That Mysterious Major...

* * * * * * * * * ...BY... ETHEL A. SOUTHAM **** * * * * *

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again.

CHAPTER II.-(Continued.) and opened it at the page at which it had begun to open naturally, to find that, instead of the stranger's eyes being riveted, as everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where, in easily decipherable letters, was written "Gilbert Falk-

"Thank you; that will do." He closed the book and pushed it aside. "I am very sorry to trouble you, sir, but"-and the waiter placed an inkstand and pens at his elbow-"per-

haps you'd kindly add your name."

"My name? Oh-yes-very well." He was staring somewhat abstractedly through the window; but at the request he took up a quill, dipped it into the ink, and was just beginning the line with a rather awkward-looking "S," when he suddenly paused, hesitated a second, and, drawing hurriedly through the capital, finally wrote "Major Brown, London," in clear, legible characters.

A few minutes later Major Brown, as he designated himself, rose abruptly from his chair, and, with his hands in his pockets, was crossing the room toward the door, when a glimpse of a dainty lace handkerchief lying half concealed beneath the folds of a tablecloth attracted his notice. He stooped to get it, and, glancing at the monogram and crest embroidered in one corner, was about to hand it to one of the waiters to deliver it to its rightful owner, when a faint smile for the moment dispelled the frown which had gathered upon his forehead, and, without a word, he quietly placed it in the inside pocket of his coat.

"My dear fellow, you are a fool!" he

her pause in some amazement, to be-Great was his disappointment, how- hold the wearer of the light shootingever, as he laid the book on the table suit, who had apparently been as deeply engrossed in the contents of the "Royal George" post-bag as herself, advancing toward her.

"But is not this for you? You must have overlooked it, I fancy."

Evelyn glanced quickly at the envelope which he was offering to her, directed indisputably to herself, and then, looking up, found herself encountered by the very same pair of gray eyes which she remembered meeting for the first time in the table d'hote room the night before.

"Thank you-it is for me," she answered, with a vague sense of wonder. "I cannot think how I missed it."

"Oh, easily, I should imagine," was the prompt reply. "Among so many, it is no difficult matter to miss one. Still, as this has come to light, had you not better see if there are any more?"

"Perhaps I had," answered Evelyn, wrinkling up her forehead perplex-

She was turning to the table once more, when a hand was laid with a somewhat familiar gesture upon her arm and a voice said:

"Good morning, Miss Eve. Her ladyship has sent me to find you. What

are you doing here?" "Only trying to sort these letters. Have you been for yours yet?"

"No; I prefer my breakfast first. Letters are not always calculated to improve one's appetite. But come-Lady Howard wants to know what your opinion is of the weather. She thinks it is too hot for that drive which we were talking about."

"Very well, I am coming; but-She hesitated a second, and then glanced quickly toward Major Brown. 'Thank you very much," and, with a graceful little inclination of her head, murmured to himself. "Fancy throw- she turned to follow Gilbert Falkland,

know whom he was addressing this morning Certainly he did! 'Luttrell'

brows in astonishment. "I do not sup-

pose that I shall ever speak to him

is by no means a common name, and directly he saw 'Miss Luttrell' posted in the visitors' book he guessed no doubt who you were and asked some one to point you out to him. Consequently he has taken the first opportunity of beginning an acquaintance, which I dare say he intends to follow up as speedily as possible. Ah, Lady Howard"-here he threw open the door of the room which Evelyn had forsaken a few minutes before—"I have found your niece and brought her back

to you. Here she is." "And, by way of improving the occasion, he has been offering me a little of his valuable advice," announced Evelyn, going up to Lady Howard and bending down to kiss her as she sat at the head of the breakfast table, still a handsome, good-looking woman, in spite of the lines of care across her forehead and the silvery threads of hair distinctly visible beneath the soft folds of her widow's cap.

"I was only cautioning your niece against a fellow whom I noticed playing rather high in the billiard room last night, and with whom she had the ill-luck to have occasion to speak this morning," protested Falkland, strolling up to the window and gazing out with all the air of a man who was at home in her ladyship's private sit-

ting room. "To speak? My dear Eve, what have you been doing?" asked Lady Howard in alarm.

"Nothing, Aunt Lydia," answered Miss Luttrell, with a decided little shake of her head. "Do not agitate yourself, please! It is only Mr. Falkland who is piling up the agony now. This poor innocent man who has such wicked designs on us only handed me this letter"-throwing down the hapless-looking note upon the table-'that is all.'

"And, as an old friend, knowing what thorough-paced scoundrels habitually frequent places of this description, I have advised her to avoid him for the future."

"Exactly," agreed her ladyship. One cannot be too careful or exclusive at a hotel where one encounters the same person day after day. Who is this man that spoke to you, Eve?"

"Oh, ask Mr. Falkland," answered Evelyn in a deprecating tone. "He evidently knows more about him than I do, if he had the benefit of his society in the billiard room last evening, and perhaps-who knows?-joined him in some of his high play."

Falkland accepted the little taunt with an air of praiseworthy complacency, and turned calmly to Lady Howard.

"Well, I believe he goes by the elegant name of 'Brown.' That is vague enough, you would think; but his address of London only-Brown of London-is vaguer still.'

"Yes, indeed; anybody would have difficulty in tracing him. But that reminds me. As you came in, I was just reading in the paper that-. Do sit down, though, Mr. Falkland, and have some breakfast."

"Oh, no, thank you! I have just told Henry to have some ready for me in the coffee room; so I will not keep you from yours. But you were saying-

"Only that they fancy they have at last found a clue to the whereabouts of that man who committed those fearful forgeries about twelve months ago," added Lady Howard, pouring out the coffee and passing a cup across to Evelyn. "You remember the Beauchamp case, which made such a commotion at the time?"

(To Be Continued.) FOOD IS BETTER THAN TONICS

Debilitated Energies Do Not Require the Stimulation of Drugs.

A professor in one of the many medical colleges of this city holds that there is no need of buying and swallowing advertised tonics, because they accomplish no more than a judiciously selected diet will. The professor says that spinach is richer in iron, which is the basis of most tonics, than even the yolk of an egg, while the latter contains more than beef. The ordinary dish of spinach and poached egg is a tonic as potent as one in which iron last evening when I went to get Sambo forms a part, without the harmful effect of other ingredients that enter into the medical compound. Plants im-And yet you were thanking him as bibe iron, and it is through them that if he had done you the greatest service | we should absorb it into our system. That mineral is present largely in apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, etrating look into Miss Luttrell's face. peas, potatoes and most of the red "What do you mean?" A faint flush | fruits and vegetables. Stewed black currants if taken daily in their season "I thanked him, of course. Whoever will cure anaemia that has become the man is, he is certainly a gentle- chronic. It is the experience of mariners that while lime juice is a palliative of scurvy, potatoes are a specific carpeted corridor, which seemed, after Falkland, ironically. "I know the Nansen, in his voyage in the Fram, stamp of fellow exactly. They always had no occasion to resort to the medicine chest. The concentrated form of all the fruits and vegetables that his men were accustomed to eat in Norway was worth a shipload of drugs. It is dier looked and said: "Your grapes table where the morning delivery of the greatest humbugs imaginable, the first instance on record of the es-They do the polite to the ladies all cape of Arctic explorers confined on A tall, military-looking man in a day, play cards and billiards for the shipboard from the ravages of scurvy

A Rodent Wire-Walker.

There is a rat in Memphis which to say to that irreproachable-looking street every evening about 7:30 walking on a telegraph wire. He has done alight but most chivalrous how, made you mean?" asked Evelyn, raising her perfectly at home on the high wire.

SERMON. TALMAGE'S

THE QUEENS OF HOME, LAST "Do you imagine that fellow did not SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Sol. Song, 6: 8, as Follows: "There Are Three Score Queens" -Many Sympathies Stirred and Memories Recalled.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.) So Solomon, by one stroke, set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hireling, not a subordinate, but a queen. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and courtly attendants, and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen; but that graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you at some length that woman's position was higher in the world than man's, and that although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote and always would vote by her influence, and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. I began an enumeration of some of her rights, and now I resume the sub-

In the first place, woman has the special and the superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sick-room, trying to soothe the distracted nerves and alleviate the pains of the distressed patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under maternal influences, but at the first blast of typhoid fever on his cheek he says, "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment:

O woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy and hard to please; When pain and anguish wring the brow,

A ministering angel thou.

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest field of Shunem and got sunstruck-pressing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head! my head!" And they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died."

It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed. How loudly they talk. How you long for the ministries of home. I know one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes, for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward; but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said: "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight; wife and daughters going westward-lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick, we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die, we want to die at home.

. In our Civil War, men cast the cannon, men fashioned the musketry, men cried to the hosts, 'Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying, "Charge! charge!" but woman scraped the lint, woman administered the cordials, woman watched by the dying couch, woman wrote the last message to the home circle, woman wept at the solitary burial, attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the generals home with brass bands and triumphal arches and wild huzzas: but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the chronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross, in the cooper-shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed-some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over, those that had an arm left, waved it and filled the air with their "hurrah!"-of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago, with blankets and with pillows, until the men shouted, "Three cheers for the Christian Commission! God bless the women at home;" then sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier"-and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soland cologue cured me." And so it was also through all of our war with Spain -women heroic on the field, braving death and wounds to reach the fallen. watching by their fever cots in the West Indian hospitals, or on the troopships, or in our smitten home-camps. Men did their work with shot and shelf and carbine and howitzer; women cid their work with socks and slippers and bandages and warm drinks and Scripture texts and gentle strokings of the hot temples and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men

knelt down over the wounded and said,

"On which side did you fight?" Wum-

en knelt down over the wounded and

men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning down the dark alley: there will be cries of distress in that ceilar. Men will sleep, and women will watch. Again: woman has a special right

to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them all over the land. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas Society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down, O, Christian young woman! if you

would make yourself happy, and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute. A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry, but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give his messenger hosts a charge, saying, "Look after that woman; canopy her with your wings, and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper, 'Who is she?" "Ain't she beautiful!" and if you will listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof, and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel chant that shook Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Again, I have to tell you that it is a

woman's specific right to comfort un-

der the stress of dire disaster. She is

called the weaker vessel; but all pro-

fane as well as sacred history attests

that when the crisis comes she is bet-

ter prepared than man to meet the

emergency. How often have you seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine? Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store, or their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again: "What is the matter?" But he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh, sir! your first duty was to tell your wife all about it. She, perhaps, might not have disentangled your finances, or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. Business men know what I mean. There came a crisis in your affairs. You struggled bravely and long; but after a while there came a day when you said: "Here I shall have to stop," and you called in your partners, and you called in the most prominent men in your employ, and you said: "We have got to stop." You left the store suddenly. You could fardly make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferry-boat. You felt everybody would be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you. You hastened home. You told your wife all about the affair. What did she say? Did she play the butterfly? Did she talk about the silks and the ribbons and the fashions? No. She came up to the emergency. She quailed not under the stroke. She offered to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She was the one who understood your affairs without blaming you. You looked upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up; but while you looked at that arm there came into the feeble muscles of it the strength and a large basket, who took the seat of the eternal God. No chiding; no opposite the two ladies, who were fretting; no telling you about the young. As the train panted along and beautiful house of her father, from the carriage became more and more which you brought her ten, twenty, stifling, the boy was noticed to be or thirty years ago. You said: "Well, growing restless and nervous. Twice this is the happiest day of my life. I or thrice he made as if to speak and am glad I have got from under my each time thought better of it, and burden. My wife don't care-I don't then, suddenly reaching out the bascare." At the moment you were ex- ket and displaying its contents to the hausted God sent you a Deborah to two friends, he gasped, indicating one meet the host of Amalekites and scat- of them with a timid eye: "Would ter them like chaff over the plain. you mind taking some of these? There are sometimes women who sit They've just been given me, but I reading sentimental novels, and who couldn't eat them all, you know, and wish that they had some grand field * * * so very hot * * * and, in which to display their Christian really, if you would be so kind powers. What grand and glorious . . .?" The basket was loaded with things they could do if they only had strawberries and he was quickly asan opportunity! My sister, you need sured that his request was not an not wait for any such time. A crisis impertinence. He then turned to the will come in your affairs. There will little girl, who no sooner observed his be a Thermopylae in your own house- intention that she crossed over to the hold where God will tell you to stand. There are scores and hundreds of range of the fruit, saved him further households today where as much brav- trouble. To the elderly lady, howery and courage are demanded of wom- ever, he had to repeat his invitation. en as was exhibited by Grace Darling. Frigidly accepting it, she took two or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

said, "Where are you hurt? What nice fact that she can more easily become other two, "I have never been so emthing can I make for you to eat? What a Christian I prove by the statement | barrassed in my life."

makes you cry?" Tonight while we that three-fourths of the members of churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agents for bringing this world back to God. I may stand here and say the soul is immortal. There is a man who will deny it. I may stand here and say we are lost and undone without Christ. There is a man who will contradict it. I may stand here and say there will be a judgment day after a while. Yonder is some one who will dispute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christ's gospel-nobody can refute that. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth.

> Lastly, I wish to say that one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven! Elizabeth Fry in heaven! Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven! The mother of Augustine in heaven! The Countess of Huntington-who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels-in heaven! While a great many others, who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window (the glass broken out), and the aching side, and worn-out eyes, to the "house of many mansions"! No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night; no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work, to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last! Heaven for aching heads! Heaven for broken hearts! Heaven for anguishbitten frames! No more sitting until midnight for the coming of staggering steps! No more rough blows across the temples! No more sharp, keen, bitter curses!

Some of you will have no rest in

this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door, fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize this morning that he is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear he sets another gem in that crown; whenever you have a pang of body or soul he puts another gem in that crown, until, after a while in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to his angel: "The crown is done; let her up, that she may wear it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, 'Who is she?" and Christ will say, "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread a banquet and he will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast, and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life, and waters from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards, and the old harpers of heaven will sit there, making music with their harps, and Christ will point you out, amid the celebrities of heaven, saying, "She suffered with me on earth; now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation, "Hail, hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall -not such as struck the Babylonian noblemen with horror-but fire-tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love, "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

DIFFERENCES IN WOMEN.

An Odd Illustration of the Customs of Different Generations.

It was a very hot afternoon on the Southeastern railway, says the Academy. In the carriage were two ladies who were young and happy, a lady who was elderly and apparently single, and a little girl. At Orpington there entered a tall, fresh, loose-limbed boy, of 19 or so, carrying surveying poles basket side, and, seating herself within strawberries from the basket with Again, I remark it is woman's right | much ceremony. At New Cross the to bring to us the kingdom of heaven. boy gathered together his property It is easier for a woman to be a Chris- and jumped out. "What a dear boy!" tian than for a man. Why? You say said one of the two friends. The litshe is weaker. No. Her heart is more the girl looked wistfully after himresponsive to the pleadings of divine "i have never," said the elderly lady, love. She is in vast majority. The tightening her lips and turning to the



"BUT, IS NOT THIS FOR YOU?"

ing away such an opportunity! This | who had stood watching the proceedat least will be an excuse for one word | ings with a distinct shadow of annoywith the curly headed divinity!"

CHAPTER III.

The sun was streaming with all the persistence of a hot July morning sun | the address upon her letter. through the interstices of Venetian delightfully cool in a pink cotton gown, and surveyed the scene in astonish- moment ago."

"Nobody down? Are we really the first, after all?" she exclaimed, advancing to the middle of the room and panying his remark with a steady, penglancing quickly from the table to the rlock on the chimney-piece. "Well, Sambo, it is of no use waiting. We deepened the color in Evelyn's cheeks. may as well go and see if there are any letters for us this morning."

As she spoke she opened the door man. and passed out into the cool, softly the heat and glare of the beach, where she and the poodle had been having a haunt places of this kind." run, a perfect paradise in contrast. Swinging her hat carelessly in her crossed Evelyn's face. hand, she hurried along toward the letters was always to be found.

upon any of the envelopes, and she their portmanteaus. Oh, Miss Luttrell, evening, He gives his performance at had turned away and was about to you are sadly enexperienced in the about the same time each evening and eross the hall, when a voice auddenly ways of the wicked world. If you take he generally has quite a crowd out to arrested her footsteps.

"I beg your pardon!" The words, spoken in singularly individual." rourteous tones and accompanied by a "Nothing to say to him? What do the trick fifty times or more and seems

ance upon his face.

"Who on earth is that fellow, Miss Luttrell?" was the immediate inquiry. Evelyn gazed down thoughtfully at

"Echo answers 'Who?' It is a quesblinds into a large private sitting room | tion I myself was just going to ask on the ground floor of the "Royal you. All that I know of him is that George" as Evelyn Luttrell, looking he was having his dinner alone late put in her head at the open window a bone, and that he handed me this a

upon earth!" said Falkland, accom-

"Oh, yes, most probably!" rejoined

A rather indignant little smile

"These fellows," he proceeded, "are light gray shooting-suit was standing heaviest stakes at night and through and it was due entirely to the tonic efcasually surveying the post as Rvelyn | the small hours of the morning, and | fect of the food supplied. same up to it and rapidly scanned the then at the end of a fortnight they different addresses. Her scrutiny was quietly disappear with quite a collecunsuccessful, however. Neither her tion of jewelry, bank-notes and sundry own nor her aunt's name met her eyes locse coins stored away carefully in given a slack wire exhibition every my advice you will have nothing more | see him. The rodent crosses Front