

CHAPTER XI.-(Continued.)

be a difficult matter to eject Mr. Branscombe unless we can produce the colonel's will."

"Which we cannot?"-"Which we cannot at present?"

"Then nothing can be done?" "I fear nothing, excepting to apprise the heir-at-law of the possible existence of the will made in Miss Branscombe's favor, and to warn him that it may any day be brought forward."

"Humph!" growled the rector. "And if it should never turn up-if, as I begin to suspect, there has been some deep-laid plot-some rascality of which Master Charlie is, as usual, the head and front, what then?"

"Then," I replied, "Master Charlie will remain in possession."

"And Nona will be a beggar," said Mr. Heathcote sadly, "Poor child, poor child!"

'.Is Miss Branscombe at Forest Lea?" I ventured to inquire presently. us. Mr. Charlie's bachelor establishment was hardly a fitting home for her, and we thought it advisable that she should leave the neighborhood at present-at all events until we had

heard your opinion." "In the circumstances I should ad-

"Yes, yes, exactly," assented the rector. "In the circumstances-as I now understand them-she must of course leave the neighborhood."

We drove on for some time after this in silence. I was occupied with rosecolored dreams of a future for the disevidently not entered into the rector's calculations, from the same point of view at all events.

"If the fellow were not what he is, Mr. Heathcote, as he touched up his | maid. stout cob. "But he was right-he was right; it would be a sacrifice not to be thought of-not to be thought of."

As he spoke we were passing the

she is glad that Charlie is at Forest "Possession is nine points of the Lea." And then she asked the inevilaw," I answered. "I am afraid it will table question, which had come to be almost an exasperating one to me-"Any news of the will, Mr. Fort?"

"None," I answered; "its loss is as great a mystery as ever."

It was not until we were seated at the dinner table that Nona slipped quietly in, and took a place by Miss Elmslie opposite to mine. There was a consciousness in her manner, a deprecating timidity, as she met my eyes, which confirmed my fears. She was lost to me, and the Gordian knot of the Forest Lea difficulty was cut by her hand, in a way for which I at least ought not to have been wholly unprepared.

The rector was called away on some parochial business after dinner, and I, not caring to join the ladies in my perturbed condition of mind, slipped out through the open dining room window and wandered about the old-fashioned rectory garden, and presently out into the green lanes, sweet with the per-"No; she and Miss Elmslie are with fume of late-blooming honeysuckle and silent in the hush of evening's rest from toll and labor.

Love and courtship were certainly in the air of that corner of Midshire, and I was always condemned by some malicious fate to be, not an actor in the sweet drama, but a listener and an invise Miss Branscombe to retire," I said | truder. For the third time since my introduction to the neighborhood I encountered a pair of lovers.

They were leaning against a gate, looking into a meadow, hidden from me until I was close upon them by a great tangle of traveler's joy, wreathing a jutting bush of wildbriar rose at the corner of the hedge. It was too possessed heiress-a future which had late for me to retire when I came upon the couple, so there was nothing for it but a discreet cough, which I had the presence of mind to set up for the emergency. The woman turned hasthe poor colonel's original plan would | tily at the sound, and to my surprise have settled the difficulty," muttered I saw that it was Woodward, Nona's

To my surprise, I say, for there was something in the staid settled plainness of the maid's appearance which was incongruous, to my fancy, with Forest Lea woods, which here swept lovers and love-making. Decidedly I

secret-nay, with Woodward under his influence, the secret was probably already his. How could I warn Nonahow save her?

The opportunity was not far to seek. When I entered the drawing-room Miss Branscombe was there alone, save for Mrs. Heathcote's sleeping presence. The Rector's wife lay back in her comfortable arm chair by the fire, blissfully asleep. Nona sat by the tea-table in the opposite corner, her soft-shaded lamp the one spot of light in the room. Her elbow rested on the table, her cheek on her hand, her pale, sweet face grave and sad. The eyes she raised at my entrance fell almost immediately, and a deep flush, painful in its intensity, spread over cheek, neck and brow.

"You will have some tea?" she said, beginning to arrange her cups with bands which trembled so much that she was forced to desist. Then she folded them resolutely in her lap and looked up at me, making, as I could see, a strong effort at composure. "Mr. Fort," she went on, in almost a whisper, "you are angry with me; and you have been so kind, I am sorry that you cannot forgive me now that everything has come right. And I do want to tell you how thoroughly I understand and thank you for all your kind thought for me, although I am afraid I must have seemed ungrateful in opposing you, and-and-all."

I bowed. I was afraid to trust myself to speak just then. And yet the precious moments were flying! Mrs. Heathcote stirred in her chair.

"I wish you would believe that thisas things are now, I mean-is the very happiest thing for me, as well as right," she added, bending towards me in her earnestness.

"I hope you will be very happy," I said, conquered by the sweet humility of her appeal, whilst the words seemed to scorch my heart.

"Im am very happy," she answered gently. "Why do you speak in the future? I shall never regret-never. I could never grow to be so sordid, and I should like to be sure that you are not vexed about it. We all owe so much to your kindness in those sad days." The rosy color flamed in her cheeks again. "I should like to feel that we are friends."

"Why not?" I responded, with uncontrolled bitterness. "It is not for me to prescribe to Miss Branscombe what is for her happiness. It is to be presumed that she is herself the bestin this case, perhaps, the only-judge."

as a lily. Something in her look made me feel as if I had struck her a blow. "Fergive me," I cried. "Miss Branscombe-Nona"-as she raised her shak-

ing hands and covered her face-"what

The blushes faded and left her white

have I done-what have I said?" And then-I do not know how it happened; I have never been able to refuce the next supreme moments to any coherent memory-but her dear head was on my shoulder, my arms were round her as I dropped upon my knees by her side, and without a spoken word I knew that neither Charlie Bransombe nor any other barrier stood between me and my darling. She was

Paradise had opened to me at last. (To be continued.)

mine, and mine only, and the gates of

Safe Side.

The unexpected humor which often is well illustrated in a little story told of an eminent young physician of war. He had determined to serve his country and leave his practice at home, but met with grieved remonstrance from his mother, a sweet-faced Quakeress. "I beseech of thee not to go to this war, my son!" she pleaded, her soft eyes full of tears. "But I do not go to fight, mother," said the doctor, cheerfully. "I am going as a medical man. Surely there is no harm in that." "Well, well," said the little mother, doubtfully, "go then, if it must be so." Then suddenly a gleam of loyalty shone through her tears, and she straightened herself and looked bravely up into her tall son's face. "If thee finds thee kills more than thee cures," she said, demurely, "I advise thee to go straightway over to the other side,

Dickens' Best Novel.

It is well known among literary people that Charles Dickens considered by her side was that of her cousin, and pretty rivals. Possibly, I thought, novels, but occasions when he actually expressed that opinion are so rare that it is worth while to recall an incident pent of jealousy was roused again and the lady's maid-possibly Plutus had which happened while he was in Philastung me to the heart. All my old as much to say in the matter as Cupid. delphia. Mr. Chapin, father of Dr. John B. Chapin, the well-known expert on insanity, was at that time at the as, lost in the intricacies of stable-yard type for the blind was just coming into vogue, and, desiring to have one my way back to the garden and lawn. of Dickens' books printed in that way, Mr. Chapin took advantage of an intreduction to the great novelist to ask him which of his works he considered the best, and mentioned the reason why he wanted to know. Dickens unhesitatingly answered, "David Copperfield."-Philadelphia Record.

> Candor of a Dublin Surgeon. Dr. Colles, an eminent surgeon of Dublin, who died in 1843, was remarkable for his plain dealing with himself. In his fee book he had many such candid entries as the following: "For giving ineffectual advice for deafness, 1 guinea." "For telling him he was no more ill than I was, I guinea." "Por nothing that I know of except that he probably thought he did not pay me enough fast time, I guinea."

Of the world's annual yield of petro-

TALMAGE'S

SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"All the Garments Smell of Myrrh, and Aloes, and Cassia, Out of the Ivory Palaces"-From the Book of Psalms, Chapter xl, Verse 8.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.) Dame, with its great towers and elabangels and rising dead; its battlements | vasive myrrh. of quatre-foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken pressesgold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment oaken presses, and brought out these them up, the fragrance of the pungent | ivory palaces." aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been in cloth, and embroidery and perfume. But today I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the king steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pemp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette, on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn, the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace-all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, king of Zion, king of earth, king of heaven, king forever! His garments not worn out, not dust-bedraggled; but radiant and jeweled and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred if you do not know, I will tell you now, wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusnot inhale the odors? Ay, ay, "They

out of the ivory palaces." Your first curiosity is to know why sinian plant. It was trifoliated. The of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering whelm all our souls with thy compas-Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews beauty! Green tree branches sweep- sion! Mow them down like summer first present that was ever given to the snowy floors. Brackets of light grace! Ride through today the con-Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Queror, thy garments smelling "of his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the Silvery music rippling on the beach of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of last gift that Christ ever had was the arches. The mere thought of it al- the ivory palaces"! myrrh pressed into the cup of his cru- most stuns my brain, and you say: cifixion. The natives would take a it would exude a gum that would satu- myself into such a chair! If I could tints the grave speech of the Quaker | rate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. fountains!" You shall have something One piece of it, no larger than a chest-Pennsylvania at the time of the civil | nut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, came, and to that place he proposes to in drawers, in rooms and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediateby conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

any historical person; another John lin; another Confucius; a grand sub- One for the angels, insufferably bright, ject for a painting, a heroic theme for but to those who have heard his voice, and felt his pardon, and received his benediction, he is music and light, and crown of the church militant; one for grance-sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray; lifting you you, ransomed from sin; one for me, not so much like morning-glories, that | ivory palaces! bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four-o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but for some great victory, and I look and "David Copperfield" the best of his like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the see, climbing the stairs of ivory, and Paul's cathedral being low, those in same morning, noon and night; yes- walking on floors of ivory, and lookterday, today, forever. It seems as if |ing from the windows of ivory, some we cannot wear him out. We put on whom we knew and loved on earth. him all our burdens, and afflict him Yes, I know them. There are father ready to lift, and to sympathize and to us, but blithe and young as when on head of the blind asylum here. Raised | help. We have so imposed upon him | their marriage day. And there are

passion. enemies, such a heart to embrace all he's to the home there, right into the | man who had been killed on a railroad.

SERMON. our necessities? I struggle for some ivory palaces. All is well with them. metaphor with which to express him; All is well. he is not like the bursting forth of a | It is not a dead weight that you lift "THE IVORY PALACES." LAST full orchestra; that is too loud. He is when you carry a Christian out. Jesus not like the sea when lashed to rage makes the bed up soft with velvet by the tempest; that is too boisterous. promises, and he says, "Put her down He is not like the mountain, its brow here very gently. Put that head which wreathed with the lightnings; that is will never ache again on this pillow of too solitary. Give us a softer type, a hallelujahs. Send up word that the gentler comparison. We have seemed procession is coming. Ring the bells! to see him with our eyes, and to hear Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palhim with our ears. and to touch him aces!" And so your loved ones are with our hands. Oh, that today he there. They are just as certainly there, Among the grand adornments of the | might appear to some other one of our | having died in Christ, as that you are city of Paris is the Church of Notre five senses! Ay, the nostril shall dis- here. There is only one thing more cover his presence. He comes upon us they want. Indeed, there is one thing orate rose windows, and sculpturing of like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his in heaven they have not got. They the last judgment, with the trumpeting garments smell of lasting and all-per- want it. What is it Your company.

Would that you all knew his sweetness! how soon you would turn from was nothing in all that building which all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands and rushed through the streets, because he robes that had been embroidered with | had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a savior's a robe that had been worn by Pius mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question nas been solved: "How can my soul that had been worn at the baptism of oe saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-Napoleon II. As our guide opened the lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia out of

> Your second curiosity is to know with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to odor, they suggest to me the bitterness just trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide Aloes! aloes!

According to my text, he comes "out

of the ivory palaces." You know, or, years amid the flowers of heaven. The that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Sol- meanwhile, and now, taking it as the omon had their homes furnished with ters of camphire, and frankincense, and it. The tusks of African and Asiatic all manner of precious wood. Do you elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, the robes of Christ are odorous with and fountains that dropped into basins myrrh. This was a bright-leafed Abys- of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings have everlasting life." Oh, Christ, bought and sold it at a high price. The ing the white curbs. Tapestry trailing "Ch, if I could only have walked over stone and bruise the tree, and then such floors! If I could have thrown have heard the drip and dash of those better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he transport you, for his "garments smell | suggests the story of St. Lawrence, who of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of suffered martyrdom by being roasted the ivory palaces." What a place heaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, are mere dungeons com-I know that to many he is only like pared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides Howard; another philanthropic Ober- of the river of God-the ivory palaces! winged, fire-eyed, tempest-charioted; a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; one for the martyrs, with blood-red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the warmth, and thrill, and eternal fra- the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for up while others try to push you down; plucked from the burning. Oh, the

Today it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined with all our griefs, and set him fore- and mother, not eighty-two years and most in all our battles; and yet he is seventy-nine years, as when they left that one would think in eternal affront | brothers and sisters, merrier than when he would quit our soul, and yet today we used to romp across the meadows he addresses us with the same tender- together. The cough gone. The canness, dawns upon us with the same | cer cured. The erystpelas healed, The smile, pities us with the same com- heartbreak over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your There is no name like his for us. It dear little children that went out from is more imperial than Caesar's, more you-Christ did not let one of them musical than Beethoven's, more con- drop as he lifted them. He did not quering than Charlemagne's, more eld- wrench one of them from you. No. quent than Cicero's. It throbs with all | They went as from one they loved well life. It weeps with all pathos. It to One whom they loved better. If I groans with all pain. It ctoops with all should take your little child and press condescension. It breathes with all its soft face against my rough cheek, cause he could not pay the rent of 25 perfume. Who like Jesus to set a I might keep it a little while; but when broken bone, to pity a homeless or- you, the mother, came along it would phan, to nurse a sick man, to take a struggle to go with you. And so you to 1801. prodigal back without any scolding, stood holding your dying child when to illumine a cemetery all ploughed Jesus passed by in the room, and the with graves, to make a queen unto little one sprang out to greet him. That God out of the lost woman, to eatch is all. Your Christian dead did not go of conscripts for the French army the the tears of human sorrow in a down into the dust, and the gravel, number of recruits was 11 per cent lachrymatory that shall never be and the mud. Though it rained all that smaller than one year ago, broken? Who has such an eye to see funeral day, and the water came up to our need, such a lip to hiss away our the wheel's hub as you drove out to sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out the cemetery, it made no difference to high in Connecticut. A jury in that of the fire, such a foot to trample our them, for they stopped from the home state awarded \$10 to the relatives of a

But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Southern Pacific railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Call louder from the ivory palaces!"

When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is why the robes of Jesus are odorous soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit grow, what is the color of the flower, to go in as I am, and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about beaven. We need to be washed; we know that aloes mean bitterness the need to be rehabilitated before we go world over, and when Christ comes into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, with garments bearing that particular let the surges of thy pardoning mercy re'! over us! I want not only to wash of a Savior's sufferings. Were there my hands and my feet, but, like some ever such nights as Jesus lived through skilled diver, standing on the pier--nights on the mountains, nights on head, who leaps into a wave and comes the sea, nights in the desert? Who up at a far distant point from where he ever had such a hard reception as went in, so I want to go down, and so Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an un- I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for as your two fingers where he was not thirty years. I have been asking it of whipped? Was there a space on his doctors of divinity who have been brow an inch square where he was not studying theology for half a century. cut of the briers? When the spike and they have given me no satisfactory struck at the instep, did it not go clear answer. I have turned over all the through to the hollow of the foot? books in my library, but got no solution Oh, long deep, bitter pilgrimage! to the question, and today I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem; tenderest, mightiest of all facts that Christ did come; that he came with spikes in his feet; came with thorns in his brow; came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but grain with the harvesting sickle of thy

ORIGIN OF EXPRESSIONS.

Many of the phrases one uses or hears every day have been hauded down to us from generation to generation for hundreds of years, and in many cases they can be traced to a quaint and curious origin. "Done to a turn" on a gridiron. During his torture he calmly requested the attendants to turn him over, as he was thoroughly roasted on one side.

In one of the battles between the Russians and the Tartars, 400 years ago, a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along, then," answered the officer. "I can't, for he won't let me," was the response. Upon investigation it was apparent that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not release him.

The familiar expression, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," is connected with the history of Westminster abbey. In the early middle ages it was the custom to call the abbey St. Peter's cathedral. At one time the funds at St. authority took sufficient from St. Peter's to settle the accounts, much to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Some 200 years later the saying was again used in regard to the same collegiate churches, at the time of the death of the earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that the famous statesman ought to lie in St. Paul's. Parliament, however, insisted that Westminster abbey was the proper place, and not to bury him there would be, for the second time, "Robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul."

Poor Baronet. Sir Thomas O'Connor Moore, Bart., has been ejected from the room he lived in with his family at Cork, becents a week. He is the eleventh holder of the title, which dates back

French Soldiers Becoming Smaller. At the semi-annual drawing in Paris

's he value of human life is not very



down to the edge of green turf border- | should not have given Woodward ing the road. From one of the glade- credit for having a sweetheart. Yet like openings two figures emerged in there she was, keeping a twilight tryst front of our carriage, sauntering slow- amongst the clematis and the honeyly along on the grass, too deeply ab- suckle, like any maid of eighteen. And sorbed in conversation apparently to if anything could have added to my be aware of our approach. One-a slim astonishment it was the discovery that girlish figure, dressed in black gar- the swain whose arm was about her ments, with graceful, fair head bowed | waist, whose head was bent down over like a lily on its stalk-was, as I knew hers, was the rector's smart, new at once, Nona's; and it needed not the groom! There must, I decided, be somerector's impatient exclamation and thing more in the middle-aged maid sudden, quick jerk of the reins to tell | than met the eye, since she had carme that the slight, almost boyish figure | ried off the prize from all her young Charlie Branscombe,

doubts and suspicious rushed back like Miss Woodward might have savings a flood. Fool that I had been ever to which the shrewd Londoner had scentdream of hope in the face of what I ed. The man overtook me presently. had seen and knew,

There was something of mockery in the elaborate' bow, returned by a curt nod, with which Mr. Charles Branscombe greeted the rector; and, as ! read it, a gleam of triumph on the nized the fatal beaute de diable I had | hall." heard described.

A passing glimpse of Miss Branscombe showed me a half-startled, surprised glance of recognition-a swift, shy blush, in return for the grave bow with which I acknowledged hers. The meeting had upset the rector's equanimity as much as it had mine. He spoke no more until we turned in at the rectory gate.

CHAPTER XII.

Nona was not in the drawing room before dinner. Miss Elmslie was, and received me with tearful cordiality.

"It's a sad change," she whispered. doesn't seem to feel it. I really believe Widdriggton was on the track of the States produces one-half.

with a little contempt for the passion In an instant the half-scotched ser- | which had passed-bless the groom and and back entrance, I was trying to find

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. civilly. "That path leads to the kitchen, this"-opening a gate-"will handsome fair face in which I recog- take you to the side entrance into the

> "Thank you," I answered. "Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Fort."

I looked up, surprised at the sudden change of tone and manner. The man's eyes met mine.

Widdrington!" I had almost exclaimed, but that his hand touched mine on the gate latch and checked the word.

afternoon, sir," he said, handing me a letter. "I picked it up when I cleaned the trap." I took the paper from him and passed on with another good night

"You left this in the dog cart this

"especially for the dear girl. But she My mind was in a wild state of alarm: | teum, 5,000,000,000 gallons, the United