

THE FORTUNE OF OLD BATTERSBY

THE High street of Moxford was interested in this June day in the funeral of old Carmel Battersby, whose picturesque hobble and long gray locks would never again enliven the street.

He had kept the curiosity shop for about fifty years. The old spinning wheels, sparrow-legged chairs, carved oak bureaus, chairs of all sorts, war medals, watches, coins, etc., would no doubt now go to the hammer. Moxford would miss the attractive window of No. 59 almost as much as the quaint form of its late owner.

Peter Battersby and Mrs. Peter were early on the scene, in decent black. They had extremely comfortable expectations. To be sure, for the last ten years they had not interchanged many words with the late Carmel, who was Peter's only brother; but as Mrs. Peter remarked when the news of her brother-in-law's death arrived, "he couldn't for shame leave his money to any one else."

Young Walter Battersby, Mr. and Mrs. Peter's only son, did not conceal his joy in his uncle's demise. He told his boon companions at the Hen and Chickens that he was in for a good thing.

"Blood, you know, as the saying is, is thicker than water," he said as he drained his fourth pint on the evening of his avuncular bereavement.

Nor were the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Peter without discreet maid-only elation. Their uncle, while he lived, was such a figure that they never cared to look at him. Besides, he hadn't a very civil tongue; liked to be caustic about their high-heeled shoes and extensive bonnets and hats, and to be very rude with his inquiries why three Mr. Rights did not press for the honor of their small gloved hands.

It seemed unlikely, indeed, that a single tear would be shed for the old curiosity man.

Of course there was his little servant girl, Joan Smith. But she was only "a workhouse bussy," to borrow Mrs. Peter's elegant expression.

With his usual eccentricity, old Carmel had taken a girl from the Moxford Union after the death of his elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Roberts. Joan was that servant, and she had served him truly for the last six years, being now but 22. A quiet, shrinking, dark-eyed little creature, who had revered her dead master quite unaccountably, and devoted herself to him heart and hand and soul. Save for Seth Perry, who worked for the Moxford Tin Plate Company, she had had no one else to care for.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter found No. 59 nicely prepared for the funeral. There was also a rather clumsy wreath of wild hyacinths and buttercups on the coffin.

"The idea of such a thing as that!" exclaimed Mrs. Peter, touching the wreath with the tip of her parasol.

Joan was near at the time. She burst into tears at these words.

"Please, ma'am," she said, "I should so like it to go with him. I picked them all myself."

"It shall do nothing of the kind, then; and your place is in the kitchen, not in the parlor," retorted Mrs. Peter.

Joan retired, crying bitterly; and Mrs. Peter flung the wreath into a corner.

"The wench ought not to be allowed to leave this house, Peter," she said severely, "without being searched. The idea of her being with all those vally-bles—all alone, too!"

But Peter was not as cruel as his wife.

"Cameron says she is entirely to be trusted," he replied, "and it's for him to act as he pleases, he says."

Mr. Cameron was the Moxford lawyer who had charge of the old curiosity man's affairs.

Two or three others now arrived, including the lawyer, Mr. Hurs, the Methodist New Connection minister, and old Craven, the silversmith.

Then High street enjoyed its little sensation as the hearse and three coaches solemnly passed along to the cemetery on the hill.

Joan viewed the start from the back entry with fearful eye. She was periodically convulsed with sobs. She watched the procession as long as ever she could. The void in her life was immense.

So much so, indeed, that even the scotching voice of Seth Perry, who had come upon her unawares, had no effect on her at first.

"Never mind, lass," said Seth, "things'll all come out right."

She answered him with tears.

"He's bound to be left you summer, Joan, my lass, to remember him by; and, whether or no, you've only to speak the word, and there's one as 'I be proud to have you."

"Seth, I can't talk with you now," she said, showing him her damp face and bright eyes.

"And now I mun get back to work," he said.

It was a hot day even for June, and when the funeral party re-entered the house Mrs. Peter's face was extremely red.

Here they were met by Walter Battersby and the three girls.

This was Mrs. Peter's arrangement. "The more witnesses there are the safer it'll be," she said, alluding, of course, to the reading of her brother-in-law's will. "Besides," she added, "they may hear something nice for themselves."

As far as he was concerned, however, young Walter had fully intended to be present, even if his father and mother objected.

Joan had procured cake and sherry, at the instigation of Mr. Cameron. But she had not helped herself to a glass of wine, even in spite of the kindly lawyer's suggestion; nor yet to a crumb of the cake.

She continued alone in the kitchen. The tramp of strange feet in the room over her did but make fresh tears well up from the bountiful source inside her.

And so the funeral party and the others sat around old Carmel's table and waited for Mr. Cameron to begin. The lawyer did not keep them waiting. He smiled rather dryly, took a glass of sherry and drew forth the paper from its official blue envelope.

Never was there, in Mr. Peter Battersby's opinion, a more horrid and disgraceful last will and testament.

Certainly her husband was to receive a fourth part of the proceeds of the sale of the deceased's goods, but what was a mere fourth?

The other three-fourths were left—of all things—to the Moxford Union, "to help them to train up more girls like Joan Smith." Those were the very words.

To the three girls of Mr. and Mrs. Peter the three largest mirrors in the establishment of No. 59 were bequeathed, without comment. Walter Battersby was not even mentioned, nor was Mrs. Peter.

Mr. Cameron received £100 and so did the deceased's old friend, Mr. Craven.

Lastly, Joan was mentioned. She was to have a year's wages, all the furniture of her own bedroom and the large scrapbook for which she had so often plied scissors and paste, and which contained curious items of newspaper intelligence during the last twenty years.

"There, gentlemen and ladies, that is all," said Mr. Cameron, "and now you must excuse me. I leave you with my cotrustee, Mr. Craven."

"One moment, sir," interposed Mr. Peter, to whom his wife had whispered much. "What became of all his money in the bank? He must have had thousands."

"The balance to his credit on May 31," answered Mr. Cameron, referring to a note, "was £45 10s. After the funeral expenses are paid—"

"What's he done with it?" cried Mrs. Peter, redder of face than ever.

"I cannot tell you, madam. Good morning," said the lawyer, who then wisely left them to fight the matter out among themselves. But before he went he, with his own hands, carried to Joan in her kitchen the unwieldy old scrapbook, and told her that it was her property, as well as the furniture of her room.

"Come, cheer up, my girl," he said at parting. "Your master was fond of you, and he would rather see you bright than downcast. And remember that I am your friend, if you should ever happen to want one."

Joan thanked Mr. Cameron and then, having reverently kissed the old book, put it on one side.

Mrs. Peter, before she parted, thought well to trespass in the kitchen and say some cruel things to Joan. But somehow the girl did not mind them very much now.

Then Seth looked in again, and said she was to come up to his mother's that evening. If she didn't he should fetch

her. And to make sure of having her carried off the scrapbook.

Mrs. John Battersby did something else before she left No. 59.

Together with her disappointed son and darling daughter she climbed the stairs to Joan's little attic and took a hammer with her.

"It's the very kind of spiteful thing he'd be likely to do," she said, "but I'll not stand it—robbing his own flesh and blood for a workhouse brat."

Mr. Peter left her to her own devices. He, Mr. Craven and the three vengeful (indeed, insulted) girls went away together.

Then Mrs. Peter studiously searched Joan's attic from wall to wall. She turned out the girl's one tin box, looked into the drawer of the washstand, ripped up the palliase outrageously and threw the straw all about and treated the bolster with equal brutality.

There was also a handsome old oak wardrobe that would have graced even a royal bedchamber. This was for Joan's three or four poor frocks.

It was quite laughable to see how mother and son tapped and probed this antique piece of furniture. They even knocked off the head of the lion in relief at the top of it, to see if there was any secret cavity behind the head.

But the wardrobe taught them no more than the palliase and the bolster.

"Well, I'm off to the Hen and Chickens," said Walter Battersby at length. "I've had enough of this."

So, too, had Mrs. Peter, for there was not an article in the room that she had not thoroughly tested.

The sun was still well above the cemetery hill when Seth called at No. 59 in his holiday grin and his workaday grease.

"Art ready, lass?" he inquired of Joan.

The girl began to make excuses.

"It's not right, Seth, to leave the

house with no one in it. He wouldn't have liked it," she said.

"It's not right, Joan, to make a promise and not keep it," retorted Seth. "Come, now, I'm not going to leave you to mope your eyes out. Do you mean to make me carry you?"

She was persuaded with difficulty.

Then it was a revelation of character to see how she locked one door after another and pocketed the different keys.

"Anybody 'ud think the things were all yours," said Seth, admiringly.

"It's the same to me as if they were," she answered, with the tone of fresh tears.

But Seth hurried her off before she could break down again, and soon had her in the little brick cottage he shared with his mother.

Old Mrs. Perry had in her younger days been a servant herself. She had a true woman's sympathy for Joan, and discernment enough to know that her son might do far worse than marry such a girl.

It was as comfortable a meal as any in Moxford, with the cat purring on the hearth all the time.

Afterward the talk turned solidly upon old Carmel and his singular bequests to Joan.

"The money and the furniture'll be useful enough to you, child," said old Mrs. Perry, "but the idea of leaving you a thing like that? Pointing to the scrapbook."

"I used to be so fond of it," stammered Joan. "The times we've sat together, him and me, cutting what he'd marked."

She rose and lifted the big book on the table, untied its string and opened it.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Seth, as a bank note for £100 appeared.

Joan turned pale as she took it up. It was indorsed on the back, "Pay to Joan Smith and no one else."

Ere they had finished looking through the book they found twenty-one other notes of exactly the same kind.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SALVATION THE THEME OF THE PREACHER'S DISCOURSE.

Only One Being that Ever Lived Was Willing to Give Up Heaven for Perdition, Says the Preacher, and That Was the Divine Peasant.

A Passion for Souls.

Clear out of the ordinary style of sermonizing is this remarkable discourse of Dr. Talmage. His text is Romans ix. 3, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

A tough passage, indeed, for those who take Paul literally. When some of the old theologians declared that they were willing to be damned for the glory of God, they said what no one believed. Paul did not in the text mean he was willing to die forever to have his relatives. He used hyperbole, and when he declared, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he meant in the most vehement of all possible ways to declare his anxiety for the salvation of his relatives and friends. It was a passion for souls. Not more than one Christian out of thousands of Christians feels it. All absorbing desire for the betterment of the physical and mental condition is very common. It would take more of a mathematician than I ever can be to calculate how many are up to an anxiety that sometimes will not let them sleep nights, planning for the efficiency of hospitals where the sick and wounded of body are treated, and for eye and ear infirmities, and for dispensaries and retreats where the poorest may have most skillful surgery and helpful treatment. Oh, it is beautiful and glorious this widespread and ever intensifying movement to alleviate and cure physical misfortunes. May God encourage and help the thousands of splendid men and women engaged in that work! But all that is outside of my subject to-day. In behalf of the immortality of a man, the inner eye, the inner ear, the inner capacity for gladness or distress, how few feel anything like the overwhelming concentration expressed in my text. Rarely than four-leafed clovers, rarer than century plants, rarer than prima donnas, have been those of whom it may be said, "They had a passion for souls." You could count on the fingers and thumb of your left hand all the names of those you can recall who in the last—the eighteenth—century were so characterized.

Redemption of Mankind.

All the names of those you could recall in our time as having this passion for souls you can count on the fingers and thumbs of your right and left hands. There are many more such consecrated souls, but they are scattered so widely you do not know them. Thoroughly Christian people by the hundreds of millions there are to-day, but how few people do you know who are utterly oblivious to everything in this world except the redemption of souls? Paul had it when he wrote my text, and the time will come when the majority of Christians will have it. If this world is ever to be lifted out of the slough in which it has been sinking and floundering for nearly nineteen centuries, and the betterment had better begin with myself and myself. When a committee of the Society of Friends called upon a member to reprimand him for breaking some small rule of the society, the member replied: "I had a dream, in which all the friends had assembled to plan some way to have our meeting house cleaned, for it was very filthy. Many propositions were made, but no conclusion was reached until one of the members rose up and said, 'Friends, I think if each one would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting house would be clean.'" So the work of spiritual improvement begins around our own soul. Some one whispers up from the right hand side of the pulpit and says, "Will you please name some of the persons in our time who have this passion for souls?" Oh, no! That would be invidious and imprudent, and the mere mentioning of the names of such persons might cause in them spiritual pride, and then the Lord would have no more use for them.

Some one whispers up from the left hand side of the pulpit, "Will you not, then, mention among the people of the past some who had this passion for souls?" Oh, yes! Samuel Rutherford, the Scotchman of 200 years ago—his imprisonment at Aberdeen for his religious zeal, and the public burning of his book, "Lex Rex," in Edinburgh, and his unjust arraignment for high treason and more persecutions, purifying and sanctifying him so that his works, entitled "Trial and Triumph of Faith" and "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself," and, above all, his 215 unparalleled letters showed that he had the passion for souls; Richard Baxter, whose "Paraphrase of the New Testament" caused him to be dragged before Lord Jeffreys, who howled at him as "a rascal" and "swelling Presbyterian" and imprisoned him for two years—Baxter, writing 108 religious books, bringing uncounted thousands into the pardon of the gospel, and his "Saints' Everlasting Rest" opening heaven to a host of innumerable Richard Cecil, Thomas Kempis, writing his "Imitation of Christ" for all ages; Harlan Page, Robert Cheyne, Nettleton, Finney, and more whom I might mention, the characteristic of whose lives was an overpowering passion for souls. A. B. Earl, the Baptist evangelist, had it. I. S. Inskip, the Methodist evangelist, had it. Jacob Knapp had it. Dr. Bachus, president of Hamilton College, had it. And when told he had only half an hour to live said: "Is that so? Then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees and let me spend that time in calling on God for the salvation of the world." And so he died upon his knees. Then there have been others whose names have been known in their own family or neighborhood, and here and there you think of one. What unctious they had in prayer! What power they had in exhortation! If they walked into a home, every member of it felt a holy thrill, and if they walked into a prayer meeting the dullness and stolidity instantly vanished. One of them would wake up a whole church. One of them would sometimes electrify a whole city.

The Divine Peasant.

But the most wonderful one of that characterization the world ever saw or heard of felt was a peasant in the far East, wearing a plain blouse like an inverted wheat sack, with three openings—one for the neck and the other two for the arms. His father a wheelwright and house builder and given to various car-

penry. His mother at first under suspicion because of the circumstances of his activity, and he chased by a Herod-like mania out of his native land to live awhile under the shadows of the sphinx and pyramid of Giza, afterward confounding the LL. D.'s of Jerusalem, then stopping the paroxysm of tempest and of madman. His path strewn with stings and darts and cataplasms and ophthalmias, transfixed on one mountain, preaching on another mountain, dying on another mountain—the kindest, the most self-sacrificing, the most beautiful being whose feet ever touched the earth. Tell us, ye deserters who heard our Saviour's prayer; tell us, ye seers that drenched him with your sweat; tell us, ye multitudes who heard him preach on deck, on beach, on hillside; tell us, Golgotha, who heard the stroke of the hammer on the speakeads and the dying groan in that midnight that dropped on midnight, did any one like Jesus have this passion for souls?

But breaking right in upon me is the question, How can we get something of this Pauline and Christly longing for saved immortalities? I answer, by better appreciating the prolongation of the soul's existence compared with everything physical and material. How I hope that surgeon will successfully remove the cancer from that man's eye! It is such a sad thing to be blind. Let us pray while the doctor is busy with the delicate operation. But for how long a time will he be able to give him patient eyesight? Well, if the patient be 40 years of age, he will add to his happiness perhaps 50 years of eyesight, and that will bring the man to 90 years, and it is not probable that he will live so long. But what is good eyesight for 50 years more as compared with clear vision for a soul a billion of centuries? I hope the effort to drive back the typhoid fever from yonder home will be successful. God help the doctors! We will wait in great anxiety until the fires of that fever are extinguished, and when the man rises from his pillow and walks out, with what heartiness we will welcome him into the fresh air and the church and business circles! He is 30 years of age, and if he shall live 60 years more that will make him 90. But what are 60 years more of earthly vigor compared with the soul's health for a quadrillion millenniums—a millennium, as you know, a thousand years? This world, since fitted up for man's residence, has existed about six thousand years. How much longer will it exist? We will suppose it shall last as much longer, which is very doubtful. That will make its existence twelve thousand years. But what are or will be twelve thousand years compared with the eternity preceding those years and the eternity following them—time, as compared to eternity, like the drop of the night dew shaken from the top of a grass blade by the cow's hoof on its way to feed this morning, as compared with Mediterranean and Arabian and Atlantic and Pacific watery dominions?

Paul at Corinth.

A stranger desired to purchase a farm, but the owner would not sell it—would only let it. The stranger tired it by lease for only one crop, but he sowed acorns, and to mature that crop 300 years were necessary. That was a practiced deception, but I deceive you not when I tell you that the crop of the soul takes hold of unending ages.

I see the author of my text seated in the house of Galus, who entertained him at Corinth, not far from the overhanging fortress of Acro-Corinthus, and meditating on the longevity of the soul and getting more and more agitated about its value and the awful risk some of his kindred were running concerning it, and he writes this letter containing the text, which Chrysostom admired so much he had it read to him twice a week, and among other things he says those daring and startling words of my text, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh."

Another way to get something of the Pauline longing for redeemed immortalities is by examining the vast machinery arranged to save this inner and spiritual nature. That machinery started to retrace the edge of the garden of Eden, just after the cyclone of sin and prostrated its scythes and tamarisks and willows and will not cease to revolve until the last soul of earth shall get rid of its last sin and enter the heavenly Eden. On that stupendous machinery for soul saving the patriarch put his hand, and prophet his hand, and evangelist his hand, and apostle his hand, and Christ his hand, and almost every hand that touched it became a crushed hand. It was the most expensive machinery ever constructed. It cost more to start it and has cost and will cost more to keep it running than all the wheels that ever made revolution on this planet. That machinery turned not by ordinary motive power, but by force of tears and blood. To connect its bands of influence made out of human and Christly nerves with all parts of the earth millions of good men and women are now at work and will be at work until every wilderness shall become a garden, and every tear of grief shall be a tear of joy, and the sword of divine victory shall give the wound to the old dragon that shall send him howling to the pit, the iron gate clanging against him, never again to open. All that and infinitely more to save the soul! Why, it must be a tremendous soul-tremendous for good or tremendous for evil, tremendous for happiness or tremendous for woe.

Put on the left side of the largest sheet of paper that ever came from paper mill a single unit, the figure 1, and how many ciphers would you have to add to the right of that figure to express the soul's value, each cipher adding tenfold? Working into that scheme of the soul's redemption, how many angels of God, descending and ascending! How many storms swooping on Lake Galilee! How many earthquakes opening dungeons and striking cataclysms through mountains, from top to base! What noontide sun was put on retreat! What omnipotence lifted and what Godhead was put to torture! All that for the soul. No wonder that Paul, though possessing great equanimity of temperament when he thought what his friends and kindred were risking concerning their souls, flung aside all ordinary modes of speech, argument and apt simile, and held metaphor, and learned allusion, as unfit to express how he felt, and soiling upon the appalling hyperbole of my text cries out, "I could wish myself accursed"—that is, struck of the thunderbolts of the omnipotent God, sunk to unfathomable depths, chained into servitude to Abaddon and thrust into furnaces whose fires shall never burn out—if only those whom I love might now and forever be saved. Mind you, Paul does not say, "I do wish." He says, "I could wish." Even in the agony he felt for others he did not lose his balance. "I could wish

myself accursed." I could, but I do not. Only one being that ever lived was literally willing to give up heaven for perdition, and that was the divine peasant whom I mentioned a few moments ago. He was not only willing to exchange dominions of bliss for dominions of wretchedness, but he did so, for, that he forsook heaven, witness the stooping star and all those who saw his miracles of mercy, and that he actually entered the gates of the world of perpetual conflagration the Bible distinctly declares. He did not say, with Paul, "I could," but he said, "I will, I do," and for the souls of men he "descended into hell."

Pietty on Ice.

In this last half of the last decade of the nineteenth century the temperature in the churches is very low, and most of the pietty would spoil if it were not kept on ice. And, taking things as they are ordinary Christians will never reach the point where the outcry of Paul in the text will not seem like extravagance. The properties in most of the churches are so fixed that all a Christian is expected to do on Sunday is to get up a little later in the morning than usual, put on that which is next to his best attire—not the very best, for that has to be reserved for the leave—enter the church with stately step, bow his head, or at any rate shut his eyes in prayer time, or close them enough to look sleepy, turn toward the pulpit with holy dullness while the preacher speaks, put a 5 cent piece—or if the times be hard a 1 cent piece—on the collection platter, kind of shoving it down under the other coin so that it might be, for all that the usher knows, a 55 gold piece, and then, after the benediction, go quietly home to the biggest repast of all the week. That is all the majority of Christians are doing for the rectification of this planet, and they will do that until, at the close of life, the pastor opens a black book at the head of their casket and reads, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The sense of the ludicrous is so thoroughly developed in me that when I hear these Scripture words read at the obsequies of one of the religious do-nothings in the churches it is too much for my gravity. "Their works do follow them." What works? And in what direction do they follow them—up or down? And do they follow on foot or on the wing? And how long will they follow before they catch up? More appropriate funeral text for all such religious dead beats would be the words in Matthew xxv. 8: "Our lamps are gone out." One would think that such Christians would show at least under whose banner they are enlisted. In one of the Napoleonic wars a woman—Jeannette by name—took her position with the troops and shouldered a broomstick. The colonel said, "Jeannette, why do you take such a useless weapon into the ranks?" "Well," she said, "I can show, at least, which side I am on."

Concerning Missionaries.

Now, the object of this sermon is to stir at least one-fourth of you to an ambition for that which my text presents in blazing vocabulary—namely, a passion for souls. To prove that it is possible to have much of that spirit, I bring the consecration of 2,000 foreign missionaries. It is usually estimated that there are at least 3,000 missionaries. I make a liberal allowance and admit there may be ten bad missionaries out of the 3,000, but I do not believe there is one. All English and American merchants leave Bombay, Calcutta, Amoy and Peking as soon as they make their fortunes. Why? Because no European or American in his senses would stay in that climate after monetary inducements have ceased. Now, the missionaries there are put down on the barest necessities, and most of them do not lay out \$1 in twenty years. Why, then, do they stay in those lands of intolerable heat and cobras and raging fevers, the thermometer sometimes playing at 130 and 140 degrees of oppressiveness, 12,000 miles from home, because of the unhealthful climate and the prevailing immorality of those regions compelled to send their children to England or Scotland or America, probably never to see them again? O blessed Christ! Can it be anything but a passion for souls? It is easy to understand all this frequent depreciation of foreign missionaries when you know that they are all opposed to the opium traffic, and that interferes with commerce, and then the missionaries are moral, and that is an offense to many of the merchants—not all of them, but many of them—who, absent from all home restraint, are so immoral that we can make only faint allusion to the monstrosity of their abominations.

River of Life.

Who is that young woman on the worst street in Washington, New York or London, Bible in hand and a little package in which are small vials of medicines, and another bundle in which are biscuits? How dare she risk herself among those "roughs," and where is she going? She is one of the queens of heaven hunting up the sick and hungry, and before night she will have read Christ's "Let not your heart be troubled" in eight or ten places, and counted out from those vials the right number of drops to ease pain, and given food to a family that would otherwise have had nothing to eat to-day, and taken the measure of a dead child that she may prepare for it a shroud—her every act of kindness for the body accompanied with a benediction for the soul.

Work for Salvation.

But, after all, the best way to cultivate that divine passion for souls is to work for their salvation. Under God save one, and you will want right away to save two. Save two, and you will want to save ten. Save ten, and you will want to save twenty. Save twenty, and you will want to save a hundred. Save a hundred, and you will want to save everybody. And what is the use of talking about it when the place to begin is here and the time now?

"Who is on the Lord's side?" "Quit yourselves like men." In solemn column march for God and happiness and heaven. So glad am I that I do not have to "wish myself accursed" and throw away my heaven that you may win your heaven, but that we may have a whole contention of heavens—heaven added to heaven, heaven built on heaven. And while I dwell upon the theme I begin to experience in my own poor self that which I take to be something like a passion for souls. And now unto God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory—forever! Amen!

River gradually decreases in depth; then for seven years it gradually increases in depth, the difference in level being about five feet. Why it does so, no one has yet discovered.



THEN MRS. PETER SEARCHED JOAN'S ATTIC FROM WALL TO WALL.