

JOHN ECCLESTON.

"I ask you once more to leave here. I appeal to your honor as a gentleman. Before you came she loved me—she had promised to be my wife. I am not worthy of her, but I—love her as deeply as any man can love a woman. I am in her own station of life, and I can make her happy. She had given me the right to do so until you came and told her she was a beauty—that she ought to look higher than a common fellow like me. You cannot marry her—you don't mean to do so. You are simply amusing yourself, and amusement to you is—well, I can hardly tell you what it is to me—to her."

The speaker paused from sheer want of breath. He was a fine, stalwart young fellow, with an intelligent, sunburnt face, and he looked very handsome in his rough, fair-whitened miller's dress.

The gentleman in the straw hat and light tweed suit to whom his words had been addressed was leaning upon the stile enjoying his cigar in the evening twilight. But as the young miller spoke this enjoyment seemed to cease, and finally the red glow died out and his well-moulded features were disfigured by an ugly look.

"May I ask if you have anything more to say?" he said in cold incisive tones.

John Eccleston pushed back his cap.

"No," he said, "I have nothing more."

Guy Netherdale took his arms off the stile.

Then let me tell you, Mr. Eccleston, that I don't acknowledge your right to interfere between Miss Alton and myself. If she prefers your society to mine, well, and good. I abide by her choice, and I expect you to do the same."

The miller clutched the rough wood with a passionate grip.

"How can she prefer my society while you are here?" he burst out. "I can't talk to her as you can. I'm dull, I know; I've had no education to speak of, and when I'm with her I—no, until you're out of the way she won't listen to me, and you know it. And—and you laugh at me; but let me give you a word of warning, Mr. Netherdale, I—I can't stand quietly by and see the heart of the girl I love broken by a scoundrel much longer."

Netherdale made a slightly belligerent movement at this point, but it ended as quickly as it was made. John Eccleston had a look about him that rendered recourse to fistfuls undesirable.

Having spoken thus, the miller stepped over the stile and strode away in the direction of the old grey stone building in which he daily carried on his trade. As his footsteps died away Guy Netherdale lit a fresh cigar, and perched himself on the topmost rail.

He was angry with this young countryman for daring to address him as he had done—angry most of all because he knew that Eccleston's words were true. He did not really care for bewitching Phyllis Alton. He could never marry her; but Eccleston had no business to tell him so—to tell him to leave this sleepy little Devonshire village.

He should not leave it. He should stay on just as long as he chose; he should continue to fish every day in the mill dam; he should meet Phyllis every evening, and thereby make this burly flour-grinder as savage as the big pike which for the past fortnight he had daily tried to capture.

A little further on he met her.

She was certainly very pretty. She had soft, round, peach-like cheeks, luscious red lips, and saucy blue eyes that were quite irresistible.

"I have just had a tiff with that surly lover of yours—John Eccleston," he said, as they paced slowly along beneath the heavily-scented hawthorn hedge.

A cloud came over her face.

"He isn't my lover," she said resentfully.

"But he would like to be," Guy Netherdale answered, "and so would any young fellow with an eye for beauty."

She was easily pleased. The cloud passed away, and she blushed so that her cheeks became pink as the sweet-scented blossoms whose perfume hung heavy on the still night air.

So they strolled on and on, until the deep strokes of the old church clock brought a cry of dismay from her lips.

"I can't stay out any longer, Mr. Netherdale," she said. "Mother gets so very cross now. I shall be scolded when I get in."

"What a shame!" he said sympathizingly.

"But you will meet me to-morrow night?"

"Yes, if I can," and she held out her hand—yes, she held turned up her rosy face to his.

A minute later she hurried away with burning cheeks, and he went on his way to the old-fashioned little inn to spend a sleepless night in a battle with conscience.

He sat in a flat-bottomed little punt, fishing-rod in hand, idly smoking a cigar and watching his float, which remained almost stationary on the placid surface of the still mill-dam.

It was very quiet out here. The big water-wheel away there in the distance, half hidden by the bending alders, had ceased its rapid pulsations for the day. The old grey building with its lichen-covered walls lay hushed, as it were, in peaceful sleep after the day's toil.

No sound, save the occasional plunge of a restless water-rat or the far-away howling of uneasy kine, disturbed the fisherman's meditations. Yet stay—what is that? A boat gliding out from under shadow of the moss-green wall—a pair of oars rising and falling with practised regularity.

Guy Netherdale raised his head. A boat was rapidly approaching him, a big unwieldy object, heavily laden, as it were, with some ponderous weight in the bows, and propelled by—he shaded his eyes—yes, he had not been mistaken—John Eccleston.

A slight flush overspread his face. The miller's appearance annoyed him. Could the fellow be coming to fish? He should soon know—Eccleston was now only a few yards away. He sat resting on his oars, his dark eyes fixed on his rival's face.

"So you've taken no notice of my warning," he said. "You have not gone."

Netherdale did not answer. A contemptuous smile played about his lips. Really this man was not worth a word.

"You met her last night after I left you," Eccleston went on. "You were with her this morning. I saw you from the mill windows, and I made a vow then that it should be the last time you should ever meet."

The fisherman's eyes were flitted quickly, but he did not seem to realize the dangerous gleam that flashed upon him.

"I had a letter from her this morning,"

the miller continued. "She—she has refused me. You have robbed me of her love, but you shall never have her—never. I have come out now to send you to your grave. We are alone, there is not a soul within hearing—nothing can save you. You shall drown like a dog."

Now Netherdale saw the murderous purpose in his rival's eyes. Even as he spoke Eccleston had lifted an enormous iron weight from the bows of his boat and now he stood towering above the tiny punt like a giant, the rust-encrusted mass held above his head.

Quick as thought Guy Netherdale seized his sculls, but it was too late—too late. As he made the movement his enemy, with a ringing laugh of triumph, dashed the weight into the little craft, and the next moment Netherdale was struggling for his life in the deep, silent waters.

Struggling—yes, but it was a vain, futile struggle. He could not swim. He must drown—drown, as the miller had said, like a dog.

Oh, how bitterly he repented of his folly in those few moments that intervened before the cruel waters closed over him! His eyes were turned upwards to the fair evening sky, calm and peaceful, giving promise of a glorious day for the morrow, a day he would never see. He was conscious of the fading sound of Eccleston's oars as the miller rowed away, and then, with the words of a simple prayer he had learned long ago at his mother's knee—a happy innocent child—on his lips, there came a wild rushing sound in his ears and he sank!

The moonlight shone through the diamond-shaped panes into the otherwise unlighted room. He opened his eyes to see a pale and haggard face bent to his, and heard a familiar voice uttering choking words of thanks to Heaven.

"Where am I?" he said feebly, and in an instant the reply came back—

"Here in the mill." And then John Eccleston was holding a spoonful of weak-eyed spirits to his lips.

"I—I was not drowned then, after all?" he murmured, slowly realizing the fact that that horrible water was no longer surging in his ears.

"No," the miller answered in a hoarse broken voice. Heaven had mercy on you. You were saved, but not by me. Have your strength to listen while I tell you?"

"Yes, yes," Guy cried.

Eccleston wiped the damp sweat from his brow.

"When I left you there in the middle of the dam, I went straight back to the mill; but I could not rest. Your face haunted me, and finally my terrible crime seemed to stand before me in all its hideousness. I rushed outside, back to the water, hoping to save you, and yet knowing that it would be too late. But as I jumped into the boat and pushed out, I suddenly saw a dark object swimming towards me. It was a dog—my retriever, Rover. He was holding something in his teeth. A few strokes, and I was up to him. It was you. My dog had saved his master from murder."

"And given me a chance to amend the past," Guy said, in a quivering voice.

"Eccleston, I was in the wrong. I have acted like a cad. In that awful moment which I thought was my last, I saw the reality of my sin as plainly as I see you. I shall leave here tomorrow, and I—I hope I may carry your forgiveness with me."

John Eccleston could not speak, but he wrung the white hand that lay in his own too-hardened palm with a grip that made Guy wince. It was the only answer he was capable of giving at that moment, and perhaps it was the best.

Guy Netherdale kept his word. He returned to London the following day; and though Phyllis's pretty blue eyes shed many tears, they were only those of vexation, and a month afterwards she had learned the worth of the young miller's love, and stood by his side in the ivy-covered church as blushing and happy a bride as could be.

SAVED BY A DOG.

Makes a Brave Fight With a Lion for Its Master's Life.

On the fourth of July Hagenbeck's menagerie in the Midway Plaisance, at Jackson Park, Chicago, was the scene of a thrilling incident, which barely missed being a tragedy, and would have been but for the courageous act of a noble dog, that was willing to lay down its life for its friend and master.

Lion tamer Darling was giving an exhibition, when the largest lion, Pasha, broke loose from the chariot. As Darling tried to get it back into place again it turned and sprang upon him with a savage roar; the trainer leaped aside nimbly, and the lion only ripped his coat from neck to waist. The spectators shrieked, and then held their breath with horror, as they beheld the savage beast about to spring again. But ere the lion could spring one of Darling's Great Danes had it by the throat and checked it. The trainer has two Great Danes that he has raised from puppyhood, and during the evening's performance they do their share of trained acts. Darling always keeps one of them in the cage arena with him; and his confidence in his dogs, in case of any accident, was not misplaced. The dog must have known that to interfere on its master's behalf was almost certain death, yet it did not hesitate. It sprang to its master's rescue and courageously seized the infuriated king of beasts. The lion roared with rage and endeavored to throw off the Great Dane, but the dog hung on with the greatest gameness and thereby gave its master an opportunity to escape. The crowd cheered wildly, and Darling seized a cudgel, and with marvellous nerve attacked the enraged lion just as it at last shook off the dog. The trainer's first effort landed on the lion's nose with terrific force, and he followed it with a perfect storm of blows so accurately aimed and rapidly dealt that in a few moments the huge beast lay flat on its back thoroughly cowed. He lay at his feet thoroughly cowed. He quickly drove the lions to their dens, and then, leading his brave dog, advanced to the middle of the arena, where he stood for a minute or so caressing it and bowing to the audience. The people went simply wild with delight, and there was many a woman—aye, and man too—who would like to have thrown her or his arms round the dog's neck and given it a good hug. Yet there are people who hate dogs, and never lose an opportunity to revile the noble creatures.—Dog Fancier.

Where the Danger Is.

Kean—Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse?

Steane—Not at all. Its the people she meets who are afraid.

THE CZAR IN DENMARK.

His Visit Awaited With Great Pleasure by the Police.

The Czar generally takes the initiative in all his excursions and drives from Fredensborg and is nearly always surrounded by a crowd of little Russian, Greek and Danish princes and princesses, who adore their Uncle Alexander. Sometimes he enters a confectioner's shop with them, or a toy shop, and lets them choose what they like, to their great delight and that of the proprietor. The Czar lives very simple. He walks about the streets of the town plainly dressed, accompanied only by the Royal Princesses. He enters the first shop he may happen to pass, either to make purchases or to take some refreshments. This has made the Czar very popular in Copenhagen. As usual, the Czar has made a considerable number of purchases at jewellers' shops, and given Danish artists large orders. The jewelry is intended mostly for presents, especially among the police.

The latter, during the Czar's stay, a very hard time of it, as they have to watch sharply every stranger, and all ships and railway trains have to be thoroughly examined.

The Copenhagen police would not be able to do all this without the assistance of the Russian secret police agents, who are there during the Czar's visit. In spite of this, however, his visit is always awaited with the greatest pleasure in police circles, for their trouble is richly repaid by the large sums of money given them, and the valuable presents, such as rings, scarf-pins, watches and chains. Twice a week the Czar's courier arrives from St. Petersburg, and on these evenings the Czar works till late at night.

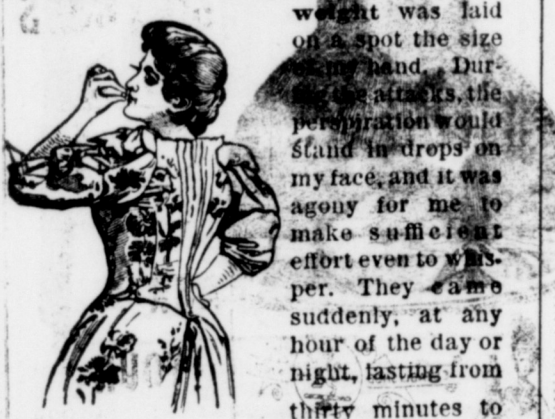
Pedestrians in Fredensborg, can then see the light burning nearly all night in the Czar's room, and know that it is the autocrat of all the Russias who is governing his mighty empire from this little room. On these evenings the little telegraph office at Fredensborg is not closed, but is the whole night at the Czar's disposal.

Japanese Lady Editor.

The Japan Gazette, a Yokohama paper, lately edited by a lady now displaced by a change of proprietorship, has a farewell editorial from her pen which gives an amusing idea of journalistic amenities in Yokohama. "It has been urged more than once," the lady writes, "that under the present editorship it has been impossible for our contemporaries to write freely. But when we recall the fact that we have been termed a liar, and a virago; likened to a senseless creature who pokes the fire from the top, stigmatized as an impostor, an irate female, a female fibber, and alluded to in a

"For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of a pin-point. The pain would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to breathe. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



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variety of other amicable ways, we are tempted to wonder to what limits journalistic freedom aspires to soar." In another column the retiring editress supplements her leading article by a poem addressed to "My Editorial Chair," in the course of which she hints that her sex is the real ground for her enforced departure:

I leave thee not with vain regret,
Nor yet with vow to thee forget;
A man, I might have filled thee yet,
My Editorial Chair!

Couldn't Tangle Him.

In the incident related below, a boy twelve years old conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer fighting for a bad cause.

Walter was the important witness, and one of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.

Not any for her.

"Wimmen's suffrage?" said Mrs. Hoelmslag. "Not any fur me, ef you please." "Why not?" "Because, I hev ter wait on Josiah enough ez it is without goin' ter town an' doin' his votin' for 'in."

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