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CHAPTER XX.

THROUGH the darkness of the night they flew onward to Dumfries. As they reached the suburbs of the little town, midnight was sounded from one of the church towers. The carriage left the highway, and rumbled on the causeway of the streets. About a quarter of an hour later it drew up in front of the railway station.

All was very quiet and gloomy. The only human being visible was a solitary railway porter.

Caussidiere leaped out.

"At what hour passes the express for the south?" he demanded.

"At half-past twelve, sir. You've ten or twelve minutes."

Marjorie drew the hood of her cloak closely round her face, and, taking her lover's hands, descended from the carriage and stood shivering and trembling on the pavement.

Caussidiere paid the fly-driver, and, ordering the porter to follow with the luggage, drew Marjorie's hand upon his arm and strolled into the station.

On reaching the platform, Marjorie cast a frightened look around, dreading to behold some familiar face; but, beyond a couple of half-tipsy commercial travelers and a cattle-driver en route for the south, no one was visible.

A little later the two were seated alone in a first-class carriage and rapidly whirling southward.

The train ran right through to Carlisle, where they alighted. Hailing a fly, they were driven to an inn, already familiar to Caussidiere, in an obscure part of the town. They were evidently expected, and the hostess had prepared separate rooms.

After a light supper, of which Marjorie scarcely partook, but which the Frenchman made festive with a bottle of very bad champagne, they parted for the night.

"Good-night, my darling," said Caussidiere, fondly. "To-morrow, early, I shall be the happiest man in all the world."

Nothing could be kinder or more respectful than his manner; yet poor Marjorie retired with a heavy heart, and it was not for some hours afterward that she cried herself to sleep.

The day following Marjorie's departure there was commotion at the manse. At early morning her absence had been discovered, and to make assurance doubly sure, the following note had been found lying open on her dressing-table:

"Dear Mr. Menteth—When you receive this, I shall be far away. I have gone with one who loves me very much, and in a few hours we shall be married. Pray, pray do not think me wicked or ungrateful; but I was afraid to tell you how much I loved him, for fear you should be angry at my choice. He has promised to bring me back in a little time to ask forgiveness of all my friends. Tell Solomon, with my fond love, how weary I shall be till I see him again; he will be always good to me, and I shall never forget him. Tell Miss Hetherington, too; I never had a kinder friend; but she must not blame me for following the wish of my heart. God bless you all! Your loving

"MARJORIE ANNAN."

That was the letter, and Mr. Menteth read it aloud in utter amazement. It would be false to say that he exhibited any more violent emotion, for he had merely a friendly interest in the girl, and felt for her no overmastering affection. But Solomon Mucklebackit, after listening thunderstruck, uttered a wild cry, and struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"I kened it, I foresaw it! It's the Frenchman, dawm him!"

"Hush," said the minister. "No profanity, my man."

"Dawm him, dawm him!" repeated the sexton, trembling with passion. "He has stolen oor Marjorie away. I saw the dell's mark on his face when he first came creeping ben oor house and fell sleeping in oor kirk. Dawm him, I say—noo and for evermair!"

Then Mr. Menteth, not without difficulty, elicited from Solomon, who was almost distraught, the whole story of Caussidiere's acquaintance with Marjorie, and subsequent visits to the manse.

"After all," said Mr. Menteth, reflectively, "he is a gentleman, and as they are going to be married—"

"Married!" ejaculated Solomon. "Marry an atheist—marry the dell! But he'll ne'er marry her. He'll betray her and heart-break her, and cast her awa'."

In the limits of a small Scotch village news of any kind soon spreads, and before mid-day Marjorie's elopement was being discussed everywhere. Presently John Sutherland appeared at the manse, looking pale as death. On questioning Mr. Menteth, he soon learned the whole state of affairs.

Mr. Menteth handed him Marjorie's letter. He read it, and his eyes filled with tears.

"May God deal with him as he deals with her!" he groaned. "Does Miss Hetherington know what has happened?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Menteth.

"I will go to her at once," cried Sutherland. "It is right that she should know. Perhaps she can advise us what to do."

Breathless and wild, he arrived at the Castle door. Directly he had summoned the serving-woman, he discovered that the news had arrived before him.

"She's like a wild creature," said the servant. "I'm in dread to face her, and she's ordered out the carriage, and will drive awa' at once. If ye must see her, gang in yersel'; I daurna announce your coming!"

Sutherland stepped into the hall.

"Wheesh!" whispered the woman. "I hear her coming doon the stair."

Scarcely had she spoken, when Miss Hetherington, cloaked and bonneted, appeared at the other end of the hall. She approached feebly, leaning on her staff; and as Sutherland hastened to meet her, he saw that her face was like that of a corpse, her hair disheveled and wild, her whole frame trembling with unusual excitement.

"Is it true?" she cried, gripping Sutherland's arm.

"Yes, Miss Hetherington."

"Marjorie Annan has left the manse?"

"Yes, last night."

"And in that scoundrel's company?"

"I believe so; but in her letter she mentions no name."

"Her letter? What letter?"

Sutherland thereupon told her of the lines Marjorie had left for Mr. Menteth. She listened trembling; then seizing the young man's arm again, she drew him into the drawing-room and closed the door.

"Let me think, let me think!" she cried, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hand.

When she looked up, her eyes were full of tears.

"She's a lost lassie! And I might have saved her had I known! Oh, Marjorie, Marjorie! My brother's curse has come home to us both at last!"

Sutherland looked at her in utter astonishment. He had expected to find her angry and indignant, but her manner as well as her words were beyond measure extraordinary. Before he could speak again, she rose to her feet, and said, between her firmly set lips:

"Johnnie Sutherland, listen to me! Have you the heart of a man?"

"What do you mean?"

"While you stand glowering there, she's rushing awa' for her ruin! Will you gang after her, and in that villain's very teeth bring her back?"

"I don't even know where she has gone," replied Sutherland; "and, besides, she has fled of her own will, and I have no right—"

Miss Hetherington interrupted him impatiently, almost fiercely.

"You have the right, that you loved her yourself! Ay, I ken all that! Find her, save her from that man, and I swear before God you shall marry her, Johnnie Sutherland!"

But the young man shook his head, looking the picture of despair.

"It is too late," he said; "and, after all, he is her choice."

"What right has she to choose?" cried Miss Hetherington. "She cannot, she dare not, against my wish and will. I tell you he has beguiled her, and spirited her awa'. If you were half a man, you'd be after them ere this—you'd hunt them down."

"But what could I do?" exclaimed Sutherland, in utter consternation.

"Do!" cried the lady of the Castle, almost screaming. "Kill the scoundrel—kill him! Oh, if I had my fingers at his throat, I'd strangle him, old as I am!"

Overpowered with her emotion, she sank into a chair. Full of amazement and sympathy, Sutherland bent over and endeavored to calm her. As he did so, she began moaning and sobbing as if heartbroken.

Then suddenly, with eyes streaming and lips quivering, she looked pathetically up in his face.

"The blame is all mine!" she sobbed. "God has punished me, Johnnie Sutherland. I should have defied the scandal of the world, and taken her to my heart lang syne. I'm a sinful woman, and—Marjorie Annan is my child!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next day Caussidiere and Marjorie walked together through the fields until they came to a quaint old church standing alone on a lonely suburban road.

When they entered it was quite empty, and Caussidiere, grown very serious now, looked at his watch and walked restlessly about. Marjorie entered one of the pews, and, falling on her knees, prayed silently.

How long she remained there she did not know; a hand laid gently upon her shoulder recalled her to herself, and looking up she saw her lover.

"Come, Marjorie," he said; "come, my love."

She rose from her knees; he put his arms about her and led her away.

What followed seemed like a dream. She was only dimly conscious of walk-

ing up the broad aisle and taking her place before the altar rails. She saw as in a mist the clergyman in his white robe, and a man and a woman who were complete strangers. She was conscious of the service being read, of giving her responses, of her hands being clasped, and of a ring being put upon her finger. Then she was led away again; she was in a strange room, she signed her name, and as she laid down the pen, Caussidiere clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

"My wife!" he said.

Yes, it was all over; the past was done with, the future begun. Marjorie Annan had been by that simple ceremony transformed into "Marjorie Caussidiere."

The ceremony over, the wife and husband returned to the inn, where they had a private luncheon.

Then she entered the carriage which was awaiting her, and drove away by her husband's side to the railway station.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE revelation of the true relationship between the minister's ward and the proud lady of the Castle fairly stupefied John Sutherland. It was so utterly overwhelming and unexpected. There was a long pause

filed only with the low monotonous wall of the miserable woman. At last Sutherland found his tongue, though to little purpose.

"Oh, Miss Hetherington, what is this you are telling me? I cannot believe it! Marjorie your daughter! Surely, surely you cannot mean what you say?"

"It is God's truth, Johnnie Sutherland," replied the lady, gradually recovering her composure. "I thought to bear the secret with me to my grave, but it's out at last. Grief and despair wrenched it out of me ere I kened what I was saying. Gang your ways," she added, bitterly, "and spread it like the town-crier. Let all the world ken that the line of the Hetheringtons ends as it began, in a black bar sinister and a nameless shame."

"Do not say that!" cried Sutherland. "What you have said is sacred between you and me, I assure you! But Marjorie—did she know what you told me?"

Miss Hetherington shook her head.

"She had neither knowledge nor suspicion. Even Mr. Lorraine knew nothing, though while I fancied that he made a guess. Only one living man besides yourself ever found out the truth, and maybe ere this Marjorie has learned it from him. God help me! she'll learn to hate and despise me when he tells her all."

"You mean the Frenchman?" said Sutherland. "How is it that he—"

"Curse him for a black-hearted devil!" said Miss Hetherington, with an access of her old fury. "He came here like a spy when I was awa', and he searched among my papers, and he found in my desk a writing I should have burnt lang syne. Then he threatened, and fool-like I gave him money to quit the place. He has quitted it, but with her in his company, wae's me!"

And she wrung her hands in despair. Then quick as thought her mood changed, and she rose trembling to her feet.

"But there's no time to be lost. While we stand blethering and glowering, he's bearing her awa'. Johnny Sutherland, let me look in your face. Once again, have ye the heart of a man?"

Sufling the action to the word, she gazed at him as if to read his very soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the Chinese Quarter.

It is an experience for one who has never been in the Chinese quarter to go into one of those dark hallways, say in Pell street, and take either the stairway at hand, or cross the back area and take the stairway of the rear tenement, writes a New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. The air is suffocatingly sweet with the odor of opium. On the stairs you meet Chinamen, smoking cigarettes that give out a curious Oriental smell. At each laundry are four doors, each with what looks like a Chinese laundry slip pasted between the upper panels. And if your step is unfamiliar, many of these doors will open. Then you get a glimpse of an Oriental interior, luxurious with couches, rugs, soft burning lamps, delicate china and all manner of costly wares from the east. And blocking the doorway stands the hostess. She will be Caucasian. She will be comely. She will be clad in a loose gown of some gaily flowered material. She will have high heeled shoes and a slight showing of a gaudy silk stocking. In her fingers will be a lighted cigarette. In her eyes will be that shifting, dreamy expression that tells the opium smoker as plainly as the stained fingers tell the cigarette slave.

Missed the Nightingale's Song.

An amusing story is told of the late Jean Ingelow. Once when she was staying with some friends in the country it transpired that, although she often wrote delightfully of nightingales, she had never heard one sing. So one night the whole household went out in the moonlight especially to hear them, and after, by an effort, holding their tongues for five minutes while the nightingales sang divinely, they were startled by Miss Ingelow asking, "Are they singing? I don't hear anything!"

With a Londoner's dread of draughts, the poetess, before going out into the night air, had filled her ears with cotton wool!—Philadelphia Record.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GEOLOGY OF BIBLE" Sunday's Subject.

"And When They Came to Nachon's Threshing Floor Uzzah Put Forth His Hand to the Ark of God"—II. Samuel; Chapter VI., Verses 6 and 7.



ABAND of music is coming down the road, cornets blown, timbrels struck, harps thrummed, and cymbals clapped, all led on by David, who was himself a musician. They are ahead of a wagon on which is the sacred box called the "Ark." The yoke of oxen drawing the wagon imperiled it. Some critics say that the oxen kicked, being struck with the driver's goad, but my knowledge of oxen leads me to say that if on a hot day they see a shadow of a tree or wall they are apt to suddenly shy off to get the coolness of the shadow. I think these oxen so suddenly turned that the sacred box seemed about to upset and be thrown to the ground. Uzzah rushed forward and laid hold of the ark to keep it upright. But he had no right to do so. A special command had been given by the Lord that no one, save the priest, under any circumstances, should touch the box. Nervous, and excited, and irreverent, Uzzah disobeyed when he took hold of the ark, and he died as a consequence. In all ages, and never more so than in our own day, there are good people all the time afraid that the Holy Bible, which is the second ark of our time, will be upset, and they have been a long while afraid that science, and especially geology, would overthrow it. While we are not forbidden to touch the Holy Book, and, on the contrary, are urged to fondle and study it, any one who is afraid of the overthrow of the Book is greatly offending the Lord with his unbelief. The oxen have not yet been yoked which can upset that ark of the world's salvation. Written by the Lord Almighty, he is going to protect it until its mission is fulfilled, and there shall be no more need of a Bible, because all its prophecies will have been fulfilled and the human race will have exchanged worlds. A trumpet and a violin are very different instruments, but they may be played in perfect accord. So the Bible account of the creation of the world and the geological account are different. One story written on parchment and the other on the rocks, and yet in perfect and eternal accord. The word "day," repeated in the first chapter of Genesis, has thrown into paroxysms of criticism many exegesis. The Hebrew word "Yom" of the Bible means sometimes what we call a day, and sometimes it means ages; it may mean twenty-four hours or a hundred million years. The order of creation as written in the Book of Genesis is the order of creation discovered by geologists' crowbar. So many Uzzahs have been nervously rushing about for fear the strong oxen of scientific discovery would upset the Bible that I went somewhat apprehensively to look into the matter, when I found that the Bible and geology agree in saying that first were built the rocks; then the plants greened the earth; then marine creatures were created, from minnow to whale; then the wings and throats of aerial choirs were colored and tuned, and the quadrupeds began to bleat, and bellow, and neigh. What is all this fuss that has been filling the church and the world concerning a fight between Moses and Agassiz? There is no fight at all. But is not the geological impression that the world was millions of years building antagonistic to the theory of one week's creation in Genesis? No. A great house is to be built. A man takes years to draw to the spot the foundation stone and the heavy timbers. The house is about done, but it is not finished for comfortable residence. Suddenly the owner calls in upholsterers, plumbers, gas fitters, paper hangers, and in one week it is ready for occupancy. Now, it requires no stretch of imagination to realize that God could have taken millions of years for the bringing of the rocks and the timbers of this world together, yet only one week more to make it inhabitable and to furnish it for human residence. Remember, also, that all up and down the Bible the language of the times was used—common parlance—and it was not always to be taken literally. Just as we say every day that the world is round, when it is not round. It is spherical—flattened at the poles and protuberant at the equator. Professor Snell, with his chain of triangles, and Professor Varin with the shortened pendulum of his clock, found it was not round; but we do not become critical of any one who says the world is round.

But you do not really believe that story of the deluge and the sinking of the mountains under the wave? Tell us something we can believe. "Believe that," says geology, "for how do you account for those sea shells and sea weeds and skeletons of sea animals found on the top of some of the highest mountains? If the waters did not sometimes rise above the mountains, how did those sea shells and sea weeds and skeletons of sea animals get there? Did you put them there?"

But, now, do you not really believe that story about the storm of fire and brimstone whelming Sodom and Gomorrah, and unswapping Lot's wife in such saline encrustations that she halted a sack of salt? For the confirmation of that story the geologist goes

to that region, and after trying in vain to take a swim in the lake, so thick with salt he can not swim—it—the lake beneath which Sodom and Gomorrah lie buried—one drop of the water so full of sulphur and brimstone that it stings your tongue, and for hours you can not get rid of the nauseating drop—the scientist then digging down and finding sulphur on top of sulphur, brimstone on top of brimstone, waste all round there are jets, and crags, and peaks of salt, and if one of them did not become the sarcophagus of Lot's wife, they show you how a human being might in that tempest have been halted and packed into a white monument that would defy the ages.

But now, you do not really believe that New Testament story about the earthquake at the time Christ was crucified, do you? Geology digs down into Mount Calvary and finds the rocks ruptured and aslant, showing the work of an especial earthquake for that mountain, and an earthquake which did not touch the surrounding region. Go and look for yourself, and see there a dip and cleavage of rocks as nowhere else on the planet. Geology thus announcing an especial earthquake for the greatest tragedy of all the centuries—the assassination of the Son of God.

If anything in the history or condition of the earth seems for the time contradictory of anything in geology, you must remember that geology is all the time correcting itself, and more and more coming to harmonization with the great Book. In the last century the "French Scientific Association" printed a list of eighty theories of geology which had been adopted and afterward rejected. Lyell, the scientist, announced fifty theories of geology that had been believed in and afterwards thrown overboard. Meanwhile the story of the Bible has not changed at all, and if geology has cast out between one and two hundred theories which it once considered established, we can afford to wait until the last theory of geology antagonizing divine revelation shall have been given up. Now, in this discourse upon the geology of the Bible, or God among the Rocks, I charge all agitated and affrighted Uzzahs to calm their pulses about the upsetting of the Scriptures. Let me see! For several hundred years the oxen have been jerking the ark this way and that, and pulling it over rough places and trying to stick it in the mud of derision, and kicking with all the power of their hoofs against the sharp goads, and trying to pull it into the cool shade away from the heats of retribution from a God "who will by no means clear the guilty." Yet have you not noticed that the Book has never been upset? The only changes made in it were by its learned friends in the revision of the Scriptures. The book of Genesis has been thundered against by the mightiest batteries, yet you cannot today find in all the earth a copy of the Bible which has not the fifty chapters of the first copy of the book of Genesis ever printed, starting with the words, "In the beginning, God," and closing with Joseph's coffin. Fierce attack on the book of Exodus has been made because they said it was cruel to drown Pharaoh, and the story of Mount Sinai was improbable. But the book of Exodus remains intact, and not one of us, considering the cruelties which he would have continued among the brick kilns of Egypt, would have thrown Pharaoh a plank if we had seen him drowning. And Mount Sinai is today a pile of tossed and tumbled basalt, recalling the cataclysm of that mountain when the law was given. And, as to those Ten Commandments, all Roman law, all German law, all English law, all American law worth anything are squarely founded on them. So mighty assault for centuries has been made on the Book of Joshua. It was said that the story of the detained sun and moon is an insult to modern astronomy; but that Book of Joshua may be found today in the chapel of every university in America, in defiance of any telescope projected from the roof of that university. The Book of Jonah has been the target of ridicule for the small wit of ages; but there it stands, with its four chapters inviolate, while Geology puts up in its museums remains of sea monsters capable of doing more than the one which swallowed the recreant prophet. There stand the one thousand and eighty-nine chapters of the Bible, notwithstanding all the attacks of ages, and there they will stand until they shrivel up in the final fires, which geologists say are already kindled and glow hotter than the furnaces of an ocean steamer as it puts out from New York Narrows for Hamburg or Southampton. I should not wonder if from the crypt of ancient cities the inspired manuscripts of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in their own chirography, would be taken, and the epistles which Paul dictated to his amanuensis, as well as the one in the apostle's own hand-writing. At the same ratio of archaeological and geological confirmation of the Scriptures, the time will come when the truth of the Bible will no more be doubted than the common almanac, which tells you the days and the months of the year, and the unbelievers will be accounted harmless lunatics. Forward the telescope and the spectroscopic and the chemical batteries, and critically examine the ostracods of the ocean depths and the bones of the great mammals on the gravelly hill-tops! And the mightier, and the grander, and the deeper and the higher the explorations the better for our cause. As sure as the thunderbolts of the Almighty are stronger than the steel pens of agnostics, the ark of God will ride on unhurt, and Uzzah need not fear any disasters upsetting. The apocalyptic angel flying through the midst of heaven, proclaiming to all

nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ are mightier than the shying off of a yoke of oxen. * * *

How much the rocks have had to do with the cause of God in all ages! In the wilderness God's Israel were fed with honey out of the rock. How the rock of Horeb paid Moses back in gushing, rippling, sparkling water for the two stout strokes with which he struck it! And there stands the rock with name—I guess the longest word in the Bible—sela-hammahleloth, and it was worthy of a resounding, sesquipedalian nomenclature, for at that rock Saul was compelled to quit his pursuit of David and go home and look after the Philistines, who were making a flank movement. There were the rocks of Bozeth and Seneh, between which Jonathan climbed up and sent flying in retreat the garrison of the uncircumcised. And yonder see David and his men hidden in the rock of Adullam and Engedi!

Concerning all the vast things of God's government of the universe, be patient with the carrying out of plans beyond our measurement. Naturalists tell us that there are insects that are born and die within an hour, and that there are several generations of them in one day; and if one of those July insects of an hour should say, "How slow everything goes! I was told in the chrysalis state by a wondrous instinct that I would find in this world seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn and winter. But where are the autumnal forests upholstered in fire, and where are the glorious spring-times, with orchards waving their censers of perfume before the altars of the morning? I do not believe there are any autumns or springtimes." If then a golden eagle, many years old, in a cage nearby, heard the hum of that complaining insect, it might well answer: "O, summer insect of an hour, though your life is so short you can not see the magnificent turn of the seasons, I can testify as to their reality, for I have seen them roll. When I was young, and before I was imprisoned in this cage, I brushed their gorgeous leafage and their fragrant blossoms with my own wing. You live an hour; I have lived thirty years. But in one of my flights high up, the gate of heaven open for a soul to go in or a seraph to come out, I heard the choirs chanting, 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God!' And it was an antiphonal in which all heaven responded, 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.' O, man! O, woman! so far as your earthly existence is concerned, only the insect of an hour, be not impatient with the workings of the Omnipotent and the Eternal.

And now, for your solace and your safety, I ask you to come under the shelter, and into the deep clefts, and the almighty defense of a Rock that is higher than you, higher than any Gibraltar, higher than the Himalayas—the "Rock of Ages"—that will shelter you from the storm, that will hide you from your enemies, that will stand when the earthquakes of the last day get their pry under the mountains and hurl them into seas boiling with the fires which are already burning their way out from red-hot centers toward the surfaces which are already here and there spouting with fire amid the quaking of the mountains, under the look and touch of him, of whom it is said in the sublimest sentence ever written: "He looketh upon the mountains, and they tremble; He toucheth the hills and they smoke!"

He who one and all to the Rock of Ages! And, now, as before this sermon on the Rocks I gave out the significant and appropriate hymn, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord," I will give out after this sermon on the Rocks the significant and appropriate hymn:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

WOMEN AND THE BIRDS.

Why Will They Not Sacrifice Their Vanity for Humanity's Sake?

"As there is no argument on the side of bird killing for decorative purposes, so there is no excuse for its encouragement by even the most frivolous of women," the St. Paul Pioneer Press says. "They have had presented to them over and over in every form of appeal the cruelty of the custom as well as its reckless abuse of the gifts of nature, for it is asserted on good authority that the destruction of the field and forest birds has an appreciable effect on agriculture. Yet the killing goes on, apparently with no diminution. Europe uses 300,000,000 of song birds in millinery annually. One Chicago firm buys and sells every year 62,000 birds and 300,000 wings. The pitiful story of the egret, whose ravished plumes wave from the hats of thousands of wealthy women and are shown every day in our own shop windows here in St. Paul, has been told so many times that it would seem as though the woman who persists in wearing them must feel like a murderer every time she does so.

"We do not need societies, pledges, orations or tracts on this subject. The matter is one which rests on a purely commercial basis. The leaders of fashion in any city can settle it practically in one session. They have only to refuse to wear these trophies of cruelty and the thing is done. It does not even require 'strong-mindedness' to do this. One would think that a mere spark of humanity in the heart would be the only requisite. Women, young or old, rich or poor, who think themselves anxious to help along the cause of humanity can do it no more easily or effectively than in this way. It is a gracious mission and one in which the only sacrifice involved is of a very little personal vanity."