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CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Folk think ye o'er-gentle," she continued, "but I've aye liked you because I was sure ye had a stubborn will when your conscience told you that the right was on your side. If that man has wronged Marjorie Annan, would you be feared to face him and avenge her?"

"If he has played the villian," answered Sutherland, deadly pale, but determined, "I would hunt him down and punish him, though I had to follow him round and round the world."

As the young man spoke, his face wore an expression which few had ever noticed there before; all the softness and sweetness disappeared, the lines deepened, the eyes hardened, and the entire aspect grew hard as granite, and as unrelenting

"I was right," said the old lady, noticing the change. "Ye have the Hetherington temper, Johnnie Sutherland. Oh, that I were a man to gang in your place! But you shall follow them with the swiftness o' youth and the keenness o' injured love."

A few minutes later, Sutherland left the Castle, fully authorized to bring Marjorie back if possible, and armed with ample means, in the shape of a large sum of money, which Miss Hetherington thrust upon him.

Left to herself in the lonely Castle, the lady retired to her private suite of apartments, and there gave way to the wild tempest of her sorrow and despair. Pride and self-reproach contended together for the mastery of her heart; but love was there, too—the intense love of maternity, which for nearly eighteen years had been flickering secretly like a feeble fire.

Sitting in her arm-chair, her head lying back and her eyes fixed wildly on the window's glimmering square and the dreary prospect beyond, she fell into a troubled dream of the past.

Again she was a proud, passionate girl, reckless in her comings and goings, caring for nothing in the world but the smiles of one man, and fearing nothing but the anger of her savage brother, in whom the tigerish blood of the male Hetheringtons ran twice fiery through lust and wine.

So haughty and unlovable had she seemed, so stubborn and capricious, that only one man had dared to woo her—that man her father's and her brother's enemy, the enemy of all her house. They had met in secret, and she, with characteristic stubbornness, had loved him better for the feud that might have kept them asunder. And at last, in a wild moment of impulse, she had placed herself at his mercy, and had loved him without God's blessing or the sanction of clergyman or priest.

Then, to the terror and amaze of both, came the knowledge that she was about to become a mother.

Not till she confessed her situation to him did she discover that the hate of her family was justified, and that she had loved a villain; for almost simultaneously came the news that he was about to marry the daughter of an English earl. She taxed him with it, and he scarcely took the trouble to deny it. He could never, he said, unite himself with one of her house.

How it came about she scarcely knew; but one night, when she met her lover and faced him with wild upbraidings a hand like iron was laid upon her arm, and turning, she saw her brother Hugh. The two men faced each other: there were a few words, then a blow, and she saw her lover's face livid and bleeding as she swooned away.

Later that night, when Hugh Hetherington sought her in that very chamber where she was now sitting, he had wrung the whole truth from her, and, hearing it, had struck her, too, with his clinched fist in the face.

As she thought of that time, she rose feebly and looked into the glass. Yes, the mark was there yet; she would carry it to her grave. Her worn face went ghastlier yet as she remembered what had followed. How her wild brother left the place and was absent for many days; and how, just after he returned and drove her forth, she read in a newspaper that Lord Lochmaben, of the great Lochmabens of the Border, had just died suddenly in his 35th year, somewhere abroad. There was no scandal; the world did not even know how Lochmaben perished, but she knew that he had fallen by the hand of Hugh Hetherington, in a duel fought with swords on foreign soil.

Ah, the darkness, the horror, the desolation of the next few months! No one but her brother knew her secret, and he kept it well, so that all the world heard was that the brother and sister had quarreled, and that she had left the Castle to dwell, temporarily at least, apart. No one wondered. The Hetherington temper was well known, a by-word; it was as natural that such a brother and sister should hate each other as that swords should clash, or fire and torrent disagree.

Creeping in secret to a town upon the English border, she had hidden her shame among the poorest of the poor. No one knew her; no one suspected but that she was some lowly woman who had gone astray in the manner only too common among her class. Then at last her little one was born.

Sitting and reviewing it all darkly, seeing memory's phantom images flashing and fading before her, like colors ever changing in a kaleidoscope, Miss Hetherington felt again that wild, murderous thrill which hunted creatures, animal and human, often feel, and which tempts them—despairingly, deliriously—to destroy their young. She shuddered and cowered, remembering her first impulse. But the child had lived; and one night, holding it to her heart, the mother had disappeared from the strange town as mysteriously as she had come, leaving no trace or clew.

Fascinated and afraid, she had returned to Annandale, hiding herself by day, traveling in the darkness only. How dark it had been, how the wind had roared, that night when she flitted like a ghost round the manse, and saw the gentle old pastor counting his souvenirs within! Her intention had been to go right on to the Castle with her burden; but the sight of the good man decided her, and she acted as the reader knows—leaving the infant on the doorstep, and flitting silently away.

That night the brother and sister stood face to face. What was said and done no one knew; but after a stormy scene the lady remained at the Castle. No one dreamed of connecting her with the waif just discovered at the manse door, for no one but her brother knew the secret of her fall; and as if by a special providence the corpse of a woman was washed up some days later on the Solway sands, and suspicion pointed to this woman as the mother of the little castaway.

From that time forth, till the day (which came so soon) when her brother died, Miss Hetherington had little or no communion with him; and when he passed away, as wildly and darkly as he had lived, she shed no tears. She had never forgiven him, would never forgive him this side the grave, for slaying the only man she had ever loved, and who, perhaps, might have made amends. She brooded over her wrongs till she grew prematurely old, and dwelt in the lonely house, of which she was now sole mistress, like a ghost in a sepulcher, from dismal day to day.

* * * * * *

John Sutherland lost no time in the pursuit.

He hastened to Dumfries at once, and, by questioning the railway officials, soon discovered that the fugitives had gone southward by the mail the previous night. Further inquiry led him to Carlisle, and the very inn they had stopped at. Here he learned from the landlady that the young couple had been married and had taken the one o'clock train for London.

It was all over, then; he had lost Marjorie forever. Of what avail was it now to follow and attempt to save her?

Dazed and despairing, he found his way back to the railway station. He found the telegraph office still open, and at once dispatched a telegram to Dumfries, paying for a special messenger to take it on to Annandale Castle.

The message was as follows:

"They were married here this morning, and are gone south together. What am I to do?"

To this came the answer:

"Do not come back. Follow her; hear the truth from her own lips. Spare no expense, but find her. I leave it all to you."

It seemed a useless errand, but he was in no mood to argue or disobey. So he took the first train that was going southward, and before mid-day was far on his way to London.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR days Sutherland searched London in vain for a trace of the fugitive couple; then accident revealed to him what a search of months might never have done.

He was walking along moodily, with his eyes on the ground; he had passed into the neighborhood of Leicester Square, when suddenly he started and trembled from head to foot. A voice, it seemed to him a familiar voice, struck upon his ear. It was speaking volubly in the French tongue.

Hurriedly he drew aside to allow the person to pass him by; then, looking up, he recognized the French teacher—Caussidiere.

Yes, it certainly was he, beyond all manner of doubt! He was carrying on such an excited conversation with his companion that he not even noticed Sutherland, whose sleeve he had almost brushed.

Sutherland's first impulse was to rush forward and confront the Frenchman, his next to drop back, to remain unobserved behind and follow him.

The latter course he followed.

Where he went he could not tell, being unversed in the ways and the by-ways of the great city, but he was taken in and out of by-streets and slums—mostly inhabited by French refugees; presently the two men entered a house, from which, after a lapse of an hour, which to Sutherland seemed an eternity, the Frenchman emerged alone. He called up a hansom; Sutherland called up one also, and they rattled away after each other.

The Frenchman's hansom stopped presently at a house in Gower street. Sutherland, after noting the number of the house in passing, pulled up his hansom at the corner of the next street and walked quietly back again.

By this time both Caussidiere and his hansom had disappeared, but Sutherland recognized the place. He walked up and down on the opposite side of the way, examining the house, staring at it as if he would fain penetrate those dark walls and see the fair face which he suspected to be within.

Then he calmly walked over, knocked at the door and inquired for "Madame Caussidiere."

The servant admitted him, and he was at once shown upstairs. In one thing Sutherland was fortunate—Caussidiere was not at home.

He had entered the house only for a moment to give his hurried instructions to Marjorie.

"Pack up your things at once," he had said; "prepare yourself by the hour of my return. We leave for Paris tonight."

Then he had hastened down again, entered the hansom, and driven away.

* * * * * * *

Just an hour later the hansom containing Caussidiere stopped again before the house. This time the man received his fare, and the cab drove away empty, while Caussidiere entered the house and went up to his rooms.

He found Marjorie in tears, and John Sutherland by her side.

At sight of the latter he started, looking the reverse of pleased; the presence of the young painter, by no means desirable at any time, was at that moment particularly embarrassing. But Caussidiere was not easily abashed; his presence of mind only deserted him for a moment; then he came forward with a sinister smile.

"So it is you, monsieur," he said. "I am amazed, but I cannot say that I am altogether pleased, since through finding Marjorie in your presence, I see her with a sorrowful face, and with tears in her eyes."

He came forward as he spoke, and held forth his hand, but Sutherland did not take it. He rose from his seat, and stood awkwardly looking at the two.

Marjorie rushed forward and took her husband's arm.

"Ah, Leon," she said, "do not be angry because I cried a little at seeing an old friend. Though I love the past, my love for you is not less; and he has told me such strange news."

Caussidiere smiled down upon her and patted her cheek. It was wonderful how self-possessed he felt now he knew that no one could step between him and his prize.

"Well, my child," he said, "and what is this great news which he has told you?"

"He has told me of my mother, Leon—of my dear mother."

"Positively."

"Do you understand, Leon, that Miss Hetherington is my——"

"Assuredly I understand, little one. If I remember rightly, it fell to my share to tax the lady with the fact some time ago, and she could not deny it."

"Then you did not know of it, and you never uttered a word; you never told me, Leon!"

"Told you! certainly not, mon amie! It was not my province to reveal the dark spots on the fame of the proud old lady of the Castle."

"It was not your province to tempt an innocent girl away from her home and her friends," cried Sutherland hotly; "yet you have done it."

The Frenchman flushed angrily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN AND THE CAMERA.

Photography as a Profession Should Appeal to the Fair Sex.

Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston, the photographic artist, writes, in the Ladies' Home Journal, on "What a Woman Can Do With a Camera," telling the requisites for artistic and financial success in the pursuit of photography as a profession. "It is a profession," she contends, "that should strongly appeal particularly to women, and in it there are great opportunities for a good-paying business—but only under very well-defined conditions. The prime requisites—as summed up in my mind after long experience and thought are these: The woman who makes photography profitable must have, as to personal qualities, good common sense, unlimited patience to carry her through endless failures, equally unlimited tact, good taste, a quick eye, a talent for detail, and a genius for hard work. In addition, she needs training, experience, some capital, and a field to exploit. This may seem, at first glance, an appalling list, but it is incomplete rather than exaggerated; although to an energetic, ambitious woman, with even ordinary opportunities, success is always possible, and hard, intelligent and conscientious work seldom fails to develop small beginnings into large results.

"Good work should command good prices and the wise woman will place a proper value upon her best efforts. It is a mistaken business policy to try and build up trade by doing something badly cheaper than some body else. As to your personal attitude, be business-like in all your methods; cultivate tact, an affable manner, and an unfailing courtesy. It costs nothing but a little self-control and determination to be patient and good-natured under most circumstances. A pleasant, obliging and business-like bearing will often prove the most important part of a clever woman's capital."

Many of the convicts in French prisons are paid for their labor, and earn about 35 cents a day. Half of this they are allowed to spend for extra food, postage, etc., and the rest is saved. to be given to them on their discharge.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SCRIPTURE OF THE DEEP—GOD AMONG THE CORALS.

From the Text—"No Mention Shall Be Made of Coral"—Job Chap. XXVIII. Verse 18—Love of God for the Beautiful.

WHY do you say that, inspired dramatist? When you wanted to set forth the superior value of our religion, you tossed aside the onyx, which is used for making exquisite cameos, and the sapphire, sky-blue, and topaz of rhombic prism, and the ruby of frozen blood, and here you say that the coral, which is a miracle of shape and a transport of color to those who have studied it, is not worthy of mention in comparison with our holy religion. "No mention shall be made of coral." At Saint Johnsbury, Vt., in a museum built by the chief citizen, as I examined a specimen on the shelf, I first realized what a holy of holies God can build and has built in the temple of one piece of coral. I do not wonder that Ernst Heckel, the great scientist, while in Ceylon, was so entranced with the specimens which some Cingalese divers had brought up for his inspection that he himself plunged into the sea, and went clear under the waves at the risk of his life, again, and again, and again, that he might know more of the coral, the beauty of which he indicates cannot even be guessed by those who have only seen it above water, and after the polyps, which are its sculptors, and architects, have died and the chief glories of these submarine flowers have expired. Job, in my text, did not mean to depreciate this divine sculpture in the coral reefs along the sea coasts. No one can afford to depreciate these white palaces of the deep, built under God's direction. He never changes his plans for the building of the islands and shores; and for uncounted thousands of years the coral gardens, and the coral castles, and the coral battlements go on and up. I charge you that you will please God and please yourself if you will go into the minute examination of the corals—their foundations, their pinnacles, their aisles, their pillars, their curves, their cleavages, their reticulation, their grouping—families of them, towns of them, cities of them, and continents of them. Indeed, you cannot appreciate the meaning of my text unless you know something of the coral. Labyrinthian, stellar, columnar, floral, dented like shields from battle, spotted like leopards, embroidered like lace, hung like upholstery—twilight and auroras and sunbursts of beauty! From deep crimson to milk-white are its colors. You may find this work of God through the animalcules eighty fathoms down, or amid the breakers, where the sea dashes the wildest, and beats the mightiest, and bellows the loudest.

Nothing so impresses me with the fact that our God loves the beautiful. The most beautiful coral of the world never comes to human observation. Sunrises and sunsets he hangs up for nations to look at; he may green the grass, and round the dew into pearl, and set on fire autumnal foliage to please mortal sight, but those thousands of miles of coral achievement I think he has had built for his own delight. In those galleries he alone can walk. The music of those keys, played on by the fingers of the wave, he only can hear. The snow of that white and the bloom of that crimson he alone can see. Having garnitured this world to please the human race, and lifted a glorious heaven to please the angelic intelligences, I am glad that he has planted these gardens of the deep to please himself. But here and there God allows specimens of submarine glory to be brought up and set before us for sublime contemplation. While I speak, these great nations of zoophytes, meandrinas and madrepores, with tentacles for trowel, are building just such coral as we find in our text. The diamond may be more rare, the crystal may be more sparkling, the chrysoprase may be more ablaze, but the coral is the long, deep, everlasting blush of the sea. Yet Job, who understood all kinds of precious stones, declares that the beauty and value of the coral are nothing compared with our holy religion, and he picks up this coralline formation and looks at it, and flings it aside with all the other beautiful things he has ever heard of, and cries out in ecstasy of admiration for the superior qualities of our religion: "No mention shall be made of coral."

Take my hand, and we will walk through this bower of the sea, while I show you that even exquisite coral is not worthy of being compared with the richer jewels of a Christian soul. The first thing that strikes me in looking at the coral is its long continued accumulation. It is not turned up like Cotepaxi, but is an outbutting and an outbranching of ages. In Polynesia there are reefs hundreds of feet deep and one thousand miles long. Who built these reefs, these islands? The zoophytes, the corallines. They were not such workers who build the pyramids as were these masons, these creatures of the sea. What small creations amounting to what vast aggregation? Who can estimate the ages between the time when the madrepores laid the foundations of the islands and the time when the madrepores put on the capstone of a completed work? It puzzles all the scientists to guess through how many years the corallines were building the Sandwich and Society Islands and the Marshall and Gilbert groups. But more slowly and wonderfully accumulative is grace in the heart. You sometimes get discouraged because the upbuilding by the soul does not go on more rapidly. Why, you have all eternity to build in! The little annoyances of life are zoophyte builders, and there will be small layer on top of small layer, and fossilized grief on the top of fossilized grief. Grace does not go up rapidly in your soul, but, blessed be God, it goes up. Ten thousand million ages will not finish you. You will never be finished. On forever! Up forever! Out of the sea of earthly disquietude will gradually rise the reefs, the islands, the continents, the hemispheres of grandeur and glory. Men talk as though in this life we only had time to build; but what we build in this life, as compared with what we shall build in the next life, is as a striped shell to Australia. You go into an architect's study and there you see the sketch of a temple, the cornerstone of which has not yet been laid. O, that I could have an architectural sketch of what you will be after eternity has wrought upon you! What pillars of strength! What altars of supernal worship! What pinnacles thrusting their glittering spikes into the sun that never sets! You do not scold the corallines because they cannot build an island in a day. Why should you scold yourself because you cannot complete a temple of holiness for the heart in this short lifetime? You tell me we do not amount to much now, but try us after a thousand million ages of hallelujah. Let us hear the angels chant for a million centuries. Give us an eternity with God, and then see if we do not amount to something. More slowly and marvelously accumulative is the grace in the soul than anything I can think of. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Again, I take your hand, and we walk on through this garden of the sea and look more particularly than we did at the beauty of the coral. The poets have all been fascinated with it. One of them wrote:

"There, with a broad and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea.
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of the ocean
Are bent like corn on the upland lea."

One specimen of coral is called the dendrophilia, because it is like a tree; another is called the astrara, because it is like a star; another is called the brain coral, because it is like the convolutions of the human brain; another is called the fan coral, because it is like the instrument with which you cool yourself on a hot day; another specimen is called the organ pipe coral, because it resembles the king of musical instrument. All the flowers and all the shrubs in the gardens of the land have their correspondencies in this garden of the sea. Corallum! It is a synomym for beauty. And yet there is no beauty in the coral compared with our religion. It gives physiognomic beauty. It does not change the features; it does not give features with which the person was not originally endowed, but it sets behind the features of the homeliest person a heaven that shines clear through. So that often, on first acquaintance, you said of a man: "He is the homeliest person I ever saw," when, after you come to understand him and his nobility of soul shining through his countenance, you said: "He is the loveliest person I ever saw." No one ever had a homely Christian mother. Whatever the world may have thought of her, there were two who thought well—your father, who had admired her for fifty years, and you, over whom she bent with so many tender ministrations. When you think of the angels of God, and your mother among them, she outshines them all. Oh, that our young people could understand that there is no much beautifies the human countenance as the religion of Jesus Christ! It makes everything beautiful. Trouble beautiful. Sickness beautiful. Disappointment beautiful. Everything beautiful.

Near my early home there was a place called the "Two Bridges." These bridges leaped the two streams. Well, my friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is two bridges. It bridges all the past. It arches and overspans all the future. It makes the dying pillow the landing place of angels fresh from glory. It turns the sepulchre into a May-time orchard. It catches up the dying into full orchestra. Corallum! And yet that does not express the beauty: "No mention shall be made of coral."

I take your hand again, and walk a little further on in this garden of the sea, and I notice the durability of the work of the coral. Montgomery speaks of it. He says: "Frail were their forms, ephemeral their lives, their masonry imperishable." Rhizopods are insects so small that they are invisible, and yet they built the Appenines and they planted for themselves their own monument the Cordilleras! It takes 187,000,000 of them to make one grain. Corals are changing the navigation of the sea, saying to the commerce of the world, "Take this channel;" "take this channel;" "avoid the other channel." Animalcules beating back the Atlantic and the Pacific seas! If the insects of the ocean have built a reef a thousand miles long, who knows but that they may yet build a reef 3,000 miles long, so that by one stone bridge, Europe shall be united with this continent on one side, and by another stone bridge Asia will be united with this continent on the other side; and the tourist of the world, without the turn of a steamer's wheel, or the spread of a ship's sail, may go all around the world, and thus be fulfilled the prophesy, "There shall be no more sea."

But the durability of the coral's work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work for God. The coral is going to crumble in the fires of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. No more discouraged man ever lived than Beethoven, the great musical composer. Unmercifully criticized by brother artists, and his music sometimes rejected. Deaf for twenty-five years, and forced, on his way to Vienna, to beg food and lodging at a plain house by the roadside. In the evening the family opened a musical instrument and played and sang with great enthusiasm; and one of the numbers they rendered was so emotional that tears ran down their cheeks while they sang and played. Beethoven, sitting in the room, too deaf to hear the singing, was curious to know what was the music that so overpowered them, and when they got through he reached up and took the folio in his hand and found it was his own music—Beethoven's Symphony in A—and he cried out, "I wrote that!" The household sat and stood abashed to find that their poor-looking guest was the great composer. But he never left that house alive. A fever seized him that night, and no relief could be afforded, and in a few days he died. But just before expiring he took the hand of his nephew, who had been sent for and arrived, saying, "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent." Poor Beethoven! His work still lives, and in the twentieth century will be better appreciated than it was in the nineteenth; and as long as there is on earth an orchestra to play or an oratorio to sing, Beethoven's nine symphonies will be the enchantment of nations. But you are not a composer, and you say there is nothing remarkable about you—only a mother trying to rear your family for usefulness and heaven. Yet the song with which you sing your child to sleep will never cease its mission. You will grow old and die. That son will pass out into the world. The song with which you sang him to sleep last night will go with him while he lives, a conscious or unconscious restraint and inspiration here, and may help open to him the gate of a glorious and triumphant hereafter. The lullabies of this century will sing through all the centuries. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through eternity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the vastness of the work and at how little we are doing. And yet, do you suppose the rhizopod said, "There is no need of my working! I can not build the Cordilleras." Do you suppose the madrepore said: "There is no need of my working; I can not build the Sandwich Islands." Each one attended to his own business; and there are the Sandwich Islands, and there are the Cordilleras. Ah, my friends, the redemption of this world is a great enterprise. I did not see it start; I will not in this world see its close. I am only an insect as compared with the great work to be done, but yet I must do my part. Help build this eternal corallum I will. My parents toiled on this reef long before I was born. I pray God that my children may toil on this reef long after I am dead. Insects all of us, but honored by God to help heave up the reef of light across which shall break the ocean's immortal gladness. Better be insignificant and useful than great and idle. The mastodons and megatheriums of the earth, what did they do but stalk their great carcasses across the land and leave their skeletons through the strata, while the corallines went on heaving up the islands all covered with fruitage and verdure. Better be a coralline than a mastodon. So now I am trying to make one little coralline. The polyp picks out of the wave that smites it carbonate of lime, and with that builds up its own insectile masonry. So out of the wave of your tears I take the salt; out of the bruise I take the blue, and out of your bleeding heart I take the red and out of them altogether I take this coral, which I pray may not be disowned in the day when God makes up his jewels.

Little things decide great things. All that tremendous career of the last Napoleon hanging on the hand of a brakeman who, on one of our American railways, caught him as he was falling from the platform of a flying train. The battle of Dunbar was decided because the Scotch because the matches had given out. Aggregation of little things that pull down or build up. When an army or a regiment comes to a bridge they are always commanded to break ranks, for their simultaneous tread will destroy the strongest bridge. A bridge at Angiers, France, and a bridge at Broughton, England, went down because the regiment kept step while crossing. Aggregations of temptation, aggregations of sorrow, aggregations of assault, aggregations of Christian effort, aggregations of self-sacrifices! These make the irresistible power to demolish or to uplift, to destroy or to save. Little causes and great results. Christianity was introduced into Japan by the falling overboard of a pocket Bible from a ship in the harbor of Tokio.

The Meanest Man.

"About the meanest man I ever knew," said the steady liar, "was a fellow over in Indiana. His little boy got a leg cut off by a sawmill and the old villain had a wooden leg made for the kid of green willow in the hope that it might grow as the boy did, and save him the expense of getting a new one so often."