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The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance---By Hannah B. McKenzie.

CHAPTER VI.

She rang the bell, and tea soon appeared. While she was attending to if the others talked; but Magnus, coming to her side, helped her at the table. The voices of the other two grew lower. For a moment they hardly rose above a whisper. When tea was handed round the conversation became more general, and turned on Evan's accident. Presently Miss Stuart asked:

"And how much longer are you to remain at Abbot House?"

"I have already trespassed too long on the hospitality of Dr. Halcrow," said Evan. "I was thinking of leaving tomorrow." He glanced at Magnus, who sat strictly silent.

"And you are going to Stromness then?" asked Lilith.

When Lilith rose presently, both young men stood up. She glanced up at Magnus.

"Would it be too much to ask you to bring my machine round, Dr. Halcrow? And you are going a little bit of my way, are you not?"

"I am going to Borenow," Magnus replied briefly. He turned and left the room.

Lilith bade Day good-bye with her usual languid grace; then she turned to Evan.

"You will see me to my machine?" she said, in a low voice. "That is all I will ask of you."

Evan bowed and followed her. On the doorstep they stood for a few moments, conversing in a low tone. They were there when Magnus brought round Lilith's machine. The face of the Doctor looked darker than Evan had yet seen it as he glanced at them.

"I am at your service, Miss Stuart," he said, coldly, removing his cap.

"Thank you," said Lilith. She did not offer her hand to Evan, but, saying in a low voice, "Remember!" she went forward to take her machine from Magnus' hand, then, putting her foot on the pedal, she was off.

Magnus was leaning on his handles, his brow drawn in a dark frown. He did not follow Lilith immediately, though she glanced round to see if he was following, but paused for a moment by the step on which Evan was standing.

Then he spoke, without lifting his eyes from his handle bars:

"You have been under my roof for a week, Mr. Monteith. Were there the same occasion again, I should ask you to remain under it as I did before. Were you my greatest enemy I should do the same.

"But I thought you would act honestly and honorably by us, with whom you have been on such terms of friendship. Instead, I find you have deceived us. Over and over again you have allowed us to believe you knew no one in all the island. Was that fair? Was it honorable? I put the question to you yourself, but I ask you no answer."

Without another word, and not allowing Evan time even to open his lips, he sprang on his machine and was gone. Evan Monteith returned slowly to the drawing-room. His face was pale and troubled; there was an odd contraction about his lips.

Day had risen from her seat by the little tea table and was at the piano, where she was playing a plaintive air with one hand. Evan knew the air. It was the sad but beautiful one of "The Flowers of the Forest."

She did not hear him come in, and he went up to her and laid his hand lightly on her shoulder. She started and looked up, a half-frightened look leaping into her eyes.

"It is only I," said Evan gently. "Well, Miss Day, I have got my marching orders, and I feel as if I were the meanest hound on earth! I have partaken of your hospitality, and to you both I owe my life; and I have repaid you by a reticence which amounts to deceit. The worst of it is, I cannot say anything to extenuate or explain my conduct. My mouth is shut, can only trust to your clemency and sweet charity."

Day was silent, but he could see her lips quivering; and her downcast eyes grew heavy, as if with unshed tears. He spoke again, presently, in a lower tone.

"I must leave you tomorrow. Before I go will you not speak one word of kindness to me, and say that, in spite of appearances, you trust me, and will trust me always?"

Day could not reply.

"Speak, Day!" he pleaded—"only one word. Tell me that you still think of me as a friend—that you will not turn against me."

Then at last Day found her voice, albeit a somewhat low and trembling one.

"Mr. Monteith, why should I turn against you? You have a right to keep your own secrets if you will. We do not wish to pry into them. If my friendship can be of any use to you, if it is of any value, I am ready to be your friend now and always."

"Of any value?" he cried. "Day, how little you know!"

He went down on his knees beside her, and took her hand in his.

"Day, I love you with my whole soul! I have only known you a week, and yet I love you. My pure-souled little darling, can you ever care for me? Can you love me, in spite of doubt and suspicion? Day, won't you look up? Won't you let me see those sweet, truthful eyes, and read my answer in them?"

He loved her! He loved her!

Oh, what earthly happiness could be compared to this? Day's whole past life seemed blank and empty in the light of this glorious sunshine that had now come into it.

She could not speak; but she looked up, and Evan read the truth in those great, shy, melting eyes. He opened his arms and drew her within them. And Day made no resistance, but buried her face on his breast, until he bade her again lift it up, and then laid on her young lips the first kiss of love they had ever known.

CHAPTER VII.

One day Magnus had come home from Crag Castle looking strangely pale, and dejected. Day was wise enough, like a tactful maiden as she was, not to ask him anything; but when she had given him his tea, and Magnus was leaning back in his chair, he suddenly said:

"Your friend, Mr. Monteith, was at the castle when I was there, Day." Day started, and warm blood rushed into her cheeks, then receded, leaving them deadly pale.

"With—Miss Stuart?" she asked, after a long pause.

"With Miss Stuart," Magnus replied, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness. He was silent for a little; then, rising, walked to his sister's side and laid his hand on her shoulders.

"My dear little sister, there is just one word I wish to say to you, and then we shall allude to this subject no more. It is about this young fellow, Evan Monteith. We must remember that we know absolutely nothing about him. I do not wish to entertain any prejudice against him; but this we can say in all fairness—he has preserved a perfect reticence with regard to himself towards us.

"It is better, I think, for us both to treat him as this reticence almost compels us to do—as a mere chance acquaintance, a stranger, with whom there can be no question of friendship, simply because the necessary basis of friendship does not exist. Now, little one, that is all. Put him out of your mand, if you ever allowed him to have any place there; and be my own sweet, light-hearted little sister once more. Don't let us speak again of the subject. Now give me a kiss, Day, and let me see you smile and look as bright as you used to do."

Day held up her mouth to his, but a rush of mingled tenderness and pity swept over Magnus as he felt the pitiful trembling of her lips. She made a brave effort to smile, and succeeded not badly.

"That is like my joyous Day," said Magnus, smiling. His own gloom had disappeared in his effort to render her cheerful.

"Now another cup of tea, little one, I am going over to Kirkwall tomorrow, Day—or, rather, to Scapa. Capt. Ferguson's boy is ill, and he wishes me to see him.

I shall have to take a conveyance. What do you say to coming, too? It would be a nice little trip, and you could call for the manse folk at Kirkwall on the way back."

Day's heart was sick within her, but she made resolute an attempt to look delighted, though the projected trip held out no attractions for her now. A fortnight ago she would have leaped at it with childish delight.

"It would be nice, Magnus," she said, wondering if Magnus guessed how hard it was to make her voice sound cheerful. "Yes, of course, I shall go. It isn't likely I would miss such a chance."

So they chatted gally over the projected expedition, though the heart of each was heavy; but love made each try to hide that from the other.

News flies fast over the length and breath of the Orkneys, and Day found that Monteith's accident had been retailed in Kirkwall with sundry additions to it.

"And we heard such a queer story yesterday, my dear," said Mrs. Nicholson, the parish minister's wife, who was a known lover of gossip. "It was that this young fellow—what is his name again?—is up at Crag Castle at all hours. Robertson, the coachman from the Gow hotel—where he is staying, you know—told the minister yesterday that Miss Stuart herself cycled half-way to Stromness to meet him, and they went on together to the castle. I always said she was a strange creature, my dear, lady of the manor as she is—a very strange creature!"

Day got away at last, heart-sick and miserable. Could it be true? Could Evan Monteith, after all, have been merely amusing himself with her, while all the time his heart was perhaps pledged to Lilith Stuart? Oh, it was not possible! There could not be such heartless cruelty hidden behind those earnest, dark eyes, which had looked with such deep sincerity into hers! There must be some explanation! She would trust him still.

But the slow poison of doubt was in her veins, and no reason could check its evil effects.

That evening, as she walked slowly from Stromness, it seemed to Day as if all the fair earth and sky had grown dark and clouded for her.

She turned a sharp corner, which led over a steep "brae" to the road for Crag Castle. As she did so she started, a sharp physical pain shot through her heart. For there, standing very close together on the road, evidently in deep and earnest conversation, were the two people she was thinking about—Lilith Stuart and Evan Monteith! They did not see her—their backs were towards her; but even as she looked Day saw Miss Stuart suddenly lay her hand on Monteith's arm, and lift her face to his with an expression which Day could not see, but which she could guess.

She hurried on, feeling as if she could not get beyond reach, beyond sight of them, fast enough. "It is all at an end," she said to herself. "He could not have loved me. He was only playing with me. Oh, it is hard! Why did he ever come? My life was so peaceful and happy before. I was quite content with the love I had—Magnus' and Bell's, and even Ola's, and that of the poor people whom I loved in return. And now it is all ended! Things can never be the same again—never! never!"

A quick step rang on the dry summer road behind her. Day heard it, and knew whose it was; and the blood rushed from her face to her heart.

In a few minutes he was by her side and had taken her hand in his.

"I saw you as I was coming up Bell Brae on my way to the hotel, and ventured to run after you," he said, a tone of eagerness in his voice. "It seems such a time since I saw you last, and yet it is only a week. Do you know where I have been all that time?"

Day's white lips framed the word "No," but it was almost too low for him to hear it; yet her heart had bounded. He had been away somewhere, then! At least he had not been near her all that long week, and yet never troubled to come to see her!

"I have been to London and back again. A good long distance from this land of nightless summer, is it not?" he asked, almost gaily. "Business took me there, and business has brought me back again; but I think, even if I had had no business, I should have come."

Then the thought darted into Day's mind that he had gone to see Lilith Stuart before he had even thought of her; and again bitter, miserable jealousy, which will find a lodging in the gentlest and most tender heart, crept over her.

"Have you missed me at all, Day?" Monteith asked, after a long pause, during which he waited in vain for Day to speak. He asked the question almost in a whisper.

Day's heart melted, then she hardened it again. How she loved him! So much that even as he spoke, her heart was at his feet. But for the sake of her own woman's pride she must crush that feeling down, and not allow Lilith Stuart's lover to think he could flirt with her for a summer day's amusement.

"I wondered a little what had become of you," she said, trying hard to steady her voice and speak calmly and indifferently. "I thought you might have called to see us if—if you were leaving Orkney; but I had no right to expect it, of course; we were almost strangers to each other."

(To be Continued.)

ARTIFICIALLY GROWN PEARLS.

The Method of Producing Them Is Not Difficult.

The method of producing figures and symbols from the fresh-water mussel, dipsas plicatus, of Lake Biwa, central China, has been in vogue many centuries, says Popular Science News. Superb examples of Buddha and flat, pearl-like disks—produced by inserting between the mantle and shell of the mollusk small tinfoil figures of Buddha, or small hemispherical disks, which in time become coated by the pearly nacre—are to be seen in collections, such as that of the Field Columbian and other well-known museums. Experiments of a like nature with the "rough-shelled" unios, of Cedar River, Iowa, have been practiced by the writer the last three years with fair success. An average-sized shell, or shells, from a section of the river's bed known to produce brilliantly lustered shells, were allowed to remain in the sun until the valves part. With a quickly inserted wedge in the opening the shell is immediately dipped in water to sustain life. The operator then carefully lifts the mantle from the shell and, with a pair of tweezers, drops in a pellet of wax, glass bead or other small article that he is desirous of having coated. Care is taken not to strain the muscles by forcing the wedge while the clam is resisting the intrusion.

After the objects are placed in that part of the mussel showing the best color the mantle is drawn to place, the wedge removed and the shell allowed to resume its normal condition. With a sufficient number "fixed" in the above-described manner they are then placed in a pond or bayou that will not freeze its depth in winter. At the expiration of six months, or one year at most, the unio will have thrown over these irritating foreign substances a nacreous covering that fastens them to the shell. Usually about two-thirds of the object thus fastened remains above the shell, though it is presumed that if time the natural growth of the shell would entirely efface this. By careful work it is possible to remove these objects, so as to have considerable pearl surface, though their commercial value is small—very small, indeed, in comparison to more perfect gems.

LENGTH OF MEXICAN WAR.

Continued for Two Years Before Peace Was Declared.

The Mexican war is the best example and instruction in the time it takes to fight small wars. That took two years, and the present war is moving at express speed by its side, as might be expected after fifty-two years. Hostilities began March 18, 1846. General Mejia at Matamoras called out the Mexican troops. A month later, April 26, 1846, General Taylor called for 5,000 militia. A fortnight later, May 13, congress officially recognized the war and called for volunteers. Mexico declared war May 23, 1846. Mexico had no fleet and no army on the frontier, except some desultory levies. Monterey was not taken until four months later, Sept. 23, and Buena Vista was not fought until eight months after the war began, Feb. 22, 1847. After nearly one year of hostilities, in which our forces had been drilled and disciplined in camp and by months of campaigning, Gen. Scott sailed for Mexico and captured Vera Cruz, ten months after hostilities began—March 29, 1847. It took four and one-half months, to Sept. 14, 1847, before the City of Mexico was taken, sixteen months after hostilities opened. Peace only came in two years, in June, 1848. Yet the Mexican war is quoted as the great quick work in fighting.—Philadelphia Press.

What's in a Name? Letters!

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantisiliogogogoch appears in the British postoffice guide as the name of a post and telegraph office in the Island of Anglesey. It is said to mean, "The Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to the rapid whirlpool and to St. Disilio's church near to a red cave."

HOW ANTS MAKE SLAVES.

Warriors Make Raids Against Nests of the Small Turf Ant.

The warrior ant is a slave-making species. It is a large red ant, and it makes raids against nests of the small yellow turf ant, a mild and docile race, large numbers of which it carries off to act as servants. But it does not steal fully grown turf ants; their habits are formed and they would be useless for such a purpose. What the warrior ant wants is a raw material, which can be turned into thoroughly well trained servants. So it merely kills the adult ants which strive to oppose its aggression, and contents itself with trundling home to its own nest the larvae and pupae of the turf ants which it has put to flight and vanquished. In time these grubs and cocoons produced full grown yellow workers, which can be taught by the warrior ants to act as nurses and housemaids. I once saw in a garden in Algiers a great pitched battle going on between slavemakers and the family of the future slaves, in which, the ground was strewn with the corpses of the vanquished. Not till the nest of the smaller ants was almost exterminated did they retire from the unequal contest and allow the proud invader to carry off their brothers and sisters in their cocoons, asleep and unconscious. Occasionally, by dint of mere numbers, they beat off the invader with heavy loss; but much more often the large and strong-jawed warriors, and destroy to a worker the opposing forces. They crush their adversaries' heads with their vise-like mandibles. Meanwhile, within the nest the other half of the workers—the division told off as special nurses—are otherwise employed in defending and protecting the rising generation. At the first alarm, at the first watchword passed with waving antennae through the nest, "A warrior host is attacking us!" they hurry to the chambers where the cocoons are stored and bear them off in their mouths into the recesses of the nest, the lowest and most inaccessible of all the chambers.—Strand Magazine.

Preaching.

I think that the emphasis of preaching is laid with increasing power upon the vital and spiritual elements of religion. We have already gained within our borders the battle, which may he still waging in some other quarters, for needed liberty of thought and speech. Biblical criticism and all scientific investigations have room and free play among us. The conviction grows and deepens among us that all knowledge and all truth are to minister to life. According to our Christian faith God is both light and love. —Rev. Newman Smith.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Man Who Works.

What can we do for the man who works? What can he do for himself? It is only when he is doing the best he can for himself that other people can effectively help him. Even the gods cannot help him who will not help himself. Life means work, struggle, conflict, patience, persistence; it means standing on your own feet and working out your own salvation; when it ceases to mean all this it will not be worth living.—Dr. Gladden.

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MRS. PINKHAM CONQUERS BACKACHE.

Four Women Who Owe Their Present Happiness to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you last June, I was not able to do anything. I suffered with backache, headache, bearing-down pains, pains in my lower limbs, and ached all through my body. Menstruations were very painful. I was almost a skeleton. I followed your advice and now am well and fleshy, and able to do all my own housework. I took medicine from a physician for over a year, and it did me not a particle of good. I would advise all suffering women to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will answer all letters promptly, and tell them how to cure those aches and pains so common to women.—Mrs. C. L. Wixsi, Marquez, Texas.

I think it is my duty to write and let you know what your medicine has done for me. For two years I suffered with female weakness, bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and too frequent occurrence of the menses. I was always complaining. My husband urged me to try your Vegetable Compound, and I finally did. I have taken three bottles and it has made me feel like a different woman. I advise every woman that suffers to take your medicine and be cured.—Mrs. GARRETT LICHTY, 612 S. Prince St., Lancaster, Pa.

I had suffered for over two years with backache, headache, dizziness, nervousness, falling and ulceration of the womb, leucorrhœa, and about every ill a woman could have. I had tried doctors, but with no success, and it seemed as though death was the only relief for me. After using five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and four packages of Sanative Wash, I am well. Have had no more pain, womb trouble, backache or headache.—Mrs. CLAUDIA HALPIN, Cream Ridge, N. J.

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