the comment of the co

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with perfectly restored faculties. At first all which deck the fields of heaven. thought I was alone, for there was a leep silence in the room, and from the

"Not alone, Rosa, for I am with you,"

you know me?"

"Yes," I answered. "Mr. Delafield." Then as a dim remembrance of the past came over me, I lifted my head and look ed round the room for one who I knew had not long since been there.

Divining my thought, he said very gently, as if the announcement would of course give me pain, "He is not here, He was obliged to go home; but I dare say he will soon return; meanthre-I will take care of you. Don't feel so he continued, as tears of genuine joy at Dr. Clayton's absence gathered

I could not tell him the truth; and when I spoke it was to ask him concernhe thought proper, he took the letter from his pocket, and said, "Dr. Clayton left this for you. Have you strength to

"Yes, yes," I replied, engerly, at the some time stretching out my hand to

read, and I pitied Dr. Clayton, who had Mr. Delnfield? I should much rather thus laid bare to me his wretchedness, have him than a widower?" but mingled with this was a feeling of relief to know that I was free. He told me what he had written to Mr. Delafield, and when I came to that portion of the letter, I involuntarily uttered an exclamation of delight, while I glanced timidly toward him. But he made no sign. The letter which would have explained all was safely lodged behind the bureau, and with a gloomy brow he watched me posed I would feel in hearing from my lover. With me the revulsion was too great, for I fancied I saw in the expression of his face contempt for one who had presumed to love him, and bursting into tears, I cried and laughed alternately, while he tried to soothe me; but I would not be comforted by him--he hated me, I knew, and very pettishly I

The next moment I repented my harsh-ness, which I knew had caused him pain, for there was a look of sorrow upon his face as he complied with my request. But I was too proud to call him back, and for the next half hour I cried and fretted alone, first at him for making Dr. Clayton think he loved me when he didn't secondly, at Dr. Clayton for meddling with what didn't concern him; and lastly whether anybody loved me or not. At the end of that time Richard came back. The cloud had disappeared, and very

ever my pet, and if I wanted anything." Before night I was so much better that Ada, Lina and Halbert came in to see me, each expressing their pleasure at my convalescence. But one there was who came not to greet me, and at whose ever been the first to meet me in the morning and the last to leave me at Why, then, did she tarry now, when I wished so much to see Alas! I did not know that never again would her home be gladdened by the sunshine of her presence, for it was Jesed-straining my ear to catch the ound of her ringing laugh or bounding

did not come, I asked for her and why she stayed so long away. Wringing her Mrs. Lansing exclaimed, ber, Richard, I cannot. It will kill me

But I had no need for further knowl the mourning garments of those round me, and in tears of anguish I cried: "My darling is dead!"

ard. "We shall never see her again, for she is safe in the happy land of which you so often told her."

nt for tears, and covering my face, hought for a long, long time. "Why sother Jamie—they had died, while I ad lived, and with a forcent thanksiving to heaven, which had dealt thus extrally to how, I prayed that it

It was early morning. The windows neath the tall magnolia. Then he told my room were open, admitting the me how she had stood like a minister-resh, cool air, which had been purified ing spirit by the rude couch of the poor by one of those terrific thunder storms. Africans, who with their dying breath so common in a southern clime. For had blessed her, calling her "the Angel hany weeks I had lain there in a state of of The Pines." From her head he himsciousness, save at intervals when self had shorn her beautiful shining curls, had a dreamy realization of what was one of which he gave to me, and which Fanspiring around me. The physician I prize as my most precious treasure; for the was called in Dr. Clayton's steal often as I look upon it, I see again the and more than once hinted of continued little gleeful girl, my "Georgia rose," hashity, citing similar cases which had who for a brief space dwelt within her tome under his observation; but in spite fair Southern home, and was then transif his opinion, I, that bright August planted to her native soil, where now she norning, awoke from a refreshing sleep, blooms, the fairest, sweetest flower of

The shock of her death very naturally of the clock, reminding me of the time.

The clock reminding me of the time. retarded my recovery, and steed between life and death. Now, as rived, bringing to me the sad news that then, I experienced the delicious feeling death had again entered our household. of returning health, but I missed the fa- that by my father's and Jamie's grave miliar faces of my friends, and as I was mother mound, and at home another shought how far I was from home and vacant chair, that of my aged grandmothall who loved me, I said aloud, "I am er, whose illness, he said, had prevented him from coming to me sooner, add-ing further that they had purposely lept answered a deep voice near; and the next her sickness from me, fearing the effect noment the dark form of Richard Dela- it might have. Of Dr. Clayton he could eld bent over me.

Eagerly scanning my face, he said, "Do Sunny Bank at all; but immediately after his return to Boston he had written to them, saying I was out of danger, and Charlie must go for me as soon as the misness heat of summer was over. This was all they knew, though with woman's ready tact, both my mother and my risrs conjectured that something was wrong, and Charlie's first question after

> me and the doctor, and if it were my illness alone which had deferred the "Don't ask me now." I replied, "not until we are far from here, and then I

telling me what he did, was to inquire

into the existing state of affairs between

will tell you all.' This silenced Charlie, and once when ing my illness. After telling me all that Mr. Delafield questioned him concerning Dr. Clayton, and why he, too, did not come for me, he replied evasively, but in a manner calculated still further to mis ead Mr. Delafield, who had no suspicion of the truth, though be fancied there was something wrong. One day Charlie, with his usual abruptness, said to me "Rosa, why didn't you fall in love with

> The hot blood rushed to my cheeks as t replied quickly, "He is engaged to Miss Montrose. They were to have been mar-ried this fall, Mrs. Lansing said, but the marriage is, I presume, deferred or account of their recent affliction. At least, I hear nothing said of it."

"If I am any judge of human nature," returned Charlie, "Mr. Delafield carefar more for you than for Miss Monwhile I read, interpreting my emotions trose, even if they are engaged. But into the satisfaction he naturally sup- then you are poor, while she is rich, and that, I suppose, makes the difference.

I knew Mr. Delafield too well to zus pect him of mercenary motives in marrying Ads, and so I said, "He loved her, of course, and it was natural that he should, for though she had some faults, he probably saw in her enough good to overbalance the bad."

At last the morning dawned on which told him at last "to let me alone and go I was to say good-by to the scenes I mind you are not over five minutes do-away—I was better without him than loved so well. I was to leave the "sun-with him," I said, "and he would oblige by South," with its dark evergreens, its leave him, who, ere the next autumn leaves were falling, would take to his beautiful home a bride. Then I thought of little Jessie's grave, which I had not seen, and on which my tears would never fall, and taking from its hiding place the tress of shining hair, I wept over that my last adien. It was later than usual when Mr. Delafield appeared, and as he came in I saw that he was very pale. 'Are you sick?" I asked, as he wiped

the perspiration from his face, "No, no," he hurriedly answered; at the same time crossing over to a side ta ble, he poured out and drank two large goblets of ice water.

Then resuming his former seat near me, he took my hand, and looking me carnestly in the face, said: "Rosa, shall ever see you here again?" Before I could answer, Ada chimed

doctor to bring you here some time, and let us see how you bear the honors of being madame!"

Instantly the earnest look passed away from Mr. Deateld's face, and was suc ceeded by a scowl, which remained until the carriage which was to take me to the depot was announced. Then the whole expression of his countenance changed. and for a brief instant my leart thrilled with joy, for I could not mistake the deep meaning of his looks as he bent over me

and whispered his farewell.
"God bless you, Rosa," he said. "My Rosa, I once oped to call you. But it cannot be. Farewel'!

There was one burning kiss upon no lips, and the next moment he was gone. "Are you soing to the depot?" asked his sister, as he was leaving the room. "No, no, no," he replied; and then as

wildered to my feet, hardly realizing when Mrs. Lansing, Ada and Lina bade

and together with Charlie looked wonderingly at me, as I unconsciously repeated in a whisper, "My Rosa, I once hoped to call you. It is Ada who stands in the way," I said to myself, and covering my face with my veil, I wept as I thought of all I had lost when Richard Delafield offered his heart to snother. He did love me. I was sure of that, but what did it avail me. He was too hon

bearing the burden of an aching heart. In the meantime, a far different scene as being enacted in the apartment I

about to remove when they were surprised at the unexpected appearance of Mr. Delafield, who could not resist the strong desire which he felt to stand once more in the room where Rosa had spent so many weary weeks. For a moment the blacks suspended their employment, and then Linda, who seemed to be leading, took hold of the bureau, giving one end of it a shove toward the center of the room. The movement dislodged the longlest letter, which, covered with dirt and cobwebs, fell upon the floor at her feet. She was the same woman who, weeks before, had carelessly knocked off the letter, which she now picked up and wiped off the dirt. "It must have laid thar a beap of a while and new I think on't, 'pears like ever so long ago, when I was breshin' the bureau, I hearn some thin' drap, but I couldn't find nothin', and it must have been this."

Glancing at the superscription, and recton, Mr. Delafield broke the seal, and resigned the horses to their fate, say-read. From black to white—from white ing mentally, "I shall wear mournin' to red—from red to speckled—and from for 'em, I shall, and he may help hisspeckled back again to its natural color, seif." grew his face as he proceeded, while his eyes grew so dazzlingly bright with the who watched him, whispered among swamps, and through the winding val-themselves that he "must be gwine stark leys, on they sped like lightning, the

His active, quick-seeing mind took in the meaning of each sentence, and even before he had finished the letter he understood everything just as it was-why Rosa had appeared so strangely when she read Dr. Clayton's letter to herself,

and he still "made no sign."
"But she is mine now, thank heaven." and nothing shall take her from me," he exclaimed aloud, unmindful of the presnce of the negroes, who, confirmed it their impression of his insanity, looked curiously after him as he went down the stairs, down the walk, and out into the street, proceeding with rapid strides to

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Delafield's great object now wa to reach Charleston before the boat in which Rosa was to sail should leave the landing. Suddenly he remembered that the express train left Augusta about four 'clock p. m. It was now ten, and he could easily reach it in time for the cars. provided there had been no change in the time table. To ascertain this, there fore, he hastened to the depot, where his dismay, he learned that the train

left Augusta at two.

But with him to will was to do. Fly ing rather than walking back to his house, be called out Bill, his coachman, cartling him with the inquiry as to whether it would be possible, with his best horses—a span of beautiful dappled crays, which were valued at a thousand dollars-to drive to Augusta in less than four hours.

Besides being naturally lazy and un villing for exertion of any kind, Bill was also remarkably tender of said grays who were his pride, and whom he had samed Fred and Ferd. On hearing his naster's inquiry, therefore, he looked perfectly aghast, and diving both hands nto his matted wool, by way of illustra-tion undoubtedly, replied, "Mighty tough scratchin', I can tell you mars'r. ponies hain't been driv, only what I've ex'cised 'em for health, for better'n a month, and to run 'em as I'd her to run 'em, would kill 'em stone dead. No, mars'r, can't think on't for a minit;" and as if this were conclusive, and his word the law, Bill stuffed his hands into his bagging trousers, and was walking quiet-ly away, when Mr. Delafield stopped im, saving, "I shall try it at all events. So get out the carriage immediately, and and bade him assist Bill in harnessing the horses.

ishment at what seemed to him the folly of his master. Bill begar to expostulate, 'Mars'r, you kill-

"Silence, and do as I bid you." said thought best to obey, and sauntering off to the stables, he brought out the ponies, who pranced and pawed the ground while he admired their flortig wanes and smooth shining conta-

Mr. Delafield hastily packed a o his sister, and came out to superin tend in person the movements of his sen vant, whose peculiarities be perfe and entered the carriage, while Bill mounted the box, where he spent quite while in comfortably disposing of long, lank limbs and in adjusting his onlin-leaf Lat.

"Go on, you rascal!" shouted Mr. Delagathering up the reins, Bill whistled to the spirited animals, who dashed off at far greater speed than their driver hought was at all conducive to their

"Hold on dar, Ford! Stop dat foolin', will you, Fred! Easy dar, both on you. for you come mighty nigh histin' me off

This last was said quite loud for th benefit of Mr. Delafield, who, perceiving that their speed had slackened, for they were well trained and readily obeyed Bill's voice, called out, "Drive faster, 1

et them run." The horses started forward as if rolley of artillery had been fired at their heels, while mingled with the roll of the d Bill saying, "Whoa, dar, Ferdinand can't you whos when I tell you? rederic, you set him a 'xample. That's good boy; no 'easion for all dis hurry; if we misses one train we catches another. All de same thing. We all

After a little he succeeded in stopping ntes they proceeded on rather leisurely, ter had come to his senses, when he was

Accordingly, for a mile or so the horses rushed on at headlong speed. Bill sympathiaing with them deeply, and mentally promising himself "to 'tend 'em mighty keerful to pay for this."

At last, when he thought it asfe to do so, he beld them in, taking the progenition, however, to say sloud, "Get along day, Ferd—none your lasy tricks here when mars'r's in sich a hurry. Can't

the bureau, the latter of which they were you get along dar, I say? An' you Fred,

ceive the resolute man inside he was mistaken. Perceiving that their speed was considerably stackened, and hearing Bill lon by reproach the horses for their laziness, Mr. Delafield softly opened the carriage door, and leaning out, learned the cause of the delay. Bolt upright upon the box, with his erawny feet firmly braced against the dashboard so as to give him more power, sat Bill, clutching the reme with might and main, for the horses' mettle was up, and it required his entire strength to keep them from run ning furiously. All this time, too, the cunning negro kept chiding them for their indolence in moving so slowly.
"Bill," said Mr. Delafield, sternly.

"stop the carriage instantly. I under stand your tricks, and for the rest of the way I shall drive myself."

Rolling his eyes wildly in their sockets. the crestfallen Bill folded his arms and

Over rough and stony places, over smooth and sandy roads, over hills, over intensity of his feelings that the negroes, | plains, through the woods, through the excited horses covered with foam, their driver silent and determined, while poor Bill, with the perspiration streaming down his chining face, kept up a con-tinued expostulation, "Now, mars'r, stop em 'fore dey draps down dead. Look at de white specks al over Ferd's backand realized perfectly what her feelings he'll never stan' it. You kills 'em sartin, must have been as day after day went by and dar goes a thousand dollars smack

(To be continued.) CANNOT FIND ITS SPECIES.

Singular Animal Brought from the

East Indies Puzzles Naturalists. A very fine example of the binturong (arctictis binturong) has just been received at the zoological gardens and placed in the small mammal-house, says the London Standard. This curlous animal is a native of the East Indies, ranging from Assam southward through Siam and the Malay peninsula to Sumatra and Java. A large specimen will measure about five feet in total length, of which the tail counts for nearly a half. The long. coarse hair is black, but there is a gray wash on the head and forelimbs and there is a little white over the eyes and on the throat; the ears are short and carry long tufts of hair. Its English book name, "bear cat," Is modeled on its generic appellation and records the difficulty early naturalists experienced in ascertaining the animal's true place in their schemes of dassification.

Although it was at one time placed with the hears, it is now regarded as closely ailied to the palm civets. In matters of diet the binturong is not hard to please. When opportunity serves it will take small mammals. birds, insects and worms. When these cannot be secured it will support it self on fruits, and in captivity it wil. take fruit of all kinds readily. The binturong is more active by night than in the daytime, and lives almost entirely among the branches of the trees of the forest regions in which it is found. It is remarkable as being the only true mammal of the eastern hemisphere which has a prehensile tail. It can wind this organ around a branch and thus the tail aids the animal in its arboreal life.

Blyth showed, many years ago, that on to a bough by the tip of the tail. Whether the adults can suspend themselves in this manner has been doubted. There can, however, be no question that the tall is of considerable service to them, and that they use this "fifth hand" as a holdfast. The example which has just arrived at the gardens is nearly adult, and, though somewhat shy, is fairly tame, for, with little coaxing, it will come to the front of the cage to take fruit from visitors. Like all new arrivals, however it is somewhat distrustful. It one advances too near it darts for ward with a splitting noise, like an angry cat, while the paw delivers a round-handed blow, like that of a

Useful as Well as Ornamental.

What ups and downs there are in life-even in one short twelvemonth of existence!" gloomily observed Mr. Younghusband, as he climbed out of the connubial couch at midnight's chille hour, fell over a rocking chair and then, limping, made his way toward a crib in which a fretful infant with soleleather lungs was wildly pawing the atmosphere and emitting hair-raising

bowls of agony. "Yes." he went on, bitterly, reaching for the complaining bundle of humanity in the crib and cradling it on his arm, "one brief year ago I prided myself on being chief partner in the matri monial firm. Now, hang it, I find I am only floorwalker in the infant swear

And with a hoarse chuckle at his own wit he continued to walk.-New York

Hoping for the Best

"Professor," inquired the thoughtful member of the class, "don't you suppose there will come a time when al the conl and all the coal oil stored awa in the earth will have become exhaus:

"Certainly," said the instructor. "What will we do then?" "We shall be playing harps, I hope

"What is the fascination about these stories of arctic travel, anylow? "I think it comes from the knowledge that there are places on the earth will



THE SOUL'S RETURN.

By T. A. A. Gessier
I will arise and go to my father-Leke xv., 18.

The aweetest of stories told in any igue among men is this beautiful parable of the prodigal son. Everywhere is it attentively heard. Simple batm.

What is perhaps most wonderful

tive have another termination and our fidels do. pity turns to disgust. Let it rend: Now, if the decrepitude of age is the But he was besotted and rejoiced in result of disease, and disease is an ab-

have come, whether our feet go into body has been subjected on account flower gardens or deserts, we are apt of sin will be exchanged for incorrupto lose knowledge of the fatherhood tion, glory, honor and immortality. (1 that is over us. The material advan- Cor. xv., 42-58; Where there is no tages of the world, all its profits, hon- decay or corruption there can be no ors and emoluments, can never satisfy old age. This was remotely anticithe highest aspirations of the human paled by Elihu, where he represents soul. We want something more endur an old afflicted skeleton of a once ing and profound. Nor will art, litera- powerful man returning to the days tore or sentiment satisfy the craving, of his youth, "His flesh shall be fresh-Not anything that exhausts itself in er than a child's; he shall return to the realm of the intellect or the eigo- the days of his youth." (Job xiii., flows alone responds to the soul's high- 19-25.) The Psalmist also says of the est aspirations. The leverage by man whose life has been redeemed which it is to be lifted must be out- from destruction that he shall have side itself. It wants God.

few days ago is not relieved by the again, its health and enjoyments, enthought that she shares only the com- riched a thousand-fold by the knowlmon lot of mortals. A tenderer hand edge and experiences of manhood and the young of this species could hang than that of philosophy is needed to

stay the rush of her tears. No. it is not satisfying, this "far country." Many of its gifts are high and noble; indeed they are all of them of the Father's bestowal-we must not forget this when we are tempted to belittle the world's favors-but they are only the media and not the substance of a divine affection. We need to get beyond and above them all to the perennial fountain from which all beneficence flows if the soul is to be satisfied with perfect refreshment. "I will arise and go to my Father." Let every reader say this to his own soul to-day. Beyond and above all songs and psalms, beyond and above all rites and ceremonials to the loving heart of nigh." Your childhood, at times, is

There is no room for doubt as to my welcome, for His arms are always open to receive His sorrowing, suffering, penitent children. They are His very own. He gives them a peace which this world can neither bestow nor despoil.

My Father! When every soul shall come to the sense of proprietorship which this pronoun suggests, then shall men cease to tremble before an awful tyrant, and that sense of despair which accompanies the idea of an impersonil or absent power that is above us perishes. The vague yearn ing that had its birth in our early childhood when at a mother's knee we learned to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven," finds a higher realization than was then possible to our dreams, for the heavenly gates have opened and the Father has come down to meet his returning child in an ineffable ministry of comfort, peace and

THE RENEWAL Co. COUTH.

in the aged, childhood, youth and manhood are not dead. They still live. Childhood has only been put to bed; youth has only gone off to school are manhood has only engaged in business or enlisted in the army or gone off on an exploring expedition into the regions of old age. In due time childhood will awake from a long, refreshing sleep and come bounding out of bed more joyful than ever; youth will come home from college with his es sprkling with joy and his face ing with wisdom and knove dge. and manhood will return from the

battlefields of life and the weakness of old age enriched with firmness, endurance and experience, and together they will blend into one glorious and composite being, embracing all the stages of human life minus their defects and Imperfections. Childhood will then have lost its whims, youth its follies and age its wrinkles, sallow skin, dim eyes and gray hairs. Thus youth, it seems to me, is to be the permanent state or condition of redeemed human life in the great future. It is certainly the most joyful and desirable period of life. Goethe has truly said: "All men would live long, but even to plainness, told ten thousand no man would grow old." This desire times, it never loses its marvelous is of divine origin, and must therefore be gratified sometime and somewhere.

I cannot believe that gray hairs, dim about it is that, while the quiet of the eyes, wrinkled faces, sallow skin and wanderer is never for a moment hid trembling limbs represent the normal den, while his transgression is set be- condition of human life, because they fore us in characters so distinct as are evidences of disease, decay and never to be mistaken, we do not for death, and disease is an abnormal cona moment lose our sympathy for the dition brought on by sin. God made wanderer himself. So the Master wish- health the normal condition of life ed it. For so He opens the inexhaust- and disease the abnormal condition. if le fountains of the divine love to our Ingersoll once said: "If I had been vision; so He shows us how He re- minking the world instead of God I ceives sinners and eats with them; would have made health contagious how He welcomes the guilt to the instead of disease," to which a medifeast of His love and rejoices over cal professor replied: "Then he would them as a father over a child that have been compelled to have made disease instead of health the normal And yet this sympathy turns alto-condition of life." How dreadful gether upon the incident to which this would this have been! But God knew scripture directs us. Let the narra- better how to make a world than in-

the husks with the swine; he longed normal condition of life brought about not for his father's home; he ignored by sin, it follows therefore that all its plenty and died in his wretched- these abnormal conditions will forever ness." We should then say: "Miser- disappear when our redemption is able brute, he lived and died as he de- fully completed in the morning of the resurrection. All the weakness, cor-In the strange land to which we ruptibility and dishonor to which the his "youth renewed like the cagle's." The burden of sorrow, care and and (Ps. citi., 3-5.) And Jesus says; "Bexiety that oppresses us requires a hold I make all things new," (Rev. higher ministry than this "strange XXL, 1-5.) From this it appears that land" affords. Its comforts are but the earth, together with all its re-"husks." Many a business man who deemed inhabitants, shall eventually reads these words to-day shudders as be rehabilitated upon the original plan he recollects that the Sunday rest is of immortal youth. Age will pass already half gone and that to-morrow away as winter, and the spring of he must resume the grind of yester- childhood will bloom out into the fraday and take up the agonies that had grant and luxurious summer of imonly been laid aside during his rest. mortal youth. Those who were once ing spell. The mother who left the old and infirm will resume the appearbody of her child in the cemetery a ance of their youth and experience renewed and glorified earth through renewed and glorified eyes, hear its joyful sounds with the ears of youth, taste its superabounding joys with the mouth of youth, walk its highways with the feet of youth, and enter beartily into all its joys and activities with the vivacity of youth. Oh. blessed state! Oh, happy condition! And it will be immortal. We shall never grow old again. "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things (sin, disease, old age and death) are passed away." Look up, then, ye aged, "for your redemption draweth partially awakened and your youth may be partly renewed in this life. but you will not embrace them in all their glory until you pass into the great beyond.

Family Bookkeeping.

Most persons know so many competent business women that it will not do to take too seriously the popular slander that the better half of the race cannot master the principles of banking. Still there is occasionally a joke of this kind good enough to stand with apologies, and a recent one from the

CB

Chicago Post will not be taken iss.
"My account book," she said, is udly, "showed that I had eight dollars and fifteen cents more than I really did have, so I felt at liberty to spend the OXCORN !

"But there wasn't any excess!" he

"Oh, yes, there was!" she replied

The book showed it." "If you didn't have the money," he

urged, "It was a shortage." "Certainly not," she returned. "It was right there on the book-eight

collars and fifteen cents more than 1 had, and when the balance was so much bigger than it should be, I fell free to spend the money."

"If you had more money in your purse than the book spowed," he sug gest of "what then?" "I bould have spent it," she an swered. "Either way, it's all the

Now he is trying to get her to give up keeping accounts

It costs the average vessel \$4,800 to