

# INSTANTANEOUS

BY ROBIN GREY

## CHAPTER XIII.

Marguerite jumped it best to tell Mrs. Acland all the story of her long period of mental forgetfulness, and received in return several interesting details concerning the courtship of this hateful unknown Arthur Phillips, who, it appeared, used to bring her flowers, and take her out for walks, and for whom she used to watch with intense eagerness day after day.

"I see you were once holding him round the neck, and crying fit to break your heart; and he always seemed fond of you, too—that he did, and gentle with you as a woman would be."

"Mrs. Acland," almost whistled Marguerite, her cheeks burning with shame, "what was he like? Do you remember?"

"Oh, my dear, I ain't no hand at describing the quality. I couldn't tell you. Not right-down handsome, but looked a real gentleman."

"A real gentleman? Yes, I should think so!" she answered in a tone of bitter contempt. "Mrs. Acland this is very horrible for me to hear, but it is necessary. Tell me—this man used to come and see me every day?"

"Whenever your uncle weren't there, my dear; and when it got to be dusk, he'd take you out for a walk along the shore, and you'd be as pleased as pleased could be. You'd come a-running to me, your pretty face all aglow, and your hands stretched out, with—'Oh, dear Mrs. Acland, do please let Sarah dress me—he's a-going to take me walkin'.' We had no bright days nor running nor jumping when your uncle was about. No, indeed! He was as mum as a mouse then; and Sarah, she used to say, 'See how frightened the poor thing is of him.' We was both fond of you, that we was; an' he, too—this fine Mr. Phillips. 'Mind you take care of her, Mrs. Acland,' he'd say, 'an' I'll make it worth your while!"

altered strangely," was the encouraging reply.

"That's right. I will just write down your description of him to tell my lawyer. Where did you lay that marriage certificate? I shall want to show him that, too."

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Acland, "here's what I can't help thinking'll be likely of more use to you than that marriage certificate; and I took and copied that off a letter Mr. Phillips wrote. He wrote it and left it by accident on the table while he took you out walking; and when he came in, I saw he was in a fine looking at the thought of my having seen it." She laid a piece of paper before Marguerite's eyes. "D. Brandon, Esq., High Lees, Great Woodham, Hunts."

Marguerite looked steadfastly at the address.

"You are right, Mrs. Acland," she said, with repressed excitement in her tones—"this is the very thing I have wanted." And even as she gazed at the paper her resolution was taken. She was all alone; there was no one to hinder her, no one to object. She would take the train and go and visit these scenes of her childhood.

"I believe," she murmured, "if once I stood there and saw the place before me, I should remember all about it."

## CHAPTER XIV.

It was a beautiful autumn day. The Virginia creeper on the little wayside station of Great Woodham, a mass of scarlet and gold, rustled every now and then in the light breeze. The distances melted in blue mist; the dew still lay in heavy beads on the long grass of the banks and ditches, as Marguerite stepped from the London train and looked about her with wondering, observant eyes.

She formed a very fair picture as she stood there, in a neat, well-fitting gray

already adopted such measures to be rid of her. She began to think that she was foolhardy; but, being thus far on the journey, nothing would have induced her to turn back. She walked on briskly, secure in the thought that every step was taking her farther from Clarisdale, and that there really was no chance of her being seen. As to Mr. Brandon, she did not want to see him; she wanted to see Cathie; and her remembrance of the back entrance to the house was so vivid that she felt certain that she could accomplish her object. Anyhow, she was in for it—the issue must be left to fate.

She felt the longing for certainty greater than ever. Come what might, she must ascertain who and what was Arthur Phillips, and whether he was living or dead. A letter from Bernard lay in her pocket—a letter full of Lady Mildred.

"This is such an ideal home," he wrote. "Who shall be managed just the same. You should know Lady Mildred—in fact, you must know her. She could teach you so much, especially as regards dress—she understands the art to perfection; and, when you see her, you must take hints; though of course your style and hers are very different," etc.

The letter hurt Marguerite's feelings, though of course she owned bitterly to herself that it was true. She was absolutely ignorant of everything which Bernard Selwyn's wife should know. She paused against a stile leading into a cornfield, and sat down a minute to rest, for she had walked a couple of miles at a very rapid rate. As she sat, she heard the galloping of horses behind her on the road, and the sound of laughter and voices. Urged by an impulse she hardly understood, she climbed over the stile, and paused on the other side, hidden by the hedge, to see the riders go by. Just as they reached that part of the road they slackened to a foot-pave, and she could both see and hear distinctly. There were three young men and two girls, all well mounted and in high spirits. They were all looking behind them.

"No sign of them!" cried one of the ladies.

"My dear Miss Talbot, you won't see them again this morning; they are off as usual. Perhaps Lady Mildred is showing him the short cut to the Home Farm again!" There was evidently a joke here. They all burst out laughing.

"Selwyn is awfully hard hit, isn't he?" said one of the men.

"It will be a fine thing for the Umfraville estates," remarked another, and then the voices became indistinct as the party passed on down the lane.

Marguerite stood still. Of course she had known it all before, but it seemed notwithstanding to come upon her with a sudden shock. She bowed her head on the stile, and gave way to her trouble for a time. She did not know how long she stood there; she only knew that what roused her was the sound of more horses' feet. She started and shivered, but it was too late to move. Holding on by the rough wood for support, she saw them ride slowly past—saw Lady Mildred's pale, proud face, noted the downward curve of her expressive mouth, saw Bernard riding close—ah, so close!—but could not catch the low words that he was speaking. So they passed, and it seemed to Marguerite as if the life and gladness of the sunny day passed with them. She waited till the last echo of horses' feet had died away in the distance, and then climbed resolutely back into the lane and continued her journey. She did not care for twenty Daniel Brandons now. Nothing, she thought, could ever stir her emotions again—love and fear were dead together.

"I have lived and loved," she said to herself, "and now it is all over. Others have had harder things to bear. I can bear this."

## TAKES A ROOM

On the Top Floor of a Hotel to Avoid the Noise at Home.

A sad-faced man with iron gray hair and a tired manner walked into a hotel, bowed to the clerk who greeted him, by name, and took the key held out to him. "High?" he asked. "Top," answered the clerk with a smile. The man wrote his name in the register and followed it with that of a popular summer town near New York. As he walked to the elevator, the clerk turned to a man leaning on the counter. "So long as the Fourth of July continues to be celebrated and that man lives," he said, "this hotel will never be without one guest on the national holiday. While everybody else is hurrying out of town, he is making his way for this hotel from his country place. He lives near a small town which has lately become the center of a fashionable country house district. He is the father of several children and a man of wealth. But he suffers from nerves. The Fourth of July is too much for them. He says that the fireworks get into working order twenty-four hours ahead of time in the country and he cannot stand the nervous wear and tear. Nor does he want to interfere with the pleasure of people who like to hear noise and smell powder. So he has come here on this day every summer for the past four years, taken a room on the top floor where he can hear nothing and passed the night and day as quietly as if it were not the day his family, friends and neighbors are celebrating."—New York Sun.

## Cradle Blankets.

Nothing is nicer for blankets for the cradle than swansdown flannel. It comes in two widths, 27 and 36 inches. The wide width is less expensive and more satisfactory.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "CHRISTIANITY AS A DELUSION"—THE SUBJECT.

From the Text, Ezek. xxi, 21, as follows: "He Made His Arrows Bright, He Consulted with Images, He Looked in the Liver."

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopfach.)

Two modes of divination by which the king of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God: He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them together, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver, the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text, "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of the vast number of delusions practiced upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and one hundred thousand disciples came forward to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ, Apollonius was born, and he came forth, and after five years being speechless, according to tradition, he healed the sick, and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and, according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection. The Delphic Oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythonesse seated in the temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them. A general coming forth to battle consulted the Delphic Oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle, or killed in battle, and the answer came forth from the Delphic Oracle in such words that if you put the comma before the word "never" it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never" it means another thing just opposite. The message from the Delphic Oracle to the general was, "Go forth, returned never in battle shalt thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic Oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic Oracle.

So the ancient auguries deceived the people. The priests of those auguries, by the flight of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals or nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829, a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and played his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his keeping. And so in all ages there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been occurring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and sent not long before his death at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to follow?' 'Well, I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die of a fever in a foreign hospital.' 'Oh, no!' I said, 'father, I will not be that. I will tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.' 'No, David, my father said, 'no, David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter-deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then: 'I will change; I will never swear again; I will never drink again; I will never gamble again.' And, gentlemen, by the help of God, I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity."

Another captive of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him; they tried to scare it out of him; they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and howling at him through the street; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat

it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6,000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion.

Ah! that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity—it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost"? One of the fools who believed in the Bible—John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript, and never let it go into type; and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals he left, and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, was enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man, surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, cried out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head—David Brewster saying, "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me—a very great light all my days." President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest intellect in England, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, went to the house of God every Sabbath, and often at the invitation of the rector read the prayers to the people. If those mighty intellects are overcome by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

The cannibals in South sea, the bushmen of Terra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty, and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abel and Campbell and Williams and the three thousand missionaries of the cross turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort, and going out amid the squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph, when they might have lived in this country, and lived for themselves, and lived luxuriously, and been at last put into brilliant sepulchers. What a delusion!

Yes, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to those who are in trouble. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous; but this religion comes to a man when he is sick, and says: "You will be well again after a while; you are going into a land where there are no coughs and no pleurisies and no consumptions and no languishing; take courage and bear up." Yes, this awful chimera of the gospel comes to the poor and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable." This delusion of Christianity comes to the bereft and it talks of reunion before the throne, and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then, to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes! Shovel him under! That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know anything again. Shovel him under! The soul is only a superior part of the body, and when the body disintegrates the soul disintegrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank, obliteration! Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying, instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life, until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted, and some have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy that they could only look ecstatic. Palace gates opening, they thought—diamond coronets flashing, hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that although the little children had been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks they could not turn on their dying pillow, at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable, they sprang to their feet and shouted: "Mother, catch me; I am coming!"

The strong conclusion of every reasonable man and woman is that Christianity, producing such grand results, cannot be a delusion. A lie, a cheat, a swindle, a hallucination cannot launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common sense convince you that a bad cause cannot produce an illustrious result; out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born. There are many

who began with thinking that the Christian religion was a stupid farce who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. Why are you in the Lord's house today? Why did you sing this song? Why did you bow your head in the opening prayer? Why did you bring your family with you? Why, when I tell you of the ending of all trials in the bosom of God, do there stand tears in your eyes—not tears of grief, but tears of joy such as stand in the eyes of homesick children far away at school when some one talks to them about going home? Why is it that you can be so calmly submissive to the death of your loved one, about whose departure you once were so angry and so rebellious? There is something the matter with you. All your friends have found out there is a great change. And if some of you would give your experience you would give it in scholarly style, and others giving their experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read everything. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you, "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say: "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God."

But there may be others who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer meeting when he said: "On my way here tonight I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to a prayer meeting.' He said, 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion—that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' he said, 'see it.' 'Don't you see me?' 'Yes, of course I see you.' 'Now, the time was when everybody in this town knows if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there; and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me; you might get religion, too; lots of people are getting religion now.'"

Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yes, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be midnight or midnight!

## TRICK CAMERA.

Disguised as a Wicker Basket Used to Photograph Fortifications.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "A traveling photo salesman showed me a very ingenious trick camera the other day," said a local dealer. "It was a box about six inches square, set inside of what seemed to be an ordinary wicker lunch basket. When desired the box could be pushed down through the basket, so that its top was on a level with the wicker bottom. The top of the box was also covered with wicker, and the basket would then appear to be perfectly empty, the camera protruding meanwhile from the under side. An upward push would restore it to its original position and the lens worked through a small hole near the end. The contrivance was evidently of foreign manufacture, and the salesman told me it had been made especially for an agent who was sent to take pictures of fortifications on the French frontier. According to his story, which is a little romantic, but which I have no reason to doubt, the spy would saunter out, dressed as a tourist and carrying the lunch basket on his arm. When an officer came along he would push down the box and show him that the basket was perfectly empty. It never occurred to the guards to turn the thing upside down, or it would have been promptly confiscated. The present owner carries it around as a curio, and it is certainly the oddest little machine I ever laid eyes on. As far as I know, it is the only camera in the world that is mounted on a disappearing carriage."

## Photographs of Postmasters.

Chicago Record: Postmaster Gordon has presented to the Chicago post-office a collection of photographs of the postmasters of Chicago, accompanied by a biographical sketch of each. The only photograph missing is that of Jonathan Nash Bailey, Chicago's first postmaster, who, as far as can be learned, never sat for a picture. The pictures are thirteen by eleven inches in size, and, with the sketches, fill a frame five and one-half by seventeen feet. The art work is sepia, and the frame is made of mahogany from the old postoffice. The first postmaster of Chicago was appointed in 1831. In the 63 years since 22 men have filled the place, including the present incumbent. A majority of them have been military men, and several prominently identified with the newspaper business.

## The Smallest Dwarf.

The smallest man who ever lived was the dwarf Bebe, born in France in 1740. He was just twenty inches high and eight pounds in weight when full grown.

More depends on your letting than on God's outpouring.



"MIND YOU TAKE CARE OF HER, MRS. ACLAND," HE'D SAY,

—which, to say truth, he did, though I've always regretted I listened to him ever since, an' it's laid heavy on my conscience, my dear."

Marguerite wrung her hands. Oh, to be a man—a man, that she might be revenged on the base wretch who took advantage of her helpless innocence! "You must be able to give me some idea of what he looked like," she cried—"something more definite than your opinion that he was a gentleman!"

"Well, I'll tell you this much—he was a tall man, slender and not much color."

"Was he dark or fair?"

"Fair"—promptly.

"Tall and fair and blackhearted!" murmured Marguerite. "Oh, how I hate him! Do you say he used to bring me flowers, Mrs. Acland?"

"My dear, the most beautiful! You was so fond of flowers. I remember now the sorts he used to bring you—always red and yellow roses and heaps of fern."

Marguerite's eyes instinctively wandered to the table, where her sumptuous morning's instalment of flowers was ranged in a large bowl. Red and yellow roses! A strange coincidence. For a moment the wild idea crossed her mind that the unknown sender of these flowers might be her husband. Red and yellow roses at once lost their charm. She turned away from them with a gesture of disgust.

"Oh, Mrs. Acland," she exclaimed, "you don't know how dreadfully miserable I am! I don't know what to do. Was any one ever in such a dreadful position—neither married nor single!"

"Ay, and with a sweetheart of your own, to—I'll be bound," said Mrs. Acland sympathetically.

The sudden flush upon the girl's face answered her.

"Dear, dear, I do feel sorry for you, poor child!" said the woman, whose pity exasperated Marguerite.

"Mrs. Acland," she asked abruptly, "should you know this—this Phillips again if you saw him?"

"That I should, my dear, unless he's

morning dress, and white straw sailor-hat trimmed with a knot of white ribbons. Even the solitary porter forgot himself in admiration of her pretty face and charming figure. Marguerite did not see him; she was gazing at the board on which the name of the station was painted in large black letters.

"Great Woodham—for High Lees and Clarisdale." She had not grasped the fact that she was coming so near to Clarisdale. Why, she was within a few miles of Bernard, and of her legal adviser, Mr. Martineau! Suppose she were to meet them! Her cheeks burned at the thought. Turning, she beckoned to the admiring porter.

"In which direction is Clarisdale from here?" she asked.

"About five miles west o' this, miss; but there ain't no village to speak of—only Lord Umfraville's place."

"Oh—and which is the way to High Lees?"

"Right out the other way, miss—rather better 'n three mile, miss."

"Does Mr. Brandon still live there?"

"Yes, miss; but his house is two mile good beyond the village. It's a long tramp, miss."

"Oh, I am a good walker! I suppose, when I get to the village, any one would direct me to Mr. Brandon's?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"Then will you tell me the nearest way to the village?"

He gave the necessary direction, and with a bright "Thank you," she started off.

Marguerite walked on in a state of mind strangely divided between exhilaration and fear. The fresh, pure air, the blue sky, the waving trees, and, above all, the sense of enterprise and daring, were delightful to her. But presently, to her astonishment, she found that the old habitual terror of her uncle was creeping over her. She began to realize that it was scarcely prudent to trust herself alone to the tender mercies of the man who had