

# The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance--By Hannah B. McKenzie.

## CHAPTER I.

"Going out again, Magnus?"

"I must, little one. You look quite disappointed, as if you had expected me to spend the rest of my life over a luncheon-table."

"Now, you're laughing at me, Magnanna. No; but I hope you are not going far. You're not going to Crag Castle?"

Daisy Halcrow uttered the last words hesitatingly, as if not quite sure of how they might be taken; but her brother answered readily enough, though a close observer might have noticed that his bronzed face took on a darker tint as he did so.

"Yes, I am going, Day. You know I have to see Lady Westray."

"Is she then so very ill, that you must go to see her every day?" asked Day quickly. Perhaps there was a faint shade of sarcasm in her question; but if there was, Dr. Magnus took no more notice of it than he had of her former hesitation.

He had been standing by the mantelpiece, leaning his elbow upon it. Now he came to the window, in which his sister stood, and gently laid his hand on her shoulder.

"My dear little Day, Lady Westray is just as ill as she imagines herself--in other words, she is a confirmed hypochondriac. But I must not forget that she is one of the few among my patients who are likely to pay me for my services."

The girl caught his hand impulsively.

"That is not the spirit of my noble, independent, great-hearted Sea-king, who does his work for love of itself, and for love alone! Nor is it the spirit of our dear old daddy, Magnus, who gave of what he had freely, and was content so long as he had wherewith to eat and drink and be clothed."

"Our father was only too generous, Day," said Magnus slowly. "You know it is necessary to have a little worldly wisdom and forethought as long as you are in this world. And I have an ambition, as you know, and that is to repair and beautify this ruined house of the Halcrows. But I must not waste time now. Give me a kiss, little one, and let me go."

"Take care of yourself, and don't be overtaken by the storm, dear," said the girl. She stood on tiptoe and pressed her fresh young lips to her brother's bearded ones; then suddenly she threw an arm around his neck, whispering, "Safe home, my Sea-king!"

She stood by the window until she saw her brother emerge below, leading out his bicycle. The fortunes of the Halcrows were fallen indeed, and long since Magnus Halcrow had had to part with his fine chestnut, the less aristocratic and less expensive steed serving him equally as well. Day smiled and nodded and waved her hand cheerily, as her brother took off his cap, smiling also, mounted his iron steed, and shooting down the road, soon vanished out of sight.

A bicycle is not the best mount for showing off a man's stalwart or handsome figure; but Magnus Halcrow's proportions were so magnificent that nothing could hide them. He was, as his sister had called him, a veritable sea-king--a lineal descendant of those golden-haired, blue-eyed, brawny fishermen whose fame and exploits Sage and Scald have sung.

Six feet in height, he was splendidly made, with square shoulders and unheated back. His limbs were sinewy and muscular; his face, burnt to a bronze hue, was the noble, open, generous one of an honorable, God-fearing, clean-living young man. His blue eyes and abundant auburn hair made him like a sun-god.

The Halcrows were true Orkadians, and to them, this "land of the midnight sun" was of more importance than all the great world without. For thirty years Dr. Halcrow, the elder, had lived at Abbot's Head, wearing out his life in the hard work of a country doctor, as his father had done before him. Then he had died, and his son Magnus had taken his place, ministering to the rough fisherfolk and farmers within twenty miles.

And Day lived with him--Day, whom her mother, who had died shortly after she was born, had named Daisy; but who, to her father and brother, was always Day--Day, the soft-eyed and dark-haired, small and all of stature, whom everybody loved; Day, the eighteen-year-old, to whom all life as yet was fair and sweet, because she had known none but those who loved her and whom she trusted.

When Dr. Magnus was out of sight Day still stood by the window, looking out half-absently on the scene before her.

Abbot's Head stood on an eminence overlooking the sea and Day could let her gaze travel over that great expanse of water which stretched away to unknown worlds. Today it was as calm as glass, but had a dark hue, such as often presages a storm. The sky above was blue, but thickly veiled with grey, thundery clouds, edged with a tinge of copper.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a day of excessive heat. No bird chirped, no leaf stirred. All nature seemed exhausted, or preparing for some terrific outburst.

"The storm is coming; I can see it," Day said to herself. "I hope he will reach Crag Castle before it bursts. Why does he go so often? Is it to see Lady Westray, as he says, or to see Lillith Stuart?"

Some disagreeable thought swept across the untroubled calm of Day's brow, like the dark clouds on the Summer sky without. She pressed her hand over it, as if to clear away some unpleasant thought, and murmured:

"Am I unjust, I wonder? Unjust and uncharitable? Dear daddy used to say it was the way of youth to judge hastily and uncharitably; yet I can't help it--I can't, I can't! I don't trust her, and can't compel myself to like her. Sometimes I feel as if she were wicked--really wicked, like those women one reads about--wily Vivien, the 'lovely, beautiful star,' or Cleopatra, who won men's souls and then ruined them."

"How unkind, how bitter I am!" she cried, beating her little hands together the next moment. "I must do as dear daddy used to say we ought to do when the devil enters into us--drive him out by doing something for God or for our neighbors. I'll go and see poor old Low. I promised to bring him a little treat of my own baking."

For Day Halcrow was her brother's right hand in everything, and there was no poor or aged or dying person among his patients whom she did not visit and bring comfort to, either physical or mental.

She ran lightly downstairs, packed her little treat--a small cake and one or two other dainties--in a basket, and putting on a sailor hat in the hall, prepared to go out. Bell, the old servant who had been with her mother, heard her, however, and ran to the door.

"You'll not be going out just now, Miss Day? The storm is coming up fast!"

"I don't think it will overtake me. I'm only going as far as old Low's; so don't you be anxious, your foolish Bell," said the girl. "Where's Old Oat? Oat are you coming, old boy?"

A great tawny colt as large as a St. Bernard came lumbering into the hall from the kitchen regions at her call, and thrust his cold nose into her hand.

"Come on, then, old boy, and take good care of your missis," cried Day gaily. "Good-bye, Bell. I'll be back in half an hour."

A long straight road led down from Abbot's Head to the small hamlet of Finstray, where Day's pensioner lived. The village was by the sea, most of the houses being built in a hollow between the road and the shore. The road ran on past the lonely lakes of Harris and Stennis, and the standing stones to the important little town of Kirkwall.

The air was still as death and as hot as an oven. The silence and oppression were appalling, and even Day, who was a brave little soul if there ever was one, felt awed by it.

"Magnus must be near Crag Castle now, so he is all right," she thought. Her anxieties were always for her beloved brother, not for herself. Old Low was both lame and deaf, and a conversation with him was trying. He sat outside his door on a bench, smoking a pipe, his only solace; but he smiled, laid it down, and put a trembling old hand to his hat as Day approached.

Day presented her little gifts and sat chatting with the old man for a little. Suddenly she was startled by a vivid flash of lightning, and the next instant a loud roar of thunder burst overhead.

"It be a' goin' to storm, miss, and no mistake," said the old man. "Yud better come indoors till it be past."

"No; I think I shall run home before it comes on very badly," said Day. "Good-bye, Mr. Low. I shall come again in a day or two."

"Good-bye, miss, and God bless you for the comfortable words ye've a' spoken to me this morn'g many times," said the old man, holding her own little pocket of a hand in his own work-roughened, aged one. "The Lord be with you for a sweet young lady."

Day picked up her basket, hurried up to the main road, and was soon walking swiftly homewards. But swiftly as she went, the storm moved more quickly still.

Flash succeeded flash with startling rapidity; the whole artillery of heaven seemed rumbling across the skies. The sea was no longer calm, but moved and swelled as if in some strange convulsion; and every moment the sky grew blacker. A dreadful oppression filled the air, which was almost suffocatingly hot. As Day hurried on, half running, she felt her throat dry and parched, and the perspiration stood in beads on her face.

No human creature had passed her; there were no houses between Finstray and Abbot's Head. But suddenly, as Day ran on, she heard the sound of a bell ringing behind her, and, turning, she saw a cyclist come flying along the road at terrific speed. For a moment her heart bounded, for she thought it was Magnus. Bicycles were not so common in that far Orkadian land. The next moment she knew it was impossible--Magnus had gone in the other direction. The cyclist was on her in a few seconds. He slowed up as he

approached, and touching his cap, asked:

"Can you tell me if I am right for Stronness?"

"Straight on," Day replied. He touched his cap again and flew on. Day looked after him, and his figure was lit up by a brilliant flash of lightning as she looked. He was a gentleman, she could tell at once--slight in figure, dark in complexion, handsome and almost patrician in features. All that Day took in in that bright flash; then he was beyond her sight, hid by a turn in the road. She hurried on.

Suddenly a flash of forked lightning burst out, quivered for a moment over the landscape, lighting it up with a blue and purple glare, then went out. Almost at the same moment a terrific crash of thunder shook the whole sky; the rattling and pealing above was like the day of doom. Day was courageous, but that awful peal made her start nervously and fly onwards. She was close to the narrow road which turned up to the Head when some object lying on the ground just at the cross-roads drew her attention. Her heart leaped to her mouth. Could it be the cyclist, struck by that fearful bolt?

She ran up to it, hardly touching the ground in her haste. In a few seconds she saw that she had been right in her conjecture. The bicycle lay on the side of the road, with twisted handle-bars; and a few paces from it, in a strange, huddled-up position, motionless, lay the unfortunate rider!

## CHAPTER III.

Day went on her knees and bent over the prostrate form.

"Are you hurt?" she asked in a somewhat shaken little voice. But no answer came. She tried to draw the man's arm from under him. It was limp and powerless, like that of the dead.

"Oh, God, grant that he is not dead!" Day whispered, in an awe-stricken voice. She was young and strong, and the warm blood of youth flowed through her veins. It sent a shudder to her inmost heart to think that the man whom she had seen a few seconds ago as full of youthful health and energy as she herself might be, lay now cold, supine, without sight or hearing--dead.

The lightning was still playing about her head, and the thunder rattling; but Day hardly heeded it. All thoughts of her own danger were banished from her mind. The effort to turn him around, so that the man's face was hidden, for it was turned inward upon his arm. Day made a violent effort to turn him so she could see his face. She succeeded partially at last; but then the sight that met her eyes terrified her more than ever.

Ghastly pale, with closed eyes and mouth, and with apparently no breath coming from between the tightly-set lips, it seemed to Day like the face of a dead man. In its white, awful pallor she saw it more distinctly now than she had before. The features were fine and delicately cut, and the whole face refined; only the mouth, in its close-set position, seemed to give indication of a stern nature--too stern for so young a face.

"Oh, merciful Father, grant that he may not die!" Day prayed again, hardly knowing what she said, for in her deepest heart she believed he was really dead.

"What am I to do?" Then, swift as an arrow, it flashed into her mind what she should do. She rose from her knees, called to Oat, who was sniffing about the prostrate figure, and flew up the road which led to Abbot's Head. In three minutes, hot, breathless, panting, she was at the door.

Bell was looking out for her, with a scared expression on her face. (To be Continued.)

## GRANITE CARVED BY NATURE.

Peculiar Effects in the Geological Structure of Newfoundland.

From the Philadelphia Record: Extraordinary activity has been displayed recently in opening up deposits of coal, iron and copper of Newfoundland, and it is reported that the export of copper from the island during the past twelve months was one-sixth of the total output from all other parts of the world, while the prospects are that in the next twelve months a still larger tonnage will be recorded. There are some very peculiar local effects observed in the geological structure of the island of Newfoundland. This is a large granite quarry about fifty miles from St. John's, the capital, where granite has been hewn by some convulsion of nature into rectangular blocks of different sizes, so conveniently assorted that schooner loads of selected stones have been brought to St. John's and used in some of the public buildings and the warehouses with little or no hand dressing by masons. The new postoffice and custom house, built after the great fire which practically wiped out all the business part of the town, are partly constructed of these granite stones hewn by nature.

Two Views of a Sad Case.

Her Father--"I am afraid, sir, that my daughter can never be happy with a man who can be engaged to her a month without giving her a ring. The Aspirant--"Sir, I am afraid I can never be happy with a girl whose engagement to me will not induce jewelers to trust me."--The Jeweler's Weekly.

In California there were experiments in storing raisins so as to have them as free from seeds as the ordinary current. Success has followed, till now, seeded raisins are becoming an important item among the fruit industries of California.

## THE MORMONS DID IT.

Conceivably the Century's Chief Characteristic--Its Cause.

WHAT WE OWE TO BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FOLLOWERS.

They Were the First to Put Into Operation the Idea of Irrigating Arid Regions--Has Grown Into Vast Enterprises.

(Boise, Idaho, Letter.)

Critique the Mormons as you will, they must be credited with the wonderful system of irrigation by which the wastes of the western states have been redeemed. On July 24, 1847, Brigham Young and his little band of pioneers began the construction of the first irrigation canal ever built in the United States.

Irrigation made of Utah's desert wilderness the garden spot of America. It is doing as much for Idaho, where the mountains are so located that ample valleys, and plains of millions of acres, may be easily and economically watered. On the Nile, in Italy, Spain and elsewhere in Europe, irrigation has prevailed for centuries. Indeed, 60 per cent of the world's breadstuffs and cereals are grown by irrigation.

Where "the vine-clad hills and citron groves" around Vesuvius in sunny Italy are found, a great population has been sustained for many thousand years--and the land has never worn out--its wonderful vitality being due to underlying strata of lava which by some curious chemistry renders the soil immortal.

Idaho's wonderfully productive soil covers lava strata deposited by volcanic long ago extinct. The rejuvenation of the land results not alone from this lava, but from rich fertilizers annually brought to it by the irrigation waters. It is almost an axiom that land is good where sage brush grows. Marvelous must therefore be the fertility of Idaho, for everywhere the green of the sage is seen. Wheat, corn, oats, barley, alfalfa, timothy, rye, flax, tobacco, broom corn, sorghum, sweet and Irish potatoes, beans, cabbages, hops, and fruits, such as prunes, apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, apricots, nectarines, grapes and all of the small bush products, grow profusely. Particularly do the apple, pear and prune attain to perfection in size and flavor.

Alex. McPherson of Boise City realized \$600 per acre from apples. Geo. L. Hall of Mountain Home sold \$800 worth of peaches from one acre. T. J. Pifer of Boise City realized \$900 from two acres of Italian prunes. Instances like these can be multiplied ad infinitum.

But Idaho does not depend entirely upon agriculture. Its mountains are filled with mining camps which furnish a home market for far more agricultural products than the state is now able to produce.

Snake River Valley contains about 3,000,000 acres and some of the finest pastoral scenes there presented are in the midst of gold placer mining operations. Many farmers there realize handsomely for work during spare hours--washing shining powdered gold from the river's bed.

In a state having so many productive portions to select from it is hard to suggest particular locations, but settlers will find room for any number of new homes.

Different state and private agencies are sending out printed information about Idaho. Perhaps the most conservatively prepared matter is that now emanating from the general passenger agent of the Oregon Short Line at Salt Lake City, Utah. This railroad permeates almost every agricultural region in the state and stands ready to furnish to homeseekers every courtesy in the power of its officers.

At the present rate Idaho will soon be as thickly populated as Utah. It is in the same latitude as France, Switzerland, Portugal, Spain and Italy, and its climate is incomparable.

Vast timber areas furnish lumber of excellent quality. Cyclones and destructive storms never occur. The winters are short and people work out doors all the year. The annual death rate is the lowest of any state in the Union.

Verily Idaho is a wonderful state and destined to become the home place of many times its present population.

"Billy" Brady, Press Club Employee.

Twenty years ago William A. Brady, lessee of theaters, manager of traveling shows and backer of pugilists, was the billiard room boy of the Press club. The club rooms were then at No. 119 Nassau street, and Brady was known as "Blue Eyed Billy." He was popular with reporters and often received tips from them for running the Press club offices with "copy." While Brady was employed by the Press club his father died and the members subscribed money to pay the funeral expenses. A reporter on a morning newspaper took much interest in young Brady and obtained him a job in the office of a weekly newspaper. Afterwards Brady went west and when he returned to New York he was a wealthy man. The reporter who had helped him had lost his grip and Brady had a chance to show his gratitude and improved it.--New York World.

Editorial Comment.

"Poor old Jones, the grocer, died early this morning," said the village editor's better half.

"Huh!" exclaimed the local opinion molder, "he's been dead for years."

"Been dead for years!" echoed the astonished wife. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Just what I said," replied the V. E. "Any man in business who doesn't advertise is a dead one."--Buffalo Times.

A sample room is dangerous when too many samples are taken.

## WE ARE LONGER LIVED.

Longevity is the Century's Chief Characteristic--Its Cause.

What has been the chief characteristic of the nineteenth century? No two critics agree, nor can they, because each prefers a different quality. One singles out science, another invention, as the dominant trait. A third, who looks mainly at the political aspect of life, says democracy. Others, again, say pessimism, philanthropy, doubt, or toleration. So many features, so much diversity, argue at least for many-sidedness, says the Forum. There is one characteristic, however, which distinguishes the nineteenth century from all previous centuries--a characteristic which has become too common to attract the attention it deserves, although it really measures all the rest. This is longevity. During the past 100 years the length of life of the average man in the United States and in the more civilized parts of Europe has increased from a little over 30 to 40 years. A multitude of causes, mostly physical, have contributed to this result. Foremost among these should be placed (1) whatever man is included under the general term sanitation; (2) the more regular habits of living which are the direct outcome of industrial life on a large scale. These are some of the evident means by which life has been lengthened. Inventions, which have made production cheap and the transportation of all products both cheap and easy, have had an influence too great to be computed. And no doubt much has been due to a general improvement in methods of government; although in the main there has been much less progress in practical government than is commonly supposed. No great railroad company or banking house or manufacturing corporation could prosper if its officers and employees were chosen and kept in office according to the system by which political offices almost everywhere are filled. "None but experts wanted" is the sign written over the entrance to every profession, trade and occupation except government. But, whatever governments have done or left undone, the fact to be insisted on here is that the average man today lives almost ten years longer than his grandfather lives. Indisputably, therefore, the year 1900 finds conditions more conducive to longevity than existed a century ago. This is true beyond question for the masses, who feel immediately the effects of plenty, hunger and cold--the great physical dispensers of life and death.

## MEDICINE IN 1800.

Qualit Remedies Prescribed to New York When the Century Was Just Beginning.

At the last meeting of the New York Historical society Dr. Sydney H. Carney, Jr., read a paper on "The New York Medical Profession in 1800." The better to put his hearers into the proper mental attitude for what he had to say to them Dr. Carney reminded them that at the time of which he was speaking peach, plum, and pear trees flourished in Madison square, and Babylonian maples and sycamore trees waved their branches as they had done for generations in City Hall park. There has been some speculation among the curious as to the prevalence of gripes at bedtime among New Yorkers of a hundred years ago. The remedy for this complaint prescribed by the physicians was nutmeg and brandy and the yolk of an egg to be taken before going to bed. For apoplexy, salt and cold water were to be used, whereupon the patient was "immediately to come to himself." A toothache remedy efficacious always with one exception in the practice of one physician was to crush a ladybug between the thumb and forefinger and then to rub the finger on the gum and tooth. Freshly crushed bugs were recommended. For the bite of a mad dog the prescription was an ounce of the jawbone of the dog, some colt's tongue, and a scruple of verdigris, that taken from the copers of George I and George II being preferred, of which compound a teaspoonful a day was to be taken. If that failed to cure 180 grains of verdigris and half an ounce of calomel were to be given in one dose by a physician in person. If this still failed four grains of pure opium were given to the patient. This last was a secret remedy so successful that early in century the state legislature bought the secret for \$1,000. For a visit the fee charged was \$1, for a visit and a dose \$1.25. Pills were 12 cents. Doctors got \$1 a mile for going out of town. It cost \$4 to get one to Brooklyn and \$10 to have one visit Staten Island. For bleeding a charge of from \$1 to \$5 was made. Tadpoles figure in the regimen of that day to such an extent that it is said the people of Vermont, in a season of scarcity, almost fattened on them. And one of New York's famous physicians spent a part of his time in the study of the alimentary qualities of these tadpoles.

## Parson's Famous Sons.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a striking example of parson's sons who have become famous. Like Mr. Cecil Rhodes, whom he also resembles in being a bachelor, he is the son of a clergyman.

## Feminine Charity.

Clara--They say Nell is going to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. Maude--Is it possible? I didn't suppose there was a man living that old.--Chicago News.

## Exposure of the Foot.

According to latest advice, a fool is a man who can't make money by pretending to be wise.--Indianapolis Journal.

## Below Her Expectations.

"Clairibel, when we are wed your pathway shall be eternally strewn with roses."

"Pathway? Then you expect me to foot it everywhere, I infer?"--Detroit Free Press.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Has had a new demonstration of usefulness by the captain of a lightship, who used it after ordinary signals had failed to notify the shore authorities of danger. In a like manner Hestetter's Stomach Bitters, the famous indigestion and dyspepsia cure, acts when other medicines fail. It regulates the bowels and improves the appetite.

## Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

Scrofula Salt Rheum  
Scald Head Boils, Pimples  
All kinds of Humor Psoriasis  
Blood Poisoning Rheumatism  
Catarrh Malaria, Etc.  
All of which are prevalent at this season.  
You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

A slate pencil is about the only kind that can come to a point without being lead.

## "Oh! How Happy I Am!"

"HOW HAPPY I AM to be able to say that I am free from pain after five years of severe suffering from neuralgia," writes Mrs. Archie Young, 1817 Oaks avenue, West Superior, Wis. "I am so thankful to be able to say that your '5 Drops' is the best medicine I ever got in my life. When I received it from you last November, I used some of it right away. The first dose helped me. It is impossible to explain how I was suffering from neuralgia. I thought no one could get worse and that death would soon come. I was very weak, and I hardly thought I could live to see my husband come back from his daily labor. Now I can say that I am free from pain, my cheeks are red, my appetite is good and I sleep well all night. Many of my friends are surprised, and say they will send for some '5 Drops.' Sample bottles of this wonderful remedy 25c, large bottles, containing 200 doses, \$1.00. For information write Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 164 E. Lake street, Chicago.

Some people spend time making good money and others spend money making a good time.

## Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen Feet, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Though time tells on the face of a clock the clock's face always tells time.

## GOOD NIGHT!

Sweet Soothing Slumber Man's Greatest Blessing.

Nothing kills so quickly as loss of sleep. Rest needed for repairs. How to obtain it without fail.

When you don't sleep well, look out for yourself.

Nothing breaks down a person so quickly as loss of sleep. The loss of manhood which gives the exhausted system rest for repair.

No time for repairs means destruction of the machinery. It is so with the human body.

You are nervous, have a load on your chest, are troubled with unaccountable anxiety and forebodings of evil, and roll and toss all night.

Towards morning you have fitful naps from sheer exhaustion, awake in a cold sweat, unrefreshed, pallid, trembling, and a bad taste in your mouth and a feeling of great weakness.

It's your stomach, your liver, your bowels.

Keep your digestive organs all on the move properly and your sleep will be restful and refreshing and all repairs will be attended to.

The way to do it is to use a mild, positive, harmless, vegetable laxative and stimulant--Cascaret Candy Co. Heart. It makes the liver lively, prevents sour stomach, purify the blood, regulate the bowels perfectly, make all things right as they should be.

Go buy and try Cascaret to-day. It's what they do not want you to say they'll do, that will please you. Ask druggists, 50c, 25c, or 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and true sample. Address, Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, Camb. or New York.

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