

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"It does indeed," Frank said, his face ashen, and he peered about. "I can see no hole or corner even where they could hide," he said, after a few minutes' search. "Shall we return?" "It is useless staying longer," Roy said with his disapproving frown. "We will clear this place up to-night and watch. What do you say?" "An excellent plan; but then Geoffrey will have brought the detectives." He mounted his horse again, and they rode slowly back on the path. "I suppose it is the animal instinct within me," Frank said suddenly, "but I feel convinced that the robbery at the castle and attempted robbery last night at the Grange were all one plot, and I strongly suspect that foreign Count is in it, Lord Darrell." "It seems incredible," began Roy; then he stopped. "Who are these men coming toward us?" he added hurriedly. Frank looked for an instant, then with an exclamation spurred his horse on. "It is Geoffrey and the detectives. How quick he has been!" The Earl's rein and waited till the riding party approached him. Geoffrey Armistead he knew; but the tall, white-haired stranger on his left he did not, nor the three others who rode behind. "You have traveled on wings, Geoffrey," exclaimed Frank Meredith, shaking his friend's hand. "I did not go to sleep, certainly," returned Mr. Armistead, greeting the Earl, "and I have worked to some good. Frank, our suspicions were correct. There is a gang of the most notorious burglars somewhere about here. I have brought down Mr. Newton, the celebrated detective, who has been seeking their whereabouts for some time. "They've just fairly puzzled me," spoke a keen-faced man from the three behind; "but I think we have got them now." "But let me introduce you, Lord Darrell, to an old friend, Sir Humphrey Durant, whom I have met abroad many times, and whose name, doubtless, is familiar to you," added Geoffrey Armistead. Roy grasped the hand of the white-haired stranger held out. "It is a name I have heard all my life. Welcome back once more to your own Sir Humphrey! My mother will be glad to see you again." "Thanks, Lord Darrell," answered Sir Humphrey, quietly. "Life is very strange indeed. I was traveling to Nestley as quickly as trains would bring me, when chance flung into my path my friend, Mr. Armistead. From him I learnt of the robbery at the castle, the attempted robbery at the Grange and the suspicion that the burglars had taken refuge in the Abbey ruins, my inheritance. Mr. Armistead's only fear was that the Abbey offered them actually no protection, but I can and have informed of the truth—that it is indeed the very home for such a crew." "Go on, go on!" cried Roy with flashing eyes. Sir Humphrey gazed at him with a strange expression. "Lord Darrell," he said quickly, "I wish to ask you a question: these gentlemen will give me one moment's grace if I draw you aside." Frank and Geoffrey bowed. The old man and Lord Darrell moved apart a few steps. "Roy Darrell," said Sir Humphrey, "you have lost more than diamonds in this robbery, have you not?" Roy bit his lip. "Yes," he said huskily. "I have lost my wife." "One other question, and I have done. Was that wife precious to you, or did you regard her coldly?" "When I married her, my heart was not mine to give, but since my return here, only one short week, I love her with all my life; she is to me the most precious jewel earth can hold." The old man put out his hand silently, and Roy grasped it, his face bearing witness to the heart felt earnestness of his words. "I thank you for this," said Sir Humphrey, speaking as with difficulty. "You look surprised—as, indeed, you may. I will tell you all in full afterward. To be brief now, I will simply say that the girl you were married to is no low-born farmer's niece, but the child I sought for many years ago—the child of my dead son, Fulke Durant. My granddaughter is heir to all I possess." Roy passed his hand over his brow. "Your granddaughter?" he repeated, blankly. "I thought—the world thought you had no kith or kin." "As I have thought for many a dreary day. But, come, we must return to the others. You shall know all later on. I was on my way to Darrell Castle to make my own known to the child of my beloved son, when I learnt the sad news of her abduction—for abduction it must be—and once again I am compelled to wait and hope." "We will work together to find her," exclaimed Roy eagerly. "And now tell me—you say they could find nests here?" "Indeed they can," Sir Humphrey answered as they joined the others again. "Beneath the ruins are series of vaults, some good, large and airy. There, if we search well, we shall discover our birds, I do not doubt." Geoffrey Armistead mentioned the detectives to each produced a revolver. "Now, remember, if we meet anyone, endeavor to seize him without hurt. We do not want to shed blood unnecessarily." Sir Humphrey dismounted from his horse. "How many years since I have stood here!" he said, musingly. "It recalls the boy's days when I played at night with my cousins and brothers—all dead now—all dead." He stood still for one moment, then led the way round till he halted at the very spot where Frank had picked up the sword.

leads to the vaults. Come, I will lead you." "Not you," cried Roy. "I am young and he—"

"Beg pardon, gent; but if you will permit me, as an officer of the law, I must go first."

Mr. Newton took up his position, and both Sir Humphrey and Lord Darrell fell back.

The two detectives, at their chief's orders, lifted the stone.

To their surprise they found it rolled away as lightly as possible, and the way was clear.

Roy shuddered as he glanced down the dark passage.

Was she, the woman he loved, entombed there?

Frank Meredith pushed forward, but Geoffrey Armistead held him back.

"Not so fast, Frank. You remain here with Sir Humphrey and Darrell."

The detectives, headed by Mr. Newton, crept down the steps and groped their way.

Geoffrey Armistead went after them. "Remain round here," he said hurriedly to the others, "in case of an escape."

Roy flung himself of his horse, and even as he did so, a confused sound came from the vaults.

With wild excitement he approached the entrance. He heard Mr. Newton's voice utter, deep and loud, "sur-render."

He heard muffled sound of men struggling, loud exclamations, the report of a revolver shot, and then a woman's shriek.

His heart stood still, and he fed down the steps. Sir Humphrey, with face as white as his hair, following, while Frank endeavored to quiet the horses that were tethered together.

Geoffrey Armistead pushed Roy back. "Out in the air," he said excitedly. "They are fighting hard; but we have got them, I think."

"But she! Good God! she screamed—did you not hear her? She is hurt. Let me go!" Roy panted.

"Back, I say," Geoffrey said, bluntly. "There is no one there but a man, a boy, and an old woman; it was she who screamed—I swear I am speaking the truth. Ah, here comes Newton; lend a hand."

Scarce knowing what he did, Roy grasped a struggling arm. He dimly saw a man's form held by Newton and Geoffrey; his eye was wandering over the other two prisoners that were led out. Geoffrey was right. A youth came first, white and trembling, then an old woman, whose coarse face looked ghastly with its fear; her hands were linked together, but she was pouring out cries for mercy, all of which fell on deaf ears.

Geoffrey Armistead and the detectives struggled with the man and succeeded in forcing him on his knees; then after some little difficulty they put the handcuffs on his wrists and let him free.

Roy gazed at him eagerly; his heart fell. It was not Count Jura.

"Let me search," he said eagerly. "We have searched, my lord," said the detective civilly. "This is all that is present."

"Only let me go and I'll tell all," screamed Dame Burden. "Oh, kind gentlemen, good, kind gentlemen, have mercy! let me go. I am a poor, harmless woman."

She held out her hands, and Roy, glancing at them, caught them in his. "You were right," he cried to Frank; "the diamonds are here, for she wears one—see! Then—" His voice failed.

The old woman tried to snatch back her hand.

"You answer my questions," and Geoffrey Armistead advanced to the old woman, drew his pistol, and pointed at her head. "Where is the young lady who was brought here two days ago? Answer quickly—the truth, or—"

Mrs. Burden turned green with fear. "I will speak—I will speak. She went away with George; and oh, sir, I swear it—I tried to help and give her a sovereign—on my honor I did!"

Roy and Frank exchanged glances. "Where have they gone?" continued Geoffrey.

"Yes, speak," broke in Sir Humphrey hoarsely.

"To farin parts—I think to Italy."

Roy turned and mounted his horse.

"Where are you going?" eagerly asked Frank.

"To track them down," answered Roy, madly.

Geoffrey put his hand on the rein. "Can you say nothing?" he said to the prisoners who had struggled so hard.

Paul Ross lifted his eyes and glared at the speaker, but made no answer.

"Do nothing, Lord Darrell, till we have questioned them further. Now to Nestley jail," commanded Geoffrey firmly.

CHAPTER XVI.

Valerie Ross was chatting in her most pleasant manner to Lady Darrell when her quick ears caught the sound of arrivals on the gravelled path leading to the castle entrance. She rose and swept to the window; her quick eyes caught a glimpse of Roy's face, white and agitated, as he threw himself from his horse, and her heart told her that something had happened.

So great was her emotion that for an instant a film gathered over her eyes; she could distinguish no other among the group of horsemen below, and when the mist cleared away they had all dismounted and had entered the castle.

At all hazards she must know what had happened.

She made some hurried excuse to Lady Darrell, and slipped from the room.

In the passage she met Davis—Alice's maid. The woman had never liked her, and since her very open abuse of poor Alice, had grown to hate her.

"What has happened, Davis?" cried Valerie, shrilly, forgetting even her dignity in her fear. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing that I have heard of, miss," answered Davis, and then Valerie knew she must endeavor to grow calm, or she would betray herself.

"I thought I heard a noise," she said, coldly, "but I dare say I was mistaken."

"I think you must have been, miss," Valerie's voice trembled. At the head of

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON "EASTER IN GREENWOOD."

Where the Wound of Death is Bandaged by Follage—Christ's Resurrection Is the Resurrection of We Are His—The "Good Morning" of Our Saviour.

In the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Sunday forenoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered an eloquent sermon on "Easter in Greenwood," the text being taken from Genesis xxiii, 17, 18, "And the field in Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an artless beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the king of terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah, his wife, had died—that remarkable person who at 90 years of age had born to her the son Isaac and who now, after she had lived 127 years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber.

Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. The cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah and a few years after himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque, and memorable Machpelah! That "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with it; metropolises.

Famous Tombs.

The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase, and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculpture into excellent bas-reliefs and the features of dead faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs, and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations, and Paris has its Pere la Chaise on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Colvier and La Place and Moliere and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, munification, and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred inclosure, where affeation has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art in the manner which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away by its Cypress Hills, and its Evergreens, and its Calvary, and Holy Cross, and Friends' cemeteries.

All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about 270,000 inhabitants sleeping among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty names ascended, elegies in marble, words of wisdom generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

The Illustrious Dead.

Among the preachers of the gospel, Bethune and Thomas DeWitt, and Bishop James and Tyng, and Abel, the missionary, and Beecher and Buntington, and McClintock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings, among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the litterati, the Carys, Alice and Phoebe; James K. Spaulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers "old Stars." Professor Proctor and the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors, Elias Howe, who through the sewing machines, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy the former doing his work with a needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion Sims and Dr. Valentine Mot, with the following epitaph which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse. "There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife: there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

The Resurrection Day.

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question. What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernatural beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early roasts of autumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we

see to-day, had to be petted and coaxed and put in a shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far north and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, magnolia and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beirut you may see Dr. Post's collection of about 1,500 kinds of Holy Land flowers, while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear, his last drop of blood had congealed, and then see how appropriately that all our cemeteries should be forested and tree shaded. In June Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite as well as the plain slabs that can afford but two words—'Our Mary' or 'Our Charley'?" Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once and in our memories are to us now more beautiful than any calla lily and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the wind falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken soil shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The Voice of the Dead.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the photograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever, and then come forth the fey tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if He can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tongue, and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if He can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the muscles, and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the photograph, God can do the resurrection.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense it is the same body. On my right hand and the second finger of my wrist and there is a scar. I made that at 15 years of age, when disengaged at the presence of two warts, I took a red-hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body.

We never lose our identity. If God can and does some times rebuild a man five, six, ten times in this world, is it mysterious that He can rebuild him once more and that in the resurrection? If He can do it ten times, I think He can do it 11 times. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insect host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years, a wonderful fact.

The Gospel Algebra.

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any other. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body and with millions of models God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection.

Think of the last undertaking world will be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra: ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes. That is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes! but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your feet walk, or your hand is extended. So find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired." The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue.

I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hierarchies are exhausting. So God

stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives us grace to the lungs and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

The Factory of the Grave.

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smudged. But who cares for that when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery? What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning of the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and they come out pianos and organs. And so in the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out hallooings. For us on the final day the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens, or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be no more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts had pencilled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dead compacted with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defective spot in his physical constitution—a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic bow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind or a season of over-exercise assails him.

But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected and been the pasture ground for cattle and rooting places for swine will for the first time have attractiveness given them.

It was a shame that in that place ungrateful generations planted no trees, and twisted no garlands, and sent no marble for their Christian ancestry, but on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church, where they slumbered among nettles and mullein stalks and thistles and slabs aslant, they shall rise with a glory that shall flush the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obelisk never did for a king, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

If We Are His.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are his, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is assured, for he was "the first fruits of them that sleep." Roman says he did not rise, but 500 witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say he did rise, for they saw him after he had risen. If he did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away.

After his resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him. Cleopas saw him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw him. On a mountain the eleven saw him. Five hundred at once saw him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see him, witnessed us for taking the testimony of the 500 who did see him. Yes, yes, he got away. And that makes me feel sure that our departed loved ones, and we ourselves shall get away. Freed himself from the shackles of clod, he is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch.

There will be no doorknob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves, but there is a doorknob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise, arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladness of rushing across the family lot with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next. Quick now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that entombment of clod for the nearest gate!"

And as we ascend on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no longer than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck.

Farewell to Earth.

Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side as we rise Heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall never cease to part! That is what resurrections day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated.

Brass.

Brass is perhaps the best known and most useful alloy. It is formed by fusing together copper and zinc. Different proportions of these metals produce brasses possessing very marked distinctive properties. The portions of the different ingredients are seldom precisely alike, these depend on, on the requirements of various uses for which the alloys are intended. Peculiar qualities of the constituent metals also exercise influence on the results.

SUNSHINE falling through a water bottle is the reported origin of a fire recently in the Industrial Home for Girls, at Hampstead, England.