JOHN ECCLESTON.

red lips, and saucy blue eyes that were quite irresistible.

"I have just had a tiff with that surly lover of yours—John Ecclestop," 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 Netheredale 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.

should be the lass time you meet,"
The fisherman's eyes were litted quickly, but he did not seem to realize the dangerous gleam that was flashed upon him.
"I had a letter from her this morning,"

the miller continued. "She—she has retused 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 sout 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 hows 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 lite 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

agood. 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 lang at me; but let me give you aw 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, I—I can't stand quietly by and see the heart of the girl I love broken by a scoundrel much longer."

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

If swing spoken thus, the miller stepped over the style and strode. As his footsteps died away Gny Netherdale lit a fresh cigar, and perched himself to not be 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 Engleston's words were true. He dinot really care for bewithing Phyllis Alton. He could never marry her; but Eccleston when the could never marry her; but Eccleston when the should meet Phyllis every evening, and thereby make this burly flour-grinder, as savage as the big sike which for the past fortingth the had daily tried to capture.

A little further on he met her.

She was certainly ever 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 surjeve of yours—lose of yours—lo

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?"

"Y-yes, if I can;" and she held out her hand—yea, she half turned up her rosy face to his.

A minute later she hurried away with burning checks, 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-hottomed little punt, ishing-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 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 bushed, as it were, in peacetul sleep after the day's toil.

No sound, save the occasional plunge of a restless water-rat or the far-away lowing 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 sinken, as it with some ponderous weight in the bows, and propelled by—he shaded his eves—yes, he had not been mistaken—John Eccleston. A slight fulso hoverspread his face. The miller's appearance annoved him. Could the fellow be coming to fish? He should soon know—Eccleston was now only a tew yards a vay. 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 latt night after lielt 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 litted quickly, but he did not seem to realize the danger.

JOHN ECCLESTON.

"I ask you once more to leave here."

speed to your honor as a gentleman grant of the common to the common the lovel me.—The hash present of the common the lovel me.—The hash present of the common the lovel me.—The hash present of the common the lovel me.—The hash present the common the lovel me.—The cannot marry her—you don't mean to do so. You sremly among yourself; and amusement it is to me—to her."

The pentler pausel from sheer want of breath. He was a fine, stalwart young follow, with an intelligent, amburnt face, and the common the ment is the mentle of the common the common the mentle pause of the common that the common the com

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



taken down with billing typhoid fever, and when I began to redwigt. I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever expérienced. At the first of the fever, my motifier gave. At the first of the fever, my motifier gave, me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything less 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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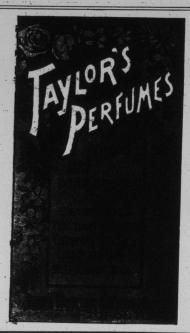
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variety of other amicable ways, we are tempted to wonder to what limits journalistic freedom aspires to soar." In another column the retiring editrees supplements her leading article by a poem addressed to "My Editorial Chair." in the course of which she hints that her sex is the real ground for her enforced departure:

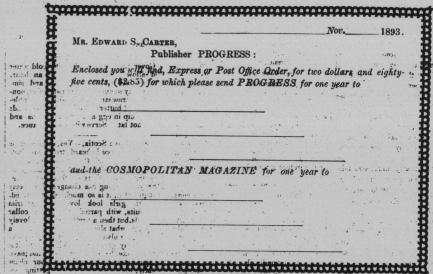
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Not yet with you to thee Sorget;
A man, I might have filled thee yet,
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