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CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Miss Hetherington left the Frenchman's rooms that afternoon, she tottered like one enfeebled by the sudden oncoming of age. Monsieur Caussidere was beside her; it was his hand which placed her in her carriage, his head which bowed politely as the carriage moved away. But the lady seemed neither to see nor hear. Her face was deathly pale and her eyes were fixed; she entered the carriage mechanically, and mechanically lay back among the moth-eaten cushions; but she never came to herself until the carriage stopped before the door of Annandale Castle.

The approaching carriage wheels had been heard by the inmates of the Castle, so that when the vehicle stopped there stood Sandie Sloane ready to assist his mistress to alight. With her usual erect carriage and firm tread, Miss Hetherington stepped from the vehicle, and walked up the stone steps to the Castle door, saying, as she passed the old serving man:

"Sandie Sloane, come ben wi' me!" She walked on, Sandie following. They walked into the great dining-room, and the door closed upon the two.

What passed at that interview no one knew; but half an hour later Sandie came forth, returned to the kitchen, and sat there crying like a heart broken child.

"Mysie," said he to the housekeeper, "Mysie, woman, I'm turned awa'—oot on the world. God help me! The mistress has shown me the door of Annandale Castle."

It was not till two days later that Mr. Lorraine, happening to call at the Castle, heard that Miss Hetherington could not see him, for she had taken to her bed and was seriously ill. He heard also from Mysie, who seemed scared and wild, that her mistress had never been herself since that night when Sandie Sloane had been driven from his situation. The clergyman, more shocked and mystified, asked to be allowed to see the lady, but Mysie refused to permit him to place his foot inside the door. After a little persuasion, however, she consented to allow him to remain on the threshold while she went and informed her mistress of his call.

In a short time the woman returned, and Mr. Lorraine was at once admitted to the bedside of the mistress of the house.

Mr. Lorraine began forthwith to express his regrets at the lady's illness, but he was at once stopped.

"'Twasna' o' myself I wanted to speak," she said in her hard, cold tones; "'twas o' something that concerns you far more—where is Marjorie?"

"Marjorie is at the manse," returned the clergyman, dreading what the next question might be.

"At the manse! and wherefore is she no at school? She should have gone back ere this."

"Yes; she should have gone, but the lassie was not herself, so I kept her with me. She is troubled in her mind at what you said about the French lessons, Miss Hetherington, and she is afraid she has annoyed you."

"And she would be sorry?"

"How could she fall to be? You had been her best friend."

"There was a great pause; which was broken by Miss Hetherington.

"Mr. Lorraine," said she, "I've aye tried to give you good advice about Marjorie. I kenned weel that that fool Solomon Mucklebackit wanted a woman's sharp wits and keen eyes to help them train the lassie. I've watched her close and I see what maybe ye dinna see. Therefore I advise you again—send her awa' to Edinburgh for a while—'twill be for her gude."

"To Edinburgh?"

"Ay; do you fear she'll no obey?"

"Not at all; when I tell her you wish it she will go."

Miss Hetherington sat bolt upright, and stared round the room like a stag at bay.

"I wish it!" she exclaimed. "I dinna wish it—mind that, Mr. Lorraine. If anybody daurs say I wish it, ye'll tell them 'tis a lee. You wish it; ye'll send her awa'; 'tis for the bairn's good!"

Mr. Lorraine began to be of opinion that Miss Hetherington's brain was affected; he could not account for her eccentricity in any other way. Nevertheless her whims had to be attended to; and as in this case they would cause no great inconvenience, he promised implicit obedience to her will.

"Yes, you are right, Miss Hetherington: 'twill do the child good, and she shall go," he said, as he rose to take his leave.

she was to go to her sister's house in Edinburgh for a time. The young girl was reluctant to leave her home, but did not dream of disobeying any wish of her foster-father.

By early the next afternoon all was done, and as Marjorie was to start early on the morrow, she, in obedience to Mr. Lorraine's wish, put on her bonnet and went up to the Castle to wish Miss Hetherington good-bye.

She had heard from Mr. Lorraine that the lady was indisposed, but he had not spoken of the malady as serious, and she was therefore utterly unprepared for what she saw.

She was admitted by Mysie, conducted along the dreary passage, and led at once toward Miss Hetherington's bedroom.

"She's waitin' on ye," said Mysie; "she's been waitin' on ye all day."

Marjorie stepped into the room, looked around, and then shrank fearfully back toward the door. Could this be Miss Hetherington—this little shriveled old woman, with the dim eyes and thin silvery hair? She glanced keenly at Marjorie; then, seeing the girl shrink away, she held forth her hand and said:

"Come awa' ben, Marjorie, my bairnie; come ben."

"You—you are not well, Miss Hetherington," said Marjorie. "I am so sorry."

She came forward and stretched forth her hand. Miss Hetherington took it, held it, and gazed up into the girl's face.

"I'm no just myself, Marjorie," she said, "but whiles the best of us come to this pass. Did ye think I was immortal, Marjorie Annan, and that the paled finger o' death couldn't be pointed at me as weel as at another?"

"Of death?" said Marjorie, instinctively withdrawing her hand from the old lady's tremulous grasp. "Oh, Miss Hetherington, you surely will not die!"

"What can ye tell? Surely I shall die when my time comes, and wha will there be to shed a tear?"

For a time there was silence; then Miss Hetherington spoke:

"What more have you got to say to me, Marjorie Annan?"

The girl started as if from a dream, and rose hurriedly from her seat.

"Nothing more," she said. "Mr. Lorraine thought I had better come and wish you good-bye. I am going away."

"Mr. Lorraine!—you dinna wish it yersel'?"

"Yes, I—I wished it—"

"Aweel, good-bye!"

She held forth her trembling hands again, and Marjorie placed her warm fingers between them.

"Good-bye, Miss Hetherington."

She withdrew her hand and turned away, feeling that the good-bye had been spoken, and that her presence was no longer desired by the proud mistress of Annandale. She had got half way to the door when her steps were arrested—a voice called her back.

"Marjorie! Marjorie Annan!"

She turned, started, then running back, fell on her knees beside Miss Hetherington's chair. For the first time in her life Marjorie saw her crying.

"Dear Miss Hetherington, what is it?" she said.

"'Tis the old tale, the old tale," replied the lady, drying her eyes. "Won't you kiss me, Marjorie, and say only once that you're sorry to leave me sickening here?"

"I am very sorry," said Marjorie; then she timidly bent forward and touched the lady's cheek with her lips.

Curiously enough, after having solicited the embrace, Miss Hetherington shrank away.

"Cold and loveless," she murmured. "But, Marjorie, my bairn, I'm no blaming ye for the sins of your forefathers. Good-bye, lassie, good-bye."

This time Marjorie did leave the room and the Castle, feeling thoroughly mystified as to what it could all mean.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the outskirts of the town of Leith, and on the direct road of communication between Leith and Edinburgh, stood the plain abode of the Rev. Mungo Menteth, minister of the Free Kirk of Scotland.

The Reverend Mr. Menteth had espoused late in life the only sister of Mr. Lorraine, a little, timid, clinging woman, with fair hair and light blue eyes, who was as wax in the bony hands of her pious husband.

At the house of the pair one morning in early summer arrived Marjorie Annan, escorted thither in a hired fly from Edinburgh by the minister. It was by no means her first visit, and the welcome she received, if a little melancholy, was not altogether devoid of sympathy. Her aunt was an affectionate creature, though weak and superstitious; and Mr. Menteth, like many of his class, was by no means as hard as the doctrines he upheld. They had no children of their own, and the coming of one so pretty and so close of kin was like a gleam of sunshine.

A week passed away, with one super-

naturally dreary Sabbath, spent in what may be called, figuratively, wailing and gnashing of teeth.

At last there came a day of terrific dissipation, when what is known by profane Scotchmen as a "tea and cockle shine" was given by one of the elders of the kirk.

Early in the evening Mr. Menteth was called away, and when the meeting broke up about nine o'clock Marjorie and her aunt had to walk home alone. It was a fine moonlight night, and as they left the elder's house and lingered on the doorstep Marjorie saw standing in the street a figure which she seemed to know.

She started and looked again, and the figure returned her look. In a moment by her utter amazement, she recognized Caussidere.

Startled and afraid, not knowing what to say or do, she descended the steps to her aunt's side.

As she did so the figure disappeared. She walked up the street, trembling and wondering, while Mrs. Menteth talked with feeble rapture of the feast they had left and its accompanying "edification."

Marjorie made some wandering reply, for she heard footsteps behind her. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the figure she had previously noticed following at a few yards' distance.

She would have paused and waited, but she dreaded the observation of her companion. So she simply walked faster, hurrying her aunt along.

They passed from the street, and still she heard the feet following behind her. At last they reached the gate of the minister's house.

Here Marjorie lingered, and watching down the road saw the figure pause and wait.

Mrs. Menteth pushed open the gate, hastened across the garden, and knocked at the door. In a moment the figure came up rapidly.

"Hush, mademoiselle!" said a familiar voice in French and simultaneously she felt a piece of paper pressed into her hand. She grasped it involuntarily and before she could utter a word the figure flitted away.

Meantime the house door had opened. "Marjorie!" cried Mrs. Menteth from the threshold.

Marjorie hastened in. "What kept ye at the gate, and who was yon that passed?"

"A man—a gentleman."

"Did he speak to you?"

Without reply, Marjorie passed in. As soon as possible she hastened up to her own room, locked the door, and there with trembling fingers unfolded the paper and read as follows:

"I have something important to say to you. Meet me tomorrow at noon on the Edinburgh road. Pray tell no one that you have received this, or that I am here.

—Leon Caussidere."

Marjorie sat down trembling with the paper in her lap. Her first impulse was to inform her aunt of what had taken place. A little reflection, however, convinced her that this would be undesirable.

After all, she thought, she had no right to assume that Caussidere's message had not a perfectly innocent significance. Perhaps he had brought her news from home.

It was not an easy task for Marjorie to keep her appointment on the following day; indeed, everything seemed to conspire to keep her at home. To begin with, the family were much later than usual; then it seemed to Marjorie that the prayers were unusually long; then Mr. Menteth had various little things for her to do; so that the hands of the clock wandered toward twelve before she was able to quit the house.

At last she was free, and with palpitating heart and trembling hands was speeding along the road to meet the Frenchman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Ostriches Run.

Considerable misconception prevails as to the manner in which the ostrich runs. It seems to be still generally held that when running it spreads out its wings, and aided by them skims lightly over the ground. This is not correct. When a bird really settles itself to run it holds its head lower than usual and a little forward, with a deep loop in the neck. The neck vibrates sinusoidally, but the head remains steady, thus enabling the bird, even at top speed to look around with unshaken glance in any direction. The wings lie along the sides about on a level with or a little higher than the back, and are held loosely, just free of the plumping "thigh." There is no attempt to hold them extended or to derive any assistance from them as organs of flight. When an ostrich, after a hard run, is very tired its wings sometimes droop; this is due to exhaustion. They are never, by a running bird exerting itself to the utmost, held out away from the sides to lighten its weight or increase its pace. But the wings appear to be of great service in turning, enabling the bird to double abruptly even when going at top speed.—From the Zoologist.

A Matter of Colors.

"Sister Millie wants to know if you won't let us take your big awning? She's going to give a porch party to-morrow night and wants to have it on the piazza."

"Wants my awning?"

"Yep. She would have borrowed the Joneses', but theirs is blue, you know, and Millie's hair is red."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"There's not another bit of firewood on board," roared the steamboat engineer. "What's the matter with the log?" inquired the landlubber.—Philadelphia North American.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE POMOLOGY OF THE HOLY BIBLE.

God Among the Orchards—"The Fruit Tree Yielding Fruit After His Kind"—Genesis: Chapter I. Verse II.—Why Was the Orchard First?



IT IS Wednesday morning in Paradise. The birds did not sing their opening piece, nor the fish take their first swim until the following Friday. The solar and lunar lights did not break through the thick, chaotic fog of the world's manufacture until Thursday. Before that there was light, but it was electric light or phosphorescent light, not the light of sun or moon. But the botanical and pomological productions came on Wednesday—first the flowers, and then the fruits. The veil of fog is lifted, and there stand the orchards. Watch the sudden maturity of the fruit! In our time pear trees must have two years before they bear fruit, and peach trees three years, and apple trees five years; but here, instantly, a complete orchard springs into life, all the branches bearing fruit. The insectile forces, which have been doing their worst to destroy the fruits for six thousand years, had not yet begun their invasion. The curculio had not yet stung the plum, nor the caterpillar hurt the apple, nor had the phylloxera plague, which has devastated the vineyards of America and France, assailed the grapes, nor the borer perforated the wood, nor the aphides ruined the cherry, nor the grub punctured the nectarine, nor the blight struck the pear. There stood the first orchard, with a perfection of kind, and an exquisiteness of color, and a lushness of taste, and an abundance of production which it may take thousands of years more of study of the science of fruits to reproduce.

Why was the orchard created two days before the fish and birds, and three days before the cattle? Among other things, to impress the world with a lesson it is too stupid to learn—that fruit diet is healthier than meat diet, and that the former must precede the latter. The reason there are in the world so many of the imbruted and sensual is that they have not improved by the mighty, unnoticed fact that the orchards of paradise preceded the herds and aviaries, and fish-ponds. Oh, those fruit-bearing trees on the banks of the Euphrates, and the Gihon, and the Hiddekel! I wonder not that the ancient Romans, ignorant of our God, adored Pomona, the Goddess of Fruits, and that all the sylvan deities were said to worship her, and that groves were set apart as her temples. You have thanked God for bread a thousand times. Have you thanked him for the fruits which he made the first course of food in the menu of the world's table? The acids of those fruits to keep the world's table from being insipid, and their sweets to keep it from being too sour?

At this autumnal season how the orchards breathe and glow, the leaves removed, that the crimson, or pink, or saffron, or the yellow, or brown may the better appear, while the aromatics fill the air with invitation and reminiscence. As you pass through the orchard on these autumnal days and look up through the arms of the trees laden with fruit, you hear thumping on the ground that which is fully ripe, and, throwing your arms around the trunk, you give a shake that sends down a shower of gold and fire on all sides of you. Pile up in baskets and barrels and bins and on shelves and tables the divine supply. But these orchards have been under the assault of at least sixty centuries—the storm, the droughts, the winters, the insectivora. What must the first orchard have been? And yet it is the explorer's evidence that on the site of that orchard there is not an apricot, or an apple, or an olive—nothing but desert and desolation. There is not enough to forage the explorer's horse, much less to feed his own hunger. In other words, that first orchard is a lost orchard. How did the proprietor and the proprietress of all that intercolumniation of fruitage, let the rich splendor slip their possession? It was as now most of the orchards are lost; namely, by wanting more. Access they had to all the fig-trees, apricots, walnuts, almonds, apples—bushels on bushels,—and were forbidden the use of only one tree in the orchard. Not satisfied with all but one, they reached for that, and lost the whole orchard. Go right down through the business marts of the great cities and find among the weighers and clerks and subordinates, men who once commanded the commercial world. They had a whole orchard of successes, but they wanted just one more thing—one more house, or one more country-seat, or one more store, or one more railroad, or one more million. They clutched for that, and lost all they had gained. For one more tree they lost a whole orchard. There are business men all around us worried nearly to death. The doctor tells them they ought to stop. Insomnia or indigestion or aching at the base of the brain or ungovernable nerves tell them they ought to stop. They really have enough for themselves and their families. Talk with them about their overwork, and urge more prudence and longer rest, and they say: "Yes, you are right; after I have accomplished one more thing that I have on my mind, I will hand over my business to my sons and go to Europe, and quit the kind of exhausting life I have been living for the last thirty years." Some morning you open your paper, and find looking at the death column, you find

he suddenly departed this life. In trying to win just one more tree, he lost the whole orchard.

Yonder is a man with many styles of innocent entertainment and amusement. He walks, he rides, he plays ten-pins in private alleys, he has books on his table, pictures on his wall and occasional outings, concerts, lectures, baseball tickets, and the innumerable delights of friendship. But he wants a key to the place of dissolute convocation. He wants association with some member of a high family as reckless as he is affluent. He wants instead of a quiet sabbath, one of carousal. He wants the stimulus of strong drinks. He wants the permissions of a profligate life. The one membership, the one bad habit, the one carousal robs him of all the possibilities and innocent enjoyments and noble inspirations of a lifetime.

You see what an expensive thing is sin. It costs a thousand times more than it is worth. As some of all kinds of quadrupeds and all kinds of winged creatures passed before our progenitor that he might announce a name, from eagle to bat, and from lion to mole, so I suppose there were in paradise specimens of every kind of fruit tree. And in that enormous orchard there was not only enough for the original family of two, but enough fruit fell ripe to the ground, and was never picked up, to supply whole towns and villages, if they had existed. But the infatuated couple turned away from all these other trees and faced this tree; and fruit of that they will have thought it cost them all paradise.

This story of Eden is rejected by some as an improbability, if not an impossibility, but nothing on earth is easier for me to believe than the truth of this Edenic story, for I have seen the same thing in this year of our Lord 1897. I could call them by name, if it were politic and righteous to do so, the men who have sacrificed a paradise on earth and a paradise in heaven for one sin. Their house went. Their library went. Their good name went. Their field of usefulness went. Their health went. Their immortal soul went. My friends! there is just one sin that will turn you out of paradise if you do not quit it. You know what it is, and God knows, and you had better drop the hand and arm lifted toward that bending bough before you pluck your own ruin. When Adam stood on tiptoe and took in his right hand that one round peach, or apricot, or apple Satan reached up and pulled down the round, beautiful world of our present residence. Overworked artist, overworked merchant, ambitious politician, avaricious speculator, better take that warning from Adam's orchard and stop before you put out for that one thing more.

But I turn from Adam's orchard to Solomon's orchard. With his own hand he writes: "I made me gardens and orchards." Not depending on the natural fall of rain, he irrigated those orchards. Pieces of the aqueduct that watered those gardens I have seen, and the reservoirs are as perfect as when thousands of years ago the mason's trowel smoothed the mortar over their gray surfaces. No orchard of olden or modern time, probably, ever had its thirst so well slaked. The largest of these reservoirs is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, and 50 feet deep. These reservoirs Solomon refers to when he says: "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Solomon used to ride out to that orchard before breakfast. It gave him an appetite and something to think about all the day. Josephus, the historian, represents him as going out "early in the morning from Jerusalem to the famed rocks of Etam, a fertile region, delightful with paradises and running springs. Thither the king, in robes of white, rode in his chariot, escorted by a troop of mounted archers chosen for their youth and stature, and clad in Tyrian purple, whose long hair, powdered with gold dust, sparkled in the sun." After Solomon had taken his morning ride in these luxuriant orchards he would sit down and write those wonderful things in the Bible, drawing his illustrations from the fruits he had that very morning plucked or ridden under. And, wishing to praise the coming Christ, he says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved." And wishing to describe the love of the church for her Lord, he writes: "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love," and desiring to make reference to the white hair of the octogenarian, and just before having noticed that the blossoms of the almond tree were white, he says of the aged man: "The almond tree shall flourish." The walnuts and the pomegranates, and the mandrakes, and the figs make Solomon's writings a divinely arranged fruit basket.

What mean Solomon's orchards and Solomon's gardens? for they seem to mingle, the two into one, flowers under foot, and pomegranates over head. To me they suggest that religion is a luxury. All along, the world has looked upon religion chiefly as a dire necessity—a lifeboat from the shipwreck, a ladder from the conflagration, a soft landing-place after we have been shoved off the precipices of this planet. As a consequence so many have said: "We will await preparation for the future until the crash of the shipwreck, until the conflagration is in full blaze, until we reach the brink of the precipices." No doubt religion is inexpressibly important for the last exigency. But what do the apples, and the figs, and the melons, and the pomegranates, and the citron, and the olives of Solomon's orchard mean? Luxury? They mean that our religion is the luscious, the aromatic, the pungent, the fragrant, the effervescent, the foliaged, the umbrageous. They mean what Edward Payson meant when he declared: "If my happiness continues to increase I cannot support it much longer." It means what Bapa Padmanji

a Hindoo convert, meant when he said: "I long for my bed, not that I may sleep—I lie awake often and long—but to hold communion with my God." It means what the old colored man said, when he was accosted by the colporteur, "Uncle Jack, how are you?" "I is very painful in my knee, but, thank my heavenly Master, I'm cause to be thankful. My good Master just gib me nuf to make me humble." "And do you enjoy religion as much now, Uncle Jack, as when you could go to church and class-meetings?" "Yes, I joys him more. Den I truas to de people, to de meetings, to de sarment, and when I hear de hymn sing, and de pray I feels glad. But all dis ain't like de good Lord in de heart, God's love here." It means sunrise instead of sundown. It means the Memnon statue made to sing at the stroke of the morning light. It means Christ at the wedding in Cana. It means the "time of the singing of birds is come." It means Jeremiah's "well-watered garden." It means Luke's "bride and bridegroom." It means Luke's bad boy come home to a father's house. Worldly joy killed Leo X. when he heard that Milan was captured. Talva died of joy when the Roman senate honored him. Diadora died of joy because his three sons were crowned at the Olympian games. Socrates died of joy over his literary successes. And religious joy has been too much for many a Christian, and his soul has sped away on the wing of hosannas.

An old and poor musician played so well one night before his king that the next morning when the musician awoke he found his table covered with golden cups and plates, and a princely robe lying across the back of a chair, and richly caparisoned horses were pawing at the doorway to take him through the street in imposing equipage. It was only a touch of what comes to every man who makes the Lord his portion, for he has waiting for him, direct from his King, robes, banquets, chariots, mansions, triumphs, and it is only a question of time when he shall wear them, drink them, ride in them, live in them, and celebrate them.

You think religion is a good thing for a funeral. O, yes. But Solomon's orchard means more. Religion is a good thing now, when you are in health and prosperity, and the appetite is good for citrons, and apples, and apricots, and pomegranates. Come in without wasting any time in talking about them and take the luxuries of religion. Happy yourself, then you can make others happy. Make just one person happy every day, and in twenty years you will have made seven thousand three hundred people happy. I like what Wellington said after the battle of Waterloo, and when he was in pursuit of the French with his advance guard, and Colonel Harry said to him: "General, you had better not go any farther, for you may be shot at by some straggler from the bushes." And Wellington replied: "Let them fire away. The battle is won and my life is of no value now."

While there is enough of the pomp of the city about heaven for those who like the city best, I thank God there is enough in the Bible about country scenery in heaven to please those of us who were born in the country and never got over it. Now you may have streets of gold in heaven; give me the orchards, and yielding their fruit every month; and the leaves of the trees are for "the healing of the nations; and there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." But just think of a place so brilliant that the noonday sun shall be removed from the mantle of the sky because it is too feeble a taper! Yet, most of all, am I impressed with the fact that I am not yet fit for that place, nor you, either. By the reconstructing and sanctifying grace of Christ we need to be made all over. And let us be getting our passports ready if we want to get into that country. An earthly passport is a personal matter, telling our height, our girth, the color of our hair, our features, our complexion, and our age. I cannot get into a foreign port on your passport, nor can you get in on mine. Each one of us for himself needs a divine signature, written by the wounded hand of the Son of God, to get into the heavenly orchard, under the laden branches of which, in God's good time, we may meet the Adam of the first orchard, and the Solomon of the second orchard, and the St. John of the last orchard, to sit down under the tree of which the church in the Book of Canticles speaks when it says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste; and there it may be found that today we have created in us an appetite for heaven, and that it was a wholesome and saving thing for us to have discoursed on the pomology of the Bible; or God Among the Orchards.

Our faith is sane and reasonable, with its radiant facts, its convincing principles, its simple commands, its practical services, its wide sympathies, a religion with the arch of bliss above its head and the homely wild flowers round its feet.—Rev. John Watson.