Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"And risk bringing back the infection here? No, thank you," cries Ruby, hotly. "I shall ask mamma to forbid you."

"My dear Ruby," interposes Mrs. Wilden's voice with unusual firmness, "if Shell thinks it her duty to go I shall certainly not try to stop her. I shall feel terribly anxious, but it will only be for a day or so; and I believe the disease in its first stage is not very infectious."

"Do you mean that you would take her back here amongst us after being with the children?" asks Ruby, aghast.

"Of course she will return when the nurse arrives. There is no need to run unnecessary risk. If you and Violet feel nervous, we'd betted return to the Wilderness, and Shell can stop here until the doctor warrants her safe."

"I have such a horror of small-pox that I really think that would be the better plan," remarks Ruby, with a sigh of relief. "What do you say, Vi?"

"Oh, let us start for Mudford by all means! I am not particularly timid, but I feel that I ought to go for Edwin's sake"—Edwin is her fiance—"It would be such a sell for him if he came home and found me disfigured. Shell, dear"—pressing a hasty kiss on her cousin's cheek—"you are a heroine; but the world is made up of all sorts, and I am the sort that runs away."

"I am not a bit heroic. I should run away too if I felt afraid," laughs Shell; "but I don't, and therefore I shall take no harm."

So it is arranged. Shell, after gathering a few necessaries together and receiving a tearful embrace from her mother, hurries back to her sleeping charges; and during the afternoon Ruby and Violet take their departure, while Mrs. Wilden is left to bemoan the fact that she ever allowed herself to be worried into taking a cottage on the moor.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two days and nights have elapsed; no answer has been received to the doctor's hastily-despatched telegram; and Shell, sitting patiently beside her charges, begins to think that the address given by Piper must have been an erroneous one. Nor has a professional nurse put in her appearance—the children are going on so favorably that the doctor deems the services of one unnecessary, since Shell is determined not to quit her post, and indeed has given a promise to that effect to her little patients.

She is quite isolated from the rest of the household. The children are installed in a large room at the end of the passage which on their arrival was fitted up as a night-nursery. Shell is with them all day; at night she occupies the roomy old sofa in the adjoining room, leaving the door of communication open.

All intercourse with the outer world is carried on cautiously round the saturated sheet which cuts her off from the household in general. Yet somehow Shell has no feeling of isolation; she has books in plenty to occupy her when the children sleep, and during their waking hours she has work enough to keep them amused.

She is sitting at the ivy-wreathed casement on the third morning, looking out for the doctor's visit, when a hired carriage drawn by a pair of horses, turns suddenly into the front yard. She cannot see the occupants as it passes beneath the window, and the front of the house is also out of sight.

She rises from her seat with a strange feeling of confusion and nervousness; she would give worlds to become invisible; she even glances out of the window, as if meditating escape in that direction.

Then steps are heard down the passage, the door-handle turns, and the next moment Robert Champley enters the room, followed by the housekeeper at Champley House.

"Papa, papa," shriek two shrill little voices; "and Tolley—dear old Tolley!"

The children are caressed and quieted, whilst Mrs. Tolley delights them with a huge bunch of flowers which she has brought with her.

Then Robert Champley crosses over to the window where Shell is standing in the background. The girl looks pale and almost stern, though—a very unusual thing with Shell—she is trembling visibly.

"Shell, how can I ever thank you for this?" says Mr. Champley, in a tone broken by emotion.

"There is nothing to thank me for that I see," answers Shell coldly. "I like nursing—if mamma would only let me I should like to enter a hospital."

"No young and beautiful woman can like nursing small-pox cases," rejoins Robert Champley.

It is the first time in her life that Shell has been called "beautiful," and a quick flush rises to her white skin which really renders her so for the moment. Then she breaks into a laugh.

"It is chicken-pox—not small-pox," she says quickly.

"Are you sure?" asks her companion, whilst a look of relief lights up his whole face.

"Yes, quite; for the first twelve hours the doctor feared otherwise, but there is no doubt whatever now they are suffering from chicken-pox in its mildest form; only as Mrs. Pomfret's children have not had it, we are taking every precaution."

"And you—have you had it?" asks Robert Champley anxiously.

"Yes, three years ago," laughs Shell; "so you see"—with a satirical little smile—"I have been running no great risk."

"As it has turned out," answers her companion, regarding her steadily; "but I can never forget that you nursed them during those twelve doubtful hours when all others turned and fled."

"That is nothing," returns Shell carelessly; then, advancing to the little cots drawn side by side, she says to the children, "Now you have got kind Mrs. Tolley, I am going to run away."

"No, no, Sell—you stop too," lisps Meg, catching Shell's sleeve in her hot hand. "Tolley can't tell about the fairy princess."

"Oh, yes, she can!" hazards Shell, with a laughing glance at Mrs. Tolley. "Besides, I'll find out about more princesses to tell you when you are well again;" and she bends down to imprint a farewell kiss on the fevered face.

Suddenly a gray-coated arm is interposed between Shell's red lips and little Meg's white brow.

"I can allow no kissing!" says Robert Champley decidedly.

Shell draws herself up rigid as a grenadier, whilst Meg fights feebly with an intervening arm.

"You have run risk enough without courting it," explains Mr. Champley almost angrily.

Shell merely shrugs her shoulders.

"Mrs. Tolley," she says, turning to the housekeeper, "if you will come into the other room with me I will explain about the medicine, et-cetera, and the doctor will be here shortly, so you will have full directions from him about the children."

Mrs. Tolley does as she is asked, and from that "other room" Shell slips away home without any further intercourse with Robert Champley.

* * * * * * *

A fortnight has elapsed. In the rustic porch of Gorse Cottage two figures are seated—a laughing-eyed merry girl in spotless white, a tall, stalwart man in gray tweed. The house door is closed, and the interview is consequently a private one.

"I shall call you 'Pearl,'" the gentleman is saying, with laughing decision.

"No, I won't be Pearl; my old name suits me much better. I am rough and uneven and hard—in fact, thorough oyster-Shell," pouts the girl rebelliously.

"You certainly conducted yourself like a Shell when I first knew you; but adversity opened the Shell, and then I saw the treasure inside, and pounced upon my Pearl," laughs the gentleman.

"I hope I may really prove a treasure to you, but I sometimes doubt it," says Shell with comic candor. "You know I have a good many faults—I am quick-tempered and blunt, and some people think me eccentric."

Robert Champley indulges in an amused laugh.

"You will perhaps be surprised to hear that neither am I perfect," he returns. "I can be obstinate, and even grumpy at times."

"Really?" asks Shell in a tone of unbelief.

"Yes—really and truly," laughs the gentleman. "And now, Pearl—I told you I was obstinate—I want to know what induced you to be so particularly uncivil to Ted and me when we first returned to Champley House."

"Was I very horrid?" she asks evasively, flushing.

"You snubbed poor Ted so unmercifully that I doubt if he will ever recover his normal state of placid conceit."

"Well, you see, it was this way," explains Shell in self-justification—"I knew that you were rich, and that everybody would be particularly gracious and officious, so I made up my mind to be an exception to the rule."

"Which you certainly were. Meg was one of the first to find you out," laughs Meg's father, as that little damsel, soon tired after her recent illness, comes creeping into Shell's lap. "That little dress reminds me of the day I caught you working at the window," pursues Robert Champley, touching his daughter's pale-blue skirts.

"Does it?" says Shell, with a shy, pleased laugh.

"Own the truth, Pearl; you made that dress?"

"I certainly had a finger in the pie," answers Pearl demurely.

"Do you remember, I told you then that the turquoise was your stone?"—touching her left hand, on which flashes a circlet of diamonds surrounding a turquoise, almost unique in color and size.

"I remember," assents Shell dreamily.

"Tell me a tale, Sell," at this moment interposes Meg, laying her tired head with a restful sigh upon the girl's plump shoulder.

"I'll tell you a tale, Meg," says her father, bending down to kiss the child's white brow. "Shell has promised to come to Champley House and live with us always—what do you say to that?"

"I say she's a brick," remarks Bob, who has joined the circle.

Robert Champley gave an amused glance at his promised wife, and then they both break into a hearty peal of laughter.

(THE END.)

A MUSICIAN'S YOUTH.

It was by a devious path, some steps of which were painful, that Verdi became a musician. When he was seven years old, his mild and somewhat melancholy temperament attracted the attention of the parish priest, and he received the appointment of acolyte at the village church of Le Roncole. One day a priest was celebrating mass, with Verdi as his assistant, when the boy became so carried away by the music that his duties were entirely forgotten. "Water!" whispered the priest, but Verdi did not respond. Then, thinking his request had not been heard, the celebrant repeated "Water!"

Still there was no reply, and, turning round, the priest found the server gazing in wonder and delight at the organ.

"Water!" demanded the priest, for the third time, accompanying the order with such a well-directed movement of the foot that the little Verdi was pitched headlong down the altar steps. In falling he struck his head, and was carried to the vestry quite unconscious.

Perhaps it was this incident, together with the child's unbounded delight in the organ music he heard in the street, that induced his father, who was an innkeeper, to add a spinet, or pianoforte, to his wordly possessions.

But it was several years after this that his vocation was temporarily decided for him, though fate afterward stepped in and undid the decision.

"Why do you want to be a musician?" asked his confessor. "You have a gift for Latin, and must be a priest."

Meanwhile, the lad became an office boy in Brezzi's wholesale grocery store, and for a little over seven dollars a year played the organ in the church at Roncole; but one day it happened that Father Seletti, who had decided that the boy should be a monk, was officiating at mass while Verdi played the organ. The priest was struck with the unusual beauty of the music, and at the close of the service expressed a desire to see the organist. Verdi appeared, and the priest recognized him as the pupil whom he had sought to turn from music to theology.

"Whose music were you playing?" asked Seletti. "It was beautiful."

Verdi said, shyly, that he had brought no music with him that day, and had been improvising.

"So I played as I felt," said he.

"Ah;" exclaimed Seletti, "I advised you wrongly. You must be no priest, but a musician."

After that the way was easier. The priestly influence on his side opened many a door to him.

Sword and Share Combined.

Yankee hands forged the swords with which all Cubans are armed. The machete—pronounced "machetty"—which is the implement for all needs throughout Spanish America, has long been made by the thousand at Hartford, Conn., and sold to all American Spanish speaking neighbors. This blade is first cousin to the saber of our cavalry, but while the saber serves only one purpose, the machete serves many, and is as useful in peace as in war. Almost every Spanish-American male above the age of childhood carries a machete. The laborer has it, because with the machete he cuts sugar-cane, prepares firewood, and trenches the ground for his crops. The horseman wears the machete because with it he cuts his way through the woodlands during journeys over rough country. It is sword, spade and hedging bill, axe, hatchet and pruning-knife. The hidalgo wears it with silvered hilt and tasseled scabbard; his humbler neighbor is content to carry it bare and hilted with horn, wood or leather. The machete may be had in nearly thirty different forms. The blade, which varies in length from ten to twenty-eight inches, may be either blunt or pointed, curved or straight, broad or narrow. The favorite with the laborer is the machete of medium length, with unornamented handle and broad, straight blade. The Spanish-American hidalgo bears a scabbarded machete, long, straight, or curved, as taste prompts.

Origin of Certain Surnames.

Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans and were adopted by the nobility about 1100. The old Normans used Fitz, which signified son, as Fitzherbert. The Irish used O for grandson—O'Neal, O'Donnell. The Scotch Highlanders used Mac, as Macdonald, son of Donald. The Welsh used Ap, as Ap Rhys, the son of Rhys, Ap Richard. The prefix Ap eventually was combined with the names of the father—hence Prys, Pritchard, etc. The northern nations added the word son to the father's name, as Williamson. Many of the most common surnames, such as Johnson, Wilson, Dyson, Nicholson, etc., were taken by Brabanters and others, Flemings, who were naturalized in the reign of Henry VI., 1435.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"IMPROVEMENTS IN HEAVEN," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Revelations, Chapter XXI, Verse 1, as Follows:—"And I Saw a New Heaven"—A Glorious Spectacle.

The stereotyped heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James' translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose if we should take the idea of heaven, and translate it into modern phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country, the streets standing for the one, and the twelve manner of fruits for the other; a place of musical entertainments—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies; a place of wonderful architecture—behold the temples; a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life—the beasts which were on earth beaten, lash-whipped, and galled and unblanketed, and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the Book of Revelation describes as being in heaven; a place of stupendous literature—the books open; a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other; all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arborescent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved heaven. People sometimes talk of heaven as though it were an old city, finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth, during the last fifty years, has had such changes as heaven. It is not the same place as when Job, and David, and Paul, wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, it is changing, and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe—the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence; but God's sympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came, all through this vast country of immensity, inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other, and became one great central metropolis of the universe, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured heaven on the other side; and then St. John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered that he gave it up.

That brings me to the first thought of my theme—that heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Noting little under this head about the multitude of adults who have gone into glory during the last hundred, or five hundred, or thousand years, I remember there are sixteen hundred millions of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children have gone to heaven during the last five hundred or thousand years! If New York should gather in one generation a million population, if London should gather in one generation four million population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the five hundred million, the two thousand million, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city! Of course, all this takes for granted that every child that dies goes as straight into heaven as ever the light sped from a star; and that is one reason why heaven will always be fresh and beautiful—the great multitude of children in it. Put five hundred million children in a country, it will be a blessed and lively country.

But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how the census of heaven must run up. Many years ago a clergyman stood in a New England pulpit and said that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed, and that not more than one person out of two thousand persons would be finally saved. There happened to be about two thousand people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject, and wondering which one of the two thousand people in the village would finally reach heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it would be the old deacon. Now, I have not much admiration for a lifeboat which will go out to a ship sinking with two thousand passengers, and get one off in safety, and let nineteen hundred and ninety-nine go to the bottom. Why, heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth entered it, as compared with the present population of that great city.

Again: I remark that heaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man forty or fifty years to study one science, or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for forty or fifty years, but for thousands of years—studying God and the soul and immortality and the universe! How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphy. What must heaven learn, with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in a primary school cannot be a greater difference than heaven as it now is and heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Dr. James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into heaven he knew more than ever the science of health; and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian Institution into heaven, awoke into higher realms of philosophy; and that Sir William Hamilton, lifted to loftier sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect; and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe? When the first saints entered heaven they must have studied only the A B C of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now acquainted.

Again, heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it! If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into that glory. Now, do you suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved heaven? You tell of what heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for heaven. Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintanceship, and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for five hundred or a thousand years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages, and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul, the Apostle, were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the apostles. Suppose Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert M'Cheyne and John Summerfield should be added to your earthly circle; but heaven has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not a town, or a city, or a village that has so improved in society in the last hundred years as heaven has improved.

But you say, "Hasn't heaven always been perfect?" Oh, yes; but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented. It has been rolling on in grandeur. Christ has been there, and he never changes—the same yesterday, today, and forever; glorious then, and glorious now, and glorious forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as heaven has within the last seventy years; for the most of you within forty years, within twenty years, within five years, within one year; in other words, by the accessions from your own household. If heaven were placed in groups—an apostolic group, a patriarchal group, a prophetic group, group of martyrs, group of angels, and then a group of your own glorified kindred—which group would you choose? You might look around and make comparison, but it would not take you long to choose.

Again, I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good cheer of announced victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul, it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity, and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven; but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence—and we see only the secular relation; but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God, and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world—that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits, according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessings, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city, and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place—some one who had recently seen your family and friends—you would rush up to that man and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God, your glorified kindred in heaven gathered around and asked about you, to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life; to find out whether you were in any especial peril, that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be—news that sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news! * * *

I do not think it was superstitious when, one Wednesday night, I stood by a deathbed within a few blocks of the church where I preached, and on the same street, and saw one of the aged Christians of the church going into glory. After I had prayed with her I said to her, "We have all loved you very much, and will always cherish your memory in the Christian church. You will see my son before I see him, and I wish you would give him our love." She said, "I will, I will;" and in twenty minutes she was in heaven—the last words she ever spoke. It was a swift message to the skies. If you had your choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace in heaven, and sitting on the throne next highest to the throne of God, and not seeing your departed loved ones; and on the other hand, dwelling in the humblest place in heaven, without crown or throne, and without garland, and without scepter, yet having your loved ones around you, you would choose the latter. I say these things because I want you to know it is a domestic heaven, and consequently it is all the time improving. Every one that goes up makes it a brighter place, and the attractions are increasing month by month and day by day; and heaven, so vastly more of a heaven, a thousand times more of a heaven than it used to be, will be a better heaven yet. Oh, I say this to intensify your anticipation!

I enter heaven one day. It is almost empty. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshipers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers. I go into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the baronial halls of heaven, and the great organs of eternity, with multitudinous banks of keys, are closed. But I see a shining one at the gate, as though he were standing on guard, and I say, "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel. "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victims out of the ruins. This is the day for which all other days are made. This is the Judgment! This morning all the chariots, and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel, I looked off over the battlements, and I saw that the fields of air were bright with a blazing world. I said, "Yes, yes, this must be the Judgment;" and while I stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and plumes and banners, and I saw that all heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was the fiery Judgment day on earth was jubilee in heaven, and I cried, "Doorkeepers of heaven, shut the gates; all heaven has come in! Doorkeepers, shut the 12 gates, lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, like bandits, should some day come up and try to plunder the city!"

Timidity and Greatness.

M. Dugas, a Frenchman, has written an extremely interesting paper on "Timidity." He finds that the vast majority of people are timid in their youth; a considerable minority remain timid all their lives. Timidity leads to meditation and analysis. It enters into the temperament of the philosopher and man of science. Per contra, a thoroughly stupid man is seldom timid. Virgil, Horace, Benjamin Constant, Michelet and Amiel were all notably timid men. M. Dugas notes that in the intellectual man you are apt to find great speculative hardihood combined with a practical timidity. Carlyle's is the typical case. The mere thought of having to order a coat or buy a pair of gloves caused him the most acute discomfort. In its extreme type timidity approaches the malady of the will, which some medical dictionaries call agoraphobia—the dread of the crowd, of the gaze of other people. All public speakers have known this feeling—even, it is said, the brazen M. Rochfort. Cicero, used as he was to the rostrum, was prevented by "blue funk" from delivering his "Milonian" speech. M. Sarcey, who has lectured every week for twenty years, says he has never been able to conquer his timidity. Pallet, a famous Parisian advocate, was so nervous that he used to say he half hoped some accident would happen him in the street on his way to the court, so that he might be prevented from appearing. Veteran actors, when they are worth their salt, seldom get over their "stage-fright."

Aluminum Huts.

One of the newest things in the building line is an aluminum hut, for shipment to remote places difficult of access. When packed for carriage it weighs 110 pounds. It is composed of four sides and a roof of thin sheets of aluminum, and when put up the house contains 190 cubic feet.