

CHAPTER V.

A dirty, untidy lodging in an English slum. An unkempt man, with all the signs of drink and dissipation upon his low face; such was the man and such was the surroundings of a man whom Alan Mackenzie used to visit in his beautiful estate of La Paz. His had never been an honest, attractive face; but now there had come into it a look of such devilish cunning and dissipation had given him such a bloated appearance, that it was evident he would soon reach the lowest depths of degradation.

Alan Mackenzie's denunciation of to retrieve himself, had speculated, and had floundered deeper into the hirz, and returned to England. Veronica's disappearance meant nothing to was all. She was not his daughter, tion. as he had told her, only the orphan child of a man he had ruined, and whom he had brought up because her beautiful mother had been the one woman he had really cared for. But for Veronica herself he had not the an instant the color forsook his face, slightest affection. She was too quiet, too affectionate. Her mother, who had jilted him, had been a coquette, and had thus won Hutchinson's love and admiration.

He was just now sitting at the corner of a very dirty bed, with a glass of some spirits at his elbow. He looked pleased with himself. "So he married her!" he said, and burst out into rude laughter. "He married her and she got drowned! Who would have thought it of them, both so innocent! Now there is only one thing to him a shock. be considered. Shall I let him marry the other, and bleed him afterwards, or shall I stop it now? Which will only a fortnight more, and then hurt him most, I wonder? I think he loves this girl. Shall I separate you always! I am sure you do too them?"

He thought a moment. A look of cunning came over his face. "No," he be exquisite to have her with him alsaid, "they shall get married. I will ways; but he was truthful above all give him six weeks, and then he shall either bribe me or be exposed!"

He rubbed his hands with glee and then pulled himself up again. "But life with me that alarms you," she he isn't going to cheat me of my revenge!" he cried. "That would be nothing-a man soon forgets a woman. After all, it will be the woman shop, and he sprang out to help her who suffers most; but he-he has beggared me! He has deprived me of my very life! He shall suffer for it. I shall never rest until my knife is deeply interested in getting all that driven into his very heart!"

Hutchinson took a draught at his glass. "There's nothing left me but this," he said-"nothing! And I have so much-carriages and horses, and fine living and everything going well. I should have been the richest man in Rio, the most powerful Englishman over there. There is no need for me to prompt my memory lest I forget; the wonder is that I did not come across him before. Let me see, he is such a soft, he will have told this girl the hansom stopped. He did so yearn all about it before. No, no! My best plan will be to wait until after the marriage-his second marriage! And Veronica?

"Well, she does not know where to find either him or me. I can drop her for a week or two. She has more cunning in her than I should have thought possible, for she never mentioned Mackenzie's name to me. I had no idea that he knew anything about her. It was the merest guesswork; but what a chance! 'I haven't had a chance for more than four years. Perhaps the luck has turned. and the man who ruined me is destined to put me on my legs again. But no quarter! Whatever he does I shall still take my revenge!"

Meanwhile, the object of all these plots and plans had gone home a little disturbed. Alan Mackenzie could not look unmoved at the picture of the wreck of a man's life. He knew that he counted for something in Hutchinson's ruin-nay, for a great deal. Hutchinson had never been a good man; but there had been a difference between the man who schemed at La Paz, surrounded by every luxury, and the dirty, drunken scoundrel he had met in the streets of London.

Then, too, the mention of Veronica disturbed him. He had never thought so much about her as he had lately, perhaps because he had never understood before what love meant. Now. in his love for Joyce, he began better to understand the poor dead girl's feelings. He did not regret that he had not loved her better; he rather rejoiced that his best love should go to Joyce. And he knew that he had always been perfectly kind to her, as he was to most women; but he knew now what the separation from him must have meant to Veronica, and how, when she was drowning even, her one regret would be that she a little. She recognized, with a gush slightest whisper is borne with perfect should see his face no more!

went on apace. Joyce was very popu- women, and that the poor dead girl a distance of about 150 feet. lar among her friends, and quite recognized to be a pearl among womanhood. Old General Grenville, her father, had a large acquaintance, who were all him. disposed to make much of the beautiful, bright girl. Not a few men were these fears, sweetheart. See, here I envious of Alan's luck. There was am; look at me. I am yours till death forty-five inches in length expending quite a little stir in the circle of which and after. Death itself has no terrors energy amounting to three or four Joyce was the ornament. It only of separation for people who love as horse power, and having a potential of the life. But I have still further to that the scratch of a pin has sometimes largest amount ever paid into the wanted a fortnight to the wedding, we. What do you think-that flesh half a million volts.

and Joyce and her betrothed were driving down Regent street together. It was the beginning of May, at I they were to be married on the eventeenth. Both Joyce and Alan were willing to forego the details of the London season. They had taken a charming house in the country, where they intended to spend the summer in honeymooning. If they liked the neighborhood, and it suited them, they thought of buying it, as a little country house where they could live when tired of London. But for this season it was to be their home as soon as they had returned from him had been his ruin. He had tried abroad. They were on their way to Liberty's to buy hangings for their new abode when a block occurred in mire. He made even Rio too hot for the traffic. Joyce and Alan were laughing at some foolish joke, and waiting for their hansom to be allowed him. He would have got rid of her to to move on. A slight woman with a the highest matrimonial bidder, that child in her arms attracted his atten-

The child was about three, and Alan could see that his head was covered with rich brown curls. He could not see the woman, but the pose of her head seemed familiar to him. In and everything seemed to turn black before his eyes. When he had regained control over himself the woman was gone. Joyce turned quickly and saw the pallor on his face.

"Alan," she cried, in alarm, "my darling, what is it? Are you not well?"

"A passing faintness," he said. He could not tell her that this strange woman carrying a child, and whom of course he had never seen before, re minded him of Veronica, and it gave

"Are you often like this?" she asked, anxiously. "Oh, Alan, there is shall be able to come and take care of much," she added, tenderly.

He gripped her hand hard. It would things. "I have never been faint before," he said.

"Then it is the prospect of spending said, gaily. Alan had regained his usual color and his usual manner. The cab stopped at the door of the down. They were both very much in earnest over their purchase. Joyce had exquisite taste, and Alan was she wanted; but he was conscious all the time of a feeling of strain. Do what he would he could not get the woman's figure out of his heatl. It was an utter absurdity that this strange woman with her child should have so upset him, and he hated himself for the thought that he must always keep something from Joyce. Although she knew all about it, yet he felt that he should not have liked to tell her why he turned faint when to be entirely one with the girl who had promised herself to him, and how could he with the shadow of the past over him? And all the time that he criticized Joyce's hangings, and the colors and tints that would do well with her fair skin and light hair, he felt an undercurrent of restlessness. "It's only because my happiness has made me nervous. I feel like the old Greeks, who made libations to their gods when some great good fortune happened to them. If I could only give something-a thank-offering-for what I have got!"

Joyce was too much in sympathy with him not to know that something was worrying him. They went to lunch at some quiet place, and when she had got her gloves off she put her hand in his and said: "Now, what is worrying you? I must know!"

He looked at her, and, to her surprise, his eyes were full of tears.

"Joyce," he said, "I cannot quite tell you, because it is difficult to make you understand. When our cab stopped in Oxford street, and I turned faint, I saw a woman with a child who reminded me of poor dead Veronica. Mind you, I did not see her face, but something in her walk was like,

Joyce was as pale as Alan had been. 'It has made you sad, Alan. You loved her more than you thought."

"No, no!" he said, "it is not that at all, Joyce, but the sight of that strange woman made me realize how necessary you are to me. Darling, it is because I love you so that I cannot to wait another two months instead of two weeks I think I should go mad!"

He pushed his hair from his brow and leant his head on his hand. Joyce saw that he was overdone and nerv- to the other. It is also stated that the ous, and that she must brace him up cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, the of thankfulness to God, that here was distinctness from the great western The preparations for the wedding a man who loved her as few men love door to the cornice behind the altar, could never have had his heart. It was only pity, as he had said. She saw this in a flash even as she looked at

."Alan," she said softly, "put away

and blood could contain our love? No; we belong to each other for always, and- Here comes our lunch, and you will have to eat it."

And he did eat it, cheered by the sunshine of her eyes and the music of her voice. And after lunch they sat up in one of the balconies and watched the boats go down the grimy but sunlit bosom of Mother Thames, for the hotel looked out upon the river. And Alan smoked, and they made plans for the future. Where they would go, and what they would do, and what they would see, together, together, together always. And they talked of the folly of married men and women who go their separate ways, not recognizing the divinely blessed link between husband and wife. And when they rose to go they knew that they were nearer to each other than they had ever been before. It had been a golden afternoon, although now the sun had gone from the river, and the mist was rising a little. Still, as Joyce said, "No mist can blot the sun out forever." She meant it as an allegory, and as an allegory Alan under-

And then they drove home again to gether, and that evening Alan spent quietly, doing a little work which was necessary, seeing that he had spent a good many hours doing nothing but making love to Joyce. And on the morrow he had forgotten the strange turn that the woman had given him Nothing happened during the next fortnight, which went all too slowly for him, until his wedding day. On the contrary, each day his heart became lighter, and he looked forward each day to that which would see the consummation of his dearest desires.

And so the wedding day came, and Alan forgot everything but that the sweetest woman in the world was going to belong to him from that day forward forevermore. His responses rang out clear and fluent, as did hers. He forgot Hutchinson and Hutchinson's enigmatic prophecy-that there might be a strange wedding guestthough he could not have known that Hutchinson had changed his mind, and that there would be no strange wedding guest that day.

He forgot everything, save that the time was coming nearer and nearer when the carriage door would be closed behind him and Joyce, and he would whisk her off, his own dear bride. And it is no exaggeration to say that the sun had never shone on two happier people than Alan and Joyce MacKen-

(To be continued.)

Could Not Be Fooled.

Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis, the talented niece of United States Attorney General Griggs, and one of the latest versifiers of the Rubaiyat, has a penchant for scientific pursuits, and takes great pleasure in mountain climbing, forest searching and geologizing, says the Philadelphia Post. Last summer, while rusticating at Lake George, she went walking with a party of friends, chiefly college men and women, and came across some of the beautiful minerals which abound in that district. They picked out a number of specimens which they carried back to the hotel. Here they exhibited their treasure-trove to the other guests, more especially a piece of rose quartz, in which were many flakes of plumbago. Miss Curtis, after explaining, left the veranda, giving the quartz to a benevolent looking, spectacled old lady. She had scarcely departed when the latter, who had been scratching the specimen with her scissors, broke out: "That girl is either fooling us or else she is crazy. Plumbago, indeed! It is nothing but an old stone with some black pencil lead in it!"

Born Among the Bullrushes.

There is a variety of grebe (colymbus minor) which hatches its young on a regular raft. Its nest is a mass of strong stems of aquatic plants closely fastened together. These plants contain a considerable quantity of air in their cells and set free gases in the process of decaying. The air and the gases imprisoned in the plant make the nest lighter than water. The bird usually sits quietly on its eggs, but if any intruder approaches or any danger is feared the mother plunges one foot in the water, and, using it as a paddle, transports her floating nest to a distance, often dragging along with it a sheet of water plants. A naturalist who frequently watched this remarkable removal says: "The whole structure looks like a little floating island carried along by the labor of the grebe, which moves in the center of a mass of verdure."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Famous Echoes.

Most people are familiar with the famous whispering gallery in St. Paul's, but there are other instances of curious, if less well known, echoes in bear to think of losing you. If I had churches. In a Sussex church there is said to be one of the most remarkable ever known, while in a Hertfordshire church the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the building

> Powerful Ruhmkorff Coils. Two of the largest Ruhmkorff coils ever made have been ordered in the United States for a foreign government, and will give an electric spark

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CIVES SOME HINTS ON WHAT TO READ.

Says That the Greatest Blessing of a Nation Is an Elevated Literature-Its Greatest Curse an Impure Literature-Some Timely Suggestions.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.) Dr. Talmage, who has been spending a few days in St. Petersburg, sends the following report of a discourse, which will be helpful to those who have an appetite for literature and would like some rules to guide them in the selection of books and newspapers: text, Acts xix, 19, "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men, and they counted the price of them and found it 50,000 pieces of silver." Paul had been stirring up Ephesus

with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the citizens brought out their bad books and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms full of Ephesian literature and tossing it into the flames. I hear an economist who is standing by saying: "Stop this waste. Here are \$7,500 worth of books. Do you propose to burn them all up? If you don't want to read them yourselves, sell them and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people; "if these books are not good for us, they are not good for anybody else, and we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has burned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Hear the flames crackle and roar!

Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a blaze 200 feet high. Many of the publishing houses would do well to throw into the blaze their entire stock of goods. Bring forth the insufferable trash and put it into the fire and let it be known in the presence of God and angels and men that you are going to rid your homes of the overtopping and underlying curse of profligate literature.

The printing press is the mightiest agency on earth for good and for evil. The minister of the gospel standing in a pulpit, has a responsible position, but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. At what distant point of time at what far out cycle of eternity, will cease the influence of a Henry J. Raymond, or a Horace Greeley, or a James Gordon Bennett, or a Watson Webb, or an Erastus Brooks, or a Thomas Kinsella? Take the overwhelming statistics of the circlulation of the daily and weekly newspapers and then cipher if you can, how far up and far down and how far out reach the influences of the Ameri-

can printing press. What is to be the issue of all this? I believe the Lord intends the printing press to be the chief means for the world's rescue and evangelization, and I think that the great last battle of the world will not be fought with swords and guns, but with types and presses, a purified and gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down and crushing out forever that which is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad that which is healthful. May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press.

Good Books a Blessing.

I have to tell you that the greatest blessing that ever came to the nations is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge that has been of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums and penitentiaries and almshouses and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair! The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shoveled its millions into the charnel house of the morally dead. The longest rail train that ever ran over the tracks was not long enough or large enough to carry the beastliness and the putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers in the last twenty Now, it is amid such circumstances

that I put a question of overmastering importance to you and your families. What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group them together. A newspaper is only a book in a swifter and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to book reading will apply to newspaper reading. What shall we read? Shall our minds be the receptacle of everything that an author has a mind to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death. Shall we stoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickedness of men has filled with polwe might walk in the blooming gar-

out of the 100 novels in this day are baleful and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history and poetry combined. It is a history of things around us with the licenses and the assumed names of poetry. The world can never pay the debt which it owes to such writers of fiction as Hawthorne and McKenzie and Landon and Hunt and Arthur and others whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthfully redolent with the breath of seaweed and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles and fresh air. Thackeray did a grand work in caricaturing the pretenders to gentility and high blood. Dickens has built his own monument in his books, which are a plea for the poor and the anathema of injustice, and there are a score of novelistic pens today doing mighty work for God and righteousness,

Ennobling and Purifying. Now, I say, books like these, read at right times and read in right proportion with other books, cannot help but be ennobling and purifying; but, alas, for the loathsome and impure literature that has come in the shape of novels, like a freshet overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense! They are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing houses. They are coming with recommendation of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your center tables

to curse your children and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find these books in the desk of the school miss, in the trunk cabin, on the table of the hotel reception room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You suddenly go in and say, "What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book. It is a bad book, "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Alas, would like to loan your son or daughter a bad book! Everywhere, everywhere, an unclean literature. r "harge upon it the destruction of 10,000 imto the magnitude of the evil.

I shall take all the world's literature-good novels and bad, travels true and false, histories faithful and incorrect, legends beautiful and monstrous, all tracts, all chronicles, all tional libraries-and pile them up a pyramid of literature, and then shall bring to bear upon it so grand, glorious, infallible, unmista able Christian principles. God h me to speak with referenuce to last account and help you to listen.

I charge you in the first place

stand aloof from all books that g false pictures of life. Life is neith a tragedy nor a farce. Men are all either knaves or heroes. Wom are neither angels nor furies. And yet if you depended upon much of the literature of the day you would get | firmed inebriate. The last I heard of an idea that life instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fitful and fantastic and extravagant thing. How poorly prepared are that young man and woman for the duties of today who spent last night wading through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his heroine in the office, by the forge, in the factory, in the counting room, and he will not find her, and he will be dissatisfied. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nerveless, inane and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for store, nor the shop, nor the field. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair disheveled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in through parks with plumed princesses or lounged in the arbor with the polnovel readers! They are unfitted for this life, which is a tremendous discipline. They know not how to go through the furnaces of trial through which they must pass, and they are lection she went first for the gold we gain we achieve by hard and long a cry, and dropped it again, for it continuing work.

Avoid Partially Bad Books. Again, abstain from all those books which, while they have some good daged, and she had some difficulty in things, have also an admixture of evil. managing her instrument. When she You have read books that had two ele- made her collection she avoided the ments in them-the good and the bad. | man who had played the practical joke Which stuck to you? The bad. The on her; and night after night she lution and shame? Shall we mire in heart of most people is like a sieve, did the same thing. In vain he ofimpurity and chase fantastic will-o'- which lets the sn'ull particles of gold fered her apologies and other coins. the-wisps across the swamps when fall through, but keeps the great cin- but she merely bowed and smiled in ders. Once in awhile there is a mind passing him, and never allowed him dens of God? Oh, no! For the sake like a loadstone, which, plunged amid to give her the slightest donation. Of of our present and everlasting welfare steel and brass flings, gathers up the course one can imagine the offender's we must make an intelligent and steel and repels the brass. But it is feelings; but who can find fault with generally exactly the opposite. If you the woman's gentle, yet dignified, re-Standing, as we do, chin deep in attempt to plunge through a hedge of buke. - Youth's Companion, fictitious literature, the question that burs to get one blackberry, you will young people are asking is, "Shall we get more burs than blackberries. You read novels?" I reply. There are nov- cannot afford to read a bad book, howsay that I believe that seventy-five produced lockjaw. Also, if through treasury in one year.

curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not.

In a menagerie in New York a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek and bright and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn and mangled and bleeding. Oh, touch not evil, even with the faintest stroke. Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception-something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile always carries a warning rattle.

Again, I charge you to stand off. from all those books which corrupt the imagination and inflame the passions. I do not refer now to that kind of book which the villain has under his coat waiting for the school to get out, and, then, looking both ways to see that there is no policeman around the block offers the book to your son on the way home. I do not speak of that kind of literature, but that which evades the law and comes out in polished style, and with acute plot sounds the tocsin that rouses up all the baser passions of the soul. Today, under the nostrils of the people, there is a fetid, reeking, unwashed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the gospel blew the trumpet and of the young man, in the steamboat rallied the forces of righteousness, all armed to this great battle against a depraved literature. \* \* \*

Cherish Good Books.

Cherish good books and newspapers. Beware of bad ones. The assassin of Lord Russell declared that he was led into crime by reading one vivid romance. The consecrated John Angell there are always those abroad who James, than whom England never produced a better man, declared in his old age that he had never yet got over the evil effects of having for fifteen minutes once read a bad book. But mortal souls, and I bid you wake up I need not go so far off. I could tell you of a comrade who was great hearted, noble and generous. He was studying for an honorable profession, but he had an infidel book in his trunk, and he said to me one day, "De Witt, would you like to read it?" I said "Yes, I poems, all family, city, state and na- would." I took the book and read it

> stringent. I have heard of him bu twice in many years. The time before the last I heard of him he was a conhim he was coming out of an insane asylum-in body, mind and soul an awful wreck. I believe that one infidel book killed him for two worlds.

> Go home today and look through your library, and then, having looked through your library, look on the stand where you keep your pictorials and newspapers and apply the Christian principles I have laid down this hour. If there is anything in your home that cannot stand the test do not give it away, for it might spoil an immortal soul; do not sell it, for the money you get would be the price of blood; but rather kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth or in your back yard and then drop the poison in it, and the bonfire in your city shall be as consuming as that one in Ephesus,

> > Gently Rebuked.

A good many people maintain that the only argument that really reaches a practical joker is a stout club. Yet the daytime, when she ought to be the Philadelphia Times prints an inbusy, staring by the half hour at cident of an Italian cafe which seems nothing, biting her finger nails into to show that milder measures answer the quick. The carpet that was plain when there is in the offender's makebefore will be plainer after having up a spbstratum of manly feeling. In wandered through a romance all night | the evenings there was always fine long in tessellated halls of castles. music in the cafe, made by a man and And your industrious companion will his wife. She played on a stringed inbe more unattractive than ever, now strument, and after several selections, that you have walked in the romance carried around a little filigree silver basket, in which she collected coins from the guests. One night, as the ished desperado. Oh, these confirmed music began, a man seated at one of the tables held up a gold coin. The woman smiled, and the man dropped it on the marble slab that covered the steam pipes. When she made her colunfitted for a world where everything | coin, but as she picked it up she gave had become heated on the slab. The next evening, when the musicians appeared, the woman's hand was ban-

Methodist Missionary Receipts.

The total receipts of the Methodist els that are pure, good, Christian, ele- ever good you are. You say, "The in- Foreign Missionary society for the last vating to the heart and ennobling to fluence is insignificant." I tell you year were \$1,376,399.07, which is the