

WRECKED.

AN OCEAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V.

Try as she might, Olive could not resist the cry of rapture and delight which broke from her lips as she looked once more on the loved face; but she need not have been afraid—Angus did not see or hear her, and little guessed that she was standing near—so near that his arm touched her as he passed! Olive shrank back among the group of women, and drew her ulster more closely over her face. Dick, having failed to find her at the inn, came to look for her, after awhile, on the beach, and was startled by the odd look in her eyes. He guessed the cause at once.

"Well, my lass; you saw him?" he said jealously.

Olive clung to his arm, with a low sob. "Yes, I saw him—oh, thank Heaven we were in time—that we saved him, Dick!" she cried in a voice tremulous with excitement and wild exultation.

Dick looked down at her excited face gravely.

"He is at the inn now; shall I tell him you are here, Olive?" he asked coldly. Olive might say what she pleased, might declare that Angus was nothing to her—had never done her any wrong; Dick held his own opinion. He had never forgiven, never would forgive the handsome low-voiced stranger who had come into their quiet village and won the heart of its fairest flower, and robbed it of its first beauty and sweetness. Olive started and shivered at the words.

"No—oh, no, Dick—anything but that! Take me home," she pleaded feverishly.

And Dick, as usual, did as he was told, and took her back to the cottage.

All that day Olive remained within doors racked with anxiety and suspense, half dreading, half hoping each time the door opened to look up and see Angus before her. But the day wore on till evening, and he did not come; and Olive, scarcely knowing whether to be relieved or disappointed, went to bed and cried herself to sleep.

She chid herself severely enough for those tears next morning, when sleep had brought back her strength and self-control, and she was able to think calmly of the events of the previous day. What did she want? she asked herself sternly. She had made her sacrifice—made it willingly and ungrudgingly. Was she faint-hearted enough already to repent it?

With a strong effort she forced herself to be cheerful and self-possessed when Dick, as usual, came in the evening to the cottage. The two cousins had been studying geometry and Euclid together that winter. Olive had been taught the rudiments of both at school, and had imparted her knowledge to Dick; but lately her place had changed, and the tutor had become the pupil.

Those evening hours which she spent with Olive were perilously precious to poor Dick! This evening Olive noticed that he looked dull and pre-occupied, and it was not long before she inquired the cause.

"Dull! Nay, I don't know that I am dull, Olive," Dick answered in his slow full voice; "I was wondering if you had heard the news."

"What news?" Olive's heart beat quickly.

"Why, about the old Squire! He died last night, lass!" Dick answered.

Olive started.

"Dead! Why, I saw him last night. He was quite well then," she cried.

"He died last night—died in his sleep, as all his race die, calmly and painlessly. He has had heart-disease for years," the doctors say! Dick went on slowly. "The servant found him in the library, when she went to open the shutters, lying back in his chair with a smile on his face; but he had been dead and cold for hours they say."

"I saw him last night. It must have been soon after I left him," Olive said, in a low awed whisper. "Oh, I am glad we parted friends! He was a hard man to others, but he was always good to me," the girl went on, her soft eyes filling with pitying tears; "but it seems so dreadful to die like that—quite alone, with no one near him!"

"Nay, I don't think it matters much how one dies," Dick answered quietly. "It is a leap in the dark at best, and one may as well take it alone as in company. Mr. Pitchard, the lawyer, came down today, and they say he has been asking all sorts of questions about"—and Dick paused and looked oddly at his cousin—"about you."

"About me?" Olive looked surprised. "Yes, you—who you were, and where you lived, and all about you," Dick went on shortly. "And he said he was coming to call on you to-day."

"He has not been here; I have not been out to-day; I should have seen him if he had called. I can't imagine what he can want with me," Olive said thoughtfully.

"Neither can I," Dick answered shortly.

His manner was rather odd, and he looked scrutinizingly at his cousin as she sat bending over her book with a sad, grieved look on her face. He hesitated, half commenced to speak, then checked himself suddenly, and, while he hesitated, a loud ring came to the door, and a man's voice was heard without asking for Miss Neelson.

The two cousins looked at each other, but neither spoke for a moment; then the door opened, and a tall, fine-looking man came in. He looked searchingly from one to the other, and his keen eyes, glancing round the room, noticed every detail of the scene—the scattered books and papers, the quaint old-fashioned furniture, the flowers and pictures which adorned the room, then rested, with a

long inquiring gaze, on the graceful girl in her plain blue dress, with a knot of crimson ribbon at her throat. She rose from her seat and came across the room to greet her visitor with perfect ease and self-possession.

"I am speaking to Mr. Pitchard, I believe? Will you be seated?" she said gently, drawing a chair forward to the fire.

"Thank you. Yes, my name is Pitchard," the lawyer answered, taking the offered chair. "You can guess my errand, I dare say, Miss Neelson?"

"No; I am quite at a loss, unless"—and the girl's clear voice faltered a little—"you bring me any message from Mr. Daere. He and I were very good friends."

"You have guessed rightly," and the lawyer bowed gravely. "I have brought you a message—a written message—from my dead friend."

He took a letter from his pocket as he spoke, and placed it in Olive's hand.

"Six months ago he gave this to me to be delivered to you after his death."

Olive took the letter and looked at the address; but she shrank with an odd reluctance from breaking the seal. Outside the rain and wind were beating wildly against the windows, and every now and then, as the violence of the wind lulled, she could hear the moan of the waves breaking upon the rocks. The two men were silently watching her with anxious eyes, and one of them felt his heart beat with nervous apprehension and dread as at last she rallied her courage, and, tearing open the letter, read the message which the dead man had sent to her by his friend's hand.

"Before you receive this, Olive, my life, with all its errors and shortcomings, will be ended. Though it is too late to repair the mistakes I have made, I can see them clearly enough now, and perhaps, if I had my time over again, my life might be a very different one. But you are different. Your life, with its opportunities and responsibilities, lies before you; and I have bequeathed to you, as a solemn trust, the wealth which I have misused. Make a better use of it than I have done, Olive, and repair, as far as possible, the mistakes I have made."

This was the message. Olive read it slowly two or three times; but she failed to grasp the meaning of the words. She looked at Mr. Pitchard with bewildered eyes.

"I don't understand what it means. Please explain," she said faintly, holding out the letter to him.

The lawyer looked at her gravely.

"It means that my old friend, who was a childless solitary man, has made you his heiress, Miss Neelson," he explained, "in the hope, as he says in that letter, which he read to me six months ago, that you will make a better use of it than he has ever done. You need not hesitate to accept it. There is not a single person who can lay a shadow of claim to one iota of the Squire's wealth."

Olive looked intently into his face; but she did not answer for a long time. She stood, resting one hand on the table, gazing before her with a strange far-away look in her eyes. The echo of the Squire's letter seemed ringing in her ears like a sad refrain. Too late—too late! The sudden accession of wealth, which would have seemed so welcome only a few months before, seemed utterly valueless now. Mr. Pitchard looked at her curiously, as at last she forced herself to speak. She was very pale, and her voice sounded grave and earnest and full of sadness.

"I can't say yet that I thank Mr. Daere for putting this burden upon my shoulders," she said, with a certain gentle dignity in her voice and manner which impressed both the men; "but I accept the trust. I am of the people, and I have lived among them most of my life, and I know better than most women what their trials and wants are; and I know too—Heaven forgive him!—how often, when he might have held out a helping hand, he refused and turned away. But I accept the trust. I will try my best to redeem the mistakes he has made, to make his name honored—his memory blessed instead of cursed."

There was a short silence in the room after Olive had finished speaking, for both the men were impressed, and Mr. Pitchard very much surprised by the calm manner in which she had received the news of her unlooked-for inheritance. He had expected her to be a little overcome and elated at the sudden change in her fortunes; but she had met it with a quiet dignity and composure, not unmixed with a certain sadness, which utterly astonished him. Perhaps, after all, the old Squire had not been so far wrong in his choice of heiress, he thought. He looked inquiringly at Dick, who was standing with his hands clasped behind his back and his dark eyes fixed on his cousin's face. There was an odd expression of entreaty—nay, almost of despair—in that intent gaze, for poor Dick was realizing once more a fact which, during those last weeks of closest intimacy with Olive, had receded far into the background—the fact of the gulf between them. Olive would be farther off than ever now, he thought bitterly; and he, for one, felt anything but grateful to the Squire.

"You have no brothers, I think, Miss Neelson?" Mr. Pitchard said, after a brief hesitation. "This gentleman is—"

"He is my cousin—the best and truest friend I have in the world!" Olive answered quickly. She crossed the room as she spoke, and put her hand lightly on Dick's arm. "Why do you look at me so strangely, Dick? Aren't you going to congratulate me?" she asked with a faint smile.

"Eh? I will try; but I am selfish enough to be sorry too, Olive," Dick answered gently. "You were always far out of my reach, I know; but you will be further off than ever now."

"Why should I?" Olive's eyes grew

misty with indignant tears, and she threw back her head proudly.

"Because it is only natural, lass," Dick answered, still in that odd quiet tone. "Ask the gentleman there; he knows the world, and he will tell you the same. You will have to say good-bye now to your old life and friends, and learn to begin anew. Am I not right, sir?"

"Quite right." But there was a curious compassion in the lawyer's voice, and he looked steadily at the younger man's sad face. He hesitated a moment before he answered—"Wealth brings great responsibilities, Miss Neelson. Perhaps, just at first, you may find your duties rather irksome and your life scarcely so free and pleasant as it has been hitherto; but you will soon grow accustomed to your position. But—there—he checked himself with a smile—"I am actually condoling with you, almost as if you had lost in stead of gained a fortune. I will say 'Good evening' now; and, if you will allow me to call to-morrow, I shall then be better able to explain matters to you."

Olive was silent until the door had closed, and she heard the lawyer's footsteps pass the window, and then she turned to Dick. There was a soft smile on her sweet face as she stood by his side and touched his arm with her white fingers.

"Why, Dick, my dear fellow," she said gently, "what a goose you are! Surely you don't think it possible that anything could ever come between us! Why, we have been like brother and sister all our lives."

She looked up into his face as she spoke; but her own grew grave and troubled at the suppressed anguish and grief which she read there.

"Dick, what is it? Tell me!" she cried wonderingly.

With a strong effort Dick controlled himself and answered, but his voice was very hoarse and full of suppressed passion.

"Nay, that is just it, Olive," he said gravely. "We have been, as you say, brother and sister so long that I dread the thought of losing you. And I can't be unselfish enough to rejoice at this change in your life, for I know well enough—and Dick's voice faltered a little—"it is only the beginning of the end. You will drift farther and farther away from me, my dear, and some day I shall wake up and find you gone altogether!"

"That you never will!" Olive cried. "Why, Dick, what an absurd idea! As if I could ever forget—ever be content to let you go!"

Her hand was resting on his shoulder, her sweet eyes full of love and reproach and surprise looked straight into his, and Dick felt a sudden passionate longing to take her in his arms and kiss the sweet lips, and just for once pour out the love and despair that filled his heart. He stretched his hands to her with something like a cry of appeal.

"Olive, dear heart!" he cried. And then the door opened, madame entered, and Dick's moment of weakness passed harmlessly away. Dick dropped Olive's hands suddenly and turned away, scarcely knowing whether to be glad or sorry at the interruption. He said good night to Olive, who went with him to the door, and gazed after him with anxious wondering eyes as he hurried away through the driving rain and wind.

"What was the matter? How odd Dick was, and how foolish too!" the girl thought, half amused, half impatient at her cousin's vagaries.

And then other and more sombre thoughts banished the memory of Dick's odd looks, and she turned and looked towards the Hall. There was a light burning in the library window, and the girl's heart thrilled with pity as she thought of the Squire lying there in his coffin, unwept, unmourned.

"He was always good to me," she said to herself sadly, "and I will do my best! But if I had only known—if it had not come too late!"

"Too late!" It seemed to Olive as if the cry of all humanity, the cry of every bruised and aching heart throughout the world was echoing in her ears that night.

CHAPTER VI.

The winter was unusually long and severe that year; but it gave place to spring at last, and with the spring prosperity returned to the village. Once more the gray tossing billows grew calm and blue, the fishing smacks sailed out again, and there were life and stir and activity everywhere. The storms had passed; but traces of their violence remained in the shattered timbers and wrecks which strewed the coast, and in the vacant chairs that stood in more than one cottage.

But now the winter was past and already the influence of the new regime at the Hall was beginning to be felt in the village. One by one the wretched cottages, which fever and ague had long claimed as their dwelling place, were pulled down and replaced by rows of neat well-built cottages, with long strips of garden behind and before; a school was built, a library opened, and very soon the foundation-stone of a new church was to be laid by the Bishop of the diocese.

But it was not only the fisherfolk who had cause to rejoice at the change of government. The farmers on the estate, who had long groaned under the Squire's tyranny and the bad times, found their burdens considerably lightened now under the more generous regime. It was no wonder that the new owner of the Hall was popular, that the women blessed her bonny face, that the men, one and all, would willingly have risked their lives for her slightest command. She belonged to them, she was one of them, and they were justly proud of their darling. When she had been poor, she had denied herself and given of her poverty willingly; and, now she was rich, she gave of her abundance right royally, and

spent her riches with a lavish but discriminating hand.

She had once told Angus Marriot that she loved pretty dresses and ornaments of every description, and she could afford now to indulge her fancies to her heart's content; but somehow she failed to find much pleasure in her new possessions. She used to dress herself up in her glistening silks and dainty laces, and clasped broad bands of pearls round her throat and arms, and play at being a great lady for madame's edification. There were diamonds enough and to spare locked away in the iron safe; but it was not *comme il faut* for a *demoiselle* to wear diamonds—so madame, who was very strict on matters of etiquette, declared—and Olive was obliged to content herself with less magnificent jewelry. It all seemed very pretty, very unreal, more like a scene in a play than a reality. Olive thought; but often in the midst of her grandeur she found herself looking back with a sigh of regret to the old days when she wandered about the rocks in her serge dress and red cap, with Angus Marriot by her side.

The affectionate intercourse which had always existed between the two cousins remained unaltered by Olive's change of fortune. They spent quite as much time together as in the old days. Olive would gladly give up any of her gaieties for a walk or a row with Dick, and his clear head and practical knowledge of the wants of his class were of inestimable value to her. A little against his will, he had yielded to Olive's wish that he should remove himself and his belongings from his own cottage to the one under the cliff which she had formerly occupied; but he had decisively refused to accept any share of the Squire's wealth.

What did he want with money? He had enough and to spare, he had said, when Olive delicately pressed him to accept a share of the riches which had so oddly come into her hands, and, though she was sorry at his refusal, she knew him too well to persist. So far the Squire's riches seemed to have brought more care than pleasure, more worry and annoyance than delight. Olive's tastes were very simple, and the great house, with its magnificent furniture and adornments, seemed desolate and unhomelike at first. It was only when she went into the village and saw the changed aspect of the place, when she heard a grateful mother pour out passionate thanks for the timely help which had saved her child's life, when she saw plenty and health where poverty and sickness had once reigned supreme, and knew that she herself had brought about the change—then it was that she realized the blessing and the power of the riches which the Squire had placed in her hands.

For some little time the county people held back from calling on the new owner of the Hall. By-and-bye, however, curiosity triumphed over pride, and one by one they made their visits, and were immensely surprised and a little discomfited by the reception they received. They had expected to find a vulgar, over-dressed village beauty in the Squire's heiress, and Olive in her simple dress, with her quiet self-possessed manner in which there was more than a tinge of *hauteur*, first puzzled and astonished, then delighted them after a time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BEARD.

An Indignant Woman's View.

If I know my own heart, I felt thankful for that good word for the beard. Were not the conquering races always the bearded ones? How can any sane person imagine that our Maker caused beard to grow upon the face of man for the sake of the employment of cutting it off, or digging it out by the roots, as some savages do? And remember that among God's chosen people a man was considered unfit to enter good society without his beard. He must "tarry at Jericho" till his "beard was grown." I wish he had to tarry there now until that time. A man without a beard looks like a house without blinds, a horse without a mane, or any other incomplete affair. And it is perilously near to reproaching his Maker for man to keep himself shaved smooth. In fact, the laws of Nature, which are the laws of God, resent and avenge the custom. Many a life has been lost thereby. And it is not uncommon for throat and eye disease to punish the man who shaves, not to mention the tears and wry faces he knows, in consequence of resisting beard or dull razor. Only consider all that a man will go through in order to deprive himself of protection and his greatest dignity and beauty—as not unfrequently a full, well cared-for beard is.

My husband never shaves. He never did shave. And permit me to tell you that the man who never shaves has a soft beard, silky as the hair of the head, and instead of growing down over the mouth, as beards do after being cut till it becomes stiff as a broom, it inclines to right and left, leaving a white strip between the lip and the moustache, so that the latter will not go swimming everytime the man drinks. I knew a gentleman who had a fine beard. His wife hated it. As he would not shave, she cut off one side of it while he slept. Of course then he was obliged to shave all off. Soon after he fell in a dead faint, or fit of some kind. The doctor, when called, said to him, "Why have you shaved? It is not well for you." Then the truth came out. "Madam," said the doctor, sternly, "you must choose between a husband with a beard or no husband." That man wore his beard in full flow ever after, and his wife did not quarrel with it again.

Akin to shaving—a barbarism which should be hunted from the world—is the custom of shearing the head so close that the scalp shines through. This terrible, hideous custom came in with the War, for wise sanitary reasons under those circum-

stances; but it is now without need and without excuse. It is injurious as well as disfiguring. The hair is a conductor of electricity to the brain, and it should never be less than two inches in length. Unless the facts in the case are taught in the schools, so that boys are warned, in a few generations more we shall have a general softening of the brain among our masculine population. There is more than one sign now of the near danger.

Give us back the beard, the majestic, flowing beard, and spare us the hairless head until age renders it natural and reverend.

Locusts.

Among the expenses to which Great Britain is subject on account of her acquired possession of the Island of Cyprus, is a curious item. The amount of it is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars yearly, and it is for the destruction of locusts' eggs. The premium paid varies from one to three cents per pound, and during seven months of the year 1882 the enormous amount of one thousand three hundred and ninety-nine tons of eggs were collected. Aside from this, large quantities of locusts themselves were captured all over the island, by means of screens and traps, and destroyed by burning.

These facts will serve to give a faint idea how terrible is the pest of locusts in the countries adjacent to the Mediterranean Sea. These insects have good reason still to be called "the eighth plague of Egypt," as the pages of history emphatically show.

Naturalists say that this scourge of Africa is not properly a grasshopper, or locust, but a cricket. The insect is described as about two and two-thirds inches in length, with a brown body and greenish wings. His head is large, and his mouth is equipped with a great number of sharp teeth.

The locusts, or crickets, fly in vast swarms or armies, under the command of leaders. When viewed afar off in the air, these swarms appear like great storm-clouds. Beneath them the land is plunged in deep shadow.

Their noise in flight is compared to the dash of a cataract. When the living cloud bursts, the locusts fall like hail; the branches of trees upon which they alight break beneath their weight. A few hours of their ravages are sufficient to transform the most smiling landscape into a desert.

The grain is gnawed off to the roots, the meadows shorn close to the ground, the trees dispoiled of their foliage. The last trace of vegetation vanishes; everything is cut down, stripped, devoured, with a sinister grating of teeth which is heard a long way off. The labors of a year are destroyed, and the locusts depart, leaving famine in their rear. They fly about six leagues a day.

But in the desert regions of Africa the locusts are not altogether a plague. They are regarded as an article of food not to be despised. All have read that John the Baptist in the wilderness fed upon locusts and wild honey. A modern traveller compares their flavor to that of shrimps. Livingstone, the African explorer, says he has often been glad enough to feast on them. A writer upon the great Sahara Desert thus describes the joy of a caravan, short of provisions, at meeting a swarm of these edible insects:

"Thanks to God, although the heat of the sun, added to our thirst, had dried up our water-bottles, we were bound to make a jolly breakfast. Suddenly we perceived a cloud of locusts coming. They hid the sun and darkened the sky; as far and as high as our eyes could reach, the soil and the air were inundated with them.

"At this unexpected good luck the caravan halted, and masters and slaves hastened together to gather this harvest of God. But the chief cried, 'You are foolish, my children. Hasten onward. You have no water; and it is yonder, at the foot of Djebel-Hoggan, whence the locusts come, that you will find a bivouac, with water to boil your food and wood to roast it.'

"These words were true. We resumed our march without troubling ourselves about the insects which were crushed half ankle-deep along the route. At Djebel-Hoggan we encamped, and all hastened to gather in provisions for our present repast, and dry it in the sun against the future."

Unluckily the locusts do not always fly away after their depredations, and this is liable to be the greatest affliction of all. When overcome by a whirlwind, or a deluge of rain, they perish by myriads, and it is rare that the putrefying bodies do not give rise to disease and pestilence.

In one way the locusts contribute indirectly to our own tables. In the Bay of Biscay, and the western end of the Mediterranean Sea, the bodies of Algerine locusts are made into a paste, and used with great success as bait in the sardine fisheries. Therefore we owe something to this pest of the Orient after all.

Egyptian mummies are ground up into paint. They probably give it a good deal of body,

An old gentleman was walking somewhat gingerly along the icy pavement. There is an excellent slide at this point, and the old gentleman was proceeding with caution, when a wild boy came along the slide with a whoop, and knocked the under pinning from below the pedestrian. They both fell, "Fitz-James above, the Gael below." The old man, who was somewhat heavy, might have hurt himself were it not for the boy beneath. As the upper person slowly rose he looked at the flattened boy, and calmly said: "One of us should apologize, and as you're out of breath, I'll do it. I'm very sorry, my son, that this unseemly incident occurred." The boy gasped out: "Ye—ain't—half s—sorrys—I am." And thus by mutual regrets, magnanimously expressed, all chance of future trouble over the affair was happily averted.