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CHAPTER XXVII.-(CONTINUED.) Presently the object of his search entered, being no other than the fairy prince he had admired so much from the first. Seen closely, she was a young woman of about five-and-twenty, with bold, black eyes, and a petulant mouth, significant of ill-temper. Directly she saw him she tossed her head and made a grimace.

"So it is you!" she cried. "I thought you were dead, and buried."

"And you did not mourn me?" turned Caussidiere, softly, with his most winning smile. "Well, I have come to ask you to sup with me tonight at the Cafe des Trente Etoiles."

"I shall not come! I am engaged!" "Nonsense, Seraphine! You will

"Of course she will come," cried the low comedian, breaking in. "My children, live in amity while you can, and drink of the best, for the Germans are approaching. Papa Corbert commands you-be merry, my children, while you may. Seraphine, Caussidiere is a king tonight; you will join him and drink confusion to the enemies of France."

"Why did you not come before?" demanded Seraphine, sharply. "It is a week since I have seen you. Were you nursing the baby at home?"

"Ah, Caussidiere is a model husband," exclaimedMademoiselleBlanche; "he rocks the cradle and goes to bed at

"Ladies," said Corbert, with mock solemnity, "I conjure you not to jest on such a subject. I am a family man myself, as you are aware. Respect the altar! Venerate the household! And since the Germans are approaching--"

"Bother the Germans!" interrupted Seraphine. "Let them come and burn Paris to the ground. I should not care. I tell you, Caussidiere, I have an en-

"Don't believe her!" cried Corbert. "Seraphine will sup with you. She loves Brunet's oyster pates too well to deny you. Think of it, my child! A little supper for two, with Chambertin that has just felt the fire, and cham-

An hour later Caussidiere and Mademoiselle Seraphine were seated in one of the cabinets of the Cafe des Trente Etoiles amicably discussing their little

waiter had brought in the coffee, the pair sat side by side, and Caussidiere's arm stole round the lady's waist. "Take your arm away," she cried,

When the meal was done and the

laughing. "What would Madame Caussidiere say if she saw you?"

Caussidiere's face darkened.

'Never mind her," he returned. "Ah, but I do mind! You are a bad man, and should be at home with your wife. Tell me, Caussidiere," she continued, watching him keenly, "does she

know how you pass the time?" 'She neither knows nor heeds." replied Caussidiere. "She is a child, and stupid, and does not concern herself with what she does not understand."

Seraphine's manner changed. The smile passed from her face, and the corners of her petulant mouth came down. Frowning, she lighted a cigarette, and, leaning back, watched the thin blue wreaths of smoke as they curled up toward the ceiling.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Caussidiere, tenderly.

"I am thinking-

"That you are incorrigible, and no: to be trusted; you have given this person your name, and I believe she is your wife after all; and if that is so, what will become of your promises to me? I am a fool, I believe, to waste my time on such a man." "Seraphine!"

"Is she your wife, or is she not?" "She is not, my angel."

"Then you are free! Answer me truly; no falsehoods, if you please." "I will tell you the simple truth," replied Caussidiere, sinking his voice and nervously glancing toward the door. "In one sense, look you, I am married; in another, I am not married

"What nonsense you talk! Do you

think I am insane?" "I think you are an angel."

"Pshaw! Take your arm away." "Listen to me, Scraphine. The affair is very simple, as I will show you." 'Blen! Go on!"

"In a moment of impulse, for reasons

which I need not explain, I married her of whom you speak, according to the English law. It was a foolish match, I grant you, and I have often repented it from the moment when I met you."

"Apres?" murmured Scraphine, with a contemptuous shrug of her little shoulders.

"Apres? Well, the affair is clear snough. I am a French citizen, my

He looked at her smilingly, with an expression of wicked meaning. She returned the look, laughing petulant-

"What of that?" she asked. "Do you not perceive? No long as I remain in my mother country, where no ceremony has taken place, this persee is not my wife at all. The law is very convenient, is it not? A marriage in England with an English subject is no marriage unless it has been proper-

ly ratified in France." Oh, but you are traitreux," she cried,

"It is abominable. Why do you not do what is right, and acknowledge her according to the French law."

"For a very good reason. There is some one I love better, as you know." But the actress drew herself angrily

"You love no one. You have no love in your heart. I tell you, Leon, I am sorry for her and for her child. There

is a child, too, is there not?" 'Yes," replied Caussidiere.

"Does she know, this poor betrayed, what you have just told me?" "Certainly not. It would only-dis-

tress her!' "It is infamous!" exclaimed Sera-

phine. "Not at all," he answered. "She is very happy in her ignorance, I assure of giving that kind of information, When the time comes, and it and at times more inclined to work may come when you please, I will tell than talk. her the truth and she will quietly go

There was a long pause. Seraphine continued to smoke her cigarette and to glance from time to time with no very admiring eagerness at her companion. It was clear that the frank confession of his villainy had not raised him in her esteem. Seeing her coldness, and anxious to change the subject, he rang for the waiter and ordered the bill. While that document was being prepared he opened his purse and looked into it. The act seemed to remind him of something he had forgotten. He felt in the pocket of his coat, and drew forth a small eardboard box.

"I have something to show you," he said, smiling. Seraphine glanced up carelessly.

"What is it, pray?" "It is this," replied Caussidiere.open-

ing the box and showing a gold bracelet richly wrought. "Do you think it pretty? Stay! Let me try it on your

So saying, he clasped the bracelet on Seraphine's left wrist. Holding out her arm, she looked at it with assumed carelessness, but secret pleasure, for she was a true daughter of the theater, and loved ornament of any kind.

"I see," she said, slyly. "A little present for madame!" "Diable! No, it is for you-if you

will accept it." "No, thank you. Please take it

to another." "Then I will throw it into the

street!" At this moment the waiter returned with the bill. It amounted to a consid-

settled it, and liberally feed the bringer, there was very little left in the

"You will wear the bracelet for my sake," said Caussidiere, softly, as he assisted theactress to put on her cloak. "No, no," answered Seraphine, but without attempting to take the brace-

let off. "Apropos, Leon, where do you get your money? You do not work much, I think, and yet you spend your cash, sometimes like an English mi-

"I wish I were twenty times as rich. for your sake!" cried Caussidiere, evading the question. "Ah, my Seraphine, I adore you!"

He drew her toward him and kissed her on the lips. The present of the bracelet had prevailed, and she suffered the salute patiently; but there was an expression in her face which showed that she rated her admirer exactly at his true worth.

A few minutes later Caussidiere, with the actress hanging on his arm, gayly quitted the cafe.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



N the morning after her strange interview with Marjorle, Adele of the Mouche d'Or, dressed in the wildly extravagant costume of a petroleuse, and holding a flaming torch in her hand, was standing in an ar-

tist's studio-a grimy enough apartment, situated in a back street in the neighborhood of the Madeleine.

She was posing for the benefit of the artist immediately in front of her, but her eyes were fixed not upon him, but upon the figure of a young man who had watched the young man very cu-

His behavior interested her. seldom spoke, but worked at his picture with quiet pertinacity. Presently the young fellow dropped his brush and walked silently from the room. Adels turned her eyes upon her companion. "Who is your friend, mousieur?" she

asked abruptly. The artist, deeply engaged in his work, failed at first to notice her ques-

"Who is he?" she asked again. MEEO.7

ways and never speaks." "He is a friend."

your studio. But where does he come try, astronomy, calculus, and the

The artist smiled.

"You seem curious about him, made- many respecta-

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS moiselle," he said. "What do you wish

FAMOUS SUICIDE STRUCTURE IN CHICAGO.

Some Sad Stories Brought to Light-Bodies Found in the Morning-A Horrible Feature of Famous Lincoln Park-A Young Girl's Deed.



GREAT high

to smoke. He was a tall man, slight in build, rather good-looking, but very carelessly dressed; when he walked, he did so with a slight limp, though he appeared to have well-knit limbs; and when he spoke French, he did so with a very strong insular accentuation. From himself Adele had learned nothing of his personal history, for he was chary

to know concerning him?"

sieur."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

foi! I have no wish to know, mon-

"Wish to know!" she exclaimed. "Ma

"Then I don't mind telling you. He

is a countryman of mine. He was

born in a village near where I was

born. I knew him when he was a boy;

and when he came to Paris a few

months ago, determined to work hard

and compelled to live on slender means,

I offered to share my studio with him,

and he is here. There, you have lost

your flerce look and got quite a tame

one into your eyes. You are no longer

a wild creature of the Revolution. You

are also stiff, I perceive. Take a few

turns about the rooms, mademoiselle,

The artist walked over to a table lit-

tered with all kinds of debris, filled a

well-colored briar-root pipe, and began

then we will go on."

Having received permission to rest Adele shook herself like a young panther, and leaped lightly from the rostrum, while her employer, having lit his pipe, strolled off and left her in sole possession of the studio. She stood for a moment to stretch her limbs, already cramped with posing, then strolled thoughtfully to the further end of the studio, where the younger of the two men had been working. There stood the picture at which he worked so assiduously, coered with a green fold of baize. Adels longed to have a peep at it. She listened; returned to the door; there was no sound; then she ran lightly across the room, lifted the loose baize and exposed the picture to full view.

"Holy Mother!" she exclaimed, starting back with raised eyebrows and hands.

"You are startled, mademoiselle," said a voice. "Do you consider the picture a bad one?"

Adele turned and saw her employer gazing at her from the threshold of the room.

"If you please," he continued, advancing, "we will return to our work. Your face has got some expression now; the rest has done you good." Without a word she turned from the picture, mounted her rostrum and fell

into her accustomed pose. For a time the artist worked again silently, and Adele, glancing from him

away. I will not take what belongs to the picture, seemed deliberating as to what she should do. Presently she spoke. "How long has he been in Paris?"

she said, indicating by a sidelong movement of her head the person who erable sum, and when Caussidiere had usually occupied the other end of the "Several months, as I informed

you," returned the artist, without looking up from his work.

"Who is his model?" "Which one?"

"For that picture."

"No one. He paints from memory. "Ah, then, he has known her? He is a compatriot of madame?"

"Of whom?" "Of the original of that picture-Madame Caussidiere."

"Ah, you think you trace a likeness to a friend." "I do not think it, monsieur; I know

it. It is madame, not as she is now -ah, no-but as she must have been years ago, before she married that chouan of a Caussidiere!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAND TO MOUTH.

In America People Leave Nothing for Their Children to Spend.

In America it is the custom-very nearly the universal custom-for parents to spend upon the luxuries and pleasures of the family life the whole income, says the North American Review. The children are educated according to this standard of expenditure and are accustomed to all its privileges. No thought is taken of the time when they must set up households for themselves-almost invariably upon a very different scale from the one to which they have been used. To the American parent this seems only a natural downfall. They remark cheerfully that they themselves began in a small way and it will do the young people no harm to acquire a similar experience, forgetting that in most cases their children have been educated to a much higher standard of ease than that of their own early life. They do not consider it obligatory was working hard at the other end of to leave anything to their children at the room. Ever since she first came to death. They have used all they could acthe studio, just three days before, Adele | cumulate during their own lifetimelet their children do the same. The results of the system are syrstallized in the American saying, "There are but three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The man who acquires wealth spends what he makes. His children, brought up in luxury, struggle unsuccessfully against conditions to which they are unused, and the grandchildren begin in their shirt sleeves te toil for the wealth dissipated by the two preceding generations.

Negeo Murvel.

J. R. Thompson, a negro boy, 11 years "Yes; the young man who works al- of age, living near Savoyard, Ky., has aircody mastered the common school rudiments of his scholastic education. "Naturally, monsicur, since he chares and is always up in sigebra, geomehigher brenches. He is said to be a lightning calculator, and a marvel in

bridge of steel, a mighty span, which gleams white in the sunlight and arches gracefully over the tossing waters of the Lincoln park lagoon forty-five feet below, is the structure from which several unhappy mortals have hurled themselves into eternity. It is Chica-

go's Bridge of Sighs. It seems to tempt strangely those who seek relief from the cares which pursue them. Three people are known to have jumped from its highest point to the deep water of the lagoon. One other hapless woman was seized by the park police as she was preparing to make the fatal leap. How many others of those whose bodies have been found in the lagoon in the last four years plunged to death from the white railing will never be known. Under cover of the darkness, with no one near to hear their last despairing cry or to be startled by the splash as the dark waters closed above them, many of the park suicides may have leaped from that same fatal spot at the highest point of the arch. Their drowned and pitiful bodies have been found when morning broke over the park, floating in the lagoon, but the last chapter in their broken lives will ever remain unread, and the park police only point to the high bridge and shrug their shoulders when a body is drawn out of the water.

It was not until this year that the bridge seemed to attract those bent on the day Schwinnen jumped to the ice

bridge when John Schwinnen plunged from the arch and crashed through the ice. There was a covering three inches thick over the waters of the lagoon, and the body of the unfortunate man crashed half-way through it, poised a moment on the jagged edges of the ice, and then sank down into the icy water until only the feet remained in sight. He was, as usual, despondent and disheartened when he entered the park, and it is every way probable his mind was fixed on suicide, and that he was heading for the bridge when he came

Talk of prevention of suicides from the high bridge is idle speculation. The commissioners have not seriously considered the matter, and are not liable to do so. They say they will do nothing which will interfere with the comfort or convenience of the sane people who wish to use the bridge, and the insane, heart-broken and desperate must take their chances. As to building an extra high guard rail about the bridge, it is very doubtful if that will be done. It would detract much from the graceful lines of the structure, and that is enough to condemn the plan. It is impossible to prevent suicides, say the commissioners. If a man or woman seeks death it will be found in one form or another. If they were cut off from the high bridge, the wide lake stretches out chilling arms to enfold them, and it is not likely any steps will be taken looking to a change in the new Bridge of Sighs. Several plans to get around the difficulty have been suggested to the commission and police of the park, but none have met with even tentative approval. The principal objection to the high fence, with its overhanging barbed and curved ends, is that it would render the bridge unsightly. As it was erected originally for ornamental purposes as well as the convenience of the public, the members of the board are loath to do anything to disturb the graceful outlines and symmetry of the structure. They absolutely refuse to consider this suggestion. Another scheme, presented in all good faith by a visitor to the park



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

by thousands, but not until last July as the records of the park show. On the long flight of steps and paused those nearest him had passed on and begun to descend the stairs. Suddenly he arose from his recumbent posture and a policeman, far away on the drive who chanced to be looking toward the bridge, saw him climb easily to the top of the railing and vault over. Down he went, turning over in his descent, and struck the water on his back. The body went under for a few seconds. while policemen and visitors were running around looking for some means of saving him. Then it arose to the surface and floated there until the po-

It was a dull fall day, dark and forbidding, when the bridge claimed its next victim. Maud Jennings must have contemplated jumping from it long before she made the fatal leap, for she came to the park from her home miles away, on North Rockwell street, immediately after having a quarrel with her skillful enough to balk any attempts mother. She had been reproved for to prevent the consummation of the insome childish indiscretion-her mother tention. But do what they will, or do had gone so far as to strike her. With nothing, the fact remains that the her heart burning with rage and in- bridge has become marked as the dignation, the young girl hastened refuge of the suicides barred from the across the great city to Lincoln Park, usual modes of forcing themselves from passed a hundred methods of suicids the earth. and went direct to the Bridge of

From the crown of the bridge ahe leaped into the lagoon Nov. 8, and the next day her weeping mother identified the body. She had often threatened that she would end her life some day and the straight road she took for the high bridge when finally she thought her troubles too many and too heavy for her would indicate that the bridge, with its great high span and the peacethrough her disordered imagination.

the minds of the authorities. The viswas it the scene of a tragedy, so far, itor thought it would be a good idea to stretch a net over the water, high July 14 a stranger walked wearily up enough to clear the heads of the oarsmen and the masts of the small vesat the center of the bridge. He leaned | sels which are used on the lagoon. He upon the railing a few minutes until favored stretching the net far enough away from the sides of the bridge to make it impossible for anybody to jump beyond their limits. They should be placed on both the north and south sides of the bridge. His scheme has this merit, that it would make it impossible for any suicide to reach the water and death by that means as long as the net remained strong enough to resist the impact. But this scheme, while recognized as

possessing a certain degree of merit. was also rejected. The board is in control of the park solely for the good lice hauled it out. No one knew the of the public, and has not the right, man. The only trace of identification as the members and police believe, to was the monogram "C, H." on some of | do anything which will reduce the his clothing. No one came forward to pleasure of the people therein, hence claim the body, and the case went to all plans to stop the world-weary from swell the long list of "found drowned | using the thing of beauty as the point of exit from a troubled existence have been rejected as forbidden under the terms of the authority of the board. Suicides have occurred in other por-

tions of the park as well as from the apex of the arch of the high bridge. Given the man or woman with the desire to die, and he or she is usually

Its graceful lines are now viewed with shuddering and horror by the right-minded visitors to the park. Those long, slight, curved beams which support the arch are like the autstretched tenacles of some huge spider reaching out to devour human victims. The dread fascination of the spot is felt by all who venture in the beautiful pleasure spot of the north side. Eyes are turned toward it as if the owners would but could not then ful waters under it, had often flitted away to more pleasing sights. Heads glance fearfully over shoulders as the Last week brought the latest addi- owners hurry from its vicinity. It is tion to the list of vistims of the high a spot of plogue, horror and drath.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV. JAN. 23, MATTHEW 5: 1-12.

Golden Text: Ye Are the Light of the World .- Matt. 5:14-The Beatitudes -Some Explanatory Remarks on the

The section includes the Beatitudes, which are practically the text, and such applications and illustrations as are given in the rest of the chapter. Commit tonemory verses 3 to 10.

Suggestions to Teachers,-Although this lesson follows in Matthew close upon the general view of Jesus' Galilean ministry in our last lesson, yet we know from the other gospels that quite a number of events took place in the meantime, several of which are recorded in Matt. 8-12. They are particular examples of the work described in last week's lesson. Now we come to a new and marked epoch in the ministry of Jesus, and we should note its place in his life and work. Take also the wider view of the lesson, that includes in some degree the whole chapter. The Beautitudes are, as it were, the text of the Sermon on the Mount. As we study each one, we can turn to the applications and examples given in the other verses. Dr. Shedd tells preachers "to study daily, nightly, and everlasting-ly the best authors." The advice is good. It is good for teachers. There is nothing better to study in this way than the Sermon on the Mount. The application of its truths to modern life, our own and that of our scholars, will both impress it on the memory and make its truths shine with new and heavenly light. Place in the Life of Christ.—Toward the middle of his ministry; after he had gained co siderable following, and proved by word and deed his rightful authority as a teacher. It was the middle of the second

year, the Year of Development, and marked a New Epoch, Historical Setting.—Time.—Summer of A. D. 28.
Explanatory.—A Night of Prayer.—
From Luke 6: 12, we learn that the new epoch in the development of Christ's kingdom was preceded and ushered in by a night of special prayer. Although to Jesus prayer was daily bread, vital air, the gate of heaven, yet there were times when battles were to be fought, great questions to be settled, guidance given, power to be received, when eternal issues depended on the decisions of the hour; at these times Jesus would be a long time alone with his Father, in deepest munion and earnest prayer, (Luke 3: 21, 22; Mark 1:35). The Selection of Twelve Apostles, for instruction and training for the great work of building up his kingdom.-Luke 6: 12-16. For the names of the apostles, and their charac teristics, see Lesson VIII., on Matt. 10. Fundamental Principles of the Kingdom of Heaven.-The inhabitants of heaven live according to these principles as naturally as they breathe; and when all the people of earth do the same, heaven will be on earth, and the city of God will have come "down from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Note that this sermon does not comprise the whole teaching of Christ, nor present the way by which this glorious state can be attained. But much of what follows in the gospels of practical morals is an unfolding, exemplifying and illustrating the principles unfolded in this inaugural address. A chart of life, as charts show sailors where to go and what to avoid. The keynote of this discourse is found to Matt. 5:48. "Be ye therefore perfect, ev-en as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Christ's Biography.—"The Beatitudes and the Sermon on the Mount are Christ's biography. Every syllable he had already written down in deeds. He has only to translate his life into language."-Wm. Burnet Wright, D. D. The Revolution.-"The social, industrial, political and religious conditions of the Jewish people were fast becoming in-tolerable." "(1) The revolution came soon. The destruction of Jerusalem was in A. D. 70. It failed utterly and hopelessly. It caused a ruin worse than the cancer it tried to cure. It effaced the na-tional life. (2) This revolution which failed-failed utterly and hopelessly-followed a course accurately the oppo in every respect to the course prescribed by Jesus Christ."-W. B. Wright. The Beatitudes.-Vs. 1-9. First. The Beatitudes are the text of the Sermon on the Mount. Illustration. They are to the whole sermon what the Salon Carre is to the whole Louvre of Paris; a small room. containing the choicest pictures, the gems of art. Second. Here is found the only true method by which the needed moral revolution can be realized. "What men needed first was a change, not in their circumstances, but in themselves. Blessedness, Jesus affirmed, comes not from outward conditions, but from inward states. It consists not in positions, but in dispositions." Reformers try in vain 'to construct a stable and happy community from persons who are selfish, weak and miserable. Their first cry is: 'Get your circumstances changed Christ's first call was: 'Get yourselve changed, and the things that stand around you will be changed.' When the torch is lighted, every dark crystal in the cavern will sparkle."-W. B. Wright.

Music in Australia.

The other night at Sydney they gavein the vice-regal presence a cantata. There were a chorus and orchestra of 300 performers and a descriptive chorus, "Australia," in which "the howl of the dingo, the scream of the cockatoo, the kookaburra's laugh, the hop of the kangaroo, and a native corroboree" were introduced. During this performance Mr. Sam Poole, the wellknown comedian, cleverly disguised in red shirt, white ducks, a woolly wig. and blackened face, introduced a weird native dance,-Sydney Bulle-

Natural Mistake.

"Can you tell me what has become of old Capt. Saltwater?" "He's light housekeepin'." "In Harlem?" in the lower bay."-Brooklyn Life.

Left Teeth Most Card.

The natural habit of human beings appears to be the use of the teeth on the left side of the mouth for masticating the food.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

To live in the presence of great truth and eternal laws, in which to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps 44 msn patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unapolled when the world praises him.-Balzac.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little affairs, in which smiles and kindness and little .. services cheerfuly rendered are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort .- Sir Humphrey Davy.