



CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)
 "You are complimentary to your friend's husband."
 "My friend!" exclaimed the girl; "ah, no, monsieur, she is not that—she is too good for that—and if she used to be his friend, tell him he ought to help her. She wants some one's help."
 "Probably," returned the Scotchman; "but it's a dangerous thing, my girl, to interfere between husband and wife, and my friend will do well to keep out of it. There, that will do for this morning, Adele," he added, as she leaped from the rostrum; "take my advice, and say nothing of this incident to madame your friend. It may unsettle her, and make the end of her married life rather more unbearable than the beginning of it."
 He lit up his pipe again and strolled carelessly about the studio until Adele had left. Then his manner suddenly changed; he left the studio, rushed up a flight of stairs, and entered the little snugery above, where his companion was sitting, and clapped him on the shoulder.
 "Sutherland, my boy," he exclaimed, "good news."
 Sutherland, awakened suddenly from his day-dream, started from his chair. "About Marjorie?" he cried.
 "Yes," returned his friend with a smile, "about Marjorie. I have been talking this morning with a woman who is one of her intimate friends."
 "Where is she?" exclaimed Sutherland. "Let me see her."
 "Now, look here, my good fellow," returned the other, "you must sit down and cease to excite yourself. Moreover, you must work cautiously, or my prize may turn out a blank. Yes, I have discovered in the model Adele one who may tell you just what you want to know—who is often in the house with Marjorie, who knows exactly how happy or how wretched she may be, and who, if properly handled, may be made to tell you all. But you must be careful, as I have said, for she is a rough creature, and might turn stubborn. She is gone now, but she will return tomorrow, and you shall talk to her. Think it over, and decide for yourself the best way to act."
 He descended to the studio, while Sutherland sank again into his chair to think of Marjorie.
 He spent a singularly restless night; the next morning he looked pale and harassed. But after breakfast when he entered the studio he was quite calm. He was working with his customary ardor when the studio door opened and Adele came in.
 The moment she appeared he sprang up and greeted her.
 "I am glad you have come," he said, in doubtful French. "I—I wish to speak to you about a lady whom you know well. Yes; Nairn, my friend, has told me that you know her."
 Adele fixed her wild eyes upon the young man, and then, with a curious smile, pointed to a portrait.
 "You mean her?" she asked.
 "Yes, yes! Tell me all you know concerning her. I am interested in her—deeply interested. My friend tells me that you sometimes visit the house, though how or why I cannot guess. What takes you there?"
 "I carry a message sometimes from the cabaret," answered Adele.
 "And you see her?—you speak to her?"
 "Why not?" said the girl, somewhat defiantly, for she read in the young man's face no little astonishment that Marjorie should see such company.
 "Yes, I see her—and the child. She is like that picture, but changed, older. But there, perhaps you sometimes see her for yourself."
 "Only from a distance," answered Sutherland. "I have not spoken to her, she does not know that I am in Paris. But I have seen enough," he added, sadly, "to suspect that she is unhappy and neglected. Is that so?"
 Adele looked at him for some moments in silence, then she said, with the low, harsh laugh habitual to her: "You know little or nothing, monsieur. If you will swear not to betray me, I can tell you much more—of her—and her husband. Diab!e, I should love to do him an ill turn, and her a good one. Will you swear?"
 "Yes," answered Sutherland, startled by the girl's strange manner. "For God's sake, tell me all you know."
 Upon being further questioned, it seemed that Adele knew really very little concerning Marjorie herself. She could only tell Sutherland what he had already, by quiet observation, discovered for himself, that Marjorie seemed unhappy; that there was no sympathy between herself and her husband; that, indeed, she seemed to fear him.
 About Caussidiere himself, Adele was much more explicit—indeed, she seemed to be pretty well acquainted with his secret life, and spoke of it without reserve. Suddenly she asked: "Do you know Mademoiselle Seraphine, of the Chatelet?"
 "No."
 "Well, Caussidiere does."
 "What of that?"
 "Well," repeated Adele, "how dull you are, monsieur. You ask me

remained unchanged. A gray, weary, worn-out woman, she dwelt alone in Annandale Castle.
 Holding little Leon by the hand, they strolled quietly along under the trees. Presently they came to one of the many merry-go-rounds which are to be found in the Champs Elysees. Merry children were riding on the wooden horses, and mothers and nursery-maids were looking on.
 Here little Leon clamored for a ride, and Sutherland placed him on one of the horses. As he rode round and round, uttering cries of infantine delight, Marjorie looked on with heightened color, her eyes full of mother's tender rapture; and, gazing upon her, Sutherland thought to himself:
 "Poor Marjorie! She loves her husband for her child's sake. I have no right to come between them."
 When the ride was done and the three passed on together, Marjorie seemed to have forgotten all her trouble and to look her old smiling self, but Sutherland's heart sank in deep dejection.
 Close to the Madeleine they parted, with a warm handshake and a promise to meet again.
 From that day forth Marjorie and Sutherland met frequently, and walked together in the Bois de Boulogne or on the boulevards, with little Leon for a companion. At her express entreaty he refrained from speaking to Caussidiere, though he saw that, despite her attempts at cheerfulness, her face sometimes wore an expression of increasing pain. He began to suspect that there was something very wrong indeed; and he determined to discover, if possible, the exact relations existing between Marjorie and her husband. Meantime, the meetings with his old sweetheart were full of an abundant happiness, tempered with sympathetic distress.
CHAPTER XXIX.
SUTHERLAND'S suspicions were correct. Matters between husband and wife were rapidly coming to a climax. Day after day, and some times night after night, Caussidiere was from home, and when he was there his manner toward his wife and child was almost brutal.
 Marjorie bore her lot with exemplary docility and characteristic gentleness; but one day her patience gave way. She received a communication—an anonymous letter—which ran as follows, but in the French tongue:
 "Madame—When your husband is not with you he is with Mademoiselle Seraphine of the Chatelet."
 Marjorie read the letter through twice, then folded it and put it in her pocket. Caussidiere was late home that night; indeed, it was nearly two o'clock before his latch-key was put in the door; yet when he mounted the stairs he found that Marjorie was sitting up for him.
 "Diab!e, what are you doing here?"
 "Where have you been so late, Leon?" she quietly replied.
 He stared at her with an ominous frown as he said:
 "What is that to you? Go to bed."
 Seeing well that he was in no mood to be questioned, she obeyed him; but the next morning, when they were sitting at breakfast, she returned to the subject again.
 "Leon," she said, "where is it that you go so often when you are away from me?"
 Caussidiere looked at her with a new light in his eyes; then he turned away his head and continued his breakfast.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)
INCOMES THAT SEEM LARGE.
 It is always assumed that great painters make fortunes almost with a turn of the hand. That, at all events, is not the experience of M. Puvis de Chavannes, the most celebrated painter in France at the present time, who has been working for thirty-seven years, estimates that the total amount he has been able to earn by his pictures in that time has amounted to scarcely £16,000. In other words, his income has averaged only about £430 a year.
 This even does not represent profit, for naturally his expenses in hiring models and in purchasing materials would have to be deducted from this very modest sum.
 Similar abnormal figures between position and income are occasionally met with in other professions, although as a rule men do not like to proclaim the fact that they have not been great money-makers.
 One of the most remarkable examples of this fact was the case of a famous oculist living in Harley street. He was the senior surgeon of one of the most celebrated ophthalmic hospitals in London, and held one of the highest positions in the professional world as a consultant.
 In speaking of the subject of earnings to a professional friend one day, he jokingly asked:
 "What would you think has been the most I have ever earned in a year out of the practice of my profession?"
 The friend looked up not knowing what to answer, whereupon the oculist went on: "Well, you would perhaps be surprised if I told you that I have never earned £100 in twelve months."
 The best quality of maple syrup comes from the north side of the tree, but the flow is not so large as when the tree is tapped on the south side.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM

MISS WANAMAKER AND FUTURE KING OF EGYPT.

The Story Said to Be the Result of a Plot to Ruin the Reigning Family in the Land of the Pharaohs—An International Episode.

A BEAUTIFUL American girl is being used as an innocent factor in a plot to dethrone the Khedive of Egypt and forever wreck the political hopes of the Khedive's brother and heir apparent, Mahomet Abbas II. The authority for this statement is John Wanamaker, ex-postmaster general of the United States. The American girl is his daughter, Lillie. Romance, politics, intrigue and innocence have combined to bring about this state of affairs. A journey up the Nile, Perisian theater parties, social functions, tete-a-tetes, where gossip's watchful eye saw all that happened, and finally dark-skinned plotters in the guise of friends and courtiers—these are the features of what in its whole is one of the most curious, most daring plots in the history of Oriental intrigue. For months past rumors have found their way to the United States from time to time that the royal dynasty of Egypt, or what was some day likely to be the royal dynasty, was about to link its fortunes with one of the beauties of Am-



MAHOMET ALI.

erica. The person in whom the blue blood of Egypt is centered who cast upon an American to share the throne. If ever it became his, is Mahomet Ali, the younger brother of the Khedive. The Sphinx, an English newspaper published in Cairo, the capital of Egypt, has recently made public announcement that Mahomet Ali, heir to the throne, was engaged to "Miss Wanamaker," of America. The Khedive promptly sent forth a denial. Certain Egyptian newspapers published the denial with doubts and commented on Mahomet Ali's devoted attentions to Miss Wanamaker in Paris. The news traveled to the American colony in Paris and found its way into the French newspapers. Mr. Wanamaker promptly denied that Miss Wanamaker had anything more than a friendship for the young Egyptian. Mahomet Ali is a young man of twenty-two years. He is very like his brother, the Khedive, and those who best know him say he is much more intelligent. However that may be, Mahomet is very fond of the society of foreigners, and the bright eyes of the feminine section of the foreign element have been to him wondrously attractive. For an Egyptian Mahomet is very cosmopolitan, and society in London and Paris knows him well. It was in Paris, so the story goes, that he first met Miss Lillie Wanamaker, and by means of the same story we are told that Cupid scored at once. Opposed to this statement, however, are vigorous denials, not the least of which is that of Miss Wanamaker herself, accompanied by the even more emphatic statement of her father, L. Rodman Wanamaker. Miss Lillie Wanamaker's brother, soon became a bosom friend of Mahomet Ali. Together they went up the Nile, and Mahomet showed the younger Wanamaker Egypt much after the same fashion the younger Wanamaker would have showed Mahomet All New York. All this added fuel to the flame of rumor. What could be more natural, said the International society gossips of Europe, than that the clever Egyptian should seek to win a place in the affections of the brother as an entering wedge in the assault upon the heart of the sister. It was reasonable, as circumstantial evidence is viewed, and the plotters against the Khedive and his brother chuckled with Oriental glee. It was their plan to make the Egyptians believe that when they had succeeded in overthrowing the Khedive, his brother should be killed or banished, for if he were not, then foreign influence would rule in Egypt for all time, and never again would there be the least hope of an Egypt for the Egyptians.
 It was the so-called native party of Egypt that conceived the plot in which Miss Wanamaker is innocently involved. Whether Mahomet Ali wished to marry Miss Wanamaker or not no one but himself, and possibly Miss Wanamaker, can say with authority. Certain it is, however, that he paid her much attention—perhaps more than the young man should who has not what the American mother calls "intentions."

All this was in accordance with the wishes of the plotters unutterably opposed to foreign domination and to all which savored even of foreign influence. It stamped Mahomet in their minds as a friend of the foreigner, although they had always believed him to be this. Now, however, they said to themselves that here was proof positive that the heir apparent to throne of Egypt was hand in glove with the hated foreigner, evidence sufficient as to what his policy would be should fate ever grant him the honor of being the nominal ruler of Egypt. The Egyptian native party is well organized. It has been emissaries throughout Europe. Its leaders know the state of feeling in every country where the people are in the least interested from a personal standpoint in the nation by the Nile. They are fertile in expedient, and they well understand the necessity of steadfast action regarding any plan which they have determined to carry out. This explains why the story of Mahomet's engagement has so often been repeated—repeated in the manner which carries conviction. In fact, it is absolutely true that in Europe today the belief is very strong that some day, before so very long, Mahomet will issue invitations to witness the marriage to the young woman whom the Parisians call "La Belle Americaine." Both Mahomet Ali and the Khedive himself are well aware of the plan to ruin his political aspirations through a pretty girl, a girl who is as innocent of knowledge of even the faintest suspicion of the truth as she is charming of face and of manner. He knows, of course, that his enemies, who are those of his brother as well, are constantly plotting the overthrow of himself and the Khedive. He also knows that at the present time the anti-foreign feeling in Egypt is very strong and constantly gaining. The domination of Great Britain is bitterly resented and neither is the possibility of French rule relished.

Hence when Mahomet spends weeks in Paris for the purpose, as the emissaries of the native party have caused it to be declared, of courting an American girl, an argument against the heir apparent is furnished which, in the eyes of the foreign hating element of Egypt, is irresistible in point of showing the unfitness of Mahomet to ever properly fulfill the duties which devolve upon the Khedive.
 Miss Lillie Wanamaker is now at her father's home, No. 202 Walnut street, Philadelphia. When she returned from Paris, a few weeks ago, the story immediately appeared in European papers that Mahomet Ali was going to pay the United States a visit. Coupled with this rumor was the statement that upon the result of this visit would depend his future happiness, so far as it could be affected by the American girl who it had long been stated was to be offered the opportunity to become the wife of the heir apparent. The weeks have passed and Mahomet has shown no signs of saying even adieu to the gayeties of Parisian life for the purpose of a brief sojourn in the United States. Rumor, fed by the Egyptian conspirators, continues busy, and within a week the positive announcement has been made in Europe that "Miss Wanamaker of Philadelphia" was to wed Mahomet. The vigorous denials of Miss Wanamaker and her father can by no means keep pace with the plotters of the native party of Egypt.
 Miss Lillie Wanamaker is one of the leaders of Philadelphia's Four Hundred. Before the marriage of her sister, Mrs. Barclay Warburton, the "Wanamaker girls," as they were called, were considered the most desirable of the marriageable young women which the Quaker city contained. Therefore in the Philadelphia fashionable mind, if Mahomet Ali sought Miss Wanamaker he showed wisdom. Parisians say he did seek her. Miss Wanamaker says he did not. Mahomet says nothing. The world wonders if it can possibly be true that for even a little moment the Philadelphia beauty thought seriously of plighting her



LILLIAN WANAMAKER.

truth to a man, the laws of whose country authorize him to have three wives.
Thieves Steal from Thieves.
 A gang of thieves organized to prey upon thieves has been discovered in Paris. Their plan was to watch for shoplifters in the department stores like the Louvre and the Bon Marche, to follow them home, and then under pretense of being police inspectors to search their apartments for stolen goods, which they carried off with no fear of complaint being made.
Fussy Rescued by Her Canine Friend.
 A dog in North Gray, Maine, that lives on good terms with the family cat set out to find pussy the other day, she having been absent several days. He brought her in holding her in his mouth and along with her the steel trap in which she was caught.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V. JANUARY 30—MATT. 6: 5-15.

Golden Text: Pray to Thy Father Which is in Secret—Matt. 6: 6—How to Pray—Some Explanatory Notes and Suggestion to Teachers.

The section includes verses 1-18—instructions as to heart-worship, with the emphasis on prayer. Light From Other Scriptures. Prayer.—Matt. 7: 7-12; 18: 19; Luke 11: 1-13; 18: 1-14; John 16: 23-27; Rom. 8: 26; Phil. 4: 6; Jas. 1: 5-7; 1 John 5: 14, 15. Suggestions to Teachers.—The emphasis in this lesson should be laid on the Lord's Prayer. We first note the underlying principle of all true worship, then, having come unto the spirit of prayer, we learn how to pray. This prayer is so familiar that we are apt to miss the greatness, the perfection, and the depth of meaning in it. We often need to stop and think upon the familiar things around us. We are like those who have become acquainted with the surface of the ground, its paths and lawns, its flowers and trees, when some one shows that beneath the soil is the fountain head of a river, or rich mines of gold. Let us then learn for ourselves and teach our scholars. Place in the Life of Christ.—About the middle of his second year—the year of development. A part of his Sermon on the Mount, or laws of the Kingdom.—Historical Setting.—Time.—In the summer of A. D. 28. Place.—The Mount of Beatitudes, or Horns of Hattin. Jesus between 31 and 32 years old. John the Baptist in prison at Castle Macherus. The Twelve Apostles chosen just before this sermon was preached.
 Explanatory.—Heart Worship.—Vs. 5, 8. In the first half of this chapter Jesus gives us a lesson on heart worship, and applies the principle he lays down to giving, to praying, and to fasting. The principle is that of absolute sincerity, without sham, without pretense, and without unworthy motive concealed under the apparently good object. The Principle Applied to Giving. One should give alms for the sake of helping others, because it is right, because it is pleasing to God, because it is the natural outflow of love. So far as alms are given for the purpose of being honored and admired, it is hypocrisy and not virtue. One may indeed "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." A Warning. There are those who want the Lord's will done if only they can be on the committee of "ways and means," and God's will be done in their way. A lesson in seeking the coming of the Kingdom in our own hearts. "The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul."—Bushnell. Give us this day our daily bread. New light is thrown upon this petition by a comparison with its slightly varied form in Luke. Matthew says, give, in one act. Luke says, be giving, continuously. Matthew says, this day; Luke says, day by day. Daily, in the original, is a peculiar compound word, and may mean (1) requisite, sufficient, "a supply that comes up to and covers out real wants without overflowing."—Morison. Or (2) "for the incoming day, the day just beginning."—Camp. Bible. "Give us to-day food sufficient for the next."—Thayer. That is daily. The petition shows that God cares for our bodily wants. He knows that we "have need of all these things." He delights in our comfort, and "giveth us all things richly to enjoy." In the present age, it is especially important to urge that men shall pray for temporal good, since so many think that the recognized presence of law in all temporal things puts them beyond the sphere of prayer, as if that would exclude God from his universe.—Broadus. The body is the instrument of the soul, and should be cared for as a part of the body. The violin, or an engineer for his engine. At the same time we are to note that out of seven petitions, "three for God's glory, and three for our souls," there is but one, this central one, for earthly things. Give us. Every worldly good comes from God. No man can know how much work for our daily living, still it is the gift of God, for he gives us the strength to work, and the opportunities, and controls the course of nature which supplies our wants. "Money is as powerless against flood and drought, frost and fire, rot and grub, as Pharaoh was against frog and fly, locust and darkness."—Beardman. "All the science in the world cannot create one grain of wheat." Nor can all the wealth. "This fact tends to make all worldly things draw us toward God. For on every side we see the image and superscription of our Heavenly Father, and a proof of his love.

KNOWS THE BIBLE BY HEART.

Deaf and Blind Colored Boy Who Can Quote Scripture Correctly.
 From the Louisville Post: "While visiting an old friend on the Tennessee river, near where Shannon's creek empties into the larger stream, not long since," said a country minister, "I saw a negro lad of 12 who is as great a wonder to me as Helen Keller, the world famous blind girl and deaf mute. He lives in a typical Kentucky backwoods community, and has had no advantages. My friend asked me if I would like to see the youth, and I assured him I would. We went to the child's home, if the little hut might be termed home, and before I left it I had opened my eyes wide in astonishment. The boy was born deaf and blind, and with one arm. He was for years, while a negro tot, called 'the freak' by the negroes, who unfeelingly poked fun at the unfortunate. This child was given a raised letter bible by an old nomadic missionary, who happened to see the pickaninny while preaching to the negroes, and from it the boy learned every chapter in the bible. He can quote any verse in the scriptures, and do it quickly. He spends every hour of his time in studying God's word, and says he is going to teach the blind children of his race. The lad's name is Henry William Freeman Freeman, and he is a good looking mulatto. I am going to get some friends of mine to join me in a collection to be sent the boy to further his studies."
SCRAPS.
 Sweden has 6,250 miles of railway, equivalent to 12½ miles for each 10,000 inhabitants, the largest pro rata mileage in Europe. Switzerland coming next, with 7½ miles per 10,000 population.
 Frank Mark of St. Louis is the only pensioner in Missouri who is awarded \$100 a month, yet he was in the army only sixteen days and did not fight a battle. He lost both arms in cannon practice.