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BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "Ning Solongodynunes SheEle

CHAPTER VI. THE STORM BREAKS. "Do you know you are a very odd person Miss Jess," John said presently with a little laugh. "I don't think you can have a happy

mind," She looked up. "A happy mind?" she said. "Who can have a happy mind! Nobody who can feel. Supposing," she went on after a pause-"supposing one puts one's self and one's own little interests and joys and sorrows quits away, how is it possible to be happy when one feels the breath of human misery beating on one's face and sees the great tide of sorrow and suffering creeping up to one's feet! One may be on a rock one's self and out of the path of it till the spring floods or the hurricane wave comes to sweep one away, or one may be affoat upon A; whichever it is, it is quite impossible, if one has any heart, to be indifferent to it."

"Then only the indifferent are happy?" "Yes, the indifferent and the selfish; but after all, it is the same thing; indifference is the perfection of selfishness."

"I am afraid that there must be lots of selfishness in the world, for there is certainly plenty of happiness, all evil things potwithstanding. I should have said that happiness comes from goodness and from a sound diges-

Jew shook her head as she answered, "I may be wrong, but I don't see how anybody who feels can be quite happy in a world of sick-Kaffir woman die vesterday and her children be has just seen such a thing! But there, swayed to and fro like a poplar in a breeze, Capt. Niel, my ideas are very crude and I dare say very wrong, and everybody has matered the crackling of the thunder overthought them before; at any rate, I am not head and the shrieking of the baboons scared going to inflict them on you. What is the from their crannies in the cliff. Through it use of it? she went on, with a laugh; "what Jess, scared and wet to the skin, managed to is the use of unything? The same old thoughts | climb up the natural steps, now made almost passing through the same human minds from impassable by the prevailing gloom and the o year and century to century, just as the same clouds float across the same blue sky. The clouds are born in the sky and the thoughts are born in the brain, and they both end in tears and rearise in blinding, bewildering mist, and this is the beginning and end of thoughts and clouds. They arise out of the blue; they overshadow and break into storms and tears, and then they are drawn up with the blue again and the whole thing begins

"So you don't think that one can be happy in the world?" he asked. do not think that happiness is possible. It is possible if one can love somebody so hard that one can quite forget one's self and everything else except that person, and it is possible if one can sacrifice one's self for others. There is no true happiness cuitside of love and self sacrifice, or rather outside of love, for it | Kaffirs.' includes the other. That is gold, all the rest

How do you know that?" he asked quickly. You have never been in love."

I believe that love is the secret of the world: it is like the philosopher's stone they used to is a brute, and nothing but a brute; with love he draws near to God. When everything else falls away the love will endure because it cannot die while there is any life, if it is true love, for it is immortal. Only it must be trueyou see, it must be true."

He had got through her reserve now; the ice of her manner broke up beneath the warmth of her words, and her usually impassive face had caught the life and light from the eyes above and acquired a certain beauty of its own. He looked at it, and realized something of the untaught and illregulated intensity and depth of the nature of this curious girl. He caught her eyes and they moved him strangely, though he was not an emotional man, and was too old to experience spasmodic thrills at the chance glances of a pretty woman. He went toward her, looking at her curiously.

"It would be worth living to be loved like that," he said, more to himself than to her She did not answer, but she let her eyes rest on his. Indeed, she did more, for she put all her soul into them and gazed and gazed till John Niel felt as though he were being mesmerized. And as she did so there rose up in her breast a knowledge that if she willed it she could gain this man's heart and bold it against all the world, for her nature was stronger than his nature, and her mind, untrained as it was, encompassed his mind and could pass over it and bent it down as the learned in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; she did not know how she knew it, but she did know it as surely as she knew that the blue sky stretched overhead, and what is more, he for the m. ment, at any rate-knew lation, like the tidings of a great joy or grief, and for a moment left her heart empty of all

it too. It came on her as a shock and a reve-She dropped her eyes suddenly. "I think," she said, quietly, "that we have been talking a great deal of nonsense, and

that I want to finish my sketch." He got up and left her, for he had to get home, saying as he did so that he thought there was a storm coming up, the air was so quiet, and the wind had fallen as it does before an African tempest, and presently, on looking round, she saw him slowly climbing the precipitous ascent to the table land above. It was a glorious afternoon, such as one sometimes gets in the African spring, although it was so intensely still. Everywhere were the proofs and evidences of life. The winter was ever, and now, from the sadness and sterility of its withered age, sprang young and lovely summer, clad in sunshine, be-diamoned with dew and fragrant with the breath of flowers. Jess lay back and looked up into the infinite depths above. How blue they were, and how measureless! She could not see the angry clouds that lay like visible omens on the horizon. See there, miles above her, was one tiny circling speck. It was a vulture, watching her from its airy heights and descending a little to see if she were dead or only

Involuntarily she shuddered. The bird of death reminded her of Death himself, also hanging high up there in the blue and waiting his opportunity to fall upon the sleeper. Then her eyes fell upon a bough of the glorious flowering bush under which she lay. It's was not more than four foot above her head, but she was so still and motionless that a eweled honeysucker came and hovered over the flowers, darting from one to another like a many colored flash. Thence her glance traveled to the great column of bowlders that towered up above her and that seemed to say, I am very old. I have seen many springs and many winters, and have looked down on many sleeping maids, and where are they

now! All rlead-all dead," and an old baboon

in the rocks with startling suddenness barked out "all dead" in answer. And as she lay and heard, her youthful blood, drawn by nature's magnetic force, as like the sap in the budding trees, and stirred her virginal serenity. All the bodily natural part of her caught the tones of nature's happy voice that bade her break her bands, live and love, and be a woman. And lot the spirit within her answered to it and flung wide her bosom's doors, and of a sudden, as it were, something quickened and lived in her heart that was of her and yet had its own life-a easive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent | life apart; something that sprang from her pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c, and \$1. Address and another, and that would always be with FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont. her now and could never die; and she rose pale and trembling, as a woman trembles at sear, and clung to the flowery hough of the beautiful bush above and then sank down again, feeling the spirit of her girlhood had departed from her, and that another angel had entered there; knew that she loved with

> heart and soul and body, and was a very She had called to Love as the wretched call to Death, and Love had come in his strength and possessed her utterly; and now for a litshadow of his wings, as the wretched who call to Death fear him when they feel icy fingers. But the fear passed, and the great joy and the new consciousness of power of

identity that the inspiration of a true passion as though she were another woman. But still she did not go, but lay there with closed eyes and drank of this new intoxicating wine. So absorbed was she that she did not notice that the birds had ceased to call, and that the eagle had fled away for shelter. She was not aware of the great and solemn husb that had and bird, and preceded the breaking of the

At last as she rose to go she opened her dark | me what you think," and she paused. light and the glory and all the happiness of coedingly pretty foot. the life that moved and grew around her! Gone, and in its place darkness and the rising mist and deep and ominons shadows. As he lay and thought, the sun had sunk behind the hill and left the great gulf nearly dark, and, as is common in South Africa, the heavy storm cloud had crept across the blue sky and sealed up the light from above. A drear wind came moaning up the gorge from the plains beyond; the heavy rain drops began to fall one by one; the lightning flickered fitfully in the belly of the advancing cloud. The storm that John had feared was upon

Then came a dreadful hush. Jess had recovered herself by now, and, knowing what to expect, snatched up her sketching block and hurried into the shelter of a little cave hollowed by water in the side of the cliff And then with a rush of ice cold air the tempest burst. Down came the rain in a sheet; and then flash upon flash gleaming flercely ness, suffering, slaughter and death. I saw a through the vapor laden air, and roar upon roar echoing in the rocky cavities in volumes crying over her. She was a poor creature of fearful sound. Then another pause and and had a rough lot, but she loved her life space of utter silence, followed by a blaze of and her children loved her. Who can be light that dazed and blinded her, and sudhappy and thank God for his creation when dealy one of the piled up columns to her left and fell headlong with a crash that almost rush of the water from the table top of the mountain, and so on across the sodden plain, down the rocky path on the farther side, past the little walled in cemetery, with its four red gums planted at its corners, in which a stranger who had died at Mooifontein lay buried, and so, just as the darkness of the wet night came down like a cloud, home at At the back door stood her old uncle with a lantern.

"Is that you, Jess?" he called out in his stentorian tones. "Lord! what a sight!" as she emerged, her sodden dress clinging to her "I did not say that -I never said that. I slight form, her hands bleeding with clambering over the rocks, her curling hair, which had broken loose, hanging down her back and half covering her face.

"Lord, what a sight!" he ejaculated again. Why, Jess, where have you been! Capt. Niel has gone out to look for you with the

"I have been sketching in Leuw Kloof, and got caught in the storm. There, uncle, let me pass, I want to get these wet things off. It is a bitter night," and off she ran to her "No," she answered, "I have never been in room, leaving a long trail of water behind love like that, but all the happiness I have her as she passed. The old man entered the had in my life has come to me from loving. bouse, shut the door and blew out the lan-

"Now, what is it she reminds me off" he look for, and almost as hard to find, but when | said aloud, as he groped his way down the one finds it it turns everything to gold. Pers | passage to the sitting room. "Ah, I know, haps," she went on with a little laugh, "when I that night when she first came here out of the the angels left the earth they left us love be- | rain leading Bessie by the hand. What can hind, that by it and through it we may climb the girl have been thinking of, not to see the up to them again. It is the one thing that thunder coming up? She ought to know the lifts as above the brutes. Without love man signs of the weather here by now. Dreaming, I suppose, dreaming. She's an odd woman, Jess, very. Perhaps he did not quite know how accurate his guess was and how true the conclusion he drew from it. Certainly she had been dreaming, and she was an odd Meanwhile Jess was rapidly changing her

clothes and removing the traces of her struggle with the elements. But of that other struggle that she had gone through she could not remove the traces. They and the love that arose from it would endure as long as she endured. It was her former self that had been cast off in it and that now lay behind her, an empty and meaningless thing like the shapeless pile of garments. It was all very strange. So he had gone to look for her, and had not found her. She was glad that he had gone. It made her happy to think of him searching and calling in the wet and the night. She was only a woman, and it was natural that she should feel thus. By and by be would come back and find her clothed and in her right mind and ready to greet him. She was glad that he had not seen her, wet, dishevelled, and shapeless. A woman looks so unpleasant like that. It might have turned him against her. Men like women to look nice and clean and pretty. They gave her an idea. She turned to her glass and, holding the light above her head, studied her own face attentively in it. She was a woman with as little vanity in her composition as it is possible for a woman to have, and she had not till now given her personal looks much consideration. They had not been of great importance to her in the Wakkerstroom district of the Transvaal. But now all of a sudden they became very important; and so she stood and looked at her own wonderful eyes, at the masses of curling brown hair still damp and shining from the rain, at the curious pallid face and

the clear cut determined mouth. "If it were not for my eyes and hair should be very ugly," she said to herself "If only I were beautiful like Bessie, now." The thought of her sister gave her another idea. What if he were to prefer Bessie! Now she thought of it, he had been very attentive to Bessie. A feeling of dreadful doubt and jealousy passed through her, for women like Jess know what jealousy is in its pain. Supposing that it was all in vain, supposing that what she had to-day given-given with both hands once and for all, so that she could not take it back, had been given to a man who loved another woman, and that woman her own dear sister! Supposing that the fate of her love was to be like water falling unalteringly on the hard rock that heeds it not and retains it not. True, the water wears the rock away; but could she be satisfied with that? She could master him, she knew; even if things were so, she could win him to herself, she had read it hi his eyes that afternoon; but could she, who had promised her dead mother to cherish and protect her sister, whom till this afternoon she had loved better than anything in the world, and whom she still loved more dearly than her life-could she, if it should happen to be thus, rob that sister of her lover? And if it should be so, what would her life be like! It would be like a great pillar after the lightning had smitten it, a pile of scattered, smoking fragments, a very heaped up debris of a life. She could feel it even now. No wonder she sat there upon the little white bed holding her hand against her heart and feeling terri-

andle with her, and left the room. The light from the candle fell upon his face and drip-

ping clothes. It was white and anxious, and

she was glad to see the anxiety.

"Oh, thank God! here you are!" he said, catching her hand. "I began to think you were quite lost. I have been right down the Kloof after you, and got a nasty fall over it." "It is very good of you," she said, in a low voice, and again their eyes met, and again the glanco thrilled him. There was such a wonderful light in Jess' eyes that night. Half an hour afterward they sat down as isual to supper. Bessle did not put in an appearance till it was a quarter over, and then sat very silent through it. Jess narrated her adventure in the Kloof, and everybody listened, but nobody said much. There was a I am so tired. Good night, my dear; God sort of shadow over the house that evening, | bless you! I think that you have made a or perhaps it was that each of the party was thinking of his own affairs. After supper old any woman might love and be proud of Silas Croft began talking about the political | loving." state of the country, which gave him uneasireally meant to rebel against the government this time. Frank Muller had told him so, and he always knew what was going on. This body's spirits, and the evening passed as

that she was tired and going to bed. "Come into my room," she whispered to her dater as she passed. "I want to speak to you. CHAPTER VII. LOVE'S YOUNG PREAK. waiting a few minutes Jess

"Good night" and went straight to Bessie's gives to some strong, deep natures remained, room. Her sister had undressed and was sitand after a wirlle she prepared to make her ting on her bed wrapped in a blue dressing way home across the mountain top, feeling, gown that suited her fair complexion admirably, and with a very desponding expression on her beautiful face. Bessie was one of those people who are casily elated and

easily cast down. Jess came up to her and kissed her. "What is it, love?" she said. Her sister would never have divined the gnawing anxtaken the place of the merry voice of beast | iety that was cating at her heart as she said it. "Oh, Jess, I'm so glad that you have come. I do so want you to advise me; that is, to tell

eyes, which had been for the most part shut | "You must tell me what it is all about first, while this great change was passing over her, Bessie dear," she said, sitting down opposite and with a natural impulse turned to look | to her in such a position that her face was once more on the place where her happiness shaded from the light. Bessie tapped her had found her, and then sank down again | naked foot against the matting with which with a little exclamation. Where was the | the little room was carpeted. It was an ex-"Well, dear old girl, it is just this-Frank

Muller has been here to ask me to "Oh," said Jess, with a sigh of relief, "so that was all!" She felt as though a ton weight had been lifted from her heart. She had expected that bit of news for some time. "He wanted me to marry him, and when I

said I would not be behaved like like" "Like a Boer," suggested Jess. "Like a brute," went on Bessie, with em-

"So you don't like Frank Muller!" "Like him! I loathe the man. You don't know how I loathe him, with his handsome bad face and his cruel eyes. I always loathed him, and now I hate bim, too. But I will tell you all about it;" and she did, with many feminine comments and interpolations. Jess sat quite still and waited till she had

"Well, dear," she said, at last, "you are not going to marry him, and so there is an end of it. You can't detest the man more than I do. I have watched him for years," she went on, with rising anger, "and I teil you that Frank Muller is a liar and a traitor. That man would betray his own father if he thought it to his own interest to do so. He hates uncle-I am sure he does, although he pretends to be so fond of him. I am sure that he has tried often and often to stir up the Boers against him. Old Haps Coetzee told me that he denounced him to the Veld Cornet as an 'uitlander' and a 'verdomde Engelsmann' about two years before the annexation, and tried to get him to persuade the Landdrost to report him as a law breaker to the Raad while all the time he was pretending to be so friendly. Then in the Sikukuni war it was Frank Muller who caused them to commander uncle's two best wagons and the spans: He gave none himself, nothing but a couple of bags of meal. He is a wicked fellow, Bessie, and a dangerous fellow; but he has more brains and more power about him than any man in the Transvaal, and you will have to be very careful, or he will do us all a bad

"Ah!" said Bessie; "well, he can't do much now that the country is English.' "I am not so sure of that. I am not so sure that the country is going to stop English. You laugh at me for reading the home papers, but I see things there that make me doubtful. The other people are in power now in England, and one does not know what they may do; you heard what uncle said to night. They might give us up to the Boers. You must remember that we far away people are only the counters with which they play their game." "Nonsense, Jess," said Bessie indignantly.

"Englishmen are not like that. When they say a thing they stick to it," "They used to, you mean," answered Jess with a shrug, and got up from her chair to go

Bessle began to fidget her white feet over one another. "Stop a bit, Jess dear," she said. "I want to speak to you about something else." Jess sat, or rather dropped, back into her chair, and her pale face turned paler than ever, but Bessie blushed rosy red and hesi-

"It is about Capt. Niel," she said at length "Oh," answered Jess with a little laugh, and her voice sounded strange and cold in her own ears. "Has he been following Frank Muller's example and proposing to you, too?" "No-o," said Bessie, "but"-and here she rose, and, sitting on a stool by her elder sister's chair, rested her forehead against her knee-"but I love him and I believe that h loves me. This morning he told me that I was the prettiest woman he had seen at home or abroad, and the sweetest, too; and do you know," she said, looking up and giving a happy little laugh, "I think he meant it, too." "Are you joking, Bessie, or are you really

earnesat?" "In earnest! ah, but that I am, and I am not ashamed to say it. I fell in love with John Niel when he killed that cock ostrich. He looked so strong and savage as he fought with it. It is a fine thing to see a man put out all his strength. And then he is such a gentleman!-so different from the men we see round here. Oh, yes, I fell in love with him at once, and I have got deeper and deeper in love with him ever since, and if he does not marry me I think that it will break my heart. There, that's the truth, Jess dear," and she dropped her golden head on to her sister's knees, and she began to cry,

And the sister sat there on the chair, her hand hanging idly by her side, her white face set and impassive as that of an Egyptian sphinx, and the large eyes gazing far away through the window, against which the rain was beating-far away out into the night and the storm. She heard the surging of the storm, she heard her sister's weeping, her eyes perceived the dark square of the window through which they appeared to look, she could feel Bessie's head upon her knees-yes, she could see and hear and feel, and yet it seemed her that she was dead. The lightning had llen on her soul as it fell on the pillar of



had fallen so soon! there had been such a little span of happiness and hope! And so she sat, like a stony sphinx, and Bessie wept softly beher, like a beautiful, breathing, loving human suppliant, and the two formed a pichuman nature does not often get the chance

It was the elder sister who spoke first after "Well, der," she said, "what are you crying about! You love Capt. Niel, and you believe that he loves you. Surely this is nothing to cry about.

"Well, I don't know that it is," said Bessie, more cheerfully; "but I was thinking how dreadful it would be if I lost him." "I don't think that you need be afraid," said Jess; "and now, dear, I really must go to bed,

(To be continued).

Take nothing else. A. Dorenwend, sole agent, Toronto. J. G. King and A. P. Parasols from 15 cents to \$7.00 at Chown druggists, agents for Kingston. | McFaul's.

COL. OCHILTREE.

The Quiet Way in Which He Laid Out a Wandering Arkunsus Minstrel. The Hon, Thomas Philharmonic Ochiltree, erhaps better known in his native jungles as the Lone Star Truth Emproiderer, still holds the champion belt. A deep conspiracy was recently haid to get it away from him. The contestant was powerfully backed up by friends who knew him at home and could testify that not even a curiour fury would believe him except when he was talking in his sleep. He was a mild looking gentleman, with wall eyes and no front teeth, walking on prutches and had only one arm and a game leg, but he was all there when it came to plain and fancy story telling. He was from Arkanses, and had graduated with honors in the Twisters' acadmy and his backers were sanguine. It was resolved not to give Ochiltree any warning or time for preparation. The Arkansas champion was suddenly sprung on him one evening at the Hoffman, when Thomas seemed out

The conversation was artfully turned on frontier playfulness. Thomas closed one eye thoughtfully. One man said he had seen Billy the Kid shoot two men in succession through the pockets of his ulster at a measured distance of seventy yards. Thomas' head drooped and he emitted a feeble snore. Another told a gory anecdote of Broncho Sam; who kept three cemeteries going in a one borne town. Thomas was profoundly asleep. The Arkansas-champion cleared his throat, fixed one eye on Thomas and the other on the Bougerau, and thus filling his soul with a double vision of beauty began. He had just dired with a friend named Ridgely-Walter Ridgely, Walter was deacon of the Methodist church at Texarkana and secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. (Here Mr. Ochiltree opened one eye.) He was one of the meekest and longest suffering men in Arkansas. (Here Tom opened the other eye.) One day Ridgely was crossing a river. A drummer was on the ferry. The drummer got into an argument with the ferryman and agreed to leave the matter to Ridgely. Ridgely accepted the position of mediator and shot both ferrymen dead. He thought that was the best way of settling the squestion. The ferrymen each had a brother. After the ouble funeral, at which Ridgely officiated and offered up a touching prayer, the brothers slipped out of the cemetery and hid in the to the wharves of the Intercolonial and Grand bush at a turn in the road. Ridgely ap- Trunk railways at H proached on his old roan mare singing "Over the Shining River." Both fired. Ridgely dropped. The brothers ran up. They thought m dead. Just as they bent over him he raised up, winked at each and shot both their heads off. Then he mounted the old roan mare and tretted in to lead the singing. As the Arkansas champion finished this simple little tale Tom nodded once or twice

and then began: "Well," he said, sleepily, "that reminds me of Bill Schilling, of Laredo. Bill was the quietest man in the town and that quiet you couldn't think. In the fall of '69 or the spring of '70-lemme see-it was in '60, because I had just got back from my visit to the czar at St. Petersburg. Aleck and I were chums, you know in '69 Bill Schilling was runnin' a barber shop in Laredo. I was shaving my fellow men at the Laredo bank, but Bill, he said a razor was good enough for him. Well, one day I was in at Schilling's gettin' my stubble mowed, 'n Bill was talkin' to me about my salvation, 'n then the chatter turned on a stump tailed bull pup Bill had, 'n Bill was tellin' me how in flea time that dog would sometimes spin like a buzz saw, trying to ketch one. Well, as he was talkin'. 'n Bill shavin' easy, for my skin's tenderer 'n monkey's, Bill ketches sight of two men comin' by.

" 'Excuse me, kurnel,' said he. 'Certainly William,' said I. Then he slipped behind the door and ketched up a shot gun 'n-plunk!plunk!-he dropped 'em like frogs. I glanced around, because my skin is so tender I was afraid to have Bill get nervous, but he says. still smilin', 'Beg pardon, kurnel,' and I says, 'Not at all, William,' 'n he says, 'As I was sayin', kurnel that bull pup, when he gets a buck flea right on the tip of his tail'-and then he finished the story and gave me the cleanest shave I ever had in my life except last winter when I went down-to-Wall-street. A town marshal came in and nabbed him just as he was dashin' me with bay rum from the Rio Grande."

The colonel's eye had gradually closed during this narrative. His head sank quietly on his breast and he was sound asleep. The Arkansas champion gazed a minute or two in silence. Then he drew from an inside pocket a gold medal he had won in the interstate contest last year, laid it reverently beside the colonel and fled. - New York World.

A Wrecked Life. Omaha Widow-I should greatly like to meet your wife, Mr. De Sweet Mr. De Sweet-I have no wife. "I can sympathize with you. You too have

"I never was married. "Oh! You are engaged though, I presume,

"I bave never been engage, madam." "Ah! I begin to understand. Some sad romance of the past has left its mark upon your heart so deep that"----"No, no. I have never been in love. were sent down from heaven to me." Mercy! A woman hater! Oh! What could have so perverted your nature? What has happened to"---

Second Thoughts Are Best.



Deacon White-Dere's sumfin 'spicious bout dat rooster. It is de fust time in my chu'ch sperience dat I've seed one on a bar'l at dis time o' night. Guess it's dangerous ter tech it.-Judge.

A Sort of Woman "Ism." Old Mrs. Bentley-John, I hain't seen nothof Silas Wilson lately. What's become of Old Mr. Bently-I dunno. The last time ! neerd of him he was running around after an Old Mrs. Bently-What! one o' ther women with short hair!-Judge.

Sessonable Symptoms. Patient-Doctor, I've got a sore throat and a pain in my chest, and my head aches as if it Doctor-You needn't pay any attention

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