

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Was this what you were working for?" I demanded, with a sudden jealous suspicion.

"Perhaps I was!" she answered loftily. "I hope she will never be sorry that she chose wrong."

"I hope not!" I assented cordially. "A real gentleman," repeated Miss Woodward—"a free-handed and free-spoken as a prince—a gentleman who knows how to treat a woman, even if she is only a servant—a gentleman I'd work my fingers to the bone for, and so would a good many more!"

"You did your best for him," I could not help saying. "You have nothing to reproach yourself with."

It was true, as Widdrington had said, that all the women were fascinated by handsome, dare-devil Charlie. What wonder that Nona had felt his power? I could only be thankful that the fascination had not gone deeper.

"No; I've nothing to reproach myself with," the maid assented. "And I'll pray night and day for my young lady, that she may see her mistake before it is too late."

And with this parting shot the resolute virago marched sternly from the room without a word of farewell civility.

I finished my interrupted letters, and then sought Nona. She met me with a dismayed face.

"Such a strange thing has happened," she exclaimed. "Woodward has left at a moment's notice. She would not give any explanation of her going, only said that she was sorry to inconvenience me, but circumstances obliged her to leave at once; and she has gone."

"The most extraordinary proceeding," chimed in Miss Elmslie. "I told Nona that she could insist upon Woodward's remaining until she had found another servant. If it had not happened that a young girl from the village is at liberty to take her place at once, it would have been most inconvenient and awkward; and Woodward was such an excellent maid. I suppose

common thief. You will not allow it—promise me you will not."

"It will not be so bad as that," I assured her. "Of course he must be made to surrender the will. However, we will not talk about him any longer. This is my last evening, you know, and I have a thousand things to say. The time is too precious to waste, my darling."

I left the Rectory on the following day. The next few months were passed in a dream of happiness which left me little thought for Charlie Branscombe or his concerns. Occasionally, it is true, I was brought into relations with Widdrington, for my connection with the office could not be abruptly terminated, and in the matter of Forest Lea I felt that I had a special responsibility to discharge. The detective was actively following up clue after clue as they came into his hands. His pride and his professional interest were thoroughly roused by his first failure, and he was bent on completing the case in which he had already worked so hard. Mr. Charles Branscombe had not left England—so much Widdrington was sure of. Probably want of means had prevented his going far from home and the numerous friends and adherents who were always ready to help him.

"I shall run him down yet," Widdrington confidently asserted. "He must be starved out sooner or later."

In the meantime Forest Lea was shut up and deserted, and the Rector's constant regret; and only a vague impression of the truth floated about the neighborhood, where my darling still remained, under the friendly protection of Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote.

She had promised to be mine in the summer, when the first anniversary of the good old Colonel's death had come and gone. Then we were to have a pretty wedding in the village church—a wedding all flowers and sunshine, such as became our hopes and our happiness.

I was fully occupied in preparing for that supreme event. I was refurbish-

ing he was making straight for here," he explained. "I saw him before me over the fields not ten minutes ago, and I'll swear I hardly lost sight of him. He must be in the house; there isn't another place this way—not even a shave of wood to hide him—and Smith and Varley would have stopped him further down. He must be in the house."

"Maybe, ye can ask," retorted the damsel indifferently, reaching out her hand towards a group of pods, as if dismissing the subject.

The officer went his way, with just another admiring glance at the pretty figure in the charming green avenue.

The door at the cottage stood wide open; a black cat was dozing in the sun; all was quiet and sleepy; there was not a sound about the place. The officer's loud knock brought a stupid servant-girl with a snub nose and a wide-open mouth to answer his reiterated question.

"Where's the—the young gentleman who came in here just now? I want to speak to him."

"There's no young gentleman here," she replied—"only my master and misses, and they're both old."

"Where are they? Tell them Mr. James Brown wants to speak to them." The girl preceded him into the parlor at the end of the passage, after knocking at the door, and gave his message verbatim—

"Mr. James Brown wants to speak to ye."

A decent old man of the retired tradesman class, disturbed in his afternoon nap, looked up with blinking eyes at the impatient constable, whilst his comely old partner put down the stocking she was darning, and prepared to interview the visitor.

"Good afternoon, sir," she said, civilly. "Won't you take a seat; it's warm walking."

Was it real innocence or only a sham? Mr. Brown was not going to be taken in; these people were probably allies of Mr. Charles Branscombe—old servants or something of that sort. The old gentleman's yawn was too demonstrative, and he did not mean to let the old lady's civility put him off the scent—he was quite up to that game. He glanced sharply around the room, beheld the old man's ponderous arm-chair, at the cupboard door, even up the chimney, before he answered in his most official tone—

"A young gent entered this house about ten minutes or maybe a quarter of an hour ago, Mr. Charles Branscombe by name. I've got business with him—very particular business, if you'll let him know."

"Mr. Charles Branscombe," echoed the old man; "he's not here, and hasn't been, to my knowledge."

"Then it's without your knowledge," retorted Mr. Brown, who was getting cross. "I'll take my day; he's somewhere on the premises; and, as I hold a warrant for his apprehension, I shall have to search for him—with your leave or without it."

"You're an ill-mannered upstart—that's what you are," exclaimed Mr. Walker, very wide awake now, and starting up to face Mr. Brown. "And I dare you to search my house—warrant or no warrant, I'm an honest man, and I've nothing to do with your scamp; and if I was ten years younger I'd kick you out faster than you came in—that's what I'd do"—warming as he went on.

"Hush, Samuel!" interposed the dame, laying her hand upon his arm, as he shook his fist in the intruder's face. "Never mind his manners—it's only his ignorance. We don't mean to resist the law; if he's got a warrant, let him show it, and he's welcome to search if he likes. He'll soon see it's no use. My husband is old, sir"—aside to Mr. Brown, as the old gentleman walked to the window, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief—"and he's apt to be hasty when he's waked sudden out of his sleep. Let us see your warrant, if you please, sir."

(To be continued.)

MAN'S LUNGS SPRUNG A LEAK.

That is Why the Cleveland Hackman Was So Greatly Swelled.

From the Cleveland Leader: It is not often that a thin man becomes alarmingly obese within twenty-four hours. This, however, was the experience of Martin McHugh, who is a hack driver, and lives at 216 Hamilton street, Wednesday morning he was too small for his clothes. Several hours later he had a pronounced "bay window," his hands, feet, legs and arms were twice their natural size, and his cheeks assumed rotund proportions that surprised the members of his family. He did not stop there, but continued to grow big, finally being compelled to discard his clothing and take to a bed. Dr. D. D. Steur was called. He said it was evident that McHugh's lungs were leaking. This, according to the physician, became more evident when it was seen that with each breath the rotund portions rose and fell. In speaking of the curious case Dr. Steur said: "McHugh was injured by being struck with the tail of a wagon. He felt no immediate effects, but was obliged to go home later in the day. Every portion of his body seemed to ache. He then commenced to bloat, his body swelling to twice its natural size. When called in by the family I saw at once that one of the man's lungs had been injured and was leaking air. With Dr. N. Stone Scott I decided on an operation. The body was punctured. The air came out with alarming force. The diseased lung was then laid bare. It had been injured, a splinter having probably entered the casing. The wound was cleaned and the lung carefully sewed. From last reports the patient was doing nicely and will soon be at his old stand."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEALTH RESORTS." THE SUBJECT LAST-SUNDAY.

"A Fool That is Called in the Hebrew Tongue Bethesda, Having Five Porches, Where Lay a Great Multitude of Impotent Folk." John v., 2, 3.

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering-place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvasion was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and Long Branch on a small scale; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication; but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water; and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred the Judean watering-place had his counterpart in the angel of healing, who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Sharon, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethsadas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music-stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festive array, and the rumbling of the ten-pin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the clatter of the ball-room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses, and other signs of social dissipation, attest that the season for the great American watering-places is in full play. Music! Flute, and drum, and cornet-a-piston, and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged out American life, for the most part, has an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering-places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth today, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and the eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number;" and, amid the congratulations of the departure of many of you for the country, I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain house, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion, who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you

know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling halls and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering-places is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people; and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting and the same drunkenness and the same vagabondage and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse-racing system.

Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragon and the light-cavalry horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock; and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of parliament and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last 200 years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" With the bull fights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!

Now, the watering-places are full of temptations to men and women to tittle. At the close of the ten-pin or billiard game, they tittle. At the close of the cotillon, they tittle. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off, they tittle. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws, and they tittle. First, they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whisky at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal-chute or the Mount Washington rail-track, and shove him off. But that is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward total darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is whisky, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe, and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains

in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the Valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering-places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different; and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering-place. Crownd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crownd around this Bethesda. Step in it, oh, step in it. The angel of the covenant today stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer, and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, bloated and caruncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate-complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

A STRONG BABY.

Regimen on Which One Infant is Making Astonishing Growth.

There is a doctor in West Philadelphia who has a son one year old, and this baby is probably the strongest human being for its age and weight in the world. Its father will hold a cane in his two hands, and the baby, grasping it, will draw itself up to its chin three times. That is but one of its numerous feats of strength. The physician says that his boy's unusual muscular development is due to a daily massage treatment. Every morning he lays the little fellow, naked, on a blanket, and kneads his muscles for thirty minutes. Once a month he weighs the baby and measures its calves, chest, arms, etc. The monthly increase of weight and girth are remarkable. The baby has never had shoes or stockings on its feet or a hat on its head, and in the summer it wears only a little sleeveless dress that comes to its knees. It gets a cold bath every morning. "If nothing goes wrong," the physician often declares, "this child will be one of the strongest men the world has ever seen. He will never get bald and he will never lose a tooth. As for his muscles, with massage and a course of exercise that I have laid out, they will be big and supple all over his body. All his flesh will be, when tense, hard as steel, and when relaxed as soft as the flesh of a young girl."

Loss of Hair Due to Mental Shock.

In a French medical journal M. Bolasier relates the following remarkable case, which is in addition to the group of cases in which sudden loss of hair or change of its color followed mental shock. The subject was a vigorous peasant, aged 38 years, who was not of a nervous temperament beyond being slightly emotional. His hair was abundant, and a dark chestnut color and not even slightly interspersed with white filaments. One evening, as he was returning home, preceded by his mule, on which was mounted his son, aged 8 years, the animal slipped, and the child was thrown off and trampled on several times. He was only severely bruised, but the father thought he was killed, and in endeavoring to save him was talor-stricken. He trembled, and had palpitations and a feeling of cold and tension in the face and head. On the following day the hairs of the head, beard and eyebrows commenced to fall in quantities, so that after eight days he was absolutely bald. At the same time the skin of the face and head became paler. Without delay the hairs began to grow again in the form of a colorless down. Soon all the affected regions were covered with finer, more silky, and a more thinly sown, completely white hair. The hair of other regions was not affected.

Her Ashes in the Mortar.

An elderly maiden who died a few weeks ago in Athlone, Ireland. She left a fortune of \$135,000 to be spent in the erection of a church, provided that her body should be converted into ashes and used in making the mortar for building the edifice.

Just Think of It.

Tommy Scroggins—"I'd hate to be dat two-headed boy at de museum." Jimmie Wiggins—"He has lots of fun." Tommy Scroggins—"I know dat, but jes' tink of havin' two faces to warsh."—Ohio State Journal.

Danger.

The Bank President—Are you aware the cashier has taken a half-interest in a yacht? The Confidential Adviser—No. Perhaps we had better see he does not become a full-fledged skipper.—Indianapolis Journal.



"WHERE'S THE YOUNG FELLOW GONE TO?"

she has had some quarrel with the servants—and she never had a good temper."

"I wonder," began Nona, and then stopped suddenly.

"What do you wonder?" I asked.

"Nothing," she laughed, "only an odd idea of mine."

"Tell me your ideas; I like to hear them all."

"I was wondering whether Tillott's leaving had anything to do with Woodward's. I know she liked him, and thought him a great improvement on Charles; but then he was so much younger. Of course it was very silly of me to connect the two events."

"I don't know about that. I think it was very sagacious of you," I answered.

"Then there is something. What are you laughing at? What is it?"

"You are right, my dearest. Woodward's and Tillott's departures do hang together."

And then, Miss Elmslie having discreetly retired, I told Nona the whole story from beginning to end, only enjoying on her the secrecy which the dear little indiscreet Miss Elmslie could never have been trusted to preserve.

Nona's astonishment was unbounded.

"What a plot!" she exclaimed. "It is like a book; and Woodward, who seemed so quiet and so respectable, was helping it all. And that man Tillott was a detective. How strange it all is! I feel as if I were in a dream. The will was really stolen then, not lost; and—and now I understand; you puzzled me so when you persisted I had seen me at Milton, and that I had taken your bag. I was puzzled, and—and a little angry"—blushing.

"Yes, you were thoroughly mystified," I agreed.

"Oh, I do hope," said Nona, "that man, Widdrington, will never, never find Charlie—poor Charlie, who was my playfellow and friend, and my poor katie's pet and darling, treated like a

ing my newly-acquired home—a lovely old house in Kent, amongst the hop-gardens and woods of the Weald—and sparing no pains to make it a fitting nest for the sweet, gentle dove who was to preside over it.

In such happy occupation, with frequent visits to the Midshire Rectory, the months passed quickly away. I had no personal part in the next act of the drama which concerned Mr. Charles Branscombe, and must leave its chronicle to another pen.

CHAPTER XVI.

A little maid in a blue cotton gown and a white muslin cap was picking peas in a cottage garden. She was taking her work in leisurely fashion, sitting on a three-legged stool with her back to her lap, and gathering the pea-pods as they dangled close to her hand. The vines grew high that year, and the little maid as she sat was almost hidden in the green valley; not so much hidden, however, but that a hot and flustered police officer saw her as he tramped heavily up the path, and blurted out an abrupt question—

"Where's the young fellow gone to?" She looked up with a pair of tranquil blue eyes, growing round with astonishment, as she repeated after him, in a strong country accent—

"Young fellow? What young fellow do ye mean?"

She looked so fresh and so pretty, and the yellow fringe which peeped out from under her cap was so infantile in its innocent simplicity, that Mr. James Brown felt a momentary impulse, in spite of his frustration, to chuck her under the cool rounded chin, and even perhaps help himself to a kiss from her red lips. If he hadn't been so hot and so worried—where the dickens could that young rip have got to?—he would certainly have taken advantage of his opportunities. As it was he pursued his investigation and resisted the temptation.

"A young fellow in a light tweed suit