



CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"But I ruined all your happiness! O Regina! my wife! It has been this accursed pride that has wrought it all! If we but had our lives to live over again!"

"Hush!" she said softly. "Let it be as God wills! He knows best. And there is a hereafter where all these broken golden threads can be taken up, and joined again together. In that we find our compensation."

"She remained with him until he died. Two days of watching passed, and one morning he quietly breathed his last in her arms. We took his remains home to Auvergne, and there we buried him beneath a tree that he had planted on the day of his marriage."

"On an examination of my father's affairs, it was found that he had left his whole vast possessions, without reserve, to his wife; and counselled me as the son and heir prospective, to make every exertion to discover my lost sister."

"My mother survived him only about six months; she had been failing gradually, but we did not think her in any immediate danger. One day she called us to her and made me promise that when she was dead I would dispose of the estate in France, and go home to my grandfather in England. And then, having seen Genevieve provided with a suitable home, she desired me to cross the Atlantic, and ascertain if possible the fate of my sister Evangeline. I promised her faithfully to attend to her requests, and then I left her—she wanted to sleep, she said. When we returned to her room she was sleeping the sleep eternal!"

St. Cyril bowed his face in his hands for a moment, then mastering his emotion, continued: "I had little to guide me in my search, but I determined to undertake it at once. I disposed of my estates in France, and took my sister to England. We were greeted warmly by our grandfather, who had sincerely repented his cruelty towards my mother, and after remaining with him a few months, I made arrangements to come to this country. Genevieve insisted on accompanying me. We could not persuade her to stay behind. We took passage in the Alsamo, and ten days out she encountered a gale which made her unseaworthy, and the captain was about to return to the nearest port, when we fell in with a merchant vessel, bound to Portlea. The captain of this vessel very kindly offered to take us on board, and those of us who were anxious to reach the States accepted his proposal, my sister and myself being among the number. I think providence must have directed us to the very spot where we know that our search is ended. Now that I know the fate of Evangeline, it only remains for me to discover the villain who abducted her. I would give half my life this moment for the privilege of putting a pistol shot through his heart!"

"By what means can you trace him? how identify him?" asked Ralph. "I have seen him once. I remember his face distinctly. It was dark, strongly marked, heavily bearded and lit up by eyes that gleamed like fire."

Some sudden thought seemed to strike Ralph rather forcibly. He started up and paced the floor with hurried strides.

"Was there no peculiarity? Nothing by which this man could be distinguished from all other men with heavy beards and dark complexions?"

before the fire, and there sitting quietly by the south window, with some fancy knitting in her hand, was Imogene Trenholme!

CHAPTER XV.

ALPH stood like one thunderstruck. He was tempted to pinch himself to make sure that he was not dreaming. "Come in, Ralph," said his mother; "we have been anxious about you. Where did you go so early?"

"I—I was called away," he answered, with some agitation, looking into the pale face of his wife. But she betrayed no conscious sign that she knew anything—perhaps she did not. He could not tell. Just then he could not bear to go in to listen to his mother's kindly gossip. He wanted to be left alone to collect his scattered faculties.

He started to go up to the library. On the upper landing he met Helen Fulton. She was singing gayly a stanza from "Comin' thro' the Rye," but something in her face made Ralph Trenholme lay a strong hand upon her arm. "Miss Helen, where were you last night?" he asked abruptly.

"In the body, at your service, Mr. Trenholme," dropping him a curtsy. "Don't trifle, if you please. Answer me truly. Did you save me from the commission of a crime the remembrance of which must have embittered my whole life?"

"Fie! Mr. Trenholme! What did you intend to do? Kiss the scullery maid? She's rather good looking, and her hair would be a burn if it wasn't red."

"I do not want to jest, Miss Fulton. I am in earnest."

"Lord bless us! How solemn the man looks. Did you ever hear about the toad?"

"I do not know to what you refer."

"Well, once upon a time, a very good man, a member of the church, I guess, became so disturbed in his mind that sleep forsook his pillow. He grew pale and haggard. His anxious wife inquired the cause, and after a great deal of hesitation he informed her that he had committed a murder, and buried his victim under an apple tree in the garden. The good woman got a couple of men to dig for the unfortunate remains, and after a hard two hours' work they turned up the skeleton of a toad. Now I would respectfully inquire if you have killed a toad?"

"You are incorrigible! But you shall not evade my question. Were you out in the boat last night?"

"Don't! You hurt my arm! And you'll break my bracelet. And it cost a heap of money. Yes, I was out in the boat."

"Did you go to the Rover's Reef?"

"I did."

"For what?"

"To see the Rover, of course."

"Pshaw! Did you see me when I went there?"

"I did; but unfortunately you were not the Rover. You are not dark enough, and you don't wear a moustache. Why don't you?"

"Will you be serious and tell me who you found on the reef?"

"You are inquisitive, Mr. Trenholme. If I were speaking to a third person, I should say you were impertinent. Can't I go to meet my true love all by the shining sea without giving an account of it to you?"

"Who did you find there?"

"I found Mrs. Imogene Trenholme and a man black as Othello, Moor of Venice. Only I did not know that the Moor had cut off two of his fingers."

"How came you to go to the reef?"

"I saw that my lady and her gallant had lost their boat, and thought it almost too cold a night for salt sea bathing."

beside his mother he told her the story of the St. Cyrils. Mrs. Trenholme listened with interest, and was delighted when he had closed.

"Then Marina was of noble birth!" she cried, delightedly; "and it was no mesalliance for you to love her, Ralph. Poor child! We must have her brother and sister up here at once."

"Just my own thought, mother," then turning to Imogene, "Have you any objection to offer?"

"None," she answered coldly; "Mr. Trenholme's friends will always be welcome at this house."

So after dinner the Trenholme carriage and Ralph went down to the Reef House and brought up Mr. and Miss St. Cyril. They met with a cordial welcome from Mrs. Trenholme and Agnes. But when Imogene was brought face to face with Genevieve, the agitation of the haughty woman was something almost appalling to witness. She turned white as marble, her eyes glistened with feverish fire. But in a moment she recovered herself and bade Miss St. Cyril welcome with a grace that few could equal.

Time passed. Still the St. Cyrils lingered at the Reef. They were pleased with America, and Ralph would not listen to them when they spoke of going away. His mother was delighted with the brother and sister; it was very pleasant to have such distinguished persons for guests. It gratified the pride of the good lady.

Before a fortnight had elapsed Guy St. Cyril was in love with Helen Fulton. And such a life as the gay girl led him! His tenderest speeches she laughed at; his flowers she made into wreaths to deck Quito, and when he asked her to walk or ride she said she must stay at home and finish a pair of stockings she was knitting for her papa.

But one day, by some stratagem, he beguiled her out to ride. They had not gone a mile from the Reef before she challenged to a race. She rode Agnes' horse Jove, and Guy was mounted on a stout but by no means agile beast that he had taken at random from the stables.

The road was smooth and a little descending. Helen gave the word, and off they started. She did not put Jove up to his best pace, for she wanted to be near enough to witness Guy's discomfiture when he should discover that his horse was not built for speed. They swept down the hill at an easy canter, down to where the highway was crossed by a brook that was spanned by a stone bridge. Helen was looking back laughing at the sorry figure Guy cut with his heavy going horse, and did not perceive that the late rains had torn the bridge away, until she was on the very brink of the gorge. It was too late to wheel her horse; she gave him the bridle, closed her eyes, and he leaped the chasm. Guy came up on the other side and hesitated. Helen felt reckless.

"Hail!" she called out to him, "so you are afraid! There is a ford a few rods above, where you can come through and not get drowned. The water isn't more than two inches deep. I'll warrant you that!"

Her tone stung him. He knew the inferiority of his horse, but he could not endure to be dared thus by a woman. He struck his beast a sharp blow. The animal reared and plunged over. The water was deep and the current rapid, but the horse was strong and reached the opposite shore, but not before he had cast his rider headlong upon the rocks in the bed of the brook.

Helen looked back pale and startled. Her heart felt cold. She turned Jove and plunged into the water. Guy had been partially stunned by the fall, but the coldness of the water had brought him to consciousness. She reached out her hand to him.

"Come," she said; "let me help you out of this. I suppose they will all say I got you in."

"Do you want to help me, Helen?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Identified by His Halo. Signor Luigi Arditi, the famous conductor of opera, and the composer of much delightful music, is entering the fiftieth year of his public career, and on its completion will publish his reminiscences.

The conductor of an operatic orchestra soon learns more about great singers than they themselves could tell him. He knows their moods, can understand their temperament, and is probably the only person to accurately gauge the limitations of their art.

Hence Signor Arditi's book will throw a new and interesting light on many favorites of the operatic stage. To all opera goers the halo surrounding Signor Arditi's head is familiar, and the maestro tells a good story about it, at his own expense. It was in the days when the Mapleson opera company, from Her Majesty's, was in America, and at one of the towns Arditi went to cash an open check payable to himself and made out by the impresario. He reached the bank and presented the paper to the cashier, who looked first at the check, then at him, and said, "I must have some proof of identity. This is an open check; you may be Mr. Arditi or you may not." This was awkward for the musician had no card or papers with him, whereby to set the question of identity at rest, and he did not want to have a journey back to his hotel. At last a bright idea struck him.

"Do you ever go to opera?" he asked the cashier. "Yes, I have been several times," replied the cashier. "Then," cried the musician, turning round suddenly and lifting his hat, "do you mean to tell me you don't know Arditi?" The familiar back-view at once convinced the cashier, and, with many apologies, the money was paid.—From the Sketch.

A boa constrictor in Indianapolis has diphtheria. Think of the amount of throat his snakeship has to gargle.—Chicago News.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"AMERICA IS FOR GOD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And I Beheld Another Beast Coming Up Out of the Earth; and He Had Two Horns Like a Lamb, and He Spoke as a Dragon"—Rev. xliii. 11.

Is America mentioned in the Bible? Learned and consecrated men who have studied the inspired books of Daniel and Revelation more than I have and understand them better, agree in saying that the leopard mentioned in the Bible meant Grecia, and the bear meant Medo-Peria, and the lion meant Babylon, and the beast of the text coming up out of the earth with two horns like a lamb and the voice of a dragon means our country, because among other reasons it seemed to come up out of the earth when Columbus discovered it, and it has been for the most part at peace like a lamb, unless assaulted by foreign foe, in which case it has had two horns strong and sharp, and the voice of a dragon loud enough to make all nations hear the roar of its indignation. Is it reasonable to suppose that God would leave out from the prophecies of His Book this whole Western Hemisphere? No, no. "I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon."

I start with the cheering thought that the most popular book on earth today is the Bible, the most popular institution on earth today is the church, and the most popular name on earth today is Jesus. Right from this audience hundreds of men and women would, if need be, march out and die for Him.

Am I too confident in saying "America for God?" If the Lord will help me I will show the strength and extent of the long line of fortresses to be taken, and give you my reasons for saying it can be done and will be done. Let us decide, in this battle for God, whether we are at Bull Run or at Gettysburg. There is a Fourth of July way of bragging about this country, and the most tired and plucked bird that ever flew through the heavens is the American eagle, so much so that Mr. Gladstone said to me facetiously, at Hawarden: "I hear that the fish in your American lakes are so large that when one of them is taken out the entire lake is perceptibly lower," and at a dinner given in Paris an American offered for a sentiment: "Here is to the United States—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by the primeval chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment." The effect of such grandiloquence is to discredit the real facts, which are so tremendous they need no garbishing. The worst thing to do in any campaign, military or religious, is to underestimate an enemy, and I will have no part in such attempt at belittlement.

This land to be taken for God, according to Hassel, the statistician, has fourteen million two hundred and ninety thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven square miles, a width and a length that none but the Omnipotent can appreciate. Four Europes put together, and capable of holding and feeding, as it will hold and feed, according to Atkinson, the statistician, if the world continues in existence and does not run afoul of some other world or get consumed by the fires already burning in the cellars of the planet—capable, I say, of holding and feeding more than one billion of inhabitants. For you must remember it must be held for God as well as taken for God, and the last five hundred million inhabitants must not be allowed to swamp the religion of the first five hundred million. Not much use in taking the fortress if we cannot hold it. It must be held until the archangel's trumpet bids living and dead arise from this fondering planet.

You must remember it is only about seven o'clock in the morning of our nation's life. Great cities are to flash and roar among what are called the "Bad Lands" of the Dakotas and the great "Columbia Plains" of Washington state, and that on which we put our school-boy fingers on the map and spelled out as the "Great American Desert," is, through systematic and consummating irrigation, to bloom like Chatsworth Park and be made more productive than those regions dependent upon uncertain and spasmodic rainfall. All those regions, as well as those regions already cultivated, to be inhabited! That was a sublime thing said by Henry Clay, while crossing the Allegheny mountains, and he was waiting for the stage horses to be rested, as he stood on a rock, arms folded, looking off into the valley, and some one said to him, "Mr. Clay, what are you thinking about?" He replied, "I am listening to the on-coming tramp of the future generation of America." Have you laid our home missionary scheme on such an infinitude of scale? If the work of bringing one soul to God is so great, can a thousand million be captured? In this country, already planted and to be overcome, Paganism has built its altar to Brahma, and the Chinese are already burning incense in their temples, and Mohammedanism, drunk in other days with the red wine of human blood at Lucknow and Cawnpore, and now fresh from the diabolism in Armenia, is trying to get a foothold here, and from the minarets of her mosques will yet mumble her blasphemies, saying, "God is great, and Mohammed is His prophet." Then there are the vast-

er multitudes with no religion at all. They worship no God, they live with no consolation, and they die with no hope. No star of peace points down to the manger in which they are born, and no prayer is uttered over the grave into which they sink. Then there is alcoholism, its piled up demijohns and beer barrels, and hogsheads of fiery death, a barricade high and long as the Alleghenies and Rockies and Sierra Nevada, pouring forth day and night their ammunition of wretchedness and woe. When a German wants to take a drink, he takes beer. When an Englishman wants to take a drink, he takes ale. When a Scotchman wants to take a drink, he takes whisky. But when an American wants to take a drink, he takes anything he can lay his hands on.

Plenty of statistics to tell how much money is spent in this country for rum, and how many drunkards die! But who will give us the statistics of how many hearts are crushed under the heel of this worst demon of the centuries? How many hopes blasted? How many children turned out on the world, accursed with stigma of a debauched ancestry? Until the worm of the distillery becomes the worm that never dies, and the smoke of the heated wine vats becomes the smoke of the torment that ascendeth up forever and ever! Alcoholism, swearing—not with hand uplifted toward heaven, for from that direction it can get no help; but with right hand stretched down toward the perdition from which it came up—swearing that it will not cease as long as there are any homesteads to despoil, any magnificent men and women to destroy, any immortal souls to damn, any more nations to balk, any more civilizations to extinguish.

Then there is what in America we call Socialism, in France Communism, and in Russia Nihilism—the three names for one and the same thing—and having but two doctrines in its creed: First, there is no God. Second, there shall be no rights of property. One of their chief journals printed this sentiment: "Dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists as well as out of hogs." One of the leaders of Communism left inscribed on his prison wall, where he had been justly incarcerated, these words: "When once you are dead, there is an end of everything; therefore, ye scoundrels, grab whatever you can—only don't let yourselves be grabbed. Amen!" There are in this country hundreds of thousands of these lazy scoundrels. Honest men deplore it when they cannot get work, but those of whom I speak will not do work when they can get it. I tried to employ one who asked me for money. I said, "Down in my cellar I have some wood to saw, and I will pay you for it." For a little while I heard the saw going, and then I heard it no more. I went downstairs, and found the wood, but the workman had disappeared, taking for company both buck and saw.

Socialism, Communism and Nihilism mean, "Too wicked to acknowledge God, and too lazy to earn a living," and among the mightiest obstacles to be overcome are those organized elements of domestic, social and political ruin. There also are the fastnesses of infidelity, and atheism, and fraud, and political corruption, and multifarious, hydra-headed, million-armed abominations all over the land. While the mightiest agencies for righteousness on earth are good and healthful newspapers and good and healthful books, and our chief dependence for intelligence and Christian achievement is upon them, what word among words in our vocabulary can describe the work of that archangel of mischief, a corrupt literature? What man, attempting anything for God and humanity, has escaped a stroke of its filthy wing? What good cause has escaped its hindrance? What other obstacle in all the land so appalling? But I cannot name more than one-half the battlements, the bastions, the intrenchments, the redoubts, the fortifications to be stormed and overcome if this country is ever taken for God. The statistics are so awful that if we had nothing but the multiplication table and the arithmetic, the attempt to evangelize America would be an absurdity higher than the Tower of Babel before it dropped on the plain of Shinar. Where are the drilled troops to march against those fortifications as long as the continent? Where are the batteries that can be unlimbered against these walls? Where are the guns of large enough calibre to storm these gates? Well, let us look around and see, the first of all, who is our leader and who will be our leader until the work is done? Garibaldi, with a thousand Italians, could do more than another commander with ten thousand Italians. General Sherman, on one side, and Stonewall Jackson, on the other, each with ten thousand troops, could do more than some other generals with twenty thousand troops. The rough boat in which Washington crossed the icy Delaware with a few half-frozen troops was mightier than the ship of war that, during the American revolution, came through the narrows, a gun at each porthole, and sunk in Hell-Gate. Our Leader, like most great leaders, was born in an obscure place, and it was a humble home, about five miles from Jerusalem. Those who were out of doors that night said that there was stellar commotion, and music that came out of the clouds, as though the front door of heaven had been set open, and that the camels heard his first infantile cry. Then he came to the fairest boyhood that mother was ever proud of, and from twelve to thirty years of age was off in India, if traditions there are accurate, and then returned to his native land, and for three years had his pathway surrounded by blind eyes that he illumined, and epileptic patients to whom he gave rubicund health, and

tongues that he loosed from silence into song, and those whose funerals he stopped that he might give back to be-reaved mothers their only boys, and whose fevered pulses he had restored to rhythmic throb, and whose paralyzed limbs he had warmed into healthful circulation—pastor at Capernaum, but flaming evangelist everywhere, hushing crying tempests and turning rolling seas into solid sapphire, and for the rescue of a race submitted to courtroom filled with howling miscreants, and to a martyrdom at the sight of which the sun faded and fell back in the heavens, and then treading the clouds homeward, like snowy mountain-peaks, till heaven took him back again, more a favorite than he had ever been; but, coming again, he is on earth now, and the nations are gathering to his standard. Following him were the Scotch covenanters, the Theban legion, the victims of the London Haymarket, the Piedmontese sufferers, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Huguenots, and uncounted multitudes of the past, joined by about four hundred millions of the present, and with the certainty that all nations shall huzzah at his chariot-wheel, he goes forth, the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara—the Mighty Leader, he of Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge, and Bannockburn, and the One who whelmed Spanish Armada, "Coming up from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save," and behind whom we fall into line to-day and march in the campaign that is to take America for God. Hosanna Hosanna! Wave all the palm-branches! At his feet put down your silver and your gold, as in heaven you will cast before him your coronets.

With such a Leader do you not think we can do it? Say, do you think we can? Why, many ramparts have already been taken. Where is American slavery? Gone, and the South, as heralds to the North, prays "Peace to its ashes." Where is bestial polygamy? Gone, by the fiat of the United States government, urged on by Christian sentiment, and Mormonism, having retreated in 1830 from Fayette, New York, to Kirkland, Ohio, and in 1833 retreated to Missouri, and in 1836 retreated to Salt Lake City, now divorced from its superfluity of wives, will soon retreat into the Pacific, and no basin smaller than the ocean could wash out its pollutions. Illicitry going down under the work of Slater and Peabody funds, and Sabbath schools of all the churches of all denominations! Pugilism now made unlawful by congressional enactment, the brutal custom knocked out in the first round! Corruption at the ballot box, by law of registration and other safeguards, made almost impossible! Churches twice as large as the old ones, the enlarged supply to meet the enlarged demand! Nihilism getting a stunning stroke by the summary execution of its exponents after they had murdered the policemen in Chicago, received its deathblow from the recent treaty which sends back to Russia the blatant criminals who had been regratitated on our American shore. The very things that have been quoted as perils to this nation are going to help its salvation. Great cities, so often mentioned as great obstacles—the center of crime and the reservoirs of all iniquities—are to lead in the work of gospelization. Who give most to home missions, to asylum, to religious education, to all styles of humanitarian and Christian institutions? The cities. From what place did the most relief go at the time of Johnston's flood, and Michigan fires, and Charleston earthquake, and Ohio freshets? From the cities. From what place did Christ send out his twelve apostles to gospelize the world? From a city. What place will do more than any other place, by its contribution of Christian men and women and means, in this work of taking America for God? New York city. The way Paris goes, goes France. The way Berlin goes, goes Germany. The way Edinburgh goes, goes Scotland. The way London goes, goes England. The way New York and a couple other cities go, goes America. May the eternal God wake up to the stupendous issue!

OBSERVED OF OBSERVERS.

One of the latest re-enlistments in the navy is that of John R. Knowles, the sailor who lashed Admiral Farragut to the rigging of the Hartford in her memorable flight with the confederate iron-clad ram Tennessee in Mobile bay. Knowles has been in the service forty-seven years.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton and eighteen other women well known in New York in various branches of philanthropic work have undertaken to establish a co-operative employment bureau for the supply of its patrons with all sorts of help.

The British chemist who recently found in a terrestrial mineral the element helium, hitherto believed to exist only in the sun and a few stars, was Prof. William Ramsay.

Miss Braddon intends to write no more novels. She has already given to the world more than fifty works of fiction.

Monsignor Capel, the well known Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, became a ranchman in California a few years ago, and is now said to be very wealthy. Formerly the pink of perfection in dress, he has now become indifferent in the rough costume of a ranchman. He was a brilliant social figure in London, and is said to be the original of Catesby in Disraeli's "Lothair." The Tennyson memorial to be erected near the poet's old home on the Isle of Wight will bear the legend: "Erected by Friends in England and America." The late Oliver Wendell Holmes was the first American contributor.

Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor, says that New Englanders are the best mechanics in the world, and that the French are the best mechanics in Europe.

Some folks are a long time in finding out that it never pays to worry.

Every man makes unwritten laws that others have to keep.