

PROVIDENCE?
The waves were blue and the sun was bright,
As the waves and the sun quite often are,
And little birds sang with all their might
As I sailed merrily over the bar.
My little canoe fairly danced with glee
As the light breeze gently caressed the sheet
And bore her along toward the open sea,
Where the sky and the water seemed to meet.
My craft was a sentimental one,
For 'twould never trim except with two,
So I put in the bottom a heavy stone,
And signed to myself that it needs must do.
But there came before me a phantom face
As I gazed at the stone with a dreamy stare,
For it couldn't in any way take the place
Of certain live ballast I wished were there.
Then I sighed and thought what a happy lot
Would be mine if that soulless stone were
out
And she in its place—but she was not—
So I sighed again and came about.
But alas! for the vision of my adored,
I was rudely waked from my semi-sleep
By spars changing place with centerboard,
While I found myself in the briny deep.
Oh, the sun was bright and the waves were
blue,
But I'll thank the gods until I'm gray
That I took for ballast in my canoe
A stone, instead of a girl, that day.
—George L. Buttrick, in Detroit Free Press.

THE OLD MILL MYSTERY
By Arthur W. Marchmont, B. A.
Author of "Miser Hoadley's Secret," "Madeline Power," "By Whose Hand," "Isa," etc., etc.
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CHAPTER XXVII
"YOU SHALL NOT LIVE TO BELONG TO ANOTHER MAN."
For a moment he made no attempt to go near her.

"Why do you madden me in this way, Mary?" he asked. "Am I so hateful to you that, when I seek thus to be alone with you, your only feeling is loathing? Is it so unpardonable a crime that my love should urge me to bring you here? All my wrong is that I love you."
"Love! What can you know of love, when you seek to force it with an iron padlock? Love trusts and does not threaten. You know nothing of love."
"Trusts," he returned, impatiently. "And have I not trusted? I have trusted too long, and nothing has come of it. Now I will act."
"Why have you changed like this to me?" asked Mary, with more gentleness. "You said that it would make you happy to see me happy, and you promised to help to prove Tom's innocence. What have I done to change you or to anger you?"
"You have done nothing. Nothing you could do would anger me. But the time has come when I must act. You could not understand if I told you. Mary, I swear to you I love you with all my soul. There is not a wish nor a thought, however light, however wild, I will not try to satisfy, if you will only be my wife. Will you not listen to me? I do not ask you to love me at first. I know that may be hard—perhaps impossible. But while love is love, such a passion as mine must make an echo in time. Will you trust me?"
He spoke with eager, earnest pleading, and made as though to take her in his arms.
"Keep away from me! You forget I am the plighted wife of another man." He stopped, let fall the hands which he had held toward her, and stared at her with love, disappointment and rage battling together for mastery in his gaze. Slowly the color ebbed away from his cheeks, and he grew deadly, dangerously white and stern.
"Is that your final answer?" he asked, his lips moving at first with no sound issuing from them; while his voice at length sounded hoarse and deep, hollow and nerveless.
"If it were my last moment on earth I would say the same," answered the girl, with compressed passion. "I loathe the very sight of you."
He made no reply to this, but continued to gaze at the girl. An expression of sadness dimmed the fiercer light of his eyes, but he went whither before. Then a great sigh, almost a sob, burst from him, shaking his broad frame and making him quiver like a struck woman.
"Then may God have mercy on me, for you shall not live to belong to another man."
The awful stillness in the room, the man's moving agitation, his solemn earnestness and the despairing determination in his voice showed Mary that the danger which threatened her was real enough, and that if she was to escape her wits must be quick in finding a plan.
After he had spoken the man leant back against the wall, folded his arms across his chest and gloomily looked at the girl. Mary moved away, and by slight and almost imperceptible degrees placed as great a distance as possible between them, watching him all the time like one watches a dangerous animal.
It was a time of fearsome suspense, but the girl forced herself to keep up her courage and tried to think how she could possibly escape. She ran her eye quickly but stealthily over the two doors to the room. There was one behind her, but this she felt sure he had locked before he had trapped her in the office. The other he had locked when first he had thrown the mask off his conduct, but the key remained in the door.
Could she reach it? If she could do that and then get out of the room her chances of ultimate escape in the large rooms of the mill would be much greater.
But Gorrings stood right in the path, blocking the way completely, and she could think of no plan to lure him away. He himself removed part of the difficulty. With another deep-drawn sigh he moved from where he stood with his back to the wall, and the sound of the slight movement sent a thrill of cold to the girl's heart.
Then suddenly a plan, fully formed, rushed into her mind. Close behind her were several packets of cotton, and near to it a large bundle of waste. Towards this she moved, as if scared by him; and when he opened a drawer

of the table and bent over it in search, as Mary supposed, of a weapon, the girl seized some large handfuls of the waste and the cotton and heaped them on the standard gas lamp which lighted the room, thus shattering the globe and extinguishing the light.
She rushed to the opposite side of the room, and, throwing a couple of the packets of cotton where she had been standing, so as to make Reuben Gorrings think she was hiding on that side, she ran quickly and softly to the door from the side where he would not expect her. To her intense relief she found the key without difficulty and had turned it and opened the door before Gorrings had reached her.
Just as she was rushing out of the room she felt his hand on her arm. But she tore it away from him, and, pulling the door after her with all her strength, crushed his arm and caused the hand to relax its hold. Then she fled rapidly through the next room, which was the outer and larger office, and sped out into the darkness of the mill.
She had formed a plan in thought; namely, to try and make her way to a window overlooking the lane which ran along one end of the mill—one of those by which Tom had been accused of breaking into the place. To reach this, however, she would have to pass through a long room filled with spinning machines, down a flight of stone steps, through the blowing-room and across one of the smaller weaving sheds which was close to that.
Another plan she had was to rush away to the top of the building and hide where she could till morning came. Her anxiety to get away from the place, however, made her prefer the former.
But the chance of carrying out any definite plan seemed very remote, for the girl heard Reuben Gorrings hurrying after her. She determined to hide, therefore.
She ran on as fast as possible, stopping an instant to tear off her boots with nervous haste, and then with noiseless tread crossed the first of the work-rooms. Remembering that in the second there was a heap of baskets, she rushed to the spot and crouched down beside them.
She could hear Gorrings moving, and once or twice his voice, calling her by name, reached her ear. She could tell by the sound that he was at the far end of the first room; and she held her breath to listen for what he was doing and in what direction he was moving.
It was a brilliant night, and the rays of the full moon flooded through the many windows of the place, bathing the whole in a white light. But this light made her escape much more perilous, and she was afraid to move lest she should be found.
The latter fear prevailed; and finding, after some minutes of absolutely intolerable suspense, that the sounds of Gorrings's movements came no nearer, she rose and moved as silently as a ghost across the forest of machinery in the direction where she judged Gorrings must be.
Just when she was reaching the division between the two rooms, some weighty thing fell with a huge clattering noise, close to the spot where she stood. It raised such a clang in the weird stillness of the night that she started violently and could scarce refrain from screaming out. She checked herself with a great effort, and in her panic tried to dart back to her hiding place by the baskets.
She had scarcely moved three paces, however, before she heard the rush of footsteps through the room adjoining, and Reuben Gorrings stood by her side with the light of a brilliant lantern turned full upon her white, terror-stricken face.
"You cannot escape me," he said. "It is useless to try." He laid a hand on her arm and held the girl in a firm grasp, and led her back to the office.
"What do you wish me to do?" she said, in a faltering tone.
"It's too late to think of that now," his voice was sad and low; "you gave me your answer. If we cannot live together, at least we can die together. In death you cannot hate me, as in life you cannot love me."
"Do you mean to murder me?" cried the girl.
"I could not bear to see you another's wife," he answered, in the same calm, despairing monotone. Then after a moment's pause he flashed out into sudden passion. "By Heaven, the mere thought of it is a hell to me. To know that another would have the right to take you in his arms, to press your heart to his, to shower his kisses upon your cheeks, your hair, your lips, and to feel your caresses answering to his own? By Heaven, I would kill you a hundred times first! But come, it is no time for talk. Come."
He checked the outburst of feeling and led the way in the direction of the office.
"Have you no mercy?" asked the girl when they reached the room, pleading with him. "Will nothing move you?"
"Yes, it is mercy that makes me act thus," he answered, with a grim, short laugh. "Mercy for myself—aye, and mercy for you. You cannot be afraid to die. You have wronged no one in the world; your life has been full of goodness and kindness. You will but be in Heaven a finger's length before your time."
"You forget. If I die you will condemn an innocent man to a shameful death, for I alone can prove Tom's innocence."
"That is a curious plea to put to me," answered Gorrings, frowning. "But even that is nothing. I will tell you now, he is innocent, and his innocence can be proved without you. You may be easy on that score," he said, with a sneer.
"Thank God! Thank God for that!" cried the girl, joyously, while the tears of gladness rushed into her eyes.
But the sight of her joy and the glad look on her face inflamed all the man's wild jealousy.
"By Heaven, how do you want to drive me mad even now?" he cried. Springing forward, he threw his arms round her and, despite her fierce struggle,

glass, he held her to his heart and printed hot, burning kisses of desperate and despairing passion on her face and lips.
"My God, how I love you," he cried passionately. "It is good to die like this."
Mary struggled with him, and would have screamed out in disgust and loathing and fear of him, but he smothered her screams with his kisses.
"Kiss me once, Mary, just once," he pleaded; but she struggled the more desperately to break away from him.
He held her firmly until, releasing her from his arms, he gripped her wrist and dragged her toward the drawer in which lay the revolver.
This he took out and then closed the drawer.
"One last kiss, my darling," he cried. "It will be the last my lips will ever give or yours receive."
Then he wound his arms around her, and for an instant renewed his madly passionate kisses.
"Good-by, my darling," he exclaimed, after a minute, and, moving back from where they had stood, he freed his right hand, in which he held the revolver.
Mary closed her eyes, knowing what was coming.
At that instant a slight sound broke the deadly silence of the place, and the man paused. The girl opened her eyes, and, seeing his hesitation, broke away from him by a sudden and violent endeavor.
His hesitation passed as quickly, and he rushed after her with the revolver pointed at her, and when Mary saw him approaching she cowered in a corner and screamed and covered her eyes, and waited for the death that seemed so close.
Then came the sound of feet moving rapidly across the room, a slight struggle and a heavy fall.
"You villain! You lying, luring, cheating villain! Is this your love for me?"
It was Savannah Morbyn's voice, and when Mary opened her eyes she saw the man lying on the floor, bleeding from a fearful wound in the back, while Savannah, her face blazing with a light of mad rage, was standing over him, holding aloft the long blood-stained dagger with which she had struck him down.
Then in an instant her face changed and she began to laugh. Almost as suddenly, another change showed, and throwing the dagger away to the end of the room, Savannah burst into a storm of tears and threw herself beside the prostrate, wounded man, moaning and shuddering, and sobbing, and calling upon his name with many terms of caressing endearment.
Then Mary stole away quietly from the place to go for assistance, only half comprehending the meaning of the scene.
CHAPTER XXVIII
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT IN THE MILL
Faint and trembling with fright, Mary hesitated in doubt for a moment how to get out of the mill. Knowing that both the doors and gates were locked, she thought of the small windows through one of which she had before intended to try and escape.
Her limbs were shaking so violently that she scarce kept her feet, but she made a great effort to regain self-command, and reflecting that perhaps the issue of life and death depended upon her speed, she ran through the long work-rooms and down the narrow staircase to the corner, where the two or three windows were which overlooked Watercourse lane.
They were closed and fastened, but after a little delay she succeeded in opening one, through which she was able to escape. The rush of the cold night air restored her somewhat.
Without thinking to whom she should go—for she was still too dazed and frightened to think correctly—she ran instinctively in the direction of her own cottage. When she reached it there was a surprise in store for her. Gibeon Prawle stood by the door.
At the sight of him the girl's intense excitement broke her down. She burst into tears and sobbing hysterically, unable to speak a word and gasping, as if for air.
"What's the matter, Mary?" he asked, wondering and alarmed. "Has anything happened? What is it?"
Then she managed to tell him something of what had occurred and to urge him to go for assistance.
"Reuben Gorrings stabbed by Savannah," he cried, in intense excitement. "How came you all there?"
"Don't stay to ask now," she said, hurriedly. "Go for help. Go at once. I cannot move another step."
"She's mad," he cried, breathlessly. "I've traced her. I came back to tell you," and with this he ran off at top speed for a doctor and the police.
The girl looked for a moment after him as he disappeared in the darkness, then tottered into the cottage and, feeling utterly prostrated and weak, had only strength to drag herself to her bed and sink down upon it exhausted, calling in a feeble voice to her mother to come and help her. When the latter came the girl had fainted.
Early the next morning Gibeon was at the cottage asking for her, and, although she was still faint and weak and ill, she dressed herself and went to him.
"You are ill," he said, when he saw the pale wan look on her face. "Can you bear to hear news?"
"I have come to hear it," she answered. "I can bear anything better than suspense. What happened last night?"
"I only know a little about that. I have other news—good news it should be for you. Can you bear to hear that? I was waiting last night to tell you when you found me here."
"What is it? About Tom?" As she asked this a light pink flush just tinged her cheeks, and her eyes brightened.
"Yes," he answered. "I have determined to tell the truth and risk all consequences."
"The truth?" cried Mary; and her old suspicions concerning him flashed upon her, and showed in the look she bent upon him.

"Yes, the truth. But it is not what you suspected when I was last here," he answered, observing her look. "You were on the wrong track then, Mary, and I was a fool to be angry instead of just telling you the whole truth. But I was afraid; and the very readiness with which I saw you suspected me, increased my fear of speaking. I wanted to clear Tom in some other way, and without my telling everything. That's why I've been hunting down that girl, Savannah; so as you might have a handle over her to make her speak the truth and bear out Tom's story. But when I got away I began turning things over and I couldn't help remembering that you didn't stop at a risk to save me that night in the barn; and then I grew wild with myself and soft like at thinking of what you must be suffering with suspense. So I just finished the inquiries I wanted to make about Savannah, and then came back to clear Tom."
"You can clear him?" broke in Mary, eagerly.
"Yes, I can do that. This ain't been a murder at all. Old Coode didn't die a violent death; he just died suddenly—heart disease, or apoplexy, or something of that sort. Anyways, it wasn't murder."
"Not murder?" exclaimed Mary, her face alight with wonderment. "Why, how do you know? How can you know?"
"I was in the mill that night."
"What?" cried the girl, all her suspicions reawakened with redoubled force at these words.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A POSSIBLE FUTURE.
Admiral Farragut's Excellent Plan—One Well Worth Imitating.
Admiral Farragut acted always on the principle that any knowledge might at some time become useful, and he never lost an opportunity of learning something, from everybody, wherever he happened to be, especially if it were in a line with his own peculiar talents.
Detailed for service at New Haven, when a young man, he improved the occasion to attend the Yale lectures, and twenty-five years later, when called to Washington to draw up a book of regulations for the navy, he regularly attended the lectures at Smithsonian institution. "You will never come away," he declared, "without being wiser than when you went in."
In the same way, when at Vera Cruz, though he did not at the time look forward to a war with Mexico, he closely examined every point of interest; "for," said he, "I have made it a rule of my life to note these things with a view to the possible future." Even after the war, when his reputation was at its height, in visiting European ports he never, for a moment, lost sight of this duty of professional acquirement. Not a harbor was visited that he did not observe critically its chances for defense by land or sea. "Who knows," he would ask, "but my services may be needed here some day?" His latest biographer cites in comparison the reply of the earl of St. Vincent, formerly known as Capt. Jervis, to his secretary, when the earl was planning an attack upon Brest: "Ah, Mr. Tucker, had Capt. Jervis surveyed Brest when he visited it in 1774, in 1800 Lord St. Vincent would not have been in want of information."—American Agriculturist.

RECONSIDERED THE QUESTION.
Is Greater Pleasure Derived from Anticipation Than from Realization?
That Long Islanders are not wholly devoid of humor, which has been charged against them, is clearly demonstrated by a recent occurrence at Riverhead, the Suffolk county-seat.
It seems that the local debating society had under consideration the old topic: "Whether there is greater pleasure derived from anticipation than from realization?" This weighty subject was discussed at length, and was finally carried in favor of anticipation by a heavy majority.
Now, it happened that a favorite dish of Riverheaders is rabbit stew, and that one of the losing faction, Nate Downs, is esteemed as the best connoisseur of rabbit stew on the eastern end of Long Island.
Not long after the famous debate Nate invited the whole company to visit his house and partake of the favorite dish. Anticipation ran high, and at the appointed hour the club assembled en masse, but, alas for realization, there was no rabbit stew, only the usual paraphernalia of serving dishes, knives, etc.
Nate had sought by this practical method to force the society to reconsider its hasty decision, and was eminently successful. The company left, very angry, but with the settled conviction that so far as rabbit stew was concerned realization would be more satisfactory than anticipation.

Little People in Other Lands.
If you were a German child of four years, you would know how to weed your mother's garden without ever pulling up a flower or a vegetable, and you would do it, too, for little German boys and girls are taught to work in the fields almost as soon as they can walk. By the time you were twelve years old you would be quite an experienced farmer. If you remained in Germany the law would require you to go to school ten months out of every year until you were sixteen years old, but during the vacations and holidays your parents would train you to work out of doors, only there would not have to be any force about it, for work would have become a habit to you, and you would enjoy it.
A Japanese baby never learns how to creep, so if there is any truth in the old adage that you must "creep before you walk," it is no wonder that they are not very graceful walkers. The poor, tiny tots are taught to begin walking on their hands and soles of their feet, and when they sit they squat on the soles of the feet.—American Agriculturist.
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