease" opens the pores softens the skin, and promotes the general health.

Use the curry-comb lightly. When used roughly it is a source of great pain.

Let the heels be well-brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes grease and sore heels.

Whenever a horse is washed, never leave him till he is rubbed quite dry. He will probably get a chill if neglected.

When a horse comes off a journey, the first thing is walk him about till he is cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents him from taking cold.

Let his legs be well rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes strain. It also detects thorns or splinters, soothes the animal and enables him to feel comfortable.

Let the horse have some exercise every day; otherwise he will be liable to fever or bad feet.

Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up to the manger. Pain and weariness from a continued position induce bad habits and cause swollen feet and other disorders.

Look at the animal's legs and feet. Disease or wounds in these parts, if at all neglected soon become dangerous.

The mother of Mrs. Thomas Foran of Fairfield, N. Y., enjoys excellent health, although 106 years of age. She never eats more than one meal a day. She danced at the wedding of a granddaughter five years ago.

DYNAMITE FOR THE MEHDI.

Communists from Paris Sending Missionaries to the Soudan.

For sometime it has been noticed that great activity has prevailed among the dynamite element in Paris. Secret meetings have been frequently held, and delegates have quietly come and gone, from America and elsewhere. These meetings have been noticed in the London press, whose Paris correspondents have explained the activity of the dynamiters as a preparation for a congress shortly to be held in that city for the purpose of bringing about a union between the advocates of "scientific warfare" and the old Fenian organization. "The real cause of the unusual stir among the dynamite war party who have made Paris their headquarters," said a dynamiter yesterday, "has not been the assembling of an impossible congress, but the adoption of means to assist El Mehdî in the destruction of the British force in Africa. It has been learned from a secret but reliable source that certain individuals, skilled in the use of explosives and who have seen military service in Europe and America, have left Paris already and are now on their way."

TO THE SOUDAN.

It is said that the suggestion originated with Henri Rochefort, through whose services "a safe conduct" was obtained for the missionaries. It will be remembered that when J. J. O'Kelly was sent out by the London Daily News after the death of O'Donovan with Hicks Pasha's army, Rochefort procured for him letters securing him a safe conduct to the camp of the Mehdî. The letters were procured from an Arab resident in Paris, who edits a little paper, published in Arabic and English, and which is distributed among the leading Moslems in several cities of the Levant. O'Kelly, proceeded on his way to join the Mehdî, and would have succeeded, but that Clifford Lloyd, learning his intention, intercepted him and held him a prisoner. Besides, it is certain that Oliver Pain, the Communist, and other Europeans, known to Rochefort and his friend, and are at present in El Mehdî's service. The object of the missionaries will be

TO INSTRUCT THE MADHI

in the best manner of paralyzing and destroying the British forces in the Soudan. To this end they will endeavor to press on El Mehdî and his advisers the necessity of avoiding pitched battles or fighting in the open, and will demonstrate to him the advantage of fighting at night instead of in the day. By simply harassing the British in the daytime and attacking them at night the advantages or disadvantages on both sides will be equalized. The Arab spear in the dark will be as effective as the English bayonet, and machine guns and magazine guns will be useless. Have not English officers declared that, man for man, the British were not equal to the Arabs in the hand-to-hand fight at Teb, when Osman Digna's men smashed the British square and turned for a time the English defence into an utter rout? And have not the Arabs almost every time they attacked the invader since, taken the much-belauded British square, hitherto deemed invincible? While some of the missionaries will strike direct for the Mehdî's camp, others will proceed to join Osman Digna, near Suakim. Some difficulty may be encountered in reaching El Mehdî, but there will be no trouble in reaching the camp of Osman Digna. Indeed, it is through Osman Digna's territory, and not by way of Cairo, that the missionaries purpose going. They do not believe in Wolsley's

NINETEEN HUNDRED-MILE STRATEGY.

"And now, as the fall of Khartoum, with all its arms and military stores, will place an abundance of resources in the hands of the Mehdî, the Paris Council deem it all the more necessary to despatch a few experienced and daring individuals to the aid of the Arab chief. A certain number of missionaries were to be sent from America, and it has leaked out that arrangements have been made with the Bordeaux, Transatlantic and an Italian line of steamers for the transportation of a number of individuals, under fictitious names, to the ports of Marseilles and Havre, whence they will be conveyed by the Messageries Maritime Company to some point on the Red sea coast."

Cruelty at Sea.

The story told of the torture of a seaman on board the American ship, Chapman, from San Francisco to Liverpool, exceeds in atrocities the blood-curdling tales of oppression and mutiny in "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," by William Clark Russell.

Jansen was often knocked down by the second mate and boatswain. He was kicked times without number. After his usual watch of two hours, he was immediately assigned to another watch. He was sick and made to work. The mate would butt his head in Jansen's face; pulled him along the deck by his moustache, shut him up in a dark room with the corpses of two sailors; when sick from his ill treatment he dragged him on deck, "if he died for it;" and finally, when he fell asleep from exhaustion and ill-treatment during his watch, the mate tied him up in a bag and hung him head downwards for two hours.

At the end of that time Jansen was found unconscious and the mate ordered the boatswain to restore him by "rubbing him down with a brick." Happily death relieved him from further torture.

If the testimony given by three or four of the hands on board is half true, there ought to be some system to prevent human beings from subjection to such savages, or such savages from having any power over human beings. After the horses and calves are kindly cared for, a society for the prevention of cruelty to sailors might have a chance.