

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.
BY PERMISSION OF
RAND, McNALLY & CO.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

might be managed, but it is a risk, and if you could, without too much inconvenience, keep him for a couple of nights at any rate."

"Oh!" cried the colonel, interrupting. "do not think twice about it; convenience is nothing in a case of urgency, and Capt. Estcourt is a valued friend of ours."

The surgeon looked relieved, and went away promising to return the same evening.

Camilla for herself approved the arrangement made by her brother-in-law, but she was at the same time surprised at it. He had not only spoken of Dick, with whom he was in no way intimate, as a "valued friend"—that was, perhaps, only a piece of his habitual politeness—but he had also readily entered into a plan which did in fact involve a considerable inconvenience, and this was by no means so usual a thing for him. At least, he always had a personal motive for such acts, and here was at a loss to see an adequate one; for the difficulty which he had thus brought upon himself was no slight one. The patient had been taken from the drawing-room into a spare-room adjoining it on the same floor, and separated from it only by a partition wall of slight construction, through which the sound of conversation was by no means inaudible. Now, it happened that on this very evening matters were to be spoken of in that drawing-room which must not be overheard by any living ear. The meeting was one which could not be postponed, and no other room in the house was suitable for it, for it was to be in appearance a merely social gathering. And all this the colonel knew as well as she did.

As they sat at dinner she alluded to the question while the servants were absent from the room.

"Yes," replied M. de Montaut, "it is unfortunate, but it would be inhuman to move our poor friend; his safety may depend on his remaining quiet."

"On his remaining quiet!" said Camilla. "Our safety will certainly depend on that, if he does overheat us."

"Eh bien, then we will remain quiet," "It will be his duty to inform against us," she replied.

"As an officer, true," said her companion, coolly; "but on this occasion the gain to the captain will not fulfill that duty, for he has another more imperative."

"The duty, I mean, of a loyal cavalier."

"I know him better!" was the exclamation on her lips, but she checked it, and hesitated for an answer.

"In reality," he said, "we need fear no such complication. I have just recollected that the doctor said he intended to give his patient a composing draught at an early hour this evening, so he will hear no treason after all."

"You are sure?" she asked; "sure, I mean, that he will give it, and that it will be effectual?"

"I will see to it myself, if you wish," he replied; "but I am surprised to find you so apprehensive of our security. You used to think no risk too great to run for the good cause."

"In that," she said, hotly, "I shall never change; it is not that I am lukewarm, as you will see tonight!"

"She bowed, and rose from the table to open the door for her. Before she had been in the drawing-room half an hour the surgeon returned. He brought with him the sleeping draught.

"That is a good idea of yours," said Camilla, as he produced it.

"To Colonel de Montaut belongs the credit of suggesting it," was the reply.

"Really?" she said; "I should not have suspected that."

The colonel looked a little confused. Within five minutes of the doctor's departure the bell rang twice in rapid succession, and three gentlemen were ushered into the drawing-room, where Madame de Montaut was waiting to receive them. A conversation on the most general subjects at once began, but there was an air of expectation in the manner of all, and when the colonel entered every one turned to him as though with an unspoken inquiry.

He greeted the two newcomers, and turned to Madame de Montaut. "I think we may begin now," he said.

"She looked at him and raised her eyebrows interrogatively. He nodded to signify that Dick was fast asleep, and sat down at a small table, laying a bundle of papers upon it.

"My friends," he said, "I have summoned you to-night to propose a fresh attempt."

He looked at the faces around him and observed that Camilla was smiling. His hearers showed, by their looks that they perfectly understood his meaning, but were either reserved or unenthusiastic in the matter.

"M. Carnac," he continued, with grave politeness, bowing to the elderly gentleman who sat nearest to him, "it is from you that we have learned to expect a critical judgment. Are you not of opinion that the time has come for renewed activity?"

"It has come again and again," replied the person addressed, "but all ways without result."

"No doubt," said the colonel; "but that has been solely due to a want of forethought and energy, which must not occur again."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed a short gentleman, with a beard, who was evidently an Englishman; "there have been good enough plans laid, but no one fit to be trusted with their execution."

your instructions with a courage and loyalty which would have secured a triumph if your directors had not made a cruel mistake in their calculations. These two fatal forms of error must be avoided. We must think and act with equal certainty, and all will be well."

Mr. Holmes shook his head in sulky silence. The Comte de Rabodanges exclaimed, fiercely, "It is too much to expect; the cat does not offer her paw a second time."

During this altercation Camilla had sat silent, but with growing impatience; her eyes flashed and her cheeks were fiery-red. The colonel, always ready to turn the force of others to account for his own purpose, hastened to give the final impulse to her pent-up indignation. He looked at her, and raised his shoulders and eyebrows in a gesture of resignation.

"You too despair at the eleventh hour? What do these doubts and recriminations mean? Of none of you any more remember the greatness of the cause you serve? Have you begun to forget the emperor?"

As the lightning of this word flashed upon them her hearers started violently.

"Ah!" she went on, with quickening breath, "there is magic in the name! It is perhaps because you whisper it so seldom that it has ceased of late to stir you; let us be bolder in speech and braver in action!"

"Madame," replied M. Carnac, deprecatingly, "your enthusiasm is heroic, but it is not prudent; the boldness that you preach is likely to bring discomfiture upon us all."

"Discomfiture!" she cried with ringing accents. "What, then, does the timidly you practice bring upon the emperor? Are we to preserve our own freedom at the price of his captivity, and amid the luxury of a great capital to shut our eyes to the misery of his exile on a lonely rock unfit for human habitation? There was an awkward silence. After a moment's pause she went on again in a more pleading tone.

"Let us for an instant look back," she said earnestly, "upon the splendor of his past career, and then consider to what the rancor of his enemies has brought him. The man of action, for whose deeds Europe was not wide enough, confined within a circuit of a dozen miles! The man of genius refused even the companionship of his best-loved books! The commander of armies with but a pair of lackeys at his call; the maker and destroyer of kingdoms denied his royal title! Do you not know," she cried, and her voice rang deep again with anger, "do you not know that his honors but a moldering jail, and his allowance a prisoner's pittance? Himself the most magnificently generous of men, he has been driven by sordid necessity to melt his plate; he suffers in health, he is in danger. He—just heaven—from the inspiration of whose life we drew the spirit that animates our own!"

"Well spoken!" cried the colonel, skillfully following up the advantage she had gained for him; "well spoken! And all that we then had shall soon be ours again; is it not worth one more effort my friends?"

"It is, indeed," murmured M. Carnac, with a sigh. The Comte de Rabodanges grumbled, "If only it were the last." Mr. Holmes settled himself in his chair. "Well," he said, bluntly, "let's hear your plan, if you've got one."

The colonel untied his bundle of papers and spread them out upon the table in front of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACCIDENTALLY HANGED.

A Philadelphia Child Meets with a Curious Mishap—Strangled by Her Clothes.

Hanging from a hole in the wicker coach in which she had been sleeping, Mrs. Jeremiah J. Buck yesterday evening found her 15-month-old daughter, Jessie, dead, but with the warm life still lingering in her tiny body, says the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Buck lives with her husband at No. 2664 Tioga street, and it was when her husband had returned from his work that the mother went to awaken the child and discovered the accident. Her screams quickly brought assistance, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the baby's death was the result of one of the most peculiar accidents on record. The little one had been placed in the old coach during the afternoon to take a nap. The coach was in the second story front room, and for some time had been the baby's sleeping place. It was about six o'clock when Mr. Buck returned home from his work and asked for Jessie. Mrs. Buck completed her preparations for supper and went upstairs to waken the child. To her surprise the coach seemed empty, and she called Jessie, thinking she had gone to hide, as she had done before. Receiving no reply she looked closer, and in the dim light saw what seemed to be a bundle protruding from a hole in the wicker-work at one end of the coach. The now frightened mother hastily procured a light and to her terror found that what she supposed was a bundle was the naked body of her baby girl, hanging by her arm pits. Her clothing, bunched up about her head, had evidently smothered her, while preventing the entire body from slipping through the hole. The child had probably been restless in her sleep and had gradually worked her body through the broken wickerwork until stopped by the clothing. The little one's arms were stretched above her head and she had evidently been prevented from making an outcry that could be heard. Snatching the still warm body in her arms Mrs. Buck screamed down stairs. Neighbors sent for Dr. Schwartz, and the little one's body was bathed in mustard water. Artificial respiration was also tried, but all efforts were useless. The child was dead. Jessie was a very pretty, golden-haired girl, the pet of the neighborhood, and her tragic death created quite a sensation.

It Was "Elevator Knee."

A woman who made her initial attempt recently to ride a wheel was discouraged to find that her knees seemed stiff and very quickly tired of the effort to work the pedals. Speaking to her physician about it, he told her she was undoubtedly affected with what is known as "elevator knee." This was a hitherto unknown malady to her, but it has been known to before in public prints, and is a recognized affection not uncommon with those whose life is a "lift" apartment house almost does away with the use of those knee muscles exercised in going up and down stairs.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FIVE PICTURES," THE SUBJECT OF A THRILLING DISCOURSE.

"Behold I See the Heavens Opened"—Acts vi: 56-60—Delivered at Academy of Music, New York, Sunday, Sept. 15, 1895.



STEPHEN HAD been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they were dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him.

The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse, and whoop, and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles, Stephen clammers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," that was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures.

Stephen gazing into heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting-room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever-increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments; tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud-stairs are stretched out canvas on which commingle azure, and purple, and saffron, and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it: "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of the avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad-voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-bye, and they went away; but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam-tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction; so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud, and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vapors of pain, and sorrow, and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed as it is with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older; and sometimes in the evening-tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names, and listen, and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this

world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ, and put them upon canvas; but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him and with our own ears we can hear him. And yet there is a way of seeing him and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear him in heaven.

Look! There he is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city, and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, save for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that, and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see him: I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold him, little children; for if you live to three-score years and ten, you will see none so fair. Behold him, ye aged ones; for he only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

I pass on now, and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grog shops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man but you can not kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Sanhedrin; the next Sabbath morning he addresses a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the presidential chair; but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's theater there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now, and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his head before execution, may grimace about the future; but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eye-sight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at least find a sepulchre in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head

under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cleft will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it; but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightning is not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the illumination of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though they were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illumine them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 70 years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated; but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world, we shall have not more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful, and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he had distributed, how many bare feet he had sandalled, how many cots of sickness and distress he had blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know; yet from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come! They take him up! They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man, whose life has been tossed and driven, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such an one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the door-knob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded, heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

SHARP POINTS.

So many people are actuated by pure cussedness. What we learn with pleasure we never forget.

Some people do nothing but talk encouragingly.

Patience is the road to advancement in all lines of life.

CHAPTER III.

HE SURGEON who was called in, without delay, to attend to Dick's injuries pronounced them to be slight in themselves; but for the feverish condition to which they had given rise he prescribed immediate rest and quiet. He looked a little doubtfully at each of his listeners in turn as he said this:

"You mean," inquired Camilla, "that he must not be moved for the present?"

"Well," was the reply, "of course it

