My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT three months after my dear wife's death, Fanny Denelly and I commenced our investigations in good earnest. But, as I had prophesied, I soon discovered that I could not serve two masters. It was practically impossible for me to carry on the every-day work of my profession, and at the same time give up my mind to the almost appalling undertaking I had in hand. Any spare time that was left to me, after providing for my day's work, was more than occupied in collecting notes of those particular kinds of physical and mental, or, to coin a word, spirituo-mental phenomena—some of which are, as readers of "The Secret of Life" may see, exceedingly rare—that I required as a groundwork of my argument, and with the carrying on of a voluminous correspondence with such scientific men all over the world as did not set me down as a dreamer, or worse. So I had to make up my mind either to do one thing or the other, give up my search after the moral philosopher's stone, or surrender the lease of my chambers in the city. For some months I worked double tides, and hesitated, but at last my decision could no longer be postponed, it must be one thing or the other. So in my perplexity I consulted Fanny, and having laid the whole matter before her, asked her which course she thought I ought to take. Her answer was prompt and unhesitating. It was to the effect that I should give up my profession and devote myself exclusively to my investigations.

"You have six hundred a year to live on," she said, "and therefore will not starve; and, if you succeed, you will achieve immortal fame; for you will have found the way to minister to a mind diseased, and, if you fail, you will have acquired an enormous mass of knowledge which you may be able to turn to account in some other way. I have no doubt myself on the matter. Think of what the reward before you is."

I did not quite like Fanny's way of putting the matter. She always seemed to me to dwell too much upon the personal advantages that would result from my success. Now such a quest as mine is not for the individual; it is for the whole wide world, and for the millions and millions who are yet to live upon it. What does it matter who finds, provided that the truth is found? Why, any right-thinking man should be glad, if his circumstances will permit of it to give his life to such a cause; aye, even if he knows that, so far as he is concerned, he will never reach the goal, but be trodden down and forgotten. He should be glad and happy, I say, if he can only think that some more fortunate seeker will be able to step a pace to forward on his prostrate form. But, after all, even the best and widest-minded women, as I have found them, will look at things in a strictly personal light. I do not think that as a class they care much for humanity at large, or would go far out of their way to help it; of course, I mean if they are certain that nobody will hear of their good work. But this is only an opinion.

I pointed this out to Fanny, who shrugged her handsome shoulders, and said that really she did not think it mattered much which way one looked at it; the great thing was to succeed.

Well, I took her advice, partly because it fell in with my own views, and partly because I have always paid more attention to Fanny than to any other living creature. Indeed, to this day I hold her judgment in almost childish veneration. It was a hard wrench to me, giving up the outward and visible following of my profession, more especially as I was then in a fair way to achieve considerable success in it; but it had to be done. I felt it my duty to do it, and so I made the best of it. What was still harder, however, was the reception that my decision met with among such few relatives as I possessed, and my friends and acquaintances. They remonstrated with me personally and by letter, and annoyed me in every way, and upon every possible occasion. Even relatives with whom I had never had the slightest intercourse thought this a good opportunity to inaugurate an epistolary acquaintance. One old aunt wrote to ask what amount of truth there was in the rumor that I had given up my profession, and what I had taken to in place of it? I replied that was devoting myself to scientific research. An answer came by return of post, to the effect that, having heard that I was doing so well as a doctor, she had recognized my talents in her will. This she had, on receipt of my letter of explanation, at once given instructions to alter by the ommission of my name; she was not going to have her money squandered on scientific researches, which always ended in smoke. "Science, indeed," her letter ended. "Why you might as well have taken to looking for the North Pole or even literature!"

Finding my resolution unalterable—for one of my few good points is that I do not turn back—I was, however, soon given up by the whole family as an irreclaimable ne'er-do-well, and it was, I believe, even hinted among them that I was not altogether responsible for my actions. At any rate, the rumor did get round, and whether it was owing to this or to the fact that I could no longer be looked upon as an individual who was likely to make money, I soon noticed a decided change in the manner of my acquaintance, professional and lay, toward me. Before, their attitude had at least been respectful; now it was, if not contemptuous, at least tinged with superior pity.

Well, I put up with it all humbly enough, but now that my position is such that these very people who have treated me with contumely for so many years, go about and boast of their intimacy with me, and are even so kind as to supply the papers with the supposed details of my private life, I will confess that the pill was a bitter one for me to swallow. Not that I was altogether without comfort, faintly foreseeing the hour of triump that has come.

Besides, even when we must perforce do worship to Mammon and bow the knee to Baal, there are yet consolations. It is something to feel with the keen instinct which knows no error that the minds of those contemptuous scoffers, who think so well of themselves and so ill of you, are to your mind as the ditch-mud is to the mirror reflecting heaven's own light; that in you there dwells a spark of the glorious creative fire of which they know nothing, and cannot even understand; and that they, the rich, the respected, the prosperous and unctuously happy, are as far beneath you, whom they despise as an unsuccessful dreamer, in all that really tends to make a man divine, as their dogs and horses are beneath them.

That was how I thought in those days, and think so still, though now that it is showered in upon me, I do not care much for that world-wide praise I used to covet in my bitterer and more lonely moments, when imminent failure seemed to press me round like the darkness closing in. It is too rank and too undiscerning, and much of it is merely tribute to success and not to the brain and work that won it.

In short, as will be understood with difficulty, being human, I felt all this neglect of which I have striven to show the color, pretty sharply, and though I submitted, and was perfectly able to analyze its causes, it gave my mind a misanthropic turn, from which it has never quite recovered, for the world's adulation can never atone for the world's contempt, or even for the neglect of those around us who make our world. And thus as time went on I gradually acquired a greater and greater dislike to mixing in society, and began to attach myself more and more to my studies and to Fanny, who became by degrees the only person that I thoroughly trusted and relied on the world.

When my dear wife had been dead eighteen months, it occurred to me that there were inconveniences attaching to our mode of life, and that if she saw matters in the same light, it would be well to draw the bond of friendship and affection yet closer by marriage. Not that I was in love with Fanny Dennelly in the sense in which the term is generally used. Indeed, it was one of her great charms in my eyes that it seemed possible to live on the terms of the closest friendship and affection with her without any nonsense of the sort being imported into the intimacy, either on one side or the other. Also, as far as I was concerned, I had buried all passion of that kind with my dear wife, and my speculations occupied my mind far too entirely to allow of the entry into it of any of those degrading imitations to which imaginative and intelligent men are, oddly enough, especially liable if they are not very hard worked, probably on account of the greater irritability and sensitiveness of their brains.

What I looked forward to in marrying Fanny Denelly was a reasonable and sensible companionship, entered into for the comfort of congenial society and to furtther the end to which we had both devoted our lives. Also I was desirous of giving my unfortunate boy a permanent substitute for his dead mother, and one whom he dearly loved. Accordingly, I took occasion one evening after dinner to speak to Fanny about the question, before we settled down to our night's work. This I did with some trepidation, for however well you may think you understand a woman, it is not always possible to know how she will take a matter of the sort. Still I put the best face on it that I could, and talked for a quarter of an hour without stopping.

All the time she sat still with her hands behind her head, and her dark eyes fixed upon my face, and never said a word.

"You are a very curious man, Geoffrey," she answered, with a little laugh when at last I had done.

"Why?" Iasked.

"Because you have put the whole question to me as though marriage were a chapter out of 'The Secret of Life.'"

"Well, for the matter of that, so it generally is," I said.

"And you have not said one word of affection. It has all been business, from beginning to end."

"My dear Fanny," I answered, "you know how deeply I am attached to you. I did not think it necessary to enlarge upon the point."

"Yes," she answered, gently, and with a new light shining in her eyes, "but it is a point that women like to hear enlarged upon. I am only a woman, after all, Geoffrey. I am not all scientific and mathematical."

I saw that I had made a mistake, and had appealed too much to the reasoning side of her nature as opposed to the sentimental. To tell the truth, when one lives day by day with a woman, and all one's talk is of the highest problems of existence, one is apt to forget that these matters are, after all, only more or less accidental to her, and that the basis of flesh and blood, on which they are built up, remains the same. In short, one gets to view her more in the light of a man.

A man can lose his old Adam in studies or aspirations, or in devotion to a cause; but a woman, so far as my experience goes, and as the moral of this story tends to prove, can never quite get rid of the original Eve.

"My dearest Fanny," I said, "forgive me," and then I took another line of argument with her which I need not enter into—for that tale has been told so often before, and besides one always looks back at those sort of things with a kind of mental blush. Sufficient to say that it proved effective.

"I will marry you, dearest Geoffrey," she murmured at last, "and I hope that in looking together for the Secret of Life, we shall find the secret of Happiness also."

"Very well, love," I said; "and now that we have settled that, let us get to our work. We have lost an hour already!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Towers for Electric Lights.

When arc lights were first introduced for street lighting there was a very exaggerated idea of their lighting power. A light of 1,000 candle power seemed such a powerful illuminator that the idea was very naturally conceived of placing lamps on the top of tall towers and lighting the whole area of the city. Several municipalities adopted this tower system of lighting, of which the best known example is doubtless Detroit. It was at once found, however, that a cluster of arc lamps 150 feet or more from the ground might be an excellent plan for lighting the whole of a large area; but was a very poor plan for lighting city streets. In the average American city, with long blocks, the streets comprise not more than one-third of the area. Hence with the tower system of lighting 66 per cent of the illuminating power is wasted in lighting up house roofs, backyards and vacant lots. Nearly every city of which we have information that orginally adopted the tower system of lighting has abandoned it. It is therefore quite surprising to learn that Des Moines, Iowa, proposed to put in a municipal street lighting plant and to use the tower system. What consideration influenced the city authorities to adopt this system we do not know, but we would strongly urge them to investigate the experience of Detroit and other cities with the tower system of lighting before they construct such a plant in their own city.—Engineering News.

The Freaks of False Teeth.

Accidents will happen sometimes, even to the veteran in official or social life. But when a certain congressman's eloquence grew so spirited Wednesday that his false teeth flew out into space very few knew it, except those sitting close to him, and the adept manner in which he caught them went to show that he is familiar with their freaks. It reminded a Kansan of a man whom he once knew, a prominent editor of one of the largest newspapers in his state. He had beautiful false teeth, but he didn't love them, and when he had visitors and got into a reminiscent mood it was his habit to remove his teeth and play with them. In this manner they were liable to get lost and would be found in the most unexpected places. One day he absently mailed them among a batch of letters, and the mischief was to pay until he saw them advertised in his own paper. After that he had his name engraved on the solid gold plate and felt that he was quite safe. When he talked very rapidly his teeth had a startling habit of flying out. He was a picturesque improviser of profanity, and when he got excited his false teeth would often punctuate his remarks by their sudden appearance. One day his unfortunate foreman was thus attacked, and the teeth struck him in one eye, nearly blinding him. He kept the teeth, sued and recovered damages.—Washington Star.

A Joking Monkey.

There is a monkey in one of the suburbs of Washington that is a practical joker of the most irrepressible sort. A few days ago, a member of the family found the Simian apparently stiff in death. As the animal was a great pet, there was a great howdy-do, and a quick summons for a doctor. The physician came and after a thorough examination pronounced his monkeyship dead. No sooner had he delivered his opinion than the monkey hopped briskly up, gave the doctor a military salute, and scampered away, chattering and screeching at the top of his voice. The physician is hearing a great deal about the affair from his friends.

Decidedly Objectionable.

The Tenant—I want to change my office for one on the second floor. The Agent—What's the trouble? The Tenant—You know I'm on the fourteenth floor now. Well, every time my wife's mother comes up to see me it gives her palpitation of the heart so to come up on the elevator that she invariably insists upon stopping in my office two hours for the palpitations to ease down. Gimmie a room that can be reached by a stairway.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unavoidable.

Wallace—Wasn't it rather strange for Tippler to marry that snake charmer? Brutts—Yes. It was brought about through circumstances. He had delirium tremens that night, and she was the only one who could do anything with him.—Philadelphia North American.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A CART-ROPE INIQUITY" SUNDAY'S SUBJEBT.

From the Following Bible Text: Isaiah, Chapter 5, Verse 18: "Woe Unto Them That Sin As It Were With a Cart-Rope."—Vigilance Advised.

THERE are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work, the man still stands upright, respected, and honored. These vermin have not strength enough to gnaw through a man's character. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions, and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to sin as with a cart-rope. I suppose you know how they make a great rope. The stuff out of which it is fashioned is nothing but tow which you pull apart without any exertion of your fingers. This is spun into threads, any of which you could easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwound—then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox, or hold a ship in a tempest. I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A cart-rope in strength is that sin, and yet I wish more especially to draw your attention to the small threads of influence out of which that mighty iniquity is twisted. This crime is on the advance, so that it is well not only that fathers, and brothers, and sons, be interested in such a discussion, but that wives, and mothers, and sisters, and daughters look out lest their present home be sacrificed, or their intended home be blasted. No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say: "It has no practical bearing upon my life;" for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involved three worlds—earth, heaven, hell. There are gambling establishments by the thousands. There are about five thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten professing to be honest because they are merely the ante-chamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first-class establishments. You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter," and Dore's "'Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate, and viands, and wines, and cigars, sumptuous beyond parallel. Then you come to the second-class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks mixed with more poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short metre with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the river.

You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle;" betting on three numbers is called a "gig;" betting on four numbers is called a "horse;" and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle," and mounting that "gig," and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange;"a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace, and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Now you acknowledge that is a cart-rope of evil, but you want to know what are the small threads out of which it is made. There is, in many, a disposition to hazard. They feel a delight in walking near a precipice because of the sense of danger. There are people who go upon Jungfrau, not for the largeness of the prospect, but for the feeling that they have of thinking "What would happen if I should fall off?" There are persons who have their blood filliped and accelerated by skating very near an air hole. There are men who find a positive delight in driving within two inches of the edge of a bridge. It is this disposition to hazard that finds development in gaming practices. Here are five hundred dollars. I may stake them. If I stake them I may lose them; but I may win five thousand dollars. Whichever way it turns I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

Then there are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain. It is especially so with professional gamblers. They always keep cool. They never drink enough to unbalance their judgment. They do not see the dice so much as they see the dollar beyond the dice, and for that they watch, as the spider in the web, looking as if dead until the fly passes. Thousands of young men in the hope of gain go into these practices. They say: "Well, my salary is not enough to allow this luxury. I don't get enough from my store, office, or shop. I ought to have finer apartments. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly flavored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can with one brilliant stroke make a fortune. Now, here goes, principle or no principle, heaven or hell. Who cares?" When a young man makes up his mind to live beyond his income, Satan has bought him out and out, and it is only a question of time when the goods are to be delivered. The thing is done. You may plant in the way all the batteries of truth and righteousness, that man is bound to go on. When a man makes one thousand dollars a year and spends one thousand two hundred dollars; when a young man makes one thousand five hundred dollars, and spends one thousand seven hundred dollars, all the harpies of darkness cry out: "Ha! ha!" we have him," and they have. How to get the extra five hundred dollars or the extra two thousand dollars is the question. He says: "Here is my friend who started out the other day with but little money, and in one night, so great was his luck, he rolled up hundreds and thousands of dollars. If he got it, why not I? It is such dull work, this adding up of long lines of figures in the counting-house; this pulling down of a hundred yards of goods and selling a remnant; this always waiting upon somebody else, when I could put one hundred dollars on the ace and pick up a thousand."

Many years ago for sermonic purposes and in company with the chief of police of New York I visited one of the most brilliant gambling houses in that city. It was night and as we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were down; the door was guarded; but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door, we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table, finding eight or ten men in mid-life, well-dressed—all the work going on in silence, save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming-table in one parlor, and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were ship-wrecked bankers and brokers and money-dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice—but all intent upon the table, as large or small fortunes moved up and down before them. Oh, there was something awfully solemn in the silence—the intense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one looked up. They all had money in the rapids, and I have no doubt some saw, as they sat there, horses and carriages, and houses and lands, and home and family rushing down into the vortex. A man's life would not have been worth a farthing in that presence had he not been accompanied by the police, if he had been supposed to be on a Christian errand of observation. Some of these men went by private key, some went by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me: "None get in here except by police mandate, or by some letter of a patron." While we were there a young man came in, put his money down on the roulette-table, and lost; put more money down on the roulette-table ,and lost; put more money down on the roulette-table, and lost; then feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, the merciless place! Not once in all the history of that gaming-house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game. Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead in one of the clubhouses of London; his body was carried into the clubhouse, and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him, it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players! In these gaming houses of our cities, men have their property wrung away from them, and then they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiter's pen, and so restore their fortunes, some resort to the suicide's revolver, but all going down, and that work proceeds day by day, and night by night. "That cart-rope," says some young man, "has never been wound around my soul." But have not some threads of that cart-rope been twisted?

I arraign before God the gift enterprises of our cities, which have a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Whatever you get, young man, in such a place as that, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul, and a robbery of the community. Yet, how we are appalled to see men who have failed in other enterprises go into gift concerts, where the chief attraction is not music, but the prizes distributed among the audience; or to sell books where the chief attraction is not the book, but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put money into their papers, so that the purchaser of this tobacco in Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent gratuity. Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what, until you open them and find they contain nothing. Christian men with pictures on their wall gotten in a lottery, and the brain of community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young men, these are the threads that make the cart rope, and when a young man consents to these practices, he is being bound hand and foot by a habit which has already destroyed "a great multitude that no man can number." Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity; and some of you remember at the close of our Civil War how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did these men who had charge of those gift enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity, which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young man, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen your appetitie for games of chance. Do one of two things; be honest or die.

I have accomplished my object if I put you on the look-out. It is a great deal easier to fall than it is to get up again. The trouble is that when men begin to go astray from the path of duty, they are apt to say: "There's no use of trying to get back, I've sacrificed my respectability, I can't return;" and they go on until they are utterly destroyed. I tell you, my friends, that God this moment, by his Holy Spirit, can change your entire nature, so that you will be a different man in a minute. Your great want—what is it? More salary? Higher social position? No; no. I will tell you the great want of every man, if he has not already obtained it. It is the grace of God. Are there any who have fallen victims to the sin that I have been reprehending? You are in a prison. You rush against the wall of this prison, and try to get out, and you fail; and you turn around and dash against the other wall until there is blood on the grates, and blood on your soul. You will never get out in this way. There is only one way of getting out. There is a key that can unlock that prison-house. It is the key of the house of David. It is the key that Christ wears at his girdle. If you will allow him to put that key to the lock, the bolt will shoot back, and the door will swing open, and you will be a free man in Christ Jesus. Oh, prodigal, what a business this is for you, feeding swine, when your father stands in the front door, straining his eyesight to catch the first glimpse of your return; and the calf is as fat as it will be, and the harps of heaven are all strung, and the feet free. There are converted gamblers in heaven. The light of eternity flashed upon the green baize of their billiard-saloon. In the laver of God's forgiveness they washed off all their sin. They quit trying for earthly stakes. They tried for heaven and won it. There stretches a hand from heaven toward the head of the worst offender. It is a hand, not clenched as if to smite, but outspread as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity—has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no iron-bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion. Its waves are the hosannahs of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thundering salvo of eternal victory. But alas for that man who sits down to the final game of life and puts his immortal soul on the ace, while angels of God keep the tally-board; and after kings and queens, and knaves, and spades are "shuffled" and "cut," and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost it, the faro-bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wallet all the blood-stained wagers.

Mother's Dying Words.

(By J. F. O'Haver, Harrodsburg, Ind.)

During a round of pastoral visits, I called at a country residence, and before I left read a passage from the Bible and had prayer. Contrary to my custom, I concluded to read the first passage at which my Bible opened, which was the 103d Psalm. As soon as I began to read the lady of the house began to weep, and continued to do so throughout the reading and prayer.

Upon rising from our knees, she burst into tears, and told me the first words of that psalm were the last words of her mother on earth, and that she died in that very room, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. I learned she had not been to church for many years, but I notice she has been regular in attendance since.

Who will say that a mother's saintly life is soon lost, or that the Spirit does not lead His servants?

A Brother's Love.

Little Jennie disobeyed her mother one day, and she made her leave her play and go and sit for an hour in the corner.

Her little brother was very fond of his sister, and he was so sorry for her that he asked his mother to let him sit in Jennie's place and let her go and play.

Their mother allowed him to do so. After a little he said:

"Mamma, am I not like Jesus?"

"Why?" said she.

"Because I am suffering in Jennie's place."

"Yes," said mamma, "and you do it because you love her, don't you?"

Jesus suffered once and for all, for us. But we are always like him when we suffer or deny ourselves for others.

Nothing makes us so much like Jesus as to forget ourselves and live to make somebody else happy.

Some men forget their sins so easily that they are often amazed and hurt when others remember them.