

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATALAXX

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.) "Was it anything, dearie?" She uttered an exclamation as she kaw Blifegoing to attack us, Bluebell? Is that

"No, no, auntie-not so far as I know," said the girl, with an attempt at a wan smile. "At least, that wasn't what did warried! But don't ask me tonight, auntie, I'm tired. Good night," Miss Elizabeth was all of mother she had ever known.

"Good night. God keep you, dearie," the elder woman whispered. Her words remained with Bluebell after she had shut herself into her room.

God keep her! There was One to whom she should turn now for belp in this most terrible crisis of her young life. Bluebell threw herself on her knees, burying her face in her hands. Oh, God, show her what was "the

right thing to do. Help her, oh, God, for there was no other who could tell her what she must do!

Save her father from the consequences of a deliberate crime by selling herself to this scoundrel! It was a fearful sacrifice! Did God demand it of her? Nay, would she be doing right, in making it? Bluebell was a good, sweet, true-hearted girl. She had always shown respect and affection forthe most unlovable man who was her, father, even when he was least worthy of respect; but she had an unusual amount of common sense for a young girl, and was not likely to be betrayed into any sentimental and maudin

course of action ---As she knelt there a sudden thought came to Bluebell, bringing the warm blood in a palpitating wave over the pallor of her white face, and quickening the throbs of her heart that had been beating so low and despairingly. It was the thought of Adair Rothes.

"If he were only here," Bluebell said to herself, "I think he would help me. He said he was my friend."

Her thoughts wandered from the terrible crisis of the moment to the brief time of happiness in the afternoon when Rothes had first met her. It had not lasted long, that was true; but somehow the memory of Rothes' clasp of her hand, of his long look into her eyes, brought a kind of brief sweetness into Bluebell's heart, which even the pain and sorrow of the present could not quite blot out.

mind was quite made up. "I shall not marry that man," she said, and her eyes were full of a strange, deep determination. "It would not make dad's sin the less if I did so. It would be a sin on my part to marry a man like that. It would be adding sin to sin. Dad must escape, but it will be in some other way. I will help him to do so. He must escape to Eng-

When she rose from her knees

land, and auntie and I will carry on the farm here." This determination brought a certain restfulness to Bluebell. She un-

dressed, got into bed, and presently went to sleep, though it was a sleep disturbed by troubled dreams of Boers attacking New Kelso, setting fire to it, and tying up all its occupants to stakes in order that they might be, burnt also. Adam Leslie had a worse night than

his daughter. He was up at daybreak and riding over his farm. As he was returning about 7 o'clock he saw a tall, dark figure approaching him on horseback. He recognized it at once, and his heart sank.

Moore rode quickly up to him. Mr. Leslie could see some excitement on the usually dark, impassive face.

"News, Leslie-great news!" he exclaimed, as he came close to the other man, and flung himself off his horse. "Listen, man; but first"-he dropped his voice-"what of my love affair. How have you succeeded with the little bride-elect?"

Leslie's rubicund face blanched, but he endeavored to put on an air of assurance.

"My dear Moore, she will come luctance at first; but there isn't the hands of an enemy. slightest fear but she will give in. But you'll give us a day or two more of grace, will you not?"

His tone of abject entreaty told more than his words did to the keen ear of Gerald Moore, who turned aside for a lips as if to conceal their expression.

Yes, I will give you a day or two more," he said presently, "for there's some work before you, Mr. Leslie, if. as I think, you feel inclined to tell something which the British general at Ladysmith would give his ears to know. In a few days some of the biggest men on the Boers' side may be made prisoners. Ha! is that not tidings worth hearing? I could give the information myself, but I wish you to have the chance of a little glory, and also of a pecuniary reward. You do not need to sell this information

under several hundred pounds." The eyes of Adam Leslie glistoned. Avarice was one of the man's besetting stas. It was the haste to be rich which had landed him in the net of the billionaire Gerald Moore,

He grasped Moore's arm. "And you can give me this information-1? For pity's sake, let me know

all, Moore." The other man bent his head, and and walked out of the room. Bluebell -Washington Star.

By H. B. Mackenzie

The second of the second for a few minutes spoke in a low but deliberate and distinct voice. Leslie drank in every word. His hatred of bell's white face. "The Boers the re | the Boers was only equaled by his lust for gold, and the two passions, seeing a way to be satisfied here, rendered his rubicund face agitated and convulsed with emotion.

You are willing to inform? Then go, and at once!" exclaimed Moore, "Not a moment is to be lost! It is utterly impossible that the informattion can be carried to Ladysmith in any other way. I solemnly assure you that no one else knows it, but myself, You can reach Ladysmith by 9 o'clock,

So then, without more ado, go!" As Adam Leslie, full of the design that was to deliver the very leaders of the Boer army into the hands of the enemy, hurried within his steading, the other man looked after him with a smile.

"So you have worked into my hands, friend Leslie," he muttered. And he rubbed these useful members together as if Leslie were literally between them

"Now my path will be easy. Yes, my charming Bluebell, you will find Gerald Moore is capable of revenge as well as love!" And he laughed. "And if you will not yield to persuasion, my dear young lady, why, then, we must needs try force!"

CHAPTER V.

Bluebell had come down prepared to give her father her answer, and to make her proposal to him, in the morning; but to her surprise and consternation, she learned that he had gone off on horseback, no one knew whither, not saying when he should return.

"It was Sam who saw him go," said Miss Elizabeth, in a frightened tone, "and he says he went in the direction of Ladysmith; but of course he may be going much farther than that-he may be going by train. Do you know nothing about it, Bluebell?"

Bluebell shook her bead. She was more put about even than her aunt by this new move. What could it mean?" "Dear auntie, you're not afraid of

the Boers, are you? They have never done us any harm, why should they now? Though they are fighting with Britons, it is with British soldiers armed themselves, not with helpless, unarmed people, especially women."

The day passed, the women going about their usual avocations; but Adam Leslie did not return. It was not till late in the evening that he rode at a hard pace up the avenue and into the steading, right up underneath the stoop or veranda. Bluebell went down to meet him, then turned away with a shudder, for she could see he was deeply flushed and his eyes blazing, while he staggered slightly as he got off his horse.

"Sam!" cried Bluebell to the Zulu servant who had apppeared at the sound of the horse's hoofs, "take my father's horse. Father, take my arm," she said, in a low voice.

But he flung her off with an oath. "Away into the house! You are a disobedient creature, and I will have nothing to do with you!" he snarled. He himself staggered into the sitting room, where he lay down on a couch and fell asleeep, without even removing his great riding boots.

Bluebell could not speak to him that night. She crept away, bitterly hu-Elizabeth came in and endeavored to hands. comfort her; but it was such comfort as one who is ignorant of the real nature or depth of a wound can give.

By the morning her father had slept off his drunken fit. Bluebell managed to get a few minutes alone with him after breakfast, during which he was sullen and silent, not exchanging a word with the women.

Bad as Adam Leslie was, he had still a few instincts of a gentleman, and one of these told him that he had been guilty of a base and dishonorable act round; I am not afraid of that. Of in selling the information which was course you must allow for a little re- to betray the Boer leaders into the

"Father, I must speak to you for a minute," Bluebell said, very pale but very determined. "I have been thinking over what you said last night. I cannot do what you wish. It would be a crime to sell myself to a man I moment, and passed his hand over his southe and fear. But-but you must escape. This is the time to do it, when all the country is in confusion, and people are leaving every day. You must go down to Durban and get to England. Aunt Elizabeth and I shall stay on here, and we can send you the money we make. The only thing we have to do is to throw Mr. Moore off the scent."

He had been glaring at her with a look that vaguely terrified Bluebell up to this moment. Now he interrupted

her in a hoarse, sullen tone. "You are mad, child! You don't know what you are talking about! I am not going to escape, or to do any such thing, in the meantime. As for you, you will have to make up your mind sooner or later to marry Gerald Moore; but he is not going to insist at once. You will have a week or two in which to accustom yourself to the idea that seems so disagreeable to

you."

looked after him, with mingled agony TALMAGE'S SERMON. and humiliation in her heart.

He had not always been like this. Bluebell could remember her early years of childhood in far-off Scotland, when a sweet-faced, brownhaired woman ruled the house, and Adam Leslie had been as different from what he was now as day is from night.

Then the sweet mother had died, and Leslie had been turned out of the inheritance he had thought would be his, by a cousin, long supposed to be dead, turning up; and, in a sullen, deflant mood, the man had set off for South Africa, taking his sister with him. The passion for making money had entered his heart, which seemed to have no longer any sweet home affection to soften it since his wife died; and he had become harder and more sullen and more immersed in money making until this fearful end

A day or two passed. Gerald Moore seemed to have disappeared, and Bluer bell began to breathe more freeely, Perhaps, after all, he was not so bad as she had thought; perhaps her evident aversion to the idea of marrying him had offended him, and decided him to act a more merciful part than he had at first intended.

Meantime, too, they had heard no further news of the invading Boers.

One night Bluebell had gone to her own room rather earlier than usual, She had had a headache-an uncommon ailment with her-and, saying to her aunt that she felt sure that there was a thunderstorm coming, she bade her good-night and went to bed; but for a long time she could not sleep.

The night was very hot-an unusual thing at that season, when, though the days are swelteringly warm, the nights are correspondingly cold-and there was the strange stillness in the air which precedes a thunderstorm. Bluebell lay waiting for the first sudden clap of thunder, the first dazzling | dous, blaze of lightning, all her nerves unstrung, not by fear, but by the overcharged electricity in the air, and her own throbbing temples.

At last Bluebell's ears, strained to catch any noise, detected a strange throbbing sound; but it seemed to be very far away. It was certainly not the rumbling of thunder. Was it a real sound, or did it exist only in her fancy, in the throbbing tympanum of her ear? Bluebell lay still and lis-

No, it was no fancy! She heard it again, and this time more distinct. It was the sound of horses' hoofs-of many horses' hoofs-Bluebell well knew, though the noise produced was not that of several distinct sounds, but of one galloping along the wagonpath of the yeldt.

Bluebell started up in bed, a sudden trembling seizing her. The Boers! Of fourse it was the Boers! She did not have a doubt on the subject. But in what direction were they going. Ah! they were coming towards New Kelso! She could hear their horses approaching every moment.

Almost mechanically Bluebell threw herself out of bed and dressed herself quickly, then thrust her feet into her slippers. All the house was silent. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning. and every one was in bed. Should she go to wake them? Bluebell hesitated. Perhaps the horsemen would pass right on; they must be going towards Ladysmith. Was it not better that her father should sleep on in ignorance that the hated Boers were so near. If he knew of their proximity, who could tell what bad step his hatred of them might induce him

Bluebell determined to remain where she was and watch. She stood behind the mustin curtains, which alone protected the unshuttered window, watching. Her heart beat fast and unevenly, and nervous little shoots of miliated and distressed; and Miss pain ran through the palms of her

(To be continued.)

With the Eyes of Faith.

Some idea of amateur photography as it was in its early days may be gathered from an incident which the late Bishop Walsham How confided to his note book. Before he became a bishop he used to call together the old men of the parish on New Year's day, and on one occasion he displayed to his guests a photograph of two old men who had long worked at the rectory. They were photographel in their working clothes, one with a spade and the other holding a little tree as if about to plant it. A very deaf old man, Richard Jones, took the photograph in his hands, and looking at it said: "Beautiful! Beautiful!" So the rector shouted: "Who are they, Richard?" "Why," he said, "its Abraham offering up Isaac to be sacrificed!" The rector tried to undeceive him, and as the old men who had been photographed were sitting opposite him, he said; "You'll see them before you if you'll look up." Richard smiled serenely but all he said was: 'Yes, yes, I sees 'em before me-by faith!"-Youth's Companion.

Prophetic.

Mrs. Bingo-"You went to Mickleman, the palmist, didn't you? And how was he?" Mrs. Kingley-"Wonderful! His powers of divination are really marvelous." What did he say?" "He said I would be without a cook for nearly a month."-Detroit Free Press.

Its Drawbacks, "Dreadful!" 'exclaimed Cholly Anglomane as he looked at an old painting where the costumes included doublet

and hose. "It's picturesque." haps. But how could a man roll up He turned without another word, his trousers like they do in Loudon?

REWARDS OF ENDEAVOR SUN-DAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text -- "I Have Finished the Work Which Thou Gavest Me to Do"-John XVII, 4-The Fruits of Well. Won Victory.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klapsch.] There is a profound satisfaction in he completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the capstone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than after having toiled in a certain direction to find that our time is wasted and our investment profitless. Christ came to throw up a highway on which the whole world might, if it chose, mount into heaven. He did it. The foul mouthed crew who attempted to tread on him could not extinguish the sublime satisfaction which he expressed when he said, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to

Alexander the Great was wounded, and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the sick man saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that that plant was put upon his wound and that immediately it was cured. And Alexander, waking from his dream, told this to the physician, and the physician wandered out until he found just the kind of plant which the sick man had described, brought it to him, and the wound was healed. Well, the human race had been hurt with the ghastliest of all woundsthat of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a balm for that wound -the balm of divine restoration. In carrying this business to a successful issue the difficulties were stupen-

The Spiritual Upbuilding.

In many of our plans we have our friends to help us; some to draw a sketch of the plan, others to help us in the execution. But Christ fought every inch of his way against bitter hostility and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and defeat.

In his father's shop no more intercourse was necessary than is ordinarily necessary in bargaining with men that have work to do; yet Christ, with other. Napoleon had around him the hands hard from use of tools of trade, was called forth to become a public speaker, to preach in the face of mobs, while some wept and some shook their ets, who brandished no sword. He had fists and some gnashed upon him with probably never seen a prince or shaktheir teeth and many wanted him out | en hands with a nobleman. The only of the way. To address orderly and extraordinary person we know of as respectful assemblages is not so easy being in his company was his own as it may seem, but it requires more mother, and she was so poor that in energy and more force and more con- the most delicate and solemn hour centration to address an exasperated that comes to a woman's soul she was mob. The villagers of Nazareth heard the pounding of his hammer, but all the wide reaches of eternity were to hear the stroke of his spiritual up-

building. So also the habits of dress and diet were against him. The mighty men of Christ's time did not appear in appare! without trinkets and adornments. None of the Caesars would have appeared in citizen's apparel. Yet here was a man, here was a professed king. who always wore the same coat. Indeed, it was far from shabby, for after he had worn it a long while the gamblers thought it worth raffling about, but still it was far from being an imperial robe. It was a coat that any ordinary man might have worn on an ordinary occasion.

Neither was there any pretension in his diet. No cupbearer with golden chalice brought him wine to drink On the seashore he ate fish, first having broiled it himself. No one fetched him water to drink; but, bending over the well in Samaria, he begged a drink. He sat at only one banquet, and that not at all sumptuous, for to relieve the awkwardness of the host is dead." A beggar tries to rub the one of the guests had to prepare wine for the company.

Man Without a Diploma. All this was against Christ. So the fact that he was not regularly graduated was against him. If a man come with the diplomas of colleges and schools and theological seminaries, and he has been through foreign travel, the world is disposed to listen. But here was a man who had graduated at no college, had not in any academy by ordinary means learned the alphabet of the language he spoke, and yet he proposed to talk, to instruct in subjects which had confounded the mightiest intellects. John says: "The Jews marveled, saying. How hath this man letters, having never learned?" We, in our day, have found out that a man without a diploma may know as much as a man with one and that a college can not transform a sluggard into a philosopher or a theological seminary teach a fool to preach. An empty head after the laying on of hands of the presbytery is empty still. But it shocked all existing prejudices in those olden times for a man with no scholastic pretensions and no graduation from a learned institution to set himself up for a teacher. It was against him.

So also the brevity of his life was against him. He had not come to what we call mid-life. But very few men do sything before 33 years of age, and yet that was the point at which Christ's life terminated. The first 15 years you take in nursery and school. Then it will take you six years to get into your occupation or profession. That will bring you to 21 years. Then it will take you ten years at least to get established in your life work, correcting the mistakes you have made. If any man at 33 years of age gets fully established in his life work he

point at which Christ's life termin-

"Blessed Are the Poor."

Popular opinion declared in those days, "Blessed is the merchant who has a castle down on the banks of Lake Tiberias." This young man said, "Blessed are the poor." Popular opinion said in those days, "Blessed are those who live amid statuary and fountains and gardens and congratuations and all kinds of festivity. This young man responded, "Blessed are they that mourn." Public opinion in those days said, "Blessed is the Roman eagle, the flap of whose wing startles nations and the plunge of whose fron beak inflicts cruelty upon its enemies." This young man responded, "Blessed are the merciful." Popular opinion said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." In other words, if a man knocks your eye out knock his out. If a man breaks your tooth break his. Retort for retort, sarcasm for sarcasm, irony for irony, persecution for persecution, wound for wound. Christ said, "Pray for them that despitefully use you." They looked at his eye. It was like any other man's eye, except perhaps more speaking. They felt his hand, made of bone and muscle and nerves and flesh, just like any other hand. Yet what bold treatment of subjects, what supernatural demands, what strange doctrine! They felt the solid earth under them, and yet Christ said, "I bear up the pillars of this world." They looked at the moon. He said, "I will turn it into blood." They looked at the sea. He said, "I will hush it." They looked at the stars. He said, "I will shake them down like untimely figs." Did ever one so young say things so bold? It was all against

After the battle of Antietam, when general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and huzzaed. As Napoleon returned from his captivity his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and 250,000 men flocked to his standard. It took 3,000 troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill which has never been excited by any memories of Marengo and Austerlitz and Jena, but here was a man who had fought no battles, who wore no epaulobliged to lie down among drivers

grooming the beasts of burden. The Question of Lineage.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him, and says: "My father was a merchant prince. He had a castle on the beach in Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation and says to Christ, Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated." Aha, the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does he set foot in the towns or cities of Judaea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a pienie, taking only food enough for a day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that at the risk of starving they follow him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before him and says, "My daughter dimness from his eyes and says, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." 'A poor, sick, panting woman presses through the crowd and says, "I must touch the hem of his garment." Children who love their mother better than any one else struggle to get into his arms, and to kiss his cheek, and to run their fingers through his hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying, I must have them. I will fill heaven with these, for every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have 50 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judaea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it not back, O weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Victory Over Nature.

See him victorious over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulcher. It swallowed the Central American, the President and the Spanish armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The intand lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Some of us who have sailed on it know that Lake Galilee, when aroused in a storm, is overwhelming, and yet that sea crouched in his presence, and licked his feet. He knew all the waves and the wind. When he beckoned they came. When he frowned, they fled The heel of his foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood. but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead to is dead. But here is a paralytic-his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand," and he stretches it forth.

is the exception. Yet that is the In the eye infirmary how many dis- New York Tribune.

cases of that delicate organ have been cured? But Jesus says to one blind. 'Be open!" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an ax may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word. may do many wonderful things, but what chemist at a wedding when the wine gave out could change a pail of water into a cask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until in a place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and began to pull, when by reason of the multitude of fish the net broke. Nature is his servant. The flowers-he twisted them into his sermons; the winds-they were his lullaby when he slept in the boat; the rain-it hung glitteringly on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem-it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks-they beat a dirge at his death. Behold his victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are neveropened except to take anotherin. There is a knob on the outside of the door of the sepulcher, but none on the inside. Here comes the conqueror of death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up!" and she sits up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's son he said, "Get up from that bler!" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death and hung them to his girdle and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard him, "O Death, I will be thy plague! O Crave, I will be thy destruction!"

The Supernatural Nature.

No man could go through all the obstacles I have described, you say, without having a nature supernatural. In that arm, amid its muscles and nerves and bones, were intertwisted the energies of omnipatence. In the syllables of that voice there was the emphasis of the eternal God. That foot that walked the deck of the ship in Gennesaret shall stamp kingdoms of darkness into demolition. This poverty struck Christ owned Augustus, owned the sanheperson. But hear me while I tell you drin, owned Tiberias, owned all the castles on its beach and all the skies that looked down into its water, owned all the earth and all the heavens. To him of the plain coat belonged the robes of celestial royalty. He who walked the road to Emmans the lightnings were the fire shod steeds of his charlot. Yet there are those who look on and see Christ turn water into wine, and they say, "It was sleight of hand!" And they see Christ raise the dead to life, and they say, "Eastly explained; not really dead; playing dead." And they see Christ giving sight to the blind man, and they say, 'Clairvoyant doctor." Oh what sha they do on the day when Christ rises up in judgment and the hills shall rock and the trumpets shall call, peal

Christ a Sympathizer.

My subject also reassures us of the fact that in all our struggles we have a sympathizer. You cannot tell Christ anything new about hardship. I do not think that wide ages of eternity will take the scars from his punctured side and his lacerated temples and his sore hands. You will never have a burden weighing so many pounds as that burden Christ carried up the bloody hill. You will never have any suffering worse than he endured, when with tongue hot and cracked and inflamed and swollen, he moaned, "I thirst." You will never be surrounded by worse hostility than that which stood around Christ's feet, foaming, reviling, livid with rage, howling down his prayers, and snuffing up the smell of blood. O ye faint hearted, O yo troubled, O ye persecuted one, here is a heart that can sympathize with you!

Ahead of America.

I know it would be wrong to explain our being three years ahead of a New England boy merely from the scholarly preparation of our teachers, says Professor Hugo Munsterberg. A second factor, which is hardly less important, stands clear before my mind, too; the help which our school found in our homes. I do not mean that we were helped in our work, but the teachers were silently helped by the spirit which prevailed in our homes with regard to the school work. The school had the right of way, our parents reinforced our belief in the work and our respect for the teachers; a reprimand in the school was a shadow on our home life; a word of praise in the school was a ray of sunshine for the household. The excellent school books, the wise plans for the upbuilding of the ten years' course, the hygienic care, the external stimulations, have all, of course, heiped toward the results; and yet I am convinced that their effect was entirely secondary compared with those two features, the scholarly enthusiasm of our teachers, and the respect for the school on the part of our parents. -Atlantic Monthly.

Help Wanted to Use the Scods.

A member of congress from an agricultural district in the west read a letter recently received from one of his people. It read thus: "To the Very Honorable Mr. Blank: Kind sir and esteemed friend-I have the seeds. They came this morning and suit very well, specially the cabbage seed which grows well in this soft. pleas send me loads of fertiliser and a new harrar (mine is broke so it ain't no good) and if you could send me a man for a couple of days I would be obliged. With this help I know the garden stuff will turn out at rite and I will send some to you and the president. Your grateful well wisher and Supporter."-