

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER XVII.

The modified officer produced a paper, over which Mr. Walker pored for about five minutes.

"I don't see anything about searching my house there," he remarked grimly, as he handed the document back to Mr. Brown. "Perhaps you'll put your finger on the place, and I'll give in."

"It's a warrant for the apprehension of Charles Branscombe, gentleman," said the officer pompously, "on a charge of—ahem—felony—a very serious charge."

"And what the dickens," cried the old gentleman, irritably, "have I got to do with Charles Branscombe or any other felon, I should like to know?"

"He was seen last close to this house," said Mr. Brown, "and—"

"And whilst you've been jabbering here he's had time to get far enough away from it, I should say," interrupted Mr. Walker, contemptuously, ignoring a sign from his wife, who threw open the door with a civil—"You're welcome to look upstairs and down, and wherever you like, sir."

As Mr. Brown descended to the garden, after an elaborate investigation of every room in the house, Mr. Widdrington came up the path from the pea-vines, and, catching sight of the officer, "went for" him on the spot.

Mr. Brown was a well-built fellow, standing six feet one in his stockings, and the detective was a wiry little man, hardly reaching above his shoulder, yet the officer staggered under the grip of the sinewy hand.

"You—you blind idiot!" gasped the excited Widdrington, as he shook his subordinate heavily to and fro. "You confounded underhead! Do you see what you have done? You have let the man slip through your fingers, just as we had run him to earth. Look there!"

"There," by the overturned basket filled with green pea-pods, lay a bundle composed of a blue cotton gown and a white muslin cap.

Mr. Brown's indignation traveled from the bundle to the garden alley.

solutions as Mrs. Walker's cup of tea. Mr. James Brown, looking terribly crestfallen, followed his superior along the field-path to the spot where Smith and Varley awaited them.

"The man's gone," said the detective, briefly. "Has anything passed this way?"

"Not a living thing," answered Smith, who was from Scotland Yard—"nothing but a hay wagon from the field yonder. I saw it loading all the time."

And Mr. Smith had seen also a tired laborer, lolling at full length on the top of the hay cart, half asleep, and with his battered felt hat slouched over his face to keep off the rays of the sun. What he did not see was the laborer's alert descent from his billowy couch as soon as the cart turned the corner, nor the grin on the wagoner's face as a golden sovereign was passed from his "mate's" hand to his own; and what he did not hear was the laborer's song—sung in a musical voice, too—as he lurched across the quiet fields towards the not distant coast. The refrain of that song was peculiar for a bucolic singer:

"They don't know everything down in Judaea."

CHAPTER XVIII.

One week after our wedding day an epistle reached my wife, the audacity of which simply overwhelmed us. We read and reread it, and finally indulged in a hearty laugh over it. It was worded as follows:

"June 18th, 18—.

"My Dear Coz.—I'm open to a compromise; tell your lawyers so. I will make over Forest Lea to you—I don't care to live there—and you will pay me, say, half the income. In the absence of the will which Fort asserts was made by our uncle, but which he has never produced, I can of course claim the whole. But we are cousins, and I don't wish to be hard on you. The old governor ought to have left you something, if he didn't."

"Messrs. Smithson and Wright, of Russell street, Russell square, have in-

thing more?" I inquired. "That day, when I met you together, for instance?"

"You have no right to ask me such questions," Nona replied with dignity; "and if you please, we will talk business."

"Yes, we will talk business," I assented. "Do you know, my dearest, that in the present phase of the affair, it is Mr. Branscombe who gives you the half of Forest Lea—not you who give it to him. Without the will, which clearly he does not intend to surrender, he is the possessor of the estate."

"Does it matter?" asked my wife.

"No," I answered, shrugging my shoulders. "It is simply a detail."

"And there will be nothing to prevent the compromise?" asked this determined little woman, anxiously.

"Nothing excepting the restitution of the will. You could not, in that case, give away anything."

"Then I hope it will never be restored. In fact," said my wife with emphasis, "I would not receive it; I would destroy it."

"Then you must not take me into your confidence," I laughed. "I can't have anything to do with compounding a felony."

Nona was never tempted to carry her threat into execution. Charlie Branscombe's troublesome career came to a sudden end by the bursting of an overcharged rifle on a hunting expedition; and amongst the papers handed over to us by a foreign banker was the missing will.

It was not without some natural tears to his memory that his faithful-hearted cousin accepted at last her inheritance; and, if she is now consoled by the fair bright face of a young Harold Branscombe Fort, who, as second son, is to be the heir—as he is the namesake—of the good old colonel, she still loves to trace in the frank, delicate features a likeness to the lost playmate of her youth.

And I am no longer jealous.

(The End.)

CURIOUS PETS FOR WOMEN.

Some minds are strikingly original, even in the choice of pets. Certainly this was the case with the wife of a gentleman farmer who made a pet of a pig. The animal lost its mother early, and the lady, taking pity on the little orphan, bore it off to the kitchen, where she succeeded by the aid of a feeding bottle, in rearing it.

The pig became a great pet, and used to follow its owner like a dog. It could hardly have been its outward attraction that won her heart; it must have been its qualities which endeared it to her.

Another very singular pet was that of a frog, which was tamed by a young girl in the country and would come out from under the leaves at her approach to be fed with a strawberry.

A lady who was confined to her room had a fowl which, before her illness, was a constant companion. It used to be regularly brought to her room every morning to see her and be fed by her own hands, and allowed to take a short walk about her room.

Another member of the feminine gender actually made a pet of a turkey, and declared it should "never be eaten, but die in its own good time," which it did of its age.

A much more extraordinary instance of a strange pet, for a woman, at any rate, was where an old lady so far overcame the natural repugnance of her sex as to tame a mouse which had been caught in her store cupboard. So successful was her treatment that at last the tiny animal would take crumbs from its mistress's fingers.—Woman's Life.

THE BEST OF IT.

And Still Lovely Woman is Clamoring for Her Rights.

Every man has his day; but thanks to his gallantry, woman has every day. If reasonably indulgent, she is mistress of all sorts of pie, writes Jean Potage in the Boston Home Journal. Her sins are forgiven her. If she murders a man who has failed to treat her like the perfect lady she was not, the jury is pretty apt to acquit her, taking into consideration the naughtiness of the man. On the other hand if she treats a man nastily, and he does her quietus make with a large bodkin, twelve good men and true disbelieve his story and order him to the scaffold. If she sees her lover for breach of promise, she gets at least a part of what she sees for. If he sees her he gets the ha-ha from all the newspapers. In case of a quarrel in which she is to blame, she has a court of last resort which is closed to mankind—she can always shed tears, when she finds things are not going her way. If she loses a part of woman's glory—her golden locks—she may place out the remainder with some adroitly commingled curls, to the eternal deception of the public, and so never hear the remarks of derision turned toward her bald-headed husband. If she's an actress she can play Juliet and Hamlet both, while the male Thespian, though he may make a better Hamlet, is precluded by public prejudice and an insipid black beard from ever looking at the moonlight and asking Romeo wherefore he is Romeo. And still she asks for her "rights" and seeks for "power."

The first person who asked for the earth, and then scolded because it was not fried on both sides and turned over, must have been of the sex that brought Adam to grief with an apple.

An industrious man with good sense doesn't have to depend upon luck.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

BUSINESS LIFE, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

A Lecture in Common Honesty.—Not Slothful in Business; Fervent in Spirit; Serving the Lord.—Rom. 12:11.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopfach.) Industry, devoutness and Christian service—all commended in that short text. What! is it possible that they shall be conjoined? Oh, yes. There is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and Bibles, between churches and country houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fills the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry, and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the circle of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups: producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn corn into food, and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other.

When the Prince Imperial of France fell on the Zulu battlefield because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the Empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battlefield, and other blamed the English government for accepting the sacrifice, and other blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harnessmaker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the Prince Imperial would probably have been alive today. But the strap broke. No prince independent of a harnessmaker! High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all bound together. So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs and illumine all darkness and lift up all wretchedness and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?

I remark, also, that business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do until he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was hurried out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went of course. Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods, so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial integrity there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before, tried honesty, complete hon-

esty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair and woollens were woollens, and silks were silks and men were men.

How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and come out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illicitly without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the chink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on their soul in the custom house they kissed the book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats, and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read "as the parting sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them out; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

What a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage, if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment, and said: "Now, I will step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I will come all right again, it is only once. That only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity.

A merchant in Liverpool got a five-pound Bank of England note, and, holding it up toward the light, he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: "Whoever gets this bank note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed government officers, and found who this man was spoken of in this bank bill. After awhile the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of your bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth!

As I go on in this subject, I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy with business men. Is it not a shame that we in our pulpits do not oftener preach about their struggles, their trials, and their temptations? Men who toil with the hand are not apt to be very sympathetic with those who toil with the brain. The farmers who raise the corn and oats and the wheat sometimes are tempted to think that such merchants have an easy time, and get their profits without giving any equivalent. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nation, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the sea coast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalaya, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford. There are just as certainly martyrs of Wall street and State street, martyrs of Fulton street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Chestnut street, going through hotter fires, or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all selffulness from our lives, if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complained grievously; but now we see it was for the best. Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous; but do not complain. The hotter therefore the better the refining. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by constables with a whole pack of writs, they were sold out by the sheriffs, they had to compromise with their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were annoyed by the sharp ringing of the door bell by some impetuous creditor who thought it was outrageous and impudent that a man should dare to die before he paid the last half dollar.

I had a friend who had many misfortunes. Everything went against him. He had good business capacity and was of the best of morals, but he

was one of those men such as you have sometimes seen, for whom everything seems to go wrong. His life became to him a plague. When I heard he was dead, I said: "Good—got rid of the sheriffs!" Who are those lustrous souls before the throne? When the question is asked, "Who are they?" the angels standing on the sea of glass respond: "These are they who came out of great business trouble and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A man arose in Fulton street prayer meeting and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I was in utter despair to pay it, and I was in had no means of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years just to make a call, and one said to me, 'Why, I am so glad to see you! Walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address we could not send it. We are very glad you have come?' And the man standing in Fulton street prayer meeting said: "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so? You are unbelieving. God answered that man's prayer.

Oh, you want business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. You want God. For the lack of Him some that you have known have consented to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder; while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphant. There are men here today who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say: "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of that store door has not been removed. People say, "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer, and you see written on the card of that window: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has shed with the last fatigue. His children will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

PREVENTING ELECTROLYSIS.

A Possible Method of Rendering Vagrant Electric Currents Harmless.

The amount of damage done to water and gas pipes by electricity that has escaped from trolley lines on its way back to the power house is almost incalculable. The evil is not so serious nowadays as it was several years ago.

Modern methods of providing for the return of the current have lessened its vagrant disposition. Nevertheless the trouble continues to some extent. A suggestion that bears on the subject was made by the Engineering News a few days ago. In St. John, N. B., it has been the practice for nearly half a century to protect the joints in city water pipes, not with melted lead, as in most places, but with pine plugs. The experiment was tried in 1851 and again in 1857. On both occasions it worked so well that the same policy was pursued two years ago. The object in view was merely to secure economy. But mention of the fact reminds the Engineering News of the insulating qualities of wood and of the proposition made last year that two or more lengths of wooden pipe be introduced into the mains in every district where trouble was to be anticipated. Electricity will not enter a line of pipe if it cannot get out again. An obstacle which would prove effectual at any given point along a system of metallic conductors would dissuade a current from going into it in the first place. Hence, if the wooden plugs interfered with the conductivity of the pipes it is hard to see why they would not protect them from invasion. And if the currents would not attempt to travel along the pipe at all no electrolysis or corrosion would ensue.

Fisherman's Paradise.

The record just published of a fishing expedition in Lapland should be good reading for anglers. The party was one of two rods, with followers. They fished for eleven days and secured a total of 382 salmon and 115 grilse, weighing in all nearly 5,000 pounds. The best day's catch for one rod was thirty-three salmon and twenty-two grilse, or a total weight of 553 pounds. It should be added that the fishing party had to wait their opportunity, for when they arrived at their destination the river was frozen, and when the thaw came there was at first too much water for fishing.—London Globe.

A Chicago rascal who called himself "Hope" secured from \$1 to \$10 apiece from poor people out of employment, and told them to call later and get positions. As might have been expected, both Hope and money are lost.



WE READ AND REREAD IT.

It was empty. Like Cinderella the maid had vanished—the innocent little at the warning stroke—leaving her fiery behind her. Another shake from his irate superior, and a shimmering of the truth dawned upon the stupefied senses of Mr. James Brown—Mr. Charlie had been one too many for him again.

"He's off," panted the detective; "and it'll be a long day before we get such a chance again! Hang your country thick-headedness!"

The little man literally foamed and stamped in his impotent fury. Mrs. Walker, standing at her cottage window, laughed softly to herself as she watched him.

"Yes, he's off," she repeated. "Trust Master Charlie for being one too many for such as they. He always was the cleverest little rascal—bless him! And they may say what they like, his old curse ain't a-going to turn on him, let him be what he will. Ay, ye may rave and storm—to the detective from behind the safe shelter of the closed window—but you'll never catch him now. He'll be aboard the yacht and away before you've even guessed how he got there."

"What on earth made them fools think we was harboring their man?" asked Mr. Walker, who was strutting up and down the little parlor, swelling like an offended turkey-cock. "Did you know anything about this start, James?"—with a sudden suspicion.

"Don't you ask no questions, and you won't have no lies told to you," rejoined his partner oracularly, as she brought out the tea caddy and trotted off to the kitchen to make the tea. "Just you go and give my respects to the two gentlemen in the garden, Hansak," she said to the snub-nosed maid, "and ask them if they'll step in and take a cup of tea; and bring that basket of peas along as you come back; you may as well shell 'em when you're sitting down this evening."

But Mr. Widdrington and the constable were past all such querulous con-

structions from our solicitors—the Rowtons, I suppose—and the sooner it is settled the better. Your affectionate cousin, Charles Branscombe.

"N. B.—I consider my proposal a very liberal one."

"What will you do?" I asked Nona presently.

"I should like him to have what he asks for," she replied, looking timidly at me. "Forest Lea will be safe then—that is what my uncle was anxious about—and poor Charlie will not be tempted to do wrong again."

"Perhaps not," I assented dryly. "We are so rich"—my wife's hand stole out to mine—"and so—so happy!" she said, with that exquisite blush of hers; "we don't want all that money, do we?"

"I want nothing but you, darling," I answered. "You shall do as you like with the rest."

"Thank you," she returned fervently. "Then you will write, will you not, and tell Mr. Rowton to have it all settled with these people? I have been so unhappy about Charlie; it has been the one drawback to all my—my happiness, Sidney—the tears were in her eyes—the thought of Charlie, outcast and disinherited and miserable. You know we were little children together; and poverty for Charlie would mean temptation. Now, with an income, he can marry and settle down, and—"

"And you are sure you did not regret that you—"

"Quite—quite sure. Oh, Sidney, how can you be so foolish!" murmured my wife, with her head on my shoulder.

"You don't know how jealous I have been of your cousin Charlie," I confessed. "I could not believe in my own happiness—it seemed too great; and you will admit that I had some ground for my doubts and suspicions."

"You were very foolish and very blind," repeated my wife. "Charlie and I were nothing more than brother and sister."

"Did he never ask you to be some-