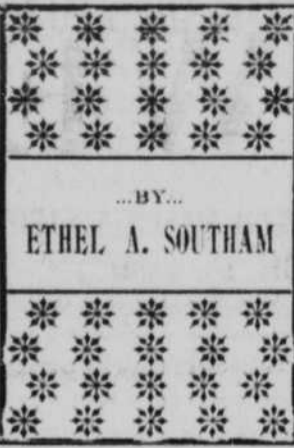


# That Mysterious Major...



BY  
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

## CHAPTER I.

The rambling, old-fashioned hostelry of the "Royal George" had stood upon the green hillside overlooking the new fashionable watering-place of Saltcliffe from the time when that picturesque and prosperous town consisted of little more than a few fishermen's huts and small lodging houses. But, though hotels and boarding houses—magnificent structures which gave quite an appearance of superiority to the small town—had sprung up on all sides, the little hostelry itself still held its own. Indeed the "Royal George," though quite as retired, was still as preposterous as it had been forty years before, when the huge board upon which the monarch after whom it was named was displayed, looking as gorgeous and king-like as his crown and unlimited quantity of somewhat stiff-looking ermine could make him, hung out over the narrow little doorway, with the name of the worthy proprietor, "Andrew Gillibrand," set out in gilded letters below. And, as one stood in the lovely quaint old garden and gazed around at the stretches of down and the heather-grown cliffs beyond, one could hardly believe the changes which had been effected scarcely a mile away.

It was late one evening toward the end of July when a stranger who had just arrived sauntered leisurely into the large dining room of the "Royal George" and gave orders for dinner to be prepared for him immediately.

He was a tall, dark, striking-looking man, with a soldierly bearing and decidedly distinguished air; and, as he crossed over toward the bay-window and sat down at a small table the waiters paused involuntarily with their white napkins slung over their arms and trays of jingling glass held up high above their heads, while Josiah Williamson, under whose charge that particular table happened to be placed, mentally decided that he was in for a little luck at last.

"What will you have, sir?" he began, with an air of expectation—

his lips, as though to disprove the truth of them, a handsome black French poodle came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of unruined composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

"You had dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?"

But here her care of Master Sambo was unceremoniously cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the gaze of a pair of amused gray eyes, and for the first time became aware of the presence of a stranger in the room.

As for the owner of the gray eyes, he carefully surveyed the figure in the doorway for the space of about three seconds longer, and then, looking away, tried to become absorbed in the merits of Mr. Andrew Gillibrand's wine list.

But, after studying it intently for five minutes, he tossed the card aside and steadily regarded the doorway through which the fantastically clipped poodle and its mistress had just disappeared.

"By the bye, who is she?" There was something strangely inconceivable in the question, and the waiter, who had made his appearance with the first course, paused to stare in astonishment.

"She, sir?" he repeated. "I beg your pardon, what she?"

"Oh, the young lady with the dog! Surely you know whom I mean!"

"The young lady with the dog? Ah—that is Miss Evelyn! Oh, yes, sir—of course I know Miss Luttrell"—here a placid smile expanded the waiter's face—and a very nice young lady she is."

"She is staying here, I suppose?" There was commendable indifference in the speaker's tones.

"Yes, sir—with her aunt, Lady How-

She was not alone, however. In close attendance this time was a man in evening dress, who had seated himself by her side on a straight iron-backed form, which he had evidently chosen in preference to a more luxurious seat half a yard farther away.

Yes; at a second glance he came to the conclusion that Miss Luttrell was even prettier than he had imagined her to be at first. There was nothing stately about her beauty, nothing absolutely perfect in her features; but the face before him was one which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

## CHAPTER II.

There was a most bewitching smile upon her lips now as she laughingly replied to some remark of her companion, who was leaning forward swinging his stick backward and forward and trying to knock off the head of some daisies; but his head was turned toward the girl beside him, at whom he was gazing in rapt attention.

"Who is the fellow," murmured the stranger, as he put up his eye-glass and surveyed the individual in question with an air of curiosity not unmingled with envy. "Her brother? Fiddlers! More likely her father!" with a shrug of his shoulders, though an unmistakable cloud gathered upon his face as he noted the unpaternal manner in which he had laid his hand on the lack of her chair and was listening to her words. "I can always come within a year or two of anybody's age, and that fellow is either 44 or 45 if he is a day!"

The man to whom the stranger at the window set down so decidedly to play the unromantic part of parent had the word "Bachelor" written upon every line of his countenance. At the same time he was a noticeable-looking personage, gentlemanly in appearance rather than handsome, with a clean-shaven face, clearly cut features and dark, almost fascinatingly determined eyes set deep beneath overhanging brows which gave character to an otherwise unremarkable face.

For the past few minutes, however, the spreading branches of the trees had thrown everything into shade. But the sun was setting in a crimson glory, and one golden shaft strayed beneath the dark, heavy foliage, where it lingered for a few seconds to bring out the lovely blending of tints in the girl's nut-brown hair and to light up every feature of the man by her side.

"The deuce!" broke involuntarily from the stranger's lips.

"Yes, sir—beg your pardon, sir! Cheddar cheese or Stilton?" The waiter was engaged brushing crumbs from the next table, but in an instant he was at his post.

"Neither!" was the brusque reply. "But—with a detaining gesture—'have you such a thing as a visitors' list? If you have, let me see it.'"

"Certainly, sir. I will bring it at once." And the waiter smiled to himself as he followed the direction of the stranger's eyes and then turned away. It was astonishing what an amount of interest he could raise by the mere mention of Miss Luttrell and her ten or twelve thousand a year!

## OLD WINE.

May Become Too Old and Unfit to Drink by Deterioration.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "There is such a thing as a wine being too old," said a member of the board of trade, chatting with some friends in the front offices. "I had that illustrated at my house the other day under rather interesting circumstances. Back in 1848 Gen. John M. Lewis, who was then sheriff and afterward mayor of New Orleans, gave my uncle a basket of four-year-old champagne. My uncle afterward moved north, taking that and other wines with him, and on his death, in the early sixties, the basket was still intact. There had possibly been some agreement about opening it at a certain time, and, at any rate, the champagne remained in the family cellar untouched, and only last month my cousin, now in New York, broke the lot and sent me down four bottles. I was naturally curious to know how the old wine would look and taste, and a few days ago, on the occasion of a little anniversary at our house, I opened one of the bottles. I had considerable difficulty in removing the cork without breaking it, but it finally gave way. There was not a vestige of pop and the wine ran out perfectly dead and limp. It was pale amber in color and had a faint, pleasant bouquet, but the imprisoned gas that had once given it life and sparkle were gone forever. It was interesting as a relic, but not fit to drink, and some friends who are connoisseurs said that it had evidently been deteriorating since 1870. It's a great pity my northern relatives held it in too much veneration to sample it about that time."

## OLD WINE.

ard. They have been here more than a fortnight now; as they generally do remain for a month when they come. I don't suppose they will be going till the end of that time. Her ladyship is Miss Luttrell's guardian."

"Ah—she is an orphan, then?"

"Yes, sir. Squire Luttrell died just about two years ago. You will no doubt have heard tell of him."

"Luttrell of Luttrell, do you mean? Oh, yes—of course I have! He was one of the largest land-owners in Hampshire. Who has inherited the property? Had he a son?"

"No; Evelyn is the only child, and has come in for everything, I believe. They say she will have something like ten or twelve thousand a year."

"Really!"—and the speaker turned to the contemplation of the Juliette soup, considerably astonished at discovering in the curly headed mistress of the black poodle Miss Luttrell of the far-famed Luttrell court and owner of one of the finest estates in the county.

He had almost finished his dinner and was quietly contemplating a peaceful stroll round the ground with one of his best Havana's, when a sharp bark made him look up just in time to behold the black poodle once more, dashing across the lawn in hot pursuit of a butterfly.

In an instant he was all interest. If the dog were there, his mistress would not be far away; and even as the thought passed through his mind the same laughing tones which had been ringing in his ears for the past half-hour were borne distinctly toward him. Bending forward, he saw the girl herself, a slight, graceful figure, leaning back in one of the low bamboo chairs which stood so invitingly beneath the shade of the trees.

Clara Barton in Cuba.

Rev. Peter McQueen writes to Frank Leslie's Monthly the following anecdote of this energetic and practical woman. One night, away out in the hills, I asked a Third Cavalryman: "Whom do you think the greatest hero of the war at Santiago?" He changed his quid, took out of his mouth an old corn-cob pipe, looked away, at the red rim of hills which the sun was coloring, and reflectively replied: "Well, pardner, if you want to know, my ideas is that there little old lady, named Miss Hartman, or Barton, or Blanton, or whatever is her name—she's the best of all. She is a strictly proper character, neighbor. I seen her a-goin' through two feet six inches of mud to tie up a chap as was bleedin' to death. She, comrade, is to my ideas the hero of 'is yer campaign."

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MUSIC IN WORSHIP," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Nehemiah 7: 67: "And They Had Two Hundred Forty and Five Singing Men and Singing Women"—Children of the Heavenly King.

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The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find, amid all their trials, two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women, then in this day of gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of what God means to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles and thirty indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. What does that mean? It means that you should sing! Do you suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world, and should lock up the organ of Westminster Abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Haarlem, and the organ at Freiburg, and all the other great musical instruments of the world—would you call such a man as that a monster; and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

"Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the Heavenly King Should speak their joys abroad."

I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art—the Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter Hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England; the conservatories of music at Munich and Leipzig, the Handel and Haydn and Harmonie and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, and every city which has any enterprise.

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old-style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness, while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the Witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert hall or the opera house or the drawing room may be inappropriate in church. Glee, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes from the toss, the swing and the display of an opera house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying: "What splendid execution!" "Did you ever hear such a soprano?" "Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if he had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying: "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn!" "I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Savior as when they were singing that last doxology."

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gaiety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent outburst of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old

souls, how they used to sing? When they were cheerful our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the boarded meeting house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmund's." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang Zion. Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to cultivate ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or a yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assemblies every morning and every afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half-hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath?

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawing and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During one of my journeys I preached to an audience of two or three thousand people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation; do not let us sleep when we come to a Savior's crowning.

In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age or weakness or fatigue excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing; do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale and be one C below when you ought to be one C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you! Still, it is better to do as Paul says, and sing "with the spirit and the understanding also."

Again, I remark church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshippers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of church it must be where the minister does all the preaching and the elders all the praying and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse, N. Y., in a Presbyterian church, there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another church in that city, and told me his trouble—how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day, a committee, made up of the session and the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have a right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now, clear your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, oh, how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play "God Save the Queen"? If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and lividity.

When Cromwell's army went into battle he stood at the head of it one day and gave out the long-meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundred," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment,

division by division, joined in the doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host—Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. O, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching from victory to victory. "Gloria in Excelsis" is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God and the mercy of Christ and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Gloria be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

## THE COMING CENSUS.

On the first day of next June, census enumerators in the various districts assigned to them will start forth to count the population and to acquire such other information as congress has decreed shall be a part of the twelfth decennial census of the United States.

These enumerators will have two weeks in the cities and four weeks in the country in which to gather their information, and will count each person as belonging to the city or town of which he was a legal resident on June first.

Whether this is the best time in the year to take the census has long been in dispute. Previous to 1830, August first was the date on which the count began. This shows that the summer vacation habit had not then developed. June is now almost too late. Most students of statistical science think April or May would be a better time, and Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in a census bill which he drafted a few years ago, made April first the date for beginning. Congress was conservative, however, and preferred to make no change; but by 1910 it is probable an earlier month will be chosen.

The objection to beginning the enumeration on June first comes from the cities, most of which are ambitious to show as great a growth as possible. When the census reports are not as favorable as had been expected, the cry of "inaccuracies in the census" is usually raised. It is doubtless true that the summer migration to the country does result in some errors and oversights in an enumeration begun in June.

The Christmas holidays are a favorite time for census taking in Europe, but in America the heavy snows of the Northern states would make any winter month impracticable. Even in April the country roads in the extreme North are heavy with mud, and travel is almost impossible.

The difficulty in fixing a date adapted to all parts of the great republic is a forcible reminder of the extent of its territory and the diversity of its climate and physical conditions.

## A Henry Clay Story.

An old negro and his wife, who had found freedom through Clay's efforts, made their home in Washington, where the old man, with the assistance of some white folks, turned an unused barn into a meeting-place for religious services. He was indefatigable in his efforts to collect a sufficient fund to supply a pulpit, and so on. One Sunday morning he was walking along Pennsylvania avenue, when he happened to meet the great Kentucky senator. "Well, Bob," said the senator, "what are you doing out so early Sunday morning?" "Sarvant, Marse Henry; sarvant, sah. You know de early bird catches de worm." "Oh, you are worm-hunting, are you?" "Yes, Marse Henry. I wants to ax of you, won't you help me some 'bout my little church." "No, indeed," said the senator; "I'll not give you a cent. I gave you something not long ago to help you with that church." "Yes, Marse Henry, dat's so, sah; you did indeed, sah, an' dat's a treasure laid up for you in heben, sah." "Oh, it is, is it?" and Clay moved on. Turning suddenly, he said: "Come here, Bob, come here." Taking from his pocket a roll of bills, he continued: "Here is \$30 I won at cards after sitting up all last night. Now, if you can reconcile the use of money gotten in that way to church purposes, take it along." Old Bob bowed and pulled his cap. "Sarvant, Marse Henry; thankee, sah. God do move in a mysterious way His wonder to perform! Thankee, Marse Henry; thankee, sah!"—The Argonaut.

## Built Her Nest on a Pulpit.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Glendale, W. Va.—At Vada, this county, a member of the congregation found a bird's nest on the pulpit of the M. P. church containing five eggs. The nest was built of a variety of flowers that had been placed on the graves of soldiers on Decoration Day. The bird is now setting, and a glass of water has been placed near the nest for the bird to drink. The members are greatly agitated and think the appearance of the bird is a token of death.

## Bond of Friendship.

"I never can forget Mabel Meadows, whom I went to school with." "Was she so studious?" "No, but she always brought such lovely cucumber pickles with her luncheon."



THERE WAS A MOST BEWITCHING SMILE UPON HER LIPS WHEN SHE REPLIED TO SOME REMARK OF HER COMPANION.

"coupe a la Reine, Bouillabaisse or Juliette?"

"Bring me anything you have ready," said the stranger, brusquely. "Yet to think," he murmured to himself as he took up the wine card and lazily studied the long list—"to think that the last time I was here, twenty years ago, Andrew Gillibrand was brewing his own ale! It was certainly a primitive bill of fare that he had to offer his customers then—only ham and eggs or bread and cheese and a pint of his 'prime October; today he has all the delicacies of the season. How things change, to be sure!"

Then he turned and looked out of the open window. There, however, the change was not so remarkable. The "Royal George" had always possessed a lovely garden; and, if the grass was shorn a little closer, if the paths had a neater appearance and the flowers were more recherche, prim rows of calceolarias, geraniums and stately dahlias taking the place of the quaint old clumps of sweet-williams, marigolds and pinks, the change was not so great as to strike him with the same force as naturally did the interior.

This evening the garden had a very serene, unruined air. The tennis courts were deserted, the chairs under the trees unoccupied, and, excepting for the gentle lapping of the waves upon the shingly beach, scarcely a sound disturbed the dreamy stillness of the July evening.

"It is an idyllic place, I suppose," mused the stranger, "but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about."

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud, and, just as the words left