



CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

She ceased her tirade, and stood gazing keenly at Marjorie, who sat still, listening in wonder. Despite her sharp tone and brusque manner, there was a tenderness in her tone that could not be mistaken. Then, all at once, with the abruptness peculiar to her, she changed her tone again, and broke into a low, chuckling laugh.

"And now I have preached my sermon," she said, with her grim smile, "have you had breakfast? Will you take some tea?"

But Marjorie had breakfasted before starting, and wanted nothing.

"Very well. Come and walk in the garden."

She led the way from the room, and Marjorie quietly followed.

Passing out by the rear of the house across a lonely court yard, they reached a door in the high wall, and entered the garden—a wilderness of fruit trees, shrubs, and currant bushes, sadly in need of the gardener's hand. Tangled creepers and weeds grew over the grassy paths. Here and there were seats, and in one corner was an arbor almost buried in umbrage. It was a desolate, neglected place, but the sun was shining, and the air was bright and warm.

Miss Hetherington took her companion's arm and walked slowly from path to path.

"The garden's like its mistress," she said presently, "lonesome and neglected. Since Wattie Henderson died, I have never employed a regular gardener. But it's bonny in summer time, for a' that, and I like it, wild as it is. I should like weel to be buried here, right in the heart o' the auld place!"

She entered the neglected arbor and sat down wearily. Marjorie stood looking at her in timid sympathy, while she pursued the dreary current of her thought.

"Folk say I'm mean, and maybe I am; but it's no that! I'm the last o' the Hetheringtons, and it's right and fitting that the place should waste awa' like myself. But I mind the time weel—it's no sae lang syne—when it was gladsome and merry. Everything was in grand order then, and my father kept open house to the gentry. Now a' changed! Whiles I wonder what will become o' the auld house when I'm ta'en. Strangers will come, maybe, and turn it upside down. What would you do, Marjorie Annan, if you were a rich leddy and mistress o' a place like this?"

The question came so abruptly! at the end of the long string of lamentations, that Marjorie scarcely knew what to reply. She smiled awkwardly, and repeated the question.

"What would I do, Miss Hetherington?"

"Ay, come!"

"I cannot tell, but I don't think I could bear to live here all alone."

"Ay, indeed? Would you sell the Castle, and pooh the siller?"

"No, Miss Hetherington. I should like to keep what my forebears had owned."

The lady nodded her head approvingly.

"The lassie has sense after a'!" she exclaimed. "Ay ay, Marjorie, you're right! It's something to belong to the line o' the Hetheringtons, and the auld lairds o' the Moss would rise in their graves if they kenned that strangers were dwelling on the land."

CHAPTER X.

EARLY in the afternoon, after a dismal lunch, tete-a-tete with Miss Hetherington, Marjorie returned home across the fields.

The sun was just beginning to sink as she passed through the village and approached the manse. As she did so, she saw Mr. Lorraine standing inside the churchyard gate in quiet conversation with the French teacher.

She entered the churchyard and joined them, the Frenchman saluting her with lifted hat as she approached.

"Ah, Marjorie, my bairn," said the minister, "you are home early. Did you walk back? I thought you would have stayed later, and that Miss Hetherington would have sent you home in the carriage after gloaming."

Marjorie glanced at Causidiere, and met his eyes.

"She did not wish me to stay," she answered, "and I was glad to escape. But I see you and Monsieur Causidiere have made friends. I met him on the way, and he said he was coming here."

"So he has told me," said Mr. Lorraine. "I have just been showing him over the kirk and through the graveyard, and now I have invited him to take pot-luck, as the English call it, this evening."

"But it is so late, monsieur," said Marjorie. "How will you get back to Dumfries?"

"Did you not know?" returned the Frenchman, smiling. "I am taking a lecture holiday, like yourself! I have engaged a bed at the inn, and shall not return till the beginning of the week."

They entered the manse together, and Causidiere joined them at their simple evening meal.

When tea was over they sat round the hearth. The minister lit his pipe and his guest a cigar. They were chat-

ting pleasantly together, when Solomon Mucklebackit, who had been up to the village on some household errand, quietly entered.

"Johnnie Sutherland's at the door. Will you see him?"

Marjorie started, for she had an instinctive dread of a meeting between the two young men; but the minister at once replied:

"Show him in, Solomon;" and as the sexton disappeared, he said to his guest, "A young friend of ours, and a school-fellow of my foster-daughter."

The next moment Sutherland appeared. A look of surprise passed over his face as he saw the stranger, who rose politely, but, recovering himself, he shook the minister warmly by the hand.

"Welcome, Johnnie," said Mr. Lorraine. "Take a seat. Do you know Monsieur Causidiere? Then let me introduce you."

Sutherland nodded to the Frenchman, who bowed courteously. Their eyes met, and then both looked at Marjorie.

"Monsieur Causidiere is my French teacher," she said smiling.

Sutherland looked somewhat puzzled, and sat down in silence. After an awkward pause, the minister began questioning him on his London experiences; he replied almost in monosyllables, and was altogether so bashful and constrained that Marjorie could not avoid drawing an unfavorable comparison in her own mind between him and the fluent Frenchman.

"An artist, monsieur?" said the latter, presently, having gathered the fact from some of Mr. Lorraine's questions. "I used to paint, when I was a boy, but, finding I could not excel, I abandoned the attempt. To succeed in your profession is the labor of a life, and, alas! so many fail."

"That's true enough," returned Sutherland, "and when I see the great pictures, I despair."

"He paints beautifully, monsieur," cried Marjorie, eager to praise her friend. "Does he not, Mr. Lorraine?"

The minister nodded benignly.

"Ah, indeed," said Causidiere, with a slight yawn. "The landscape, monsieur, or the human figure?"

"I have tried both," replied Sutherland. "I think I like figure painting best."

"Then you shall not go far to find a subject," exclaimed Causidiere, waving his hand toward Marjorie. "Ah, if I were an artist, I would like to paint mademoiselle. I have seen such a face, such eyes, and hair, in some of the Madonnas of the great Raphael."

Marjorie cast down her eyes, then raised them again, laughing.

He has painted me, and more than once; but I'm thinking he flattered the siller. Miss Hetherington has one of the pictures up at the Castle."

Causidiere fixed his eyes suspiciously upon Sutherland.

"Do you work for pleasure, monsieur, or for profit? Perhaps you are a man of fortune, and paint for amusement only?"

The question tickled the minister, who laughed merrily.

"I am only a poor man," answered Sutherland, "and paint for my bread."

"It is an honorable occupation," said Causidiere, emphatically, though not without the suspicion of a covert sneer. "At one time the artist was neglected and despised; now he is honored for his occupation, and can make much money."

The conversation continued by fits and starts, but Sutherland's appearance seemed to have quite destroyed the gay freedom of the little party. At last Solomon reappeared and grimly announced that it was nine o'clock.

"We keep early hours," explained Mr. Lorraine, "and are all abed at ten o'clock."

"Then I will go," cried Causidiere, rising, "but I shall call again. It is not often in Scotland, one finds such pleasant company."

Causidiere shook the minister's hand cordially, and favored Marjorie with a warm and lingering pressure, which left her more disturbed than ever. Then the two men walked out of the house together.

Causidiere and Sutherland walked up the village side by side in the light of the moon, which was then at the full.

"You are a native of this place, monsieur?" said the Frenchman, after a long silence.

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"A charming place! and the people still more charming! You have known our old friend a long, long time?"

"Ever since I can mind."

"And his daughter—his foster-daughter, I should say? I have heard her story; it is romantic, monsieur; it touches my heart. Do you think her pretty?"

Sutherland started at the question, which was made with apparent nonchalance, but in reality with eager suspicion. He was silent, and the other continued:

"She is not like one of common birth; she has the grace of a lady. I was struck with her elegance when she first came to me for lessons. Poor child! To have neither father nor mother, to be a castaway! It is very sad."

"She is happy and well-cared for," sturdily answered Sutherland, who

didn't like the turn the conversation was taking; "and she has many true friends."

"Yourself among the number, I am sure!" said Causidiere quickly.

"You are right there, at any rate," returned Sutherland; and he added coldly, "I'll wish you good-night."

He stood before the gate of his father's cottage and held out his hand; the Frenchman, however, did not attempt to take it, but kept his own hands in his coat pockets as he returned a polite "Good-night."

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day was Sunday, the solemn, not to say sanctimonious Sabbath day of that people which, above all others, reverences the great work of creation.

In the brightest place in the church, with her surcoat round her, sat Marjorie Annan; and three pairs of eyes at least were constantly fixed upon her. The first pair belonged to young Sutherland, the second to the French visitor, the third to the eccentric mistress of Hetherington Castle.

Of these three individuals Causidiere was the most ill at ease. The sermon bored him, and he yawned again and again, finally going to sleep.

He was awakened by a loud noise and looking round him, he saw the congregation moving toward the door, and Solomon Mucklebackit, from the preacher's desk, glaring down at him in indignation. He rose languidly, and joined the stream of people issuing from the church.

Out in the churchyard the sun was shining golden on the graves. At the gate several vehicles were waiting, including the brougham from Hetherington Castle.

As Causidiere moved down the path, he saw before him a small group of persons conversing—the blind weaver and his wife, John Sutherland, Marjorie, and the lady of the Castle. He passed by them with lifted hat, and moved on to the gate, where he waited.

"Who's you?" asked Miss Hetherington, following him with her dark eyes.

"That is Monsieur Causidiere," answered Marjorie, "my French teacher."

"Humph!" said the lady. "Come awa' and introduce me."

She walked slowly down the path, while Marjorie followed in astonishment, and coming right up to the Frenchman, she looked him deliberately over from head to foot. Not at all disconcerted, he took off his hat again, and bowed politely.

"Monsieur Causidiere," said Marjorie, "this is Miss Hetherington, of the Castle."

Causidiere bowed again with great respect.

"I am charmed to make madame's acquaintance."

To his astonishment, Miss Hetherington addressed him in his own tongue, which she spoke fluently, though with an unmistakable Scottish inflection.

"You speak English well, monsieur," she said. "Have you been long absent from your native land?"

"Ever since the crime of December," he returned, also in French. "But madame is almost a Frenchwoman—she speaks the language to admiration. Ah, it is a pleasure to me, an exile, to hear the beloved tongue of France so perfectly spoken! You know France? You have lived there, madame?"

"I know it, and know little good of it," cried the lady sharply. "Are you like the rest of your countrymen, light and treacherous, believing in nothing that is good, spending their lives in vanity and sensual pleasure?"

Better Left Unsaid.

Two giggling girls pushed their way into the crowded car. The one was pretty, and knew it; while the other wasn't, and didn't seem to know it. After a great deal of squeezing that almost took their breath away, they at last reached the front part of the car. They kept up their giggling until a man who was trying to read in the corner seat got up in disgust and went out on the front platform. Although they both wanted to sit down, neither wished to deprive the other of the seat.

"You take it, dear," said the pretty one.

"I wouldn't enjoy it at all if I knew you were standing," replied the other. Then they began giggling again.

At last, when another woman rushed up to take it, the pretty girl sloved up the village side to the seat, saying: "The first thing we know we'll lose it. Besides, my dear, it's better for you to take it, because I'm more likely to have a seat offered me."

The homely girl stopped giggling and turned red in the face, and when her friend got out about a mile beyond she never as much as bade her good-bye.

An Estimate.

Father—in asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek? Prospective Son-in-Law—Well—er—I hadn't figured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about \$500,000.—San Francisco Examiner.

Paper Debauchee.

Foreman—Why doesn't the editor finish this editorial on "Let America Defy the World"? It's only half done. Assistant—Oh, he got scared a while ago and ran out at the back door, and hasn't been back since. A mad subscriber came in.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"SINS OF THE TONGUE," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: Acts V. 1-10, as follows: "A Certain Man Named Ananias, With Sapphira His Wife, Sold a Possession," Etc.



WELL-MATCHED pair, alike in ambition and in falsehood, Ananias and Sapphira. They wanted a reputation for great beneficence, and they sold all their property, pretending to put the entire proceeds in the charity fund, while they put much of it in their own pocket. There was no necessity that they give all their property away, but they wanted the reputation of so doing. Ananias first lied about it and dropped down dead. Then Sapphira lied about it, and she dropped down dead. The two fatalities are a warning to all ages of the danger of sacrificing the truth.

There are thousands of ways of telling a lie. A man's whole life may be a falsehood and yet never with his lips may he falsify once. There is a way of uttering falsehood by look, by manner, as well as by lip. There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterward say "may be," calling it a white lie, when no lie is that color. The whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition. There are those so given to dishonesty of speech that they do not know when they are lying. With some it is an acquired firmity. There are those whom you will recognize as born liars. Their whole life, from cradle to grave, is filled up with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases, and are a sort of moral croup and spiritual scarlatina. Then there are those who in after life have opportunities of developing this evil, and they go from deception to deception, and from class to class, until they are regularly graduated liars. At times the air in our cities is filled with falsehood, and lies cluster around the mechanic's hammer, blossom on the merchant's yardstick, and sometimes sit on the door of churches. They are called by some fabrication, and they are called by some fiction. You might call them subterfuge or deceit, or romance, or fable, or misrepresentation, or delusion; but as I know nothing to be gained by covering up a God-defying sin with a lexicographer's blanket, I shall call them in plainest vernacular, lies. They may be divided into agricultural, commercial, mechanical, social and ecclesiastical.

First of all, I speak of agricultural falsehoods. There is something in the presence of natural objects that has a tendency to make one pure. The trees never issue false stock. The wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they occupy. Cornshocks never make false assignment. Mountain brooks are always current. The gold of the wheat fields is never counterfeit. But while the tendency of agricultural life is to make one honest, honesty is not the characteristic of all who come to the city markets from the country districts. You hear the creaking of the dishonest farm wagon in almost every street of our great cities—a farm wagon in which there is not one honest spoke, or one truthful rivet, from tongue to tail-board. Again and again has domestic economy in our great cities foundered on the farmer's firkin. When New York and Washington sit down and weep over their sins, let Westchester county and the neighborhoods around this capital sit down and weep over theirs.

The tendency in all rural districts is to suppose that sins and transgressions cluster in our great cities; but citizens and merchants long ago learned that it is not safe to calculate from the character of the apples on the top of the farmer's barrel what is the character of the apples all the way down toward the bottom. Many of our citizens and merchants have learned that it is always safe to see the farmer measure the barrel of beets. Milk cans are not always honest. There are those, who in country life, seem to think they have a right to overreach grain dealers and merchants of all styles. They think it is more honorable to raise corn than to deal in corn. The producer sometimes practically says to the merchant, "You get your money easily, anyhow." Does he get it easily? While the farmer sleeps, and he may go to sleep, conscious of the fact that his corn and rye are all the time progressing and adding to his fortune or his livelihood, the merchant tries to sleep, while conscious of the fact that at that moment the ship may be driving on the rock, or a wave sweeping over the hurricane deck spoiling his goods, or the speculators may be plotting a monetary revolution, or the burglars may be at that moment at his money safe, or the fire may have kindled on the very block where his store stands.

Easy, is it? Let those who get their living on the quiet farm and barn take the place of one of our city merchants and see whether it is so easy. It is hard enough to have the hands blistered with outdoor work, but it is harder with mental anxieties to have the brain consumed. God help the merchants. And do not let those who live in country life come to the conclusion that all the dishonesties belong to city life.

I pass on to consider commercial lies. There are those who apologize for deviations from the right and for practical deception by saying: it is commercial custom. In other words, a lie by multiplication becomes a virtue. There are large fortunes gathered in which there is not one drop of the sweat of unrequited toil, and not one spark of bad temper flashes from the bronze bracket, and there is not one drop of needlewoman's heart blood on the crimson plush; while there are other fortunes about which it may be said that on every door knob and on every figure of the carpet, and on every wall there is the mark of dishonor. What if the hand wrung by toil and blistered until the skin comes off should be placed on the exquisite wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb? or, if in the night the man should be aroused from his slumber again and again by his own conscience, getting himself up on elbow and crying out into the darkness, "Who is there?"

There are large fortunes upon which God's favor comes down, and it is just as honest and just as Christian to be affluent as it is to be poor. In many a house there is a blessing on every pictured wall and on every scroll, and on every traiered window, and the joy that flashes in the lights, and that showers in the music and that dances in the quick feet of the children pattering through the hall has in it the favor of God and the approval of man. And there are thousands and tens of thousands of merchants who, from the first day they sold a yard of cloth, or a firkin of butter, have maintained their integrity. They were born honest, they will live honest, and they will die honest. But you and I know that there are in commercial life those who are guilty of great dishonesties of speech. A merchant says, "I am selling these goods at less than cost." Is he getting for those goods a price inferior to that which he paid for them? Then he has spoken the truth. Is he getting more? Then he lies. A merchant says: "I paid \$25 for this article." Is that the price he paid for it? All right. But suppose he paid for it \$23 instead of \$25? Then he lies.

But there are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. A customer comes in and asks: "How much is this article?" "It is five dollars." "I can get that for four somewhere else." Can he get it for four somewhere else, or did he say that just for the purpose of getting it cheap by depreciating the value of the goods? If so, he lied. There are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. . . .

Social life is struck through with insincerity. They apologize for the fact that the furnace is out; they have not had any fire in all winter. They apologize for the fare on their table; they never live any better. They decry their most luxuriant entertainment to win a shower of approval from you. They point at a picture on the wall as a work of one of the old masters. They say it is an heirloom in the family. It hung on the wall of a castle. A duke gave it to their grandfather. People that will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On small income we want the world to believe we are affluent, and society today is struck through with cheat and counterfeit and sham. How few people are natural! Frigidity sails around, iceberg grinding against iceberg. You must not laugh outright; that is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash quickly across the room; that is vulgar. You must glide. Much of society is a round of bows, and grins and grimaces and oh's and ah's and he, he's and simperings and namby-pambyism, a whole world of which is not worth one good honest round of laughter. From such a hollow scene the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, assuring the host that he has enjoyed himself. Society is become so contorted and deformed in this respect that a mountain cabin where the rustics gather at a quilting or an apple-paring, has in it more good cheer than all the frescoed refrigerators of the metropolis.

I pass on to speak of ecclesiastical lies, those which are told for the advancement or retarding of a church or sect. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Calvinist what an Arminian believes. He will tell you that an Arminian believes that man can save himself. An Arminian believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Arminian what a Calvinist believes. He will tell you that a Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. A Calvinist believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a Pseudo-Baptist what a Baptist believes. He will tell you a Baptist believes that immersion is necessary for salvation. A Baptist does not believe any such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a man, who very much hates Presbyterians, what a Presbyterian believes. He will tell you that a Presbyterian believes that there are infants in hell a span long, and that very phraseology has come down from generation to generation in the Christian church. There never was a Presbyterian who believed that. "Oh," you say, "I heard some Presbyterian minister twenty years ago say so." You did not. There never was a man who believed that, there never will be a man who will believe that. And yet, from boyhood, I have heard that particular slander against a Christian church going down through the community.

Then, how often it is that there are misrepresentations on the part of individual churches in regard to other churches—especially if a church comes to great prosperity. As long as a church is in poverty, and the singing is poor, and all the surroundings are

decrepit, and the congregation are so hardly bested in life that their pastor goes with elbows out, then there will always be Christian people in churches who say, "What a pity! what a pity!" But let the day of prosperity come to a Christian church, and let the music be triumphant, and let there be vast assemblages, and then there will be even ministers of the Gospel critical and denunciatory and full of misrepresentation and falsification, giving the impression to the outside world that they do not like the corn because it is not ground in their mill. Oh, my friends, let us in all departments of life stand back from deception.

But some one says, "The deception that I practice is so small that it don't amount to anything." Ah, my friends, it does amount to a great deal. You say, "When I deceive, it is only about a case of needles, or a box of buttons, or a row of pins." But the article may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin is as big as the pyramids, and the echo of your dishonesty will reverberate through the mountains of eternity. There is no such thing as a small sin. They are all vast and stupendous, because they will all have to come under inspection in the Day of Judgment. You may boast yourself of having made a fine bargain—a sharp bargain. You may carry out what the Bible says in regard to that man who went in to make a purchase and depreciated the value of the goods, and then after he had got away boasted of the splendid bargain he had made. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." It may seem to the world a sharp bargain, but the recording angel wrote down in the ponderous tones of eternity, "Mr. So-and-so, doing business on Pennsylvania Avenue, or Broadway, or Chestnut Street, or State Street, told one lie."

May God extirpate from society all the ecclesiastical lies, and all the social lies, and all the mechanical lies, and all the commercial lies, and all the agricultural lies, and make every man to speak the truth of his neighbor. My friends, let us make our life correspond to what we are. Let us banish all deception from our behavior. Let us remember that the time comes when God will demonstrate before an assembled universe just what we are. The secret will come out. We may hide it while we live, but we cannot hide it when we die. To many life is a masquerade ball. As at such entertainment gentlemen and ladies appear in garb of kings or queens, or mountain bandits, or clowns, and then at the close of the dance put off their disguise, so many all through life are in mask. The masquerade ball goes on, and gemmed hand clasps gemmed hand, and dancing feet respond to dancing feet, and gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow, and the masquerade ball goes bravely on. But after a while languor comes and blurs the sight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower. Now the masquerade is hardly seen. The fragrance is exchanged for the sickening odor of garlands that have lain a long while in the damp of sepulchres. Lights lower. Mists fill the room. The scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty, a shroud. Lights lower. Torn leaves and withered garlands now hardly cover up the ulcered feet. Stench of lamp-wicks almost quenched. Choking dampness. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voice hushed. Lights out.

GROWING OLD.

Our Friends and Our Enemies—Of Interest to the Public at Large.

Our enemies (when we are old)—and who is without them?—no longer annoy us. Indeed, they have ceased reviling; to them we are as dead men, "out of mind," to whom the proverb de mortuis applies, says the Nineteenth Century. And our friends are twice our friends. No one who is not "laid by" can understand the depths of human sympathy. Even our acquaintances become our friends, and the least soft-hearted of visitors murmurs to himself: "Poor soul!" or perhaps (with equal commiseration) "Poor devil!"

What is most curious is the interest, if we have in any way become known to the public at large, complete strangers take in our physical and mental condition. If prescriptions could cure us we should be in rude health indeed. The materials are sometimes a little difficult to procure. I have seen a letter from New Zealand recommending an old gentleman suffering from rheumatic gout to bathe in whales. In that island whales, it seems, are occasionally thrown up on the seashore, when rheumatic patients hasten to lie in them during the progress of their evisceration for purposes of commerce. The extreme rarity of whales upon the Thames embankment seems to have been unknown to the writer. Some correspondents give most excellent sanitary advice, but too late for its practical application. An aged poet, who had lost the use of his limbs, was exhorted by an admirer to dig, "even if it were but in his back garden," for an hour or two every morning before breakfast; all that was wanted, he was assured, for complete recovery, was "profuse perspiration followed by a healthy glow."

Shakespeare's Daughter.

Shakespeare's daughter, Judith, who was 32 when he died, survived him forty-six years and became a Puritan. So rigid was she that she would never go near a playhouse and was intolerant of everything theatrical.

She—"Did you see anything in New York that reminded you of Philadelphia?" He—"Yes, the messenger boys."—Harlem Life.