



PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Now, Richard, think very carefully. You speak of the missing finger joint. We doctors know how many people persuade themselves into all sorts of things. Tell me, did you notice the likeness before you saw the mutilated finger, or did the fact of the finger's being mutilated bring the likeness to your mind?"

"Bless the man," I said. "One would think I had no eyes. I tell you there is no doubt about this man being the original of the photo."

"Never mind—answer my question." "Well, then, I am ashamed to confess it, but I put the photo in my pocket, and forgot all about it until I had recognized the man, and pulled out the likeness to make sure. I didn't even know there was a printed description at the foot, nor that any member was wanting. Confound it, Brand! I'm not such a duffer as you think."

Brand did not retaliate. He turned to his friend and said gravely, "To me the matter is inexplicable. Take your own course, as I promised you should." Then he sat down, looking deliciously crestfallen, and wearing the discontented expression always natural to him when worsted in argument.

It was now Carriston's turn. He piled me with many questions. In fact, I gave him the whole history of my adventure. "What kind of house is it?" he asked.

"Better than a cottage—scarcely a farm-house. A place, I should think, with a few miserable acres of bad land belonging to it. One of those wretched little holdings which are simply curses to the country."

He made lots of other inquiries, the purport of which I could not then divine. He seemed greatly impressed when I told him that the man had never for a moment left me alone. He shot a second glance of triumph at Brand, who still kept silent, and looked as if all the wind had been taken out of his sails.

"How far is the place?" asked Carriston. "Could you drive me there after dark?"

At this question the doctor returned to life. "What do you mean to do?" he asked his friend. "Let us have no nonsense. Even now I feel sure that Fenton is misled by some chance resemblance."

"Dence a bit, old chap," I said.

"Well, whether or not, we needn't do foolish things. We must go and swear information and get a search warrant, and the assistance of the police. The truth is, Richard," he continued, turning to me, "we have reason to believe, or I should say Carriston persists in fancying that a friend of his has for some time been kept in durance by the man whom you say you recognized."

"Likely enough," I said. "He looked villain enough for anything up to murder."

"Anyway," said Brand, "we must do everything according to law."

"Law! I want no law," answered Carriston. "I have found her as I knew I should find her. I shall simply fetch her, and at once. You can come with me or stay here, as you like, doctor, but I am afraid I must trouble your friend to drive me somewhere near the place he speaks of."

Foreseeing an adventure and great fun—moreover, not unmoved by thoughts of revenge—I placed myself entirely at Carriston's disposal. He expressed his gratitude and suggested that we should start at once. In a few minutes we were ready and mounted the dog cart. Brand, after grumbling loudly at the whole proceeding, finished up by following us, and installing himself in the back seat. Carriston placed a parcel he carried inside the cart, and away we went.

It was now nearly dark, and raining very heavily. I had my lamps lighted, so we got along without much difficulty. The roads were deep with mud; but by this time the snow had been pretty nearly washed away from everywhere. I don't make a mistake in a road twice, so in due course we reached the scene of my upset. Here I drew up.

"The house lies about five hundred yards up the lane," I told Carriston; "we had better get out here."

"What about the horse?" asked Brand.

"No chance of any one passing this way on such a night as this, so let us put out the lamps and tie him up somewhere."

We did so, then struggled on afoot until we saw the gleam of light which had been so welcome to me two nights before.

It was about as dark as pitch; but, guided by the light, we went on until we stood in front of the house, where a turf bank and a dry hedge hid us from sight, although on such a night we had little fear of our presence being discovered.

"What do you mean to do now?" asked Brand, in a discontented whisper. "You can't break into the house." Carriston said nothing for a minute, then I felt him place his hand on my shoulder.

"Are there any horses, any cows about the place?" he asked.

I told him I thought that my surly friend rejoiced in the possession of a horse and cow.

"Very well. Then we must wait. He'll come out to see them before he goes to bed," said Carriston, as de-

cidely as a general giving orders just before a battle.

I could not see how Brand expressed his feelings upon hearing this order from our commander—I know I shrugged my shoulders, and, if I said nothing, I thought a deal. The present situation was all very well for a strongly interested party like Carriston, but he could scarcely expect others to relish the prospect of waiting, it might be for hours, under that comfortless hedge. We were all wet to the skin, and, although I was extremely anxious to see the end of the expedition, and find poetical justice meted out to my late host, Carriston's Fabian tactics lacked the excitement I longed for. Brand, in spite of his disapproval of the whole course of action, was better off than I was. As a doctor, he must have felt sure that, provided he could survive the exposure, he would secure two fresh patients. However, we made no protest, but waited for events to develop themselves.



V. MORE than half an hour went by. I was growing numb and tired, and beginning to think that we were making asses of ourselves, when I heard the rattle of a chain, and felt Carriston give my arm a warning touch. No doubt my late host had made sure that his new door fastenings were equal to a stronger test than that to which I had subjected the former ones, so we were in not attempting to carry his castle by force.

The door opened and closed again. I saw the feeble glimmer of a lantern moving toward the outhouse in which my horse had been stabled. I heard a slight rustling in the hedge, and, stretching out my arm, found that Carriston had left my side. In the absence of any command from him I did not follow, but resumed the old occupation—waiting.

In a few minutes the light of the lantern reappeared; the bearer stood on the threshold of the house, while I wondered what Carriston was doing. Just as the door was opened for the boor's readmittance, a dark figure sprang upon him. I heard a fierce oath and cry of surprise; then the lantern flew out of the man's hand, and he and his assailant tumbled struggling through the narrow doorway.

"Hurrah! the door is won, anyway!" I shouted as, followed closely by the doctor, I jumped over the hedge and rushed to the scene of the fray.

Although Carriston's well conceived attack was so vigorous and unexpected that the man went down under it; although our leader utilized the advantage he had gained in a proper and laudable manner, by bumping that thick bullet head as violently as he could against the flags on which it lay, I doubt if, after all, he could have done his work alone. The countryman was a muscular brute and Carriston but a stripling. However, our arrival speedily settled the question.

"Bind him!" panted Carriston; "there is cord in my pocket." He appeared to have come quite prepared for contingencies. While Carriston still embraced his prostrate foe, and Brand, to facilitate matters, knelt on his shoulder, sat on his head, or did something else useful, I drew out from the first pocket I tried a nice length of half inch line, and had the immense satisfaction of trussing up my scowling friend in a most workmanlike manner. He must have felt those turns on his wrist for days afterward. Yet when we were at last at liberty to rise and leave him lying helpless on his kitchen floor, I considered I exercised great self-denial in not bestowing a few kicks upon him, as he swore at us in his broadest vernacular in a way which under the circumstances, was no doubt a comfort to him.

We scarcely noticed the man's wife while we rendered her husband helpless. As we entered she attempted to fly out, but Brand, with the promptitude which I am glad to record, intercepted her, closed the door, turned and pocketed the key. After that the woman sat on the floor and rocked herself to and fro.

For some moments, while recovering his breath, Carriston stood and positively glared at his prostrate foe. At last he found words.

"Where is she? Where is the key, you hound?" he thundered out, stooping over the fellow and shaking him with a violence which did my heart good. As he received no answer save the unrecordable expressions above mentioned, we unbuttoned the wretch's pockets and searched those greasy receptacles. Among the usual litter we did certainly find a key. Carriston snatched at it, and shouting "Madeline! Madeline! I come," rushed out of the room like a maniac, leaving Brand and me to keep guard over our prisoners.

I filled a pipe, lit it, and then came back to my fallen foe.

"I say, old chap," I said, stirring him gently with the toe of my boot, "this will be a lesson to you. Remember, I told you that civility costs nothing. If you had given me Christian bed accommodation instead of making me wear out my poor bones on that infernal chair, you could have jogged

along in your rascality comfortably, so far as I am concerned."

"He was very ungrateful—so much so that my desire to kick him was intensified. I should not like to swear I did not to a slight degree yield to the temptation."

"Push a handkerchief in his mouth," cried Brand suddenly. "A lady is coming."

With right good will I did as the doctor suggested.

Just then Carriston returned. I don't want to raise home tempests, yet I must say he was accompanied by the most beautiful creature my eyes have ever lighted upon. True, she was pale as a lily—looked thin and delicate, and her face bore traces of anxiety and suffering—but for all that she was beautiful—too beautiful for this world. I thought, as I looked at her. She was clinging in a half-frightened, half-confiding way to Carriston, and he—happy fellow!—regardless of our presence, was showering down kisses on her sweet pale face. Confound it! I grow quite romantic as I recall the sight of those lovers.

A most curious young man, that Carriston. He came to us, the lovely girl on his arm, without showing a trace of his recent excitement.

"Let us go now," he said, as calmly as if he had been taking a quiet evening drive. Then he turned to me.

"Do you think, Mr. Fenton, you could without much trouble get the dog cart up to the house?"

I said I would try to do so.

"But what about these people?" asked Brand.

Carriston gave them a contemptuous glance.

"Leave them alone," he said; "they are but the tools of another—I can't touch. Let us go."

"Yes, yes. But why not verify our suspicions while we can?"

Just like Brand! He's always wanting to verify everything.

In searching for the key we had found some papers on our prisoner. Brand examined them, and handed to Carriston an envelope which contained what appeared like banknotes.

Carriston glanced at it. "The handwriting is, of course, disguised," he said carelessly, "but the postmark shows whence it came. It is as I always told you. You agree with me now?"

"I am afraid I must," said Brand, humbly. "But we must do something about this man," he continued.

Hereupon Carriston turned to our prisoner. "Listen, you villain," he said. "I will let you go scot-free if you breathe no word of this to your employer for the next fortnight. If he learns from you what has happened before that time, I swear you shall go to penal servitude. Which do you choose?"

I pulled out the gag, and it is needless to say which the fellow chose.

Then I went off and recovered the horse and cart. I relighted the lamps, and with some difficulty got the dog cart up to the house. Carriston must have exactly anticipated the events of the night. The parcel he had brought with him contained a bonnet and a thick warm cloak. His beautiful friend was equipped with these; then, leaving the woman of the house to untie her husband at her leisure and pleasure, away we started, the doctor sitting by me, Carriston and the lady behind.

We just managed to catch the last train from C—. Not feeling sure as to what form inquiries might take tomorrow, I thought it better to go up to town with my friends, so, as we passed through Midcombe, I stopped, paid my bill, and gave instructions for my luggage to be forwarded to me. By six o'clock the next morning we were all in London.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Turning Diamonds Into Graphite.

Elementary chemistry teaches us that, as far as the nature of the substance composing them is concerned, there is almost no difference between a brilliant white diamond and the black graphite forming the core of a lead-pencil. Both are simply forms of carbon, and if we could readily turn one into the other, the diamond would cease to rank as the king of gems. In fact, very minute diamonds have recently been made in this way by Monsieur Moissan, the French chemist. Graphite can be dissolved in molten iron, and when the iron cools the graphite crystallizes. By performing this operation in a particular manner, which has heretofore been described in this column, Monsieur Moissan gets microscopic crystals, not of graphite, but of diamond. Curiously enough, now that we know how graphite can be turned into diamond, it has also been discovered that diamond can be changed into graphite. This is effected by placing a diamond in an exhausted Crookes tube. In such a tube it is believed that invisible molecules of matter are continually darting about, and these molecules produce a ceaseless bombardment on the surface of the diamond. After a time the effect becomes visible in a black stain, or crust, covering the diamond. On examination this is found to be composed of graphite.

Staying Powers.

Gentleman—"Has your horse good staying powers, cabby?" Cabby on rank (with grim humor)—"Stayin' powers? Well, I should say so, gov'nor. 'E ain't moved from this blessed spot for five hours."—Fun.

"Wilkes is a most absurd nonsensicalist." "What's he done now?" "He's just come back from a yachting holiday, and last night he sat down in a bath and baled it out until it flooded the whole floor."—Tit-Bits.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SYMPATHY FOR THE GREEKS, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "I Am Debtor Both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians"—Romans 1:14—Thermopylae and Bunker Hill.



T this time, when that behemoth of abominations, Mohammedanism, a fester having gorged itself on the carcasses of a hundred thousand Armenians, is trying to put its paws upon one of the fairest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for every intelligent person on this side of the sea, as well as the other side, like Paul, who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks.

The present crisis is emphasized by the guns of the allied powers of Europe, ready to be unlimbered against the Hellenes, and I am asked to speak out. Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, sat in brilliant Corinth, the great Acro-Corinthian fortress frowning from the height of sixteen hundred and eighty-six feet, and in the house of Gaius, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem for the poor. In this letter to the Romans, which Chrysostom admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "I, the Apostle, am bankrupt. I owe what I cannot pay, but I will pay as large a percentage as I can. It is an obligation for what Greek literature and Greek sculpture and Greek architecture and Greek prowess have done for me. I will pay all I can in installments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks."

Hellas, as the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as we call it, is insignificant in size, about a third as large as the state of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in height, with its mountains Cylene, and Eta, and Taygetus, and Tymphrestus, each over seven thousand feet in elevation, and its Parnassus, over eight thousand. Just the country for mighty men to be born in, for in all lands the most of the intellectual and moral giants were not born on the plain, but had for cradle the valley between two mountains. That country, no part of which is more than forty miles from the sea, has made its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it today holds a first mortgage of obligation upon all civilized people. While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe, and indirectly all nations, it is time for all churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literature to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

In the first place, we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was first written in Greek, except the Book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramaean language, was soon put into Greek by our Savior's brother, James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in the Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of Bethlehem and Golgotha and Olivet and Jordan banks and Galilean beaches and Pauline embarkation and Pentecostal tongues and seven trumpets that sounded over Patmos, have come to the world in liquid, symmetric, picturesque, philosophic, unrivaled Greek, instead of the gibberish language in which many of the nations of the earth at that time jabbered. Who can forget it and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks? The language in which Homer had sung and Sophocles dramatized and Plato dialogued and Socrates discoursed and Lycurgus legislated and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crown?" Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not handed to the world in the unwashed cup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, golden lipped, emerald-handled chalice of the Hellenes. Learned Curtius wrote a whole volume about the Greek verb. Philologists century after century have been measuring the symmetry of that language, laden with elegy and philippic, drama and comedy, Odyssey and Iliad; but the grandest thing that Greek language ever accomplished was to give to the world the benediction, the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation of the Gospel of the Son of God. For that we are debtors to the Greeks.

And while speaking of our philological obligation, let me call your attention to the fact that many of the intellectual and moral and theological leaders of the ages got much of their discipline and effectiveness from Greek literature. It is popular to scoff at the dead languages, but 50 per cent of the world's intellectuality would have been taken off, if through learned institutions our young men had not, under competent professors, been drilled in Greek masterpieces. Hesiod's "Weeks and Days," or the eulogium by Simonides of the slain in war, or Pindar's "Odes of Victory," or "The Recollections of Socrates," or "The Art of Words," by Corax, or Xenophon's Anabasis.

From the Greeks the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydides, there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in tragedy, there would have been no Shakespeare. Had there been no Ho-

mer, there would have been no Milton. The modern wits, who are now or have been out on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the jocosities that are now taken as new had their suggestions twenty-three hundred years ago in the fifty-four comedies of that master of merriment. Grecian mythology has been the richest mine from which orators and essayists have drawn their illustrations and painters the themes for their canvases, and although now an exhausted mine, Grecian mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished; Boreas, representing the north wind; Sisyphus, rolling the stone up the hill, only to have the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Achilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the sun; the Centaurs, half man and half beast; Orpheus, with his lyre; Atlas, with the world on his back, all these and more have helped literature, from the graduate's speech on commencement day to Rufus Choate's eulogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth. Tragedy and comedy were born in the festivals of Dionysius at Athens. The lyric and elegiac and epic poetry of Greece five hundred years before Christ has its echoes in the Tennysons, Longfellos and Bryants of eighteen and nineteen hundred years after Christ. There is not an effective pulpit or editorial chair or professor's room or cultured parlor or intelligent farmhouse today in America or Europe that could not appropriately employ Paul's ejaculation and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

The fact is this, Paul had got much of his oratorical flower of expression from the Greeks. That he had studied their literature was evident, when standing in the presence of an audience of Greek scholars on Mars Hill, which overlooks Athens, he dared to quote from one of their own Greek poets, either Cleanthus or Aratus, declaring, "As certain also of your own poets have said, 'for we are also his offspring.'" And he made accurate quotation, Cleanthus, one of the poets, having written:

"For we thine offspring are. All things that creep Are but the echo of the voice divine."

And Aratus, one of their own poets, had written:

"Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger high? We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly."

It was rather a risky thing for Paul to attempt to quote extemporaneously from a poem in a language foreign to his, and before Greek scholars, but Paul did it without stammering, and then acknowledged before the most distinguished audience on the planet his indebtedness to the Greeks, crying out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said."

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Hellas more than it can ever pay for its heroics in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe today had not better think that the Greeks will not fight. There may be fallings back and vacillations and temporary defeat, but if Greece is right all Europe cannot put her down. The other nations, before they open the port-holes of their men-of-war against that small kingdom had better read of the battle of Marathon, where ten thousand Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over one hundred thousand of their enemies. At that time in Greek council of war five generals were for beginning the battle and five were against it, Callimachus presided at the council of war and had the deciding vote, and Miltiades addressed him, saying:

"It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or by insuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortal Marathon, where ten thousand Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over one hundred thousand of their enemies. They are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they will then have to suffer; but if Athens comes victorious out of this contest, she has it in her power to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians and the city will be betrayed to the Medes, but if we fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair field and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in the engagement."

That won the vote of Callimachus, and soon the battle opened, and in full run the men of Miltiades fell upon the Persian hosts, shouting, "On! Sons of Greece! Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and your wives, for the shrines of your father's gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires! All are now staked on the strife." While only one hundred and ninety-two Greeks fell, six thousand four hundred Persians lay dead upon the field, and many of the Asiatic hosts who took to the war vessels in the harbor were consumed in the shipping. Persian oppression was rebuked, Grecian liberty was achieved, the cause of civilization was advanced, and the western world and all nations have felt the heroics. Had there been no Miltiades, there might have been no Washington.

Also at Thermopylae, three hundred Greeks, along a road only wide enough for a wheel track between a mountain and a marsh, died rather than surrender. Had there been no Thermopylae, there might have been no Bunker Hill. The echo of Athenian and Spartan heroics was heard at the gates of Lucknow, and Sebastopol, and Bannockburn, and Lexington, and Gettysburg, English Magna Charta, and Declara-

tion of American Independence, and the song of Robert Burns, entitled, "A Man's a Man for a' That," were oral; the long-continued reverberation of what was said and done twenty centuries before in that little kingdom that the powers of Europe are now imposing upon. Greece having again and again shown that ten men in the right are stronger than a hundred men in the wrong, the heroics of Leonidas and Aristides and Themistocles will not cease their mission until the last man on earth is as free as God made him. There is not on either side of the Atlantic today a republic that cannot truthfully employ the words of the text and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

But there is a better way to pay them, and that is by their personal salvation, which will never come to them through books or through learned presentation, because in literature and intellectual realms they are masters. They can out-argue, out-quote, out-dogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God they are brought by simple story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you lost your bright boy or blue-eyed girl. They have found life a struggle. Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through. They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy heaven beckons you upward. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," but when a warm-hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life, then comes victory. If you can, by some incident of self-sacrifice, bring to such scholarly men and women what Christ has done for their eternal rescue, you may bring them in. Where Demosthenic eloquence and Homeric imagery would fail, a kindly heart-throb may succeed. A gentleman of this city sends me the statement of what occurred a few days ago among the mines of British Columbia. It seems that Frank Conson and Jim Smith were down in the narrow shaft of a mine. They had loaded an iron bucket with coal, and Jim Hemsworth, standing above ground, was hauling the bucket up by windlass, when the windlass broke and the loaded bucket was descending upon the two miners. Then Jim Hemsworth, seeing what must be certain death to the miners beneath, threw himself against the cogs of the whirling windlass, and though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whirling windlass and arrested the descending bucket and saved the lives of the two miners beneath. The superintendent of the mine flew to the rescue and blocked the machinery. When Jim Hemsworth's bleeding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward, and some one exclaimed: "Jim, this is awful!" he replied: "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

Then if your illustration of Christ's self-sacrifice, drawn from some scene of today, and your story of what Christ has done for you does not quite fetch him into the right way, just say to him, "Professor—Doctor—Judge! Why was it that Paul declared he was a debtor to the Greeks?" Ask your learned friend to take his Greek Testament and translate for you, in his own way, from Greek into English, the splendid peroration of Paul's sermon on Mars Hill, under the power of which the scholarly Dionysius surrendered, namely: "The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." By the time he has got through the translation from the Greek I think you will see his lip tremble and there will come a pallor on his face like the pallor on the sky at day-break. By the eternal salvation of that scholar, that great thinker, that splendid man, you will have done something to help pay your indebtedness to the Greeks. And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, and dominion and victory and song world without end. Amen.

No Two Religions.

There never were two true religions. Every true Jew is at heart a Christian. The word Christ is only another form of the Hebrew word Messiah. Both mean the anointed. All Hebrews who believe in the Messiah may be called—if I may make a word—Messiahans, which is just another word for Christians. Judaism is the gray dawn of the morning; Christianity, properly understood, is the sun at noonday.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur.

The Labor Problem.

There will be no relief from growing poverty and distress until millions now shut away get back to the soil and become producers. The solution of the labor problem lies at the end of this road.—Rev. A. J. Weils.