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By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER XII.

It was springtime at Easthill-onand daughter, still lived at the Upmortgage foreclosing. It was generold-that the interest was paid to the my colleague there." young mistress of the Manor; really "Kitty Dynevor," for Lillian Inew tiresome as rubbing a sprain." that Alick Craven's wooing would soon have a nice little sum in hand for her trouseau.

Woodlands was a school no longer. Mrs. Tanner lived at the Manor as chaperon to Miss Dynevor; and Lillian, thoughtful in all things, had insisted on purchasing an annuity of two hundred a year for her friend, so that, as she put it, if she did not live long said, laughing. "I don't believe this cloud of gas help us? Why, it's fad-Mrs. Tanner need not open a school old world will be smashed up yet ing away!" again.

Mrs. Dynevor and Kitty were often at the Manor, and loved Lillian even better than they had loved Miss Lendon; but Harold never went there, and when he met his cousin at Uplands treated her with a cold reserve that almost broke her heart.

"Your brother was kinder to me when I was a poor little governess," she said to Kitty. And that damsel, then on the eve of her wedding, lectured Harold pretty sharply on his manner to her favorite.

"You don't understand," he said coldly. "Lillian is rich, we are poor, and that makes a gulf between us."

"But it need not," Kitty persisted. Lillian and the twins were her bridesmaids when the June day came that made her Mrs. Alick Craven; and somehow, when the happy pair alone in the garden with the chief bridesmaid.

"It went off very well," he remarked, "I never saw Kitty look better."

"No. I think they will be very happy," she said quietly.

"I suppose yours will be the next wedding in the family, Lillian? It is high time you chose a prince consort for the Manor."

"Only that I am not going to do anything of the sort," she answered. "I thought I heard Mrs. Tanner say something about changes at the Ma-

nor." "Yes; but they need not mean matrimony." She hesitated. "You were rival of something really important." earth again safely. so kind to me in the old days, when first I came to Easthill, that I would like to tell you my plans. I am quite sure I am not fit to be a great lady, you reckon is the matter?" and I should like to feel that my life was of use to some one, so I am going to London to be trained as a hospital nurse."

'Lillian!" "And as my life will be spent among sick folk, you see, I shall never want the Manor; and-you are the last of the Dynevors-you would make me very happy, Harold, if you would go back to the old home which was to have been yours, which would have been yours if I had never been born."

"Lillian, you know it is impossible!" "I know you have shunned the Manor lately; but if it was your own?" "I have only shunned it because something it contained was growing all too dear to me. Lillian, did you ever guess my secret-that I loved you with all my heart, and but for the

have asked you to be my wife?" "And I thought you hated me because I was my mother's daughter." "I love you dearly; I have loved

gulf between our fortunes I should

you ever since the old days, when I thought you were only a penniless little teacher." "I wish I had been," she answered

wistfully. "I don't think money has brought me much happiness. But must take the Manor; the dear old place can't be left desolate." And then Harold Dynevor's love

in his arms, and whispered that he would only take the gift with the

And now Dynevor Manor is a happy home, and children who bear the old name make merry in the nursery Mrs. Craven had been afraid to use.

The End.

...... Lesson In Astronomy

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It was the third week of our trip across the plains. We were now just seventy-five miles from Fremont, and expected to make it very shortly; but on rising ! was disgusted to find that one of the horses-we had only twowas dead lame. He had cast himself in the night. I was rubbing the strainad tendons when the professor came nd stood beside me.

"How long before he will be ready for work again?"

"I don't know." I said shortly.

"Hand me that oil." "What is a near estimate?" he inquired, with a touch of mild irritation. "Surely in these days of scientific exactitude so slight a matter as the length of a horse's lameness may be

-computed with reasonable accuracy." "I just wish you'd try it, then," I said, sulkily. "He may be ready tomorrow-we may have to wait two weeks-unless you want to ride the

here," he said thoughtfully. mare in. I don't mind walking." "And leave my specimens to the

mercy of any Yahoo that happens along? My dear Curtis, I could not again. Mrs. Dynevor, with her son and I we can make ourselves very comfortable. But I do hope the crea- ground near me." lands, but with no fear now of the ture will be all right in a short time. ally believed-and specially so by Har- study the collision of the comet with

"Collision of the comet!" I repeated erit went into the local bank account of straightening up. There's nothing so

> "Certainly! That brilliant comet thest. The phenomenon will prove a ously obeying him. rare and wonderful one, though astronomers have often expected such an er in two large sails, and these we fasoccurrence. Unfortunately, something tened on the wagon under his orders, always seemed to interfere."

"May the interference continue," I awhile."

ed," returned the professor with some er because you are so near it and bedignity. "The most advanced theorists | cause of the action of the sun on it. | agree in saying that the comet itself is Do as I tell you-there's no time to now only in a gaseous form, and that lose." now only in a gaseous form, and that-

make the coffee. We can discuss gaseous comets while we eat."

come single, his mate, a pretty mare, having the undue curiosity of her sex, and was in a very serious condition on. when I found her. I dozed her with several remedies, getting little he'p watching a cloud that lay along the had driven off, Harold found himself his telescope in order to bring him ning over the plain at a rate that done what I could for the poor mare, I came back to the wagon.

"I don't believe she'll pull through," I said savagely.

The professor squinted one eye up

a little tighter. "Amazing!" he murmured. "It travels with scarcely the sped of a locomotive. I marvel the velocity is no present." Then, in a different tone,

I took the glass out of his hand.

Hallowell was from the east and was not used to southern localisms.

"It is impossible to reckon anything | miles from Fremont! on so slight a basis," he answered seble in his hand.

"The comet!" he shouted. "The collision has occurred." "Do you call that thing a comet?"

I asked contemptuously. "I might say to you with Festus-'Much learn- in answer to an outspoken inquiry. ing hath made the mad."

"It is a detached fragment from the main body of the gas," he replied, dancing triumphantly around. "The comet as a whole is that faint cloud you see yonder."

"The deuce it is," I said anxiously. 'We shall smother or be blown away. I remember you said something about its traveling like a train."

"Not blown away," corrected the professor. "We can take refuge in the hole by that hemlock yonder. As to our chance of smothering, I wonder you can mention such a trifle in the face of material of such overwhelming scientific interest. I think-"

We were interrupted by a cry from Harold, when I go to the hospital you | the advancing horseman. I saw that he was using whip and spur on his mount, and that the latter instead of responding was evidently played out. conquered his pride. He took Lillian Indeed, as he reached us, the poor brute went down. His rider staggered up before I could lend my assistance.

"For God's sake let me have a horse!" he exclaimed entreatingly. "I am on my way from X-, to Fremont, with a pardon for my brother. If I do not reach the town before 12 tomorrow, the best man that ever buckled will die for no worse fault than putting a wullet through that hound. Pistol Pete. It is nearly 5 now!"

"You shall have the horse and welcome," I replied, for the young fellow's manly face was haggard with an awful grief, "but one is dead lame, and the other is too ill to stand."

He made a rush for the horses to satisfy himself, and came back with a gesture of despair that went to my heart.

"Look!" he cried wildly, drawing out an envelope. "There's a life in that paper-and I have ridden-ridden -and met with one hindrance after another!"

The professor looked at him pity-

"How limited are the capabilities of the body compared with the desires of the spirit," he murmured. "I cannot bear it!" cried the strang-

er, frantically. "They told me that was a good horse-the liars!" He flung himself on the ground and

hard, dry sobs shook his chest. The professor picked up the glass.

"Thank God I am not a scientist," I said rudely. "You fellows have about the execution of their sentence.

as much feeling as the dry bones you TALMAGE'S study."

The professor ignored me, and shook the prostrate man.

"Get up," he said, commandingly, a new note in his voice. "Do as I tell you, and your brother may be saved yet."

The man rose. We both stared at Hallowell. I wondered if he had really gone crazy.

"Take the tongue off the wagon," Sea, and things were settling down think of it! Since there's only you he said curtly, "and spread the cover and all the cloth you can find on the

For a moment I hesitated; then it I am anxious to be in Fremont to dimly occurred to me that even a bookworm might have original ideas, and I said sotto voce to the newcom-

> "Do as he says; he's by no means as big a fool as he looks."

I rather think Hallowell overheard end successfully, and wanted Kitty to to which I have called your attention me, for he shot a distinctly ungrateful scars. They went into the battle of for several nights, will surely collide glance in my direction, but he could with the earth, in a few days at far- say nothing, as we were both now zeal-

He made us cut the great cloth cov-"Surely-surely," I gasped, "you

don't think that you can make that

"It is not fading," said the profes-"I did not say it would be smash- sor, brusquely. "It seems much faint-

When he was satisfied he made us scramble into the wagon and we sat "Hallowell," I interrupted, "go and there, waiting for-what? Three apparently sane men in a horseless wagon, waiting for a sky motor which mo-Three days passed, and the black mentarily grew fainter! When ten was no better. As miseries never minutes passed by outraged dignity asserted itself.

"I won't be made a fool of," I said, experimented with a tempting weed, angrily, and started to leave the wag-

Hallowell pushed me back on my seat. Then I became aware of a sickfrom the professor. He was so busy ening odor-a fresh breeze on my back- a pale mist around us shot with horizon that I was tempted to smash | brilliant hues, and lo! we were rundown to mundane affairs. Having threatened to wreck the wagon-our sails swelled out like two great wings.

My hair was rapidly assuming a vertical position, but the two faces near me showed utter unconsciousness of danger. That of the stranger was burning with joy and reverent thankfulness. To him it was a God-sent miracle for a good man's rescue. The professor was radiant over this new greater-doubtless the earth's gravity factor in his knowledge and he mutexercises a controlling influence at tered his observations aloud. Neither seemed disturbed by the fact that "Curtis, there's a buffalo calf coming from the speed and the smell, breathing toward us. I suppose you would not was no easy matter. As to me-my be interested if I told you of the ar- one hope was that I might touch old

On, on we flew. Again and again I "It's not a calf, Hallowell. It's a expected an immediate smashup, but man-riding like the deuce. What do our wagon was of fine and strong make, the plain was level, and we bade fair to reach the town shortly. In less than two hours we were not three

Then a terrible idea flashed on me riously-then made a wild dive at which I had been too hurried to think something that floated by. When he of before. We should pass the town! turned to me there was a shining bub- Like the brook, we might go on forever- or at least far enough to wreck us on the broken lands beyond. As to the stranger, the trip would have been of no earthly use to him.

"I shall jump," he said simply, as if The professor was looking anxious but he said nothing.

But we had forgotten the little river lying near the town. We struck it like a cyclone, and its four feet of water was whipped into wild spray around us, while the wagon spun like a frantic top, then stopped with a lurch that nearly sent us flying. Either the force of our motor was lessening or perhaps. even at its best, it would not have had time or strength to loosen the wagon from the heavy snag driven between the spokes, for the pale gas rushed on, leaving three dripping men and some ruined specimens in the river, with Fremont not 500 yards away.

TEUTONS IN FRANCE.

Parts of the Republic Are as Much

German as the Fatherland. The northern third of France and half of Belgium are today more Teutonic than the south of Germany. This should not occasion surprise when we remember the incessant downpour of Teutonic tribes during the whole historic period. It was a constant procession of Goths-from all points of ily of children in that country home the compass-Franks, Burgundians, and others. France was entirely overrun by the Franks, with the exception of Brittany, by the middle of the sixth century, says the London Express. All through the middle ages this part of family went. They missed nothing in France was German in language and the way of childish disorders. Busy customs as well. The very name of the country is Teutonic. It has the of housework and twenty times a night same origin as Franconia in Southern Germany. In 812 the council of Tours, away down south, ordained that every bishop should preach both in the Romance and the Teutonic languages. The Franks preserved their German speech 400 years after the conquest. Charlemagne was a German. His courtiers were all Germans. He lived and governed from outside the limits of modern France. The Abbe Sieyes uttered an ethnological truism when, in the course of the French revolution, he cried out against the French aristocracy: "Let us send them back to their German marshes whence they came."

Removal from County Jails. One of the measures before the legislature of North Carolina provides that all criminals condemned to capital "In less than an hour it will be punishment shall be removed from the county jails immediately upon conviction, to the state penitentiary to await

SERMON.

MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

On Christian Hereism-The Great Reward That Comes to the Faithful Soldier of the Cross-Heroes and Martyrs of Everyday Life.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch.)

Washington, Feb. 24.-In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian text is Galatians vi., 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable sin and were worsted and to their dying day they will have a sacrification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt; but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubescence is emaciation, than balm is vitrol, than noonday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars,

But Paul in my text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and maltreatment by mobs. In my text he shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have departed and right circulation must have been restored and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh-a efcatrix. Paul did well to show those scars. They were positive and indisputable proof that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he said. They were his diploma, showing that he had graduated from the school of hardship for Christ. They were credentials proving his right to lead in the world's evangelization.

Not Ashamed of Sears.

Men are not ashamed of scars got in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him, "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer, "That was from a saber cut at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say, "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian, "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer, "I suffered that in the last battle under our glorious General Garibaldi." But I remind you of the fact that there are scars not got in war which are just as illustrious. We had in this country vears ago an eminent advocate who was called into the presidential cabinet at attorney general. In mid-life he was in a Philadelphia courtroom engaged in an important trial. The attorney on the opposite side of the case got irritated and angry and in a most brutal manner referred to the distinguished attorney's disfigured face, a face more deeply scarred than any face I ever saw. The legal hero of whom I am speaking in his closing argument said: "Gentlemen of the jury, when I was a little child I was playing with my sister in the nursery, and her clothes caught fire, and I ran to her to put out the fire. I succeeded, but I myself took fire, and before it was extinguished my face was awfully burned and as black as the heart of the scoundrelly counsel who on the other side of the case has referred to my misfortune." The eminent attorney of whom I speak carried all his life the honorable scar of his sister's rescue.

Rearing a Family.

But why do we go so far for illustration, when I could take right out of the memories of some whom I address instances just as appropriate? To rear aright for God and heaven a large famwas a mighty undertaking. Far away from the village doctor, the garret must contain the herbs for the cure of all kinds of disorders. Through all infantile complaints the children of that all day was the mother in every form called up by the children all down at the same time with the same contagion. Her hair is white a long while before it is time for snow. Her shoulders are bent long before the appropriate time for stooping. Spectacles are adjusted, some for close by and some for far off, years before you would have supposed her eyes would need reenforcement. Here and there is a short grave in her pathway, this headstone bearing the name of this child and another headstone bearing the name of another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one. After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the paths turns toward the setting sun. She cannot walk so far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through maternal fidelity, and others are out in this world doing honor to a Christian aucestry. . . .

Martyrs All Around Us.

People think they must look for martyrs on battlefields or go through a history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service. In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In almost every village of the country heroism and tells of great rewards. The you find some broken down state or national official. After exhausting himself in the public service, rough American politics kicks him out of congress or cabinet or legislative hall, and he goes into comparative obscurity and comparative want, for he has been long enough away from home to lose his professional opportunities. man that was ever put to death by sword or instrument of torture was more of a martyr than that man who has been wrung to death by the demands of official position. The scars may not be visible, for these are scars on the brain and scars on the nerves and sears on the heart, but nevertheless are they sears, and God counts them, and their reward will be abund-

The Unseen Scars.

war who may not have had their face sive and bold and dangerous to be unscraped with one bullet or their foot lamed by one bursting shell and who And if we happen to get bit what an could not roll up their sleeve and show ado we make about it! We all need you one mark suggestive of battle, yet more of the stuff that martyrs are carry with them weaknesses got in ex- made out of. We want more sanctified posures to disease along malarial grit, more Christian pluck, more holy swamps or from many miles of march- recklessness as to what the world may ing, and ever and anon they feel a twinge of pain, each recurrence of Be right and do right, and all earth which is sharper or more lasting, until and hell combined cannot put you after awhile they will be captured for | down. the tomb by disorders which started 20 or 30 or 40 years before. And their scars are all unseen by human eyes. But those people are as certainly the victims of war as though they had been | splitting helmets: "In all these things blown up in an undermined fortress or thrust through with a cavalryman's him that loved us, for I am persuaded lance. What I want to make out is that neither death, nor life, nor angels. that there are scars which are never counted except as God counts them,

domestic injustice of which there is no cognizance. She savs nothing about it. Jesus our Lord." An inquisitor's machine of torture could not wring from her the story of orange blossoms and long white veil your flesh cry out louder than many a ceived for it harshness and blame and dier has gone through a long war, been who find it hard to believe that there is | holy wars been wounded, and all bear such a place as hell, but you could go scars. And what would the newly arming bird's song poured into the ear of | ly ranks and be permitted to descend the honeysuckle. Scars! If there be to earth, crying "Give me another scars all up and down her injured and immortal soul which will be remembered on the day when there shall leap forth for her avengement the live thunderbolts of an incensed God. When we see a veteran in any land who has lost a limb in battle, our sympathies are stirred. But, oh, how many have in the domestic realm lost their life and yet are denied a pillow of dust on which to slumber? Better enlarge your roll of martyrs. Better adopt a new mode of counting human sacrifications. A broken bone is not half as bad as a broken heart.

Marks of Christian Service. There are many who can, in the

same sense that Paul uttered it, say, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"-that is, for the sake of Christ and his cause they carry scars which keep their indenture through all time and all eternity. Do you think that Paul was accurate when he said that? If you have studied his career, you have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cicilian goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the president of which was Gamaliel, an institution which scholars say could not have been very thorough because of what they call Paul's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unhorsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse may have left a mark upon him I know not, but the mob soon took after him and flogged and imprisoned and maltreated him until he had scars more than enough to assure the truthfulness of his utterance, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

All of Paul's sufferings was for Christ's sake. He had intellectual powers which could have achieved for him | French biographers says: "To Mme. de all worldly successes. You see what he could do in a courtroom when with extemporaneous speech he made the judicial bench tremble; when on Mars hill he confounded the Athenian critics; when he preached amid the excitement of a tumbling penitentiary; when in a storm at sea he took command of the ship, the only one on board cool headed. With his inspired admirers from all parts of the world, logic, and his courage of utterance, and his power of illustration, and his capacity to move audiences, and his spirit of defiance, there was no height of worldly power he might not have gained. * * *

Army of Christian Soldiers. All ye who bear in your body the marks of the Lord Jesus, have you curse on all inaction. - Goethe.

thought what use those marks will be in the heavenly world? What source of glorious reminiscence! In that world you will sit together and talk over earthly experiences. "Where did you get that scar?" saint will say to saint. and there will come back a story of hardship and struggle and persecution and wounds and victory through the grace of the gospel. Another spirit will say to listening spirit, "Where did you get that hurt so plainly marked?" And the answer will be: "Oh, that was one of the worst hurts I ever had. That was a broken friendship. We were in sweetest accord for years, together in joy and sorrow. What one thought the other thought. We were David and Jonathan. But our personal interests parted, and our friendship broke, never to be renewed on earth. But we have made it all up here, and misunderstandings are gone, and we are in the same heaven, on neighboring thrones, in neighboring castles, on the banks of the same river."

Practical Application. Now what is the practical use of this

subject? It is the cultivation of Christian heroics. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave satanic as-In all lands there are veterans of sault when there is something aggresdertaken for God and righteousness. say and do in any crisis of our life.

The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battle axes on we are more than conquerors through nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor and I want to enlarge your sympathies. height, nor depth, nor any other crea-There is a woman who has suffered ture, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work domestic woe. Ever since the day of and if so much as a splinter pierce she has done her full duty and re- one torn in auto da fe? Many a solneglect. The marriage ring, that was in twenty battles, led a regiment up a supposed to be a sign of unending af- hill mounted by cannon and swept by fection, has turned out to be one link | musketry and yet came home without of a chain of horrible servitude. A having been once hit and without a wreath of nettle and nightshade of mark upon him. But it will not be so brightest form would have been a more among those who pass in the grand reaccurate prophecy. There are those view of heaven. They have all in the right out in any community and find rived in heaven do with nothing to more than one hell of domestic tor- show that he had ever been struck by ment. There is no escape for that human or diabolic weaponry? How woman but the grave, and that, com- embarrassed and eccentric such an one pared with the life she now lives, will in such a place! Surely he would want be an arbor of jasmine and of the hum- to be excused awhile from the heavennone on the brow showing where he chance to do something worthy of an struck her arriving home from mid- immortal. Show me some post of dannight carousal, nevertheless there are ger to be manned, some fortress to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae, like Miltriades at Marathon, like Marlborough at Blenheim, like Godfrey at Jerusalem, like Winkelried at Sampach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others, show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I can not go back to heaven until somewhere I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." My hearer, my reader. quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eternity thank God for scars!

A HISTORIC HOME.

Rousseau's Famous "Les Charmettes" Ready for a Purchaser.

In all literature there is hardly any house more famous than Les Charmettes, that modest dwelling in Chambery where Jean Jacques Rousseau, the renowned French philosopher, spent the happiest years of his life, and therefore it is no wonder that the reading public of Europe was considerably surprised and somewhat shocked when it heard the other day that it had been advertised for sale, says the St. Louis Star. The advertisement read as follows: "For Sale-Les Charmettes, the historic home of Jean Jacques Rousseau, together with furniture, fields, and orchard." In 1600 the house was built, but it first became historic on July 6, 1738, that being the day on which Mme. de Warens, Rousseau's friend, purchased it, together with "a barn, meadowland, orchard, plowland, vineyard, two oxen, two cows, ten sheep, seven hens, and a cock." The new owner occupied it at once and Rousseau joined her there later in the same year. Of his life there one of his Warens the world is infinitely indebted since it was she who provided this man, the son of a Geneva watchmaker, with a home in which he had ample opportunity to improve himself and to develop his many talents. Since 1782. the year in which Rousseau's "Confessions" were published, Les Charmettes has been a Mecca for thousands of his not a year since that time passing in which hundreds have not visited it and reverently taken away from the little flower garden some buds or leaves in

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her

memory of him.