INTERNATIONAL FRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIII.-(CONTINUED.) cessor. The old man pointed out the ed it. pictures and various relics which he thought might be interesting, and Caussidiere glanced about him with eyes like a hawk. As they passed onward his face became less radiant; a frown of weariness and disappointment began to cloud his brow. At length the whole of the castle had been examined, and the two men began to descend the quaint oaken stairs. Caussidiere, lingering as if in no haste to go, still talked pleasantly and glanced impatiently about him.

Presently they passed the half open door of a kind of boudoir. Caussidiere, who had looked keenly in, paused suddenly.

"Surely," he said, "I know that face!" The old man went forward and pushed open the door, and the Frenchman, following closely behind him, entered the room and stood thoughtfully regarding the object which had arrested his attention. It was a picture, a good sized painting, which hung above the mantelpiece.

"'Tis Marjorie Annan," explained the old man, "foster daughter to the minister. 'Twas painted by Johnnie Sutherland. The mistress bought it because she likes the lassie, and because it has a favor o' hersel'."

The Frenchman stared.

"Like Miss Hetherington?" "Ay, like hersel'," returned the old man. "You'd be no denying itself if you saw the picture in that press. 'Tis Miss Hetherington at seventeen or

eighteen years of age." "I should like to see the picture." "Aweel, aweel, you should see it; but the press is locked and Mysie has the

key." "You could not get it, I suppose?" "Ay, I could get it," returned Sandie, still under the influence of the Frenchman's gold. "Bide awhile and you

shall see." He shuffled off, leaving the French-

man alone. The moment he was gone Caussidiere's face and manner underwent a complete change. He sprang from the room, as it were, with cat-like fury, turned over papers, opened drawers, ransacking everything completely. At last he came upon a drawer which would not open; it was in a writing cabinet, the counterpart of one he had at home; he pressed a hidden spring; in a moment the drawer flew open, and Caussidiere was rapidly going over the papers which it contained.

 Suddenly he started, drew forth a paper, opened, and read it. A gleam of light passed over his face. He folded the paper, thrust it into the inner pocket of his coat and closed the drawer. When the old man returned with his key he found Caussidiere, with his hands behind him, regarding the picture of Marjorie Annan.



CHAPTER XIV. HILE the persevering Caussidiere was inspecting the interior of Annandale Castle, Miss Hetherington was busily making inquiries about him at Dumfries.

To her own disappointment she learned nothing to the Frenchman's discredit, but, deter-

mined to break up all relations between him and Marjorie, she visited the manse the next day and secured Mr. Lorraine's consent that Marjorie should discontinue her French lessons for the This done, she ordered the coach-

man to drive to Dumfries.

When they reached the town they drove straight to Caussidiere's lodging, and with a very determined face the lady of the Castle descended and walked up the doorsteps.

She knocked sharply at the door, which was immediately opened by a

"I'm seeking the gentleman that lodges here-the French teacher," she said, stepping without ceremony into

the lobby. Caussidiere, who was within, put his head out of the door of his room, and recognized his visitor at once with a

beaming smile. "Pray step this way, Miss Hethering-

ton," he cried. "I am delighted to see

She followed him into his little sittingroom, and stood leaning upon her staff and looking at him with her black eyes, while he drew forward a chair and begged her to be seated. She node. ed grimly and glanced round the apart ment at the table littered with cornspondence, at the books scattered here and there, at the roses and creepers which peeped in at the open window. Then she walked to the chair he had prepared for her, and sitting down, looked at him fixedly again. Not in the least daunted, he stood smiling at her, and waiting for her to explain her business.

At last she spoke in her native tongue.

"First and foremost, how muckle is you have such a charitable heart?" Marjorie Annan owing to ye for her French lessons?"

As she asked the question, Miss Hetherington drew out an old fashioned silk | not reply; but her lips became dry, and i cinnati, O

purse and began examining its con-They passed from room to room, find- | tents. Finding that the Frenchman ing each one gloomier than its preie- | did not reply, she looked up and repeat-

> "How muckle is Marjorie Annan Gwing ye? Tell me that, if you please." "Nothing, Miss Hetherington," he re-

> plied. "Naething? Then Marjorie has paid

> ye already, maybe." "Yes, she has paid me," returned

Caussidiere, quietly. Naturally enough his manner had

hauteur, tempered with gentle indignation.

"How muckle has she paid ye?" demanded the lady of the castle.

"She has paid me," answered the Frenchman, "with her sympathy, with her sweet society. I have not taken money from her. I shall never take it. My labor, Miss Hetherington, has been a labor of love."

up her purse, she uttered an impatient | sume?" exclamation.

"Nae doubt," she cried. "But from this day forward your labor's done. I have come here to pay you your hire, hers, still preserved that penetrating and to tell you with my ain mouth that | light-almost a threat. Marjorie Annan's French lessons are ended, and that if she needs mair she'll get them from another teacher."

Caussidiere flushed angrily, but still

preserved his composure. "May I ask a question, Miss Hether-

ington?"

guardian?"

"If you please." "I should like to know what authority ed." you have to act on behalf of my dear pupil? I don't ask out of mere curiosity; but you would oblige me by informing me if the young lady herself has requested you to come here on so

peculiar an errand?" "The young lady?-a bairn who kens

naething of the world." "But, pardon me, had you her authority to dismiss me, or that of her

"The bairn's a bairn, and the minister's old and foolish. I've ta'en the business into my own hands."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Caussidiere, still sarcastically smiling.

"Ay, indeed!" repeated the lady, with growing irritation. "And I warn you, once for a', to cease meddling with the lassie. Ay, ye may smile! But you'll smile, maybe, on the wrong side of your face, my friend, if ye dinna tak' the warning I bring ye, and cease molesting Marjorie Annan."

It was clear that Caussidiere was amused. Instead of smiling now, he laughed outright, still most politely, but with a self satisfaction wnich was very irritating to his opponent. Subduing his amusement with an efflort, he quietly took a chair, and sat down opposite Miss Hetherington.

"Weel," she cried, striking with her staff upon the floor, "what's your answer to my message?"

"You must give me a little time, you have so taken me by surprise. In the first place, why do you object to my friendship for the young lady? My interest in her is great; I respect and admire her beyond measure. Why can we not be friends? Why can I not continue to be her teacher?"

"A bonny teacher! A braw friend! Do you think I'm blind?"

"I think," said Caussidiere, with a mocking bow, "that your eyes are very wide open, Miss Hetherington. You perceive quite clearly that I love Miss

The lady started angrily. "What?" she cried.

"I love her, and hope some day, with your permission, to make her my

Trembling from head to foot, Miss

Hetherington started to her feet.

"Your wife!" she echoed, as if thunderstruck.

"Why not?" asked Caussidiere, calm-"I am not rich, but I am a gentleman, and my connections are honorable, I assure you. Why, then, should you distrust me so? If you will permit me, I think I can give you very good reasons for approving of my union

with Miss Annan." "How daur ye think of it?" cried Miss Hetherington. "Marry that bairn! forbid ye even to come near her, to speak wi' her again."

Caussidiere shrugged his shoulders "Let us return,if you please, to where we began. You have not yet informed me by what right you attempt to interfere with the happiness of my dear pu-

"By what right?"

"Precisely. What may be the nature of your relationship with the young lady?"

As he spoke he fixed his eyes keenly upon her, to her obvious embarrassment. Her pale face grew paler than

"I am Marjorie Annan's friend," she answered, after a pause.

"Of that I am aware, Miss Hetherington. I am aware also that you have been very kind to her; that you have this out of pure philanthropy, because | palatable and wholesome."

He still watched her with the same half sarcastic, penetrating look. Her Religion with love is a tongue of fire. embarrassment increased, and she did |- Rev. Dr. Magruder, Methodist, Cin-

she moistened them nervously with the tip of her tongue.

Suddenly his manner changed and he

rose smiling from his seat. "You are fatigued," he said, politely.

"Let me offer you a glass of wine."

She declined his offer with an angry gesture, and moved toward the door. "I hae warned you," she said in a low voice. "I hae warned you and forbidden you. If ye didn't heed my warning I'll maybe find some other means

to bring you to your senses."

She would have left the house, but quietly approaching the door, he set his back against it and blocked the way.

"Pray do not go yet," he said. "Pardon me, but you must not. You have given me your message, my dear Miss Hetherington; now let me ask you to

hear mine." "What's your will with me?" she cried, impatiently.

"Will you sit and listen a little while?"

"I'll stand where I am. Weal?" "First let me thank you for the kindness of your servant in showing me changed, and his courteous smile had over the beautiful castle where you live. given way to a cold expression of I am interested in all old houses, and yours is charming."

> She stared at him in blank amazement.

"The Castle? when were you there?" "Just before I returned to Dumfries. I regretted that you were not at home, in order that I might ask your kind permission; but in your absence I took the liberty of making a reconnaissance. I came away delighted with the place. The lady's eyes flashed, and putting | The home of your ancestors, I pre-

> The words were innocent enough, but the speaker's manner was far from assuring, and his eyes, keenly fixed on

> "Deil tak' the man. Why do you glower at me like that? You entered my house like a thief, then, when I was awa'?"

"Ah, do not say that; it is ungenerous. I went merely as an amateur to see the ruins, and I found-what shall I say?-so much more than I expect-

He paused, while she stood trembling; then he continued:

"The Castle is so picturesque, the ruin so interesting, and the pictures-the pictures are so romantic and so strange. Ah, it is a privilege, indeed, to have such a heritage and such an ancestry; to belong to a family so great, so full of honor; to have a 'scutcheon without one blot since the day when the first

founder wore it on his shield." It was clear that he was playing with her, laughing at her. As he proceeded, his manner became almost aggressive in its studied insolence, its polite sarcasm. Unable any longer to restrain her anger, Miss Hetherington, with outstretched hand, moved toward the

"Stand awa', and let me pass."

He obeyed her in a moment, and with a profound bow drew aside; but as she passed him, and put her trembling hand upon the door handle, he said in a low voice close to her ear:

all, to quarrel with one who knows so much.'

She turned furiously, and fixed her eyes upon him. "What's that?" she cried.

"Who knows so much, let us say, about the morals of your bonny Scotland as compared with those of la belle France."

"What do you mean? Speak out! What do ye mean?"

He smiled, and bending again close to her ear, he whispered something which drove the last tint of blood from her cheek, and made her stagger and gasp as if about to fall. Then, before she could recover herself, or utter a single word, he said aloud, with the utmost politeness:

"And now, my dear lady, will you stay a little while longer, and talk with me about Marjorie Annan?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ABOUT SUMMER DISHES.

Mrs. Rorer's Way of Reducing the Cook-

ing to the Minimum. "Much summer cooking may be done on the installment plan," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer on "Summer Dishes With Little Fire," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "If asparagus is ordered for today's dinner, cook double quantity, and serve that remaining for tomorrow's salad. From a fricassee of chicken for dinner the giblets may be served for giblet stew for the next day's luncheon. You will thereby gain a dish without extra cost. Potted fish, with cucumber sauce, may be served as a first course in place of soup, but if the latter is preferred, a are hundreds of persons this day lying quick soup may be made by stirring in the prison bunks who would leap beef extract into boiling water, and seasoning it with celery seed and bay leaf. Where light meats are to be served some of the cream soups are not out of place, as they contain nourishment easily digested. Cream of potato, cream of pea, tomato, celery, asparagus, rice, squash, cucumber and lima bean soups are all very acceptable in hot weather. During the heated term the roast joint might be served cold, nicely garnished with edible greens. With it hot vegetables might be served. The hot meat dishes should be light and quickly cooked. Do away with the large joints. the pot roasts and the heavy boils, and substitute chops, smothered beef, rolled steak, broiled steak, Hamburg steak or Turkish meat balls. Stuffed vegetables may be served occasionally in the place of meat-egg plant stuffed with meat | rats-how much better would you have assisted her from childhood with large and bread crumbs, and tomatoes and been? I have no sympathy with that sums out of your own pocket. May I squah prepared in the same way. ask, without offense, have you done an Slow cooking makes these vegetables

Religion without love is fanaticism.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DYNAMITE IS NOW UNDER OUR GREAT CITIES.

the Text: "The Boar Out of the Wood Doth Waste It, and the Wild Beast of the Field Doth Devour It"-Psalms 80:13.



Y this homely but expressive figure, David sets forth the bad influences which in olden time broke in upon God's heritage, as with swine's foot trampling, and as with swine's snout uprooting the vine-

prosperity. What was yards of true then is true now. There have been enough trees of righteousness planted to overshadow the whole earth, had it not been for the axe-men who hewed them down. The temple of truth would long ago have been completed, had it not been for the iconoclasts who defaced the walls and battered down the pillars. The whole earth would have been all Eschol of ripened clusters, had it not been that "the boar has wasted it and

the wild beast of the field devoured it." I propose to point out to you those whom I consider to be the destructive classes of society. First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprisca that these people make up a large proportion of many communities. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country, thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, oozing into the slums of our cities, waiting for an opportunity to insufferable stench and sickening surriot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cutthroats. There are in our cities, people whose entire business in life is to commit crime. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the interregnums which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza or rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their lifetime business to pick pockets, and blow up safes, and shoplift, and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel, or cure a gun-shot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market so you buy goods just before they go up twenty per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the imn:orality strikes them. Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there is a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. Drunkenness is responsible "It would be a pity, perhaps, after for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate, though it be on the face of the next gentle-

> They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again and again. Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners who, during the year had been in Sing Sing, four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison, and in the other case the house of correction, left them just as bad as they were before. The secretary of one of the benevolent societies of New York saw a lad fifteen years of age who had spent three years of his life in prison, and he said to the lad, "What have they done for you to make you better?" "Well," replied the lad, "the first time I was brought up before the judge he said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said, 'You rascal!' And after a while I committed some other crime. and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged." That is all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there up at the prospect of reformation, if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability. "Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil proclivities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid obscenities and cursing, and if at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at night if you came in without any spoils; and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rag; and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharfexecutive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court-room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community behalf of these offenders. I stepped into one of the prisons

was like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. As the air swept through the wicket it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw there one woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in there with her child, amid the most abandoned wretches of the town. Many of the offenders in that prison sleeping on the floor, with nothing but a vermincovered blanket over them. Those people, crowded, and wan, and wasted, and half-suffocated, and infuriated. said to the men, "How do you stand it here?" "God knows," said one man; 'we have to stand it." Oh, they will pay you when they get out! Where they burned down one house, they will burn three. They will strike deeper the assassin's knife. They are this minute plotting worse burglaries. Many of the jails are the best places I know of to manufacture footpads, vagabonds and cut-throats. Yale College is not so well calculated to make scholars, nor Harvard so well calculated to make scientists, nor Princeton so well calculated to make theologlans, as the American jail is calculated to make criminals. All that these men do not know of crime after they have been in that style of dungeon for some time, satanic machination cannot teach them. Every hour these jails stand, they challenge the Lord Almighty to smite the cities. I call upon demand a reformation. I call upon the judges of our courts to expose the infamy. I demand, in behalf of those in carcerated prisoners, fresh air and clear sunlight, and, in the name of him who had not where to lay his head, a couch to rest on at night. In the roundings of some of the prisons, there is nothing but disease for the body, idiocy for the mind, and death to the soul. Stifled air and darkness and vermin never turned a thief into an honest man. We want men like John Howard and Sir William Blackstone, and women like Elizabeth Fry, to do for the prisons of the United States what those people did in other days for the prisons of England. I thank God for what Isaac T. Hopper and Doctor Wines and Mr. Harris and sccres of others have done in the way of prison reform; but we want something more radical before upon our cities will come the blessing of him who said: "I was in prison and ye came unto me." In this class of uprooting and de-

officials, "Woe unto thee, O land, when

thy king is a child, and thy princes

drink in the morning!' It is a great

calamity to a city when bad men get

into public authority. Why was it

that in New York there was such un-

paralleled crime between 1866 and

1871? It was because the judges of po-

lice in that city, for the most part, were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. These were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We had the "Whisky Ring," and the "Tammany Ring," and the "Erie Ring." There was one man during those years that got one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public. In a few years it was estimated that there were fifty millions of public treasure squandered. In those times the criminal had only to wink at the judge, or his lawyer would wink for him, and the question was decided for the defendant. Of the eight thousand people arrested in that city in one year, only three thousand were punished. These little matters were "fixed up," while the interests of society were "fixed down." You know as well as I that a criminal who escapes only opens the door of other criminalities. It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality, unwhipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street by day. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man. sheltering the thief, and at great price handing over the goods to the owner to whom they belong. There you will find those who are called the "skinners," the men who hover around Wall street and State street and Third street with great sleight of hand in bonds and stocks. There you find the funeral thieves, the people who go and sit down and mourn with families and pick their pockets. And there you find the "confidence men," who borrow money of you because they have a dead child in the house, and want to bury it, when they never had a house nor a family, or they want to go to England and get a large property there and they want you to pay their way, and they will send the money back by the very next mail. There are the "harbor thieves," the "shoplifters," the "pickpockets," famous all over the cities. Hundreds of them with their faces in the "Rogues gallery," yet doing nothing for the last five or ten years but defraud society and escape justice. When these people go unarrested and unpunished, it is putting a high premium upon vice, and saying to the young criminals of this country. 'What a safe thing it is to be a great criminal." Let the law swoop upon them! Let it be known in this country that crime will have no quarter. that the detectives are after it, that the police club is being brandished, that the iron door of the prison is being opened, that the judge is ready to call the case! Too great leniency to criminals is too great severity to society. \* \* \*

demand more potential influences in of want I interpret, there are hundreds human creatures in any other stage of and thousands of honest poor who are | their human life can possibly give, dependent upon individual, city and again .- Phillips Brooks.

of one of our great cities, and the air state charities. If all their voices could come up at once, it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city, and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue. But for the most part it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence, gnashing its teeth and sucking the blood of its own arteries. waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them; some extra garment which might have made them comfortable on cold days; some bread thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas jet that might have kindled up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipices of an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost!" Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front doorstep, I wonder if you hear it and see it as much as I hear and see it! I have been almost frenzied with the perpetual cry for help from all classes and from all nations, knocking, knocking, ringing, ringing. If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it? And yet there they are. The sewing women, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after the people to rise in their wrath and night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lip. How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child, and said to the city missionary, "I am downhearted. Everything's against us; and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "Oh," she replied, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning to Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. Oh, sir, it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and then we have so much trouble, and then we are getting along so poorly, and see this wee little thing growing weaker and weaker; and then to think we are getting no nearer to God, but floating away from him-oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die!"

I should not wonder if they had a good deal better time than we in the future, to make up for the fact that vouring population and untrustworthy they had such a bad time here. It would be just like Jesus to say, "Come up and take the highest seats. You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." O thou weeping One of Bethany! O thou dying One of the cross! Have mercy on the starving, freezing, homeless poor of these great cities."

I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelization, and all newsboys' lodging houses, and all children's aid societies. Aye, I want you to send the Dorcas society all the cast-off clothing, that, under the skillful manipulation of the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, these garments may be fitted on the cold, bare feet, and on the shivering limbs of the destitute. I should not wonder if that hat that you give should come back a jeweled coronet, or that garment that you this week hand out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened and somehow wrought into the Savior's own robe, so in the last day he should run his hand over it and say, "I was naked and ye clothed me." That would be putting your garments to

glorious uses. I want you to appreciate how very kindly God has dealt with you in your comfortable homes, at your well-filled tables, and at the warm registers, and to have you look at the round faces of your children, and then, at the review of God's goodness to you, go to your room, and lock the door, and kneel down and say, "O Lord, I have been an ingrate; make me thy child, O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered today, I thank Thee that all my life thou has taken such good care of me. O Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children today, I thank Thee mine are well, some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled as I was many years ago at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to Thee in a holier baptism of repenting tears.

"For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,

And I'm a sinner vile indeed: Lord, I believe Thy grace is free; O magnify that grace in me!"

"Pshaw."

Some one has found out that "Tim" Gampbell's famous retort, "Pshaw, what's the constitution between friends!" was anticipated two hundred years ago by no less dignified a personage than John Seiden, the witty and learned English lawyer. His version reads: "The house of commons is called the lower house in twenty acts of parliament but what's twenty acts of parliament among friends?"-New York Tribune.

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immedi-In these American cities, whose cry ateness, which no other help given to