

A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Wardour still preserved his silent sullen aspect. Crawford noticed him, standing apart from the rest, and spoke to him personally. "Do you say anything?" he asked.

"Nothing," Wardour answered. "Go away, it's all on me."

"I hope you don't mean that," said Crawford.

"I am sorry to hear it, Wardour," said Captain Hester, and then he turned the general question in favor of volunteering by a question which instantly checked the rising enthusiasm of the meeting.

"Well," he said, "suppose we say volunteers. Who volunteers to stay in the hut?"

"There was a dead silence. The officers and men looked at each other confusedly. The captain continued: "You see we can't settle it by volunteering. You all want to go. If you men among us who has to use his limbs naturally wants to go. But what is to become of those who have not the use of their limbs? Some of us must stay here and take care of the sick."

"Everybody admitted that this was true," said the captain.

"So we get back again," said the captain, "to the old question—Who among the able-bodied is to go, and who is to stay?"

"Can a man always give a reason for what is strange in his manner or his words?" Wardour asked.

"Yes," said Crawford quickly. "I can't say that I can give a reason for what is strange in his manner or his words?" Wardour asked.

"That's true," he said. "I will try. Do you remember the first night at sea, when you sailed from England in the Wanderer?"

"As well as if it was yesterday," said Wardour.

"A calm, still night," the other went on thoughtfully. "No clouds, no stars. Nothing in the sky but the broad moon, and hardly a ripple to break the path of light she made in the quiet water. Mine was the only watch that night. You came on deck, and found me alone."

"The last I shall ever see," Wardour added bitterly.

"Yes," said Crawford. "There are times when a man is to be pitied, indeed; if he can be so near to God, and yet have no one to love, no one to care for."

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"The door opened as he put the question. He looked up to see Frank's best-plate top sitting wrapped peculiarly with his air. Wardour greeted him with a warm 'Good-morning.' What a word of warning, snatched at the moment, 'What is this wanted for?' he asked."

"To cut up Mr. Alderley's berth there into three," said Crawford.

"I'll do it," said Crawford.

"You needn't be afraid about me, old friend. I am going to do the right thing. I'll do it to tire, my body, and rest my mind."

"The evil spirit in him was plainly subdued for the time at least. Crawford took him by the hand, and followed by Hesteron left him to his work."

"(To be continued.)"

DUETING IN EUROPE.

More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country. Most of them, however, are student duels, and are fought in nothing more serious than a matter of honor or for a scalp.

Next to Germany, France is most given to the duelling habit.

THE WANDERING JEW

HE LIVES IN A LONELY CABIN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Effects Many Miraculous Cures and Does No Recurrence Cases—Others Who He Has Healed Say He Would Not Die.

(Special Letter.)

HERMIE is living in a lonely cabin on a mountain, some distance from Mans' Choice, a character who, in his story is true, is of international interest.

He is known as the "mountain hermit," and claims to be the Wandering Jew. The ancient legend of the Jew who retired to the mountains, and the Saviour turning his eyes upon the woe-stricken, "Thou shalt be here when I come again," has become a matter of history. The legend continues that the Jew, unable to meet death, is still wandering on the face of the earth, and on this story is based the popular Welsh-land's famous tale, "The Prince of Wales." At various times as late as the last century the Wandering Jew has been heard from in various parts of the world, the last time previous to the one here recorded, being in England. The "mountain hermit" is known to the residents of Mans' Choice as John Raymond. Where he came from and how he got there, no one knows. The oldest settlers remember

MISCHIEVOUS CATALINA SEAL.

How it Spoiled Tenner and Catch of Mutton.

Mattuel was a Neapolitan fisherman who had left the blue waters of the Mediterranean and found his way to the island of Santa Catalina, off the shores of Southern California. The Italian had a line nearly half a mile long, with hundreds of bars, which he set in summer while in winter he used a long net, which he set in an ingenious way.

But Mattuel had his trials, which the writer discovered one day while watching him draw his net. The Italian rigged boat was hauled up to the edge of the deep bed that forms a narrow channel, 30 or 60 feet from shore, and Mattuel and a companion were overhauling a fine-meshed net, hand over hand.

There is a house in Paris occupied by over 500 persons for 20 years, has never paid rent, and the landlord is dead.

Real Warm Water, Hot and Comfort.

There is a power to be shaken into the feet of Allen S. Ousted, the boy, N. Y., who is cured of his cold, cough, and croup. Some doctors claim that it makes a cold cure, and that it is a cure for all colds, coughs, and croup.

Walt's Catarrh Cure.

It is a cure for all colds, coughs, and croup.

ON HER FACE.

Soreness Also Breaks Out on Her Arms—The Remedy and How.

BLOOMINGDALE, MICH.—"I had sore break out on my face and arms, and around one of my eyes. I tried every remedy without benefit, until a friend recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla and I have taken four bottles. I now have good complexion, the sores are healed and I am in better health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is an excellent blood purifier." **EMMA NICKERSON, Box 172. Take only Hood's. Hood's Pills cure sick headache, etc.**

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet, is a cure for all foot ailments.

Those who devote all the present to the future, generally die before reaching what they regard as a satisfactory condition of things.

One of the sure roads to success is always to consider your own business of paramount importance.

It was troubled with quinsy for five years. The doctor prescribed a cure, but my wife and child had given up. Two bottles of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills put me on my feet. It is worth its weight in gold." W. H. Knapp, Lyndell, Illinois Co., Mich.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Visitors to Lincoln Park in Chicago

Money has been moved in the right direction when a gold man controls it.

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