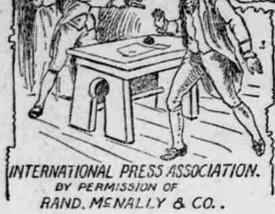


TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



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CHAPTER VIII.



ARNAC and the count, after attending Madame de Montaut to her carriage with polite inquiries and condolence, went each his own way, and the other three drove back to Bedford Square.

Dick was relieved to see how quickly the open air restored the color to Camilla's cheeks; she was herself again by the time they reached home, and seemed to have recovered even the gaiety which had been conspicuously absent from her manner all the morning.

He stayed an hour or two, and was induced to tell many stories of the sea. The colonel listened for some time, and then excused himself on the plea of having letters to write. "But I hope you will dine with us," he added.

"Thank you," said Dick, ruefully; "I wish I could; but my lawyer is coming to see me on business at 4 o'clock, he is a family friend, and I asked him to stay to dinner." And, in fact, he tore himself away soon afterward. When he had seen him out of the house the colonel came back to the drawing room smiling and rubbing his hands together with an appearance of great good humor.

"Well, Camilla," he said, "and when will it be convenient to you to pay me?" "Pay you what?"

"Have you forgotten? You wagered your fortune that Estcourt would not help us."

She started to her feet; terror, incredulity, anger, and terror again, flashed in her glance and shook her voice.

"Well," she cried, "what then; what then?"

"Why, then, of course, you have lost." "You are lying," she cried, fiercely.

"That would be useless here," he said; "one can not deceive oneself. But surely," he expostulated, "you can't pretend to have misunderstood him all this time?"

"What time?" she asked, in faint despair.

"This morning," he replied. "I changed my mind again, and decided in favor of writing. At 10:30 I sent him that if he kept our appointment for 11 o'clock at Great Russell street I should understand him to have accepted our proposal. He kept the appointment, as you know; you saw the friendliness with which he met his new confederates, Carnac and Rabodanges; and I am surprised," he continued, "that he did not hint to you his acceptance of your cause and our guidance."

"You have ruined a man's honor," she cried, "and a woman's happiness; but you shall not have your way with both of us; if he goes with you, I stay behind." And she left the room before he could find an answer.

Dick, in the meantime, stepped with a swinging pace along the streets, looking exultantly back upon the brightest day in his memory, and forward to a yet brighter one tomorrow. He sprang up the stairs to his room, and burst gaily in. His glance traveled to the mantel-piece, where his letters were usually placed; today there were two, and he hummed a tune as he took them in his hand. They were both from known correspondents, and quite uninteresting; but a third, lying near them, was directed in a handwriting that he had never seen before.

He was surprised to find, on turning it over, that this last one had been already opened, but he immediately forgot this in his astonishment at the contents.

The letter was not signed, but there was no mistaking the source from which it came; the words "my sister-in-law and I" brought a flush to his face. He was amazed, bewildered, overwhelmed.

Before he could collect his scattered senses the door opened, and "Mr. Wickerby" was announced. On the threshold stood the lawyer he had been expecting, a gray-haired, sharp-eyed, precise-looking man of 55 or more, with his hat in one hand and a bag in the other.

"Good day, sir," he said. And then, with a quick glance from Dick's troubled face to the paper in his hand, he added: "Anything wrong? No bad news, I hope?"

Dick jumped to his feet, took the hat bag from his visitor, and drew a chair up to the fire for him.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Wickerby," he said; "I'm in a regular maze over this extraordinary note."

"Let me see," said the lawyer. Dick mechanically handed it over to him, and tried to put his own ideas in order while the other read in silence.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Wickerby, looking up at last, "this is a cool fellow, upon my word! He pretends to be a friend of yours. Do you recognize the writing?"

"No," replied Dick, "I never saw it in my life; but—"

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

suppose he meant it seriously? It's a joke, of course."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "Not in very good taste as a joke," he said; "but after all it doesn't matter; the letter contains its own answer, and there's an end of it."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick. "How does it contain its own answer?"

"Silence, in this case, was to give refusal; consent was only to be inferred from a particular act."

Dick was thunderstruck at this, and lost his head.

"But I went," he stammered. "Went where?" asked the other, sharply.

"To Great Russell street."

"You went to Great Russell street? And what, in the name of goodness, did you do that for? Do you know, Captain Estcourt," he continued, severely, "that we lawyers call this kind of thing 'levying war against our lord the king'—that's what we call it, sir. An overt act of treason, and you and your friends make a joke of it!"

"But that was not why I went," said Dick, in confusion. "I hadn't had the note then. The man himself had already asked me to go for quite a different purpose."

Here the maid entered to lay the cloth, and both were silent.

"I'll explain it all to you after dinner," said Dick. "In the meantime let us settle the business you came about."

This was done, and occupied them for somewhat less than half an hour, at the end of which time they set down to table.

Dick was preoccupied, and the conversation dragged. His guest eyed him doubtfully from time to time, and he was uneasily conscious of the fact. Presently he got up and went to the bell.

"I quite forgot," he said, as he pulled the cord, "I never asked about that note being open."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Wickerby. "The seal was broken when I found it."

The lawyer looked puzzled. "Sure?" he asked.

"Certain," Dick replied. "The letter had been opened, beyond a doubt."

"That's awkward. I'm afraid any one who may have read it would think you kept queer company."

The maid appeared in answer to the bell.

"Jane," said Dick, holding up the letter, "who brought this?"

"The gentleman wrote it here, sir," "Excuse me," said Mr. Wickerby, interrupting, "but I should like to ask you a question or two; I'm used to this kind of thing, you know."

"All right," said Dick; "you'll do it better than I should."

The lawyer turned to cross-examine Jane, who was beginning to be alarmed.

"What gentleman?" he asked.

"I don't know his name, sir."

"Did you know him by sight?"

"Yes, sir; he came here once, a week ago, with Captain Estcourt."

"What time was it when he wrote the letter?"

"Do you know," he said, "I think, my dear Estcourt, it might be better for you if you made a clean breast of it. I'm an old confidential friend of your people, and you know I will keep your counsel."

"I give you my word," cried Dick, "there's nothing more to tell than this: I know Colonel de Montaut—the man who wrote this letter, you know—pretty well; and as for Madame de Montaut—"

"Yes?" inquired Mr. Wickerby. "And as for Madame—"

"Oh, you understand," said Dick, with desperate embarrassment, "she's the only woman in the world; but no one could ever think me capable of disloyalty, and she least of all."

"Hm—m," said the lawyer. "I couldn't, perhaps; but women have a high estimate of their own power, and some of them love to exercise it, too."

"Some of them!" Dick burst out indignantly; "she's not 'some of them.' She wouldn't accept the help of a traitor, much less ask for it."

He was becoming irritated beyond his self-control, and Mr. Wickerby hastened to leave this part of the subject.

"The question now is," he remarked, "what you are to do."

"Do!" cried Dick. "I shall write to Colonel de Montaut at once, and call tomorrow morning to explain the mistake."

"Stop a moment," said the lawyer. "I'm not quite sure that that's your wisest plan, though, of course, it is the natural one to think of first. Let me just put the case before you as it looks to an outsider—not to me, mind you, but to an impartial stranger; to a judge or jury, for instance."

Dick looked nervous and sulky, but said nothing, and Mr. Wickerby went on in a clear, precise tone, marking off the points on the fingers of his left hand as he proceeded:

"An English officer," he began, "makes friends with a Frenchman—a strong Bonapartist—and falls in love with a relative of this gentleman, much attached to the same cause. He goes often to their house, and is frequently seen in their society."

"On Saturday, March 24, 1821, he leaves home at 10 in the morning. Immediately afterward a letter from his Imperial friend arrives, referring to previous conversations, and asking him to join in a treasonable plot. A refusal is to be easily implied by mere silence, but the consent, which is plainly expected, is to be evidenced by attendance at 11 o'clock at a certain place for the purpose of meeting two fellow-conspirators."

"By 11 o'clock this letter has been opened and read. No one has entered the house since that time, unless, indeed, he returned himself. The maid who received the note, with seal intact, is positive on this point; and to save herself would probably, under pressure, swear that she heard him come in again."

"At 11 o'clock he is at the place named—for quite a different purpose, he says, but admittedly at the invitation of these same Bonapartists. The other conspirators are there too, and a cordial introduction takes place. His conduct does not appear to have aroused any doubt in their minds as to his acceptance of their overtures."

"Confronted with this array of facts, our friend proposes to put himself right by explaining matters to the Bonapartists and even to commit the imprudence of expressing his regrets on paper. 'Littera scripta manet.' My dear Estcourt, no prudent man ever writes a letter when he can avoid it. Your disappointed friends would have you in a trap here. You'd much better run away quietly, and take a holiday somewhere, without leaving your address. When they've come to grief and got hanged for their pains—"

"What the devil do you mean?" shouted Dick, in exasperation.

"Then you can come back in safety," continued Mr. Wickerby. "But if you write, they'll have undeniable evidence that you received their proposal, and you'll have to choose between keeping the secret—which is a felony known by the impudent name of 'misprision of treason'—and giving them up to justice, which, I take it, you are even less likely to prefer."

His ironical tone and incontrovertible logic infuriated Dick.

"Damnation!" he roared; "why can't you let me go my own way? I know my friends better than you do, I should hope!"

"I hope so, too," replied the lawyer, offended in his turn. "I will leave you to your own way, as you desire, and hope to hear no more of this business. I beg you to notice that I do not know where your friends live; I did not even catch their names; and I understand that the whole affair is a practical joke. I wish you may live long to laugh at it."

He took up his hat and bag and left the room. Dick heard the front door being heavily behind him, then made a quick gesture of defiance, and sat down at his desk to write to Colonel de Montaut.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bourget Praises Yankee Women. What, then, has M. Bourget to say of the American woman? To begin with, he seems bewildered with her complexity, for he calls her in turn an idiot, an enigma, an orchid, an exotism, and she typified in a country as yet without an ideal, the yankee's devotion to sheer force of will. She is not made to be loved. She does not want to be loved. It is neither voluptuousness nor tenderness that she symbolizes; she is a palpitating objet d'art, at once sumptuous, alert, intelligent, and audacious, and as such the pride and luxury of a new and somewhat defiant civilization.

In fine, M. Bourget's attitude on the subject is so magnificent that we should write him down a romanticist pure and simple were it not that, in the course of his analysis, he shows us another side of the picture. The purity of the American girl, the author of "Le Disciple" tells us, is not to be questioned. She is coquettish as well as calculating, and as frankly mercenary on occasion as she is naively self-conscious. Clearly, it is the individualism of the American woman that surprises the critics of the Latin race, for northerners have little difficulty in understanding a nature which seeks its interest as much in globe trotting and self-culture—as in mere ebullitions of passion or sentiment.

By actual experiment it has been ascertained that the explosive power of a sphere of wax is only one inch in diameter is sufficient to burst a brass vessel having a resisting power of 27,000 pounds.

GOD IS LOOKING ON.

THE SLIGHTEST SERVICE TO MANKIND WILL GET REWARD.

It Need Not Be Done in Public—Second Washington Sermon by Dr. Talmage—Another Large Audience Hears the Great Preacher.



WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3, 1895.—Dr. Talmage to-day preached his second sermon since coming to the National Capital. It possible the audience was even larger than last Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being: 1. Sam. 30:24, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

If you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of the amount of baggage—twenty loads, fifty loads, a hundred loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double-quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage, and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march thirty miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are two hundred of those crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arm in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital, and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyrations of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger-rings and ear-rings, the necklaces, the wristlets, the headbands, diamond starlets, and the coffers with coronets, and carnelians, and pearls, and sapphires, and emeralds, and all the wealth of plate, and jewels, and decenterers, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the turbans, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsome drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to sweep on them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Cherdorlonomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So, in our Civil War, more than once the battle was lost because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccuping off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the robes, the jewels, and the turbans, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen, and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come, yonder they come. The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzzas. The Bible says David saluted them. That is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured leg?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonian garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and

he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants, and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekites' banquet, and the two hundred crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the two hundred men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty is as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message! Alas! that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do, the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life. But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings, and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Luther, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never preach on Mars' Hill, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital." There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand; but my business is to get children off to school, and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangled by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands, and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give one dollar and to the other you give twenty dollars. Do you reward the boy that you gave twenty dollars to for purchasing more than that amount of money than the other boy purchased with one dollar? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence or twenty times the faculty to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty, and you have twenty times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave you more? That would not be fair, that would not be right. These two hundred men of the text who faintly by the Brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff; and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination lock? A distinguished merchant goes forth at the summer watering place, and he flashes past, and you say: "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? That is the great importer, that is the great banker, that is the great manufacturer." The confidential clerk has his week off. Nobody knows him, and after awhile his week is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as he recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist whose investments this unknown clerk so carefully guarded, Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania

Railroad, Erie Railroad, New York & New Haven Railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors; but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer, or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition for their services. They have small wages, and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question as we shoot around some curve, or under some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" And I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, going up to death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who, on the Erie Railroad, was jammed to death amid the car couplings. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights, and rushed down into the hold of the ship, and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but by the blessing of God, and the faithfulness of the men in charge, we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was compelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight, as the Captain, who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood, every evening, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening, she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
Shall there be no reward for such unpretending, yet everlasting service?

Knew Just How Others Felt. "I think the flavor of pure cod liver oil is very pleasant," said a citizen, "but my wife can never see me take any without twisting up her face, and exclaiming: 'Oh, the horrid stuff! How can you possibly like it?' A few days ago I was in a drug store when an old school physician came in and asked for a quart of castor oil. As the druggist poured the stuff into a measure, the doctor thrust one of his fingers into the stream of oil and transferred a spoonful at least to his mouth. 'That's good oil,' said he, smacking his lips. Then for a moment I knew just how my wife feels when I smack my lips over cod liver oil."

RELIGION AND REFORM. An Endeavor society has been organized in the Home of Incurables at Baltimore.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of Australia have sent seventeen of their members to foreign mission fields.

Los Angeles has a Chinese Christian Endeavor Society of fifteen boys and girls who support a native helper in China.

Christian Endeavor in Madagascar is not yet four years old. Nevertheless it now numbers ninety-one societies, with 3,377 members.

The mosque which stands on Mount Horeb on the site of Aaron's grave is being repaired by the Turkish government at national cost.

The Literary World asks a place in Westminster Abbey for a tablet to Mrs. Browning, calling her "the greatest woman poet of all ages."

The government of Canada has prohibited the sale of intoxicants among the Indians of Hudson Bay territory, and punishes severely any violation of this law.

As an outcome of the late meeting of the Calvinistic Methodists in London, a committee has been formed to mature a scheme for a missionary to labor among the Welsh in the great city.

Lieutenant Greeley says of those who went with him to the North Pole, of the seventeen of his men who died, all were smokers but one, and he died last. Of the seven survivors none were smokers.

St. Paul's American Institute at Tarsus, Asia Minor, a school founded by the late Elliott F. Shepard, was attacked by a Turkish mob which maltreated the students and threatened the missionaries.

The Duke of Marlborough is three inches shorter than his prospective bride. But he will not be so "short" when he gets her millions.