



CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)
Presently the object of his search entered, being no other than the fairy prince he had admired so much from the first. Seen closely, she was a young woman of about five-and-twenty, with bold, black eyes, and a petulant mouth, significant of ill-temper. Directly she saw him she tossed her head and made a grimace.

"So it is you!" she cried. "I thought you were dead, and buried."

"And you did not mourn me?" returned Causidriere, softly, with his most winning smile. "Well, I have come to ask you to sup with me tonight at the Cafe des Trente Etoiles."

"I shall not come! I am engaged!"

"Nonsense, Seraphine! You will come."

"Of course she will come," cried the low comedian, breaking in. "My children, live in amity while you can, and drink of the best, for the Germans are approaching. Papa Corbert commands you—be merry, my children, while you may. Seraphine, Causidriere is a king tonight; you will join him and drink confusion to the enemies of France."

"Why did you not come before?" demanded Seraphine, sharply. "It is a week since I have seen you. Were you nursing the baby at home?"

"Ah, Causidriere is a model husband," exclaimed Mademoiselle Blanche; "he rocks the cradle and goes to bed at ten."

"Ladies," said Corbert, with mock solemnity, "I conjure you not to jest on such a subject. I am a family man myself, as you are aware. Respect the altar! Venerate the household! And since the Germans are approaching—"

"Both the Germans!" interrupted Seraphine. "Let them come and burn Paris to the ground. I should not care. I tell you, Causidriere, I have an engagement."

"Don't believe her!" cried Corbert. "Seraphine will sup with you. She loves Brunet's oyster pates too well to deny you. Think of it, my child! A little supper for two, with Chambertin that has just felt the fire, and champagne."

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An hour later Causidriere and Mademoiselle Seraphine were seated in one of the cabinets of the Cafe des Trente Etoiles amicably discussing their little supper.

When the meal was done and the waiter had brought in the coffee, the pair sat side by side, and Causidriere's arm stole round the lady's waist.

"Take your arm away," she cried, laughing. "What would Madame Causidriere say if she saw you?"

Causidriere's face darkened.

"Never mind her," he returned.

"Ah, but I do mind! You are a bad man, and should be at home with your wife. Tell me, Causidriere," she continued, watching him keenly, "does she know how you pass the time?"

"She neither knows nor heeds," replied Causidriere. "She is a child, and stupid, and does not concern herself with what she does not understand."

Seraphine's manner changed. The smile passed from her face, and the corners of her petulant mouth came down. Frowning, she lighted a cigarette, and, leaning back, watched the thin blue wreaths of smoke as they curled up toward the ceiling.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Causidriere, tenderly.

"I am thinking—"

"Yes."

"That you are incorrigible, and not to be trusted; you have given this person your name, and I believe she is your wife after all; and if that is so, what will become of your promises to me? I am a fool, I believe, to waste my time on such a man."

"Seraphine!"

"Is she your wife, or is she not?"

"She is not, my angel."

"Then you are free! Answer me truly; no falsehoods, if you please."

"I will tell you the simple truth," replied Causidriere, sinking his voice and nervously glancing toward the door. "In one sense, look you, I am married; in another, I am not married at all."

"What nonsense you talk! Do you think I am insane?"

"I think you are an angel."

"Pshaw! Take your arm away."

"Listen to me, Seraphine. The affair is very simple, as I will show you."

"Bien! Go on!"

"In a moment of impulse, for reasons which I need not explain, I married her of whom you speak, according to the English law. It was a foolish match, I grant you, and I have often repented it from the moment when I met you."

"Apres?" murmured Seraphine, with a contemptuous shrug of her little shoulders.

"Apres? Well, the affair is clear enough. I am a French citizen, my Seraphine!"

He looked at her smilingly, with an expression of wicked meaning. She returned the look, laughing petulantly.

"What of that?" she asked.

"Do you not perceive? So long as I remain in my mother country, where no ceremony has taken place, this person is not my wife at all. The law is very convenient, is it not? A marriage in England with an English subject is no marriage unless it has been properly ratified in France."

"Oh, but you are traitreux," she cried.

"It is abominable. Why do you not do what is right, and acknowledge her according to the French law?"

"For a very good reason. There is some one I love better, as you know."

But the actress drew herself angrily away.

"You love no one. You have no love in your heart. I tell you, Leon, I am sorry for her and for her child. There is a child, too, is there not?"

"Yes," replied Causidriere.

"Does she know, this poor betrayed, what you have just told me?"

"Certainly not. It would only—distress her!"

"It is infamous!" exclaimed Seraphine.

"Not at all," he answered. "She is very happy in her ignorance, I assure you. When the time comes, and it may come when you please, I will tell her the truth and she will quietly go home."

There was a long pause. Seraphine continued to smoke her cigarette and to glance from time to time with no very admiring eagerness at her companion. It was clear that the frank confession of his villainy had not raised him in her esteem. Seeing her coldness, and anxious to change the subject, he rang for the waiter and ordered the bill. While that document was being prepared he opened his purse and looked into it. The act seemed to remind him of something he had forgotten. He felt in the pocket of his coat, and drew forth a small cardboard box.

"I have something to show you," he said, smiling.

Seraphine glanced up carelessly.

"What is it, pray?"

"It is this," replied Causidriere, opening the box and showing a gold bracelet richly wrought. "Do you think it pretty? Stay! Let me try it on your arm!"

So saying, he clasped the bracelet on Seraphine's left wrist. Holding out her arm, she looked at it with assumed carelessness, but secret pleasure, for she was a true daughter of the theater, and loved ornament of any kind.

"I see," she said, slyly. "A little present for madame!"

"Diable! No, it is for you—if you will accept it."

"No, thank you. Please take it away. I will not take what belongs to another."

"Then I will throw it into the street!"

At this moment the waiter returned with the bill. It amounted to a considerable sum, and when Causidriere had settled it, and liberally fed the bringer, there was very little left in the purse.

"You will wear the bracelet for my sake," said Causidriere, softly, as he assisted the actress to put on her cloak.

"No, no," answered Seraphine, but without attempting to take the bracelet off. "Apropos, Leon, where do you get your money? You do not work much, I think, and yet you spend your cash, sometimes like an English millionaire."

"I wish I were twenty times as rich, for your sake!" cried Causidriere, evading the question. "Ah, my Seraphine, I adore you!"

He drew her toward him and kissed her on the lips. The present of the bracelet had prevailed, and she suffered the salute patiently; but there was an expression in her face which showed that she rated her admirer exactly at his true worth.

A few minutes later Causidriere, with the actress hanging on his arm, gayly quitted the cafe.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON the morning after her strange interview with Marjorie, Adele of the Mouche d'Or, dressed in the wildly extravagant costume of a petroleuse, and holding a flaming torch in her hand, was standing in an artist's studio—a grimy enough apartment, situated in a back street in the neighborhood of the Madeleine.

She was posing for the benefit of the artist immediately in front of her, but her eyes were fixed not upon him, but upon the figure of a young man who was working hard at the other end of the room. Ever since she first came to the studio, just three days before, Adele had watched the young man very curiously.

His behavior interested her. He seldom spoke, but worked at his picture with quiet pertinacity. Presently the young fellow dropped his brush and walked silently from the room. Adele turned her eyes upon her companion.

"Who is your friend, monsieur?" she asked abruptly.

The artist, deeply engaged in his work, failed at first to notice her question.

"Who is he?" she asked again.

"He?"

"Yes; the young man who works always and never speaks."

"He is a friend."

"Naturally, monsieur, since he shares your studio. But where does he come from?"

The artist smiled.

"You seem curious about him, made-

moiselle," he said. "What do you wish to know concerning him?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Wish to know!" she exclaimed. "Moi! I have no wish to know, monsieur."

"Then I don't mind telling you. He is a countryman of mine. He was born in a village near where I was born. I knew him when he was a boy; and when he came to Paris a few months ago, determined to work hard and compelled to live on slender means, I offered to share my studio with him, and he is here. There, you have lost your fierce look and got quite a tame one into your eyes. You are no longer a wild creature of the Revolution. You are also stiff, I perceive. Take a few turns about the rooms, mademoiselle, then we will go on."

The artist walked over to a table littered with all kinds of debris, filled a well-colored briar-root pipe, and began to smoke.

He was a tall man, slight in build, rather good-looking, but very carelessly dressed; when he walked, he did so with a slight limp, though he appeared to have well-knit limbs; and when he spoke French, he did so with a very strong insular accentuation. From himself Adele had learned nothing of his personal history, for he was chary of giving that kind of information, and at times more inclined to work than talk.

Having received permission to rest, Adele shook herself like a young panther, and leaped lightly from the rostrum, while her employer, having lit his pipe, strolled off and left her in sole possession of the studio. She stood for a moment to stretch her limbs, already cramped with posing, then strolled thoughtfully to the further end of the studio, where the younger of the two men had been working. There stood the picture at which he worked so assiduously, covered with a green fold of balze. Adele longed to have a peep at it. She listened; returned to the door; there was no sound; then she ran lightly across the room, lifted the loose balze and exposed the picture to full view.

"Holy Mother!" she exclaimed, starting back with raised eyebrows and hands.

"You are startled, mademoiselle," said a voice. "Do you consider the picture a bad one?"

Adele turned and saw her employer gazing at her from the threshold of the room.

"If you please," he continued, advancing, "we will return to our work. Your face has got some expression now; the rest has done you good."

Without a word she turned from the picture, mounted her rostrum and fell into her accustomed pose.

For a time the artist worked again silently, and Adele, glancing from him to the picture, seemed deliberating as to what she should do.

Presently she spoke.

"How long has he been in Paris?" she said, indicating by a sidelong movement of her head the person who usually occupied the other end of the room.

"Several months, as I informed you," returned the artist, without looking up from his work.

"Who is his model?"

"Which one?"

"For that picture."

"No one. He paints from memory."

"Ah, then, he has known her? He is a compatriot of madame?"

"Of whom?"

"Of the original of that picture—Madame Causidriere."

"Ah, you think you trace a likeness to a friend."

"I do not think it, monsieur; I know it. It is madame, not as she is now—ah, no—but as she must have been years ago, before she married that chouan of a Causidriere!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAND TO MOUTH.

In America People Leave Nothing for Their Children to Spend.

In America it is the custom—very nearly the universal custom—for parents to spend upon the luxuries and pleasures of the family life the whole income, says the North American Review. The children are educated according to this standard of expenditure and are accustomed to all its privileges. No thought is taken of the time when they must set up households for themselves—almost invariably upon a very different scale from the one to which they have been used. To the American parent this seems only a natural downfall. They remark cheerfully that they themselves began in a small way and it will do the young people no harm to acquire a similar experience, forgetting that in most cases their children have been educated to a much higher standard of ease than that of their own early life. They do not consider it obligatory to leave anything to their children at death. They have used all they could accumulate during their own lifetime—let their children do the same. The results of the system are crystallized in the American saying, "There are but three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The man who acquires wealth spends what he makes. His children, brought up in luxury, struggle unsuccessfully against conditions to which they are unused, and the grandchildren begin in their shirt sleeves to toil for the wealth dissipated by the two preceding generations.

Negro Marvel.

J. R. Thompson, a negro boy, 11 years of age, living near Savoyard, Ky., has already mastered the common school rudiments of his scholastic education, and is always up in algebra, geometry, astronomy, calculus, and the higher branches. He is said to be a lightning calculator, and a marvel in many respects.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOMAN'S WORK" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Every Wise Woman Buildeth Her House"—Book of Proverbs, Chapter XIV, Verse 1—Advice to the Young Girls of Today.

Woman, a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, an appendage, a sort of afterthought, something thrown in to make things even—that is the heresy entertained and implied by some men. This is evident to them, because Adam was first created, and then Eve. They don't read the whole story, or they would find that the porpoise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument, drawn from priority of creation, might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. No Woman was an independent creation, and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to work alone, act alone, think alone, and fight her battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone; and the simple fact is that many women who are harnessed for life in the marriage religion would be a thousandfold better off if they were alone.

Who are these men who, year after year, hang around hotels and engineering and theater doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing, where there is plenty to do? They are men supported by their wives and mothers. If the statistics of any of our cities could be taken on this subject, you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves, but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing, and a woman by marriage, manacled to one of these nonentities, needs condolence. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride, instead of a wreath of orange blossoms might more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and, instead of the Wedding March, a more appropriate tune would be the Dead March in Saul, and, instead of a banquet of confectionery and ices, there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom.

Many an attractive woman, of good sound sense in other things, has married one of these men to reform him. What was the result? Like when a dove, noticing that a vulture was rapacious and cruel, set about to reform it, and said, "I have a mild disposition, and I like peace, and was brought up in the quiet of a dove-cote, and I will bring the vulture to the same liking by marrying him," so one day, after the vulture declared he would give up his carnivorous habits and cease longing for blood of flock and herd, at an altar of rock covered with moss and lichen, the twain were married, a bald-headed eagle officiating, the vulture saying, "With all my dominion of earth and sky, I thee endow, and promise to love and cherish till death do us part." But one day the dove in her fright, saw the vulture busy at a carcass and cried, "Stop that! did you not promise me that you would quit your carnivorous and filthy habits if I married you?" "Yes," said the vulture, "but if you don't like my way, you can leave," and with one angry stroke of the beak, and another fierce cluck of the claw, the vulture left the dove eyeless and wingless and lifeless. And a flock of robins flying past, cried to each other and said, "See there! that comes from a dove marrying a vulture to reform him."

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young inebriate offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish, or of bad temper, and refused the shackles, will bless God throughout all eternity that she escaped that earthly pandemonium.

Besides all this, in our country about one million men were sacrificed in our Civil war, and that decreed a million women to celibacy. Besides that, since the war, several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together, have fallen under malt liquors and distilled spirits, so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if fifty thousand men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage, that makes in the thirty-three years since the war one million six hundred and fifty thousand men slain, and decrees one million six hundred and fifty thousand women to celibacy. Take, then, the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriage, and the fact that the slaughter of two million five hundred and fifty thousand men, by war and rum combined, decides that at least that number of women shall be unaffiliated for life, my text comes in with a cheer and potency and appropriateness that you may never have seen in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house; that is, let woman be her own architect, lay out her own plans, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny."

In addressing those women who have to fight the battle alone, I congratulate you on your happy escape. Rejoice forever that you will not have to navigate the faults of the other sex, when you have faults enough of your own. Think of the bereavements you avoid, of the risks of unassimilated temper which you will not have to run, of the cares you will never have to carry, and of the opportunity of outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debarred you, and that you are free to go and come as and who you have the responsibilities of a household can seldom be. God has

not given you a hard lot, as compared with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculine companionship is not a necessity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle of life alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune, and their saw and axe and plane sharpened for its construction, since "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

As no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is that many a family goes sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household, but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do. The friends come in and hold consultation. "Give music lessons," says an outsider. Yes, that is a useful calling, and if you have great genius for it, go on in that direction. But there are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities, to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front-door steps of the city. Besides that, the daughter has been playing only for amusement, and is only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

"Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in stores," says another adviser. But there they must compete with salesmen of long experience, or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce and who began as shop boys at ten years of age. Some kind-hearted dry goods man, having known the father, now gone, says, "We are not in need of any more help just now, but send your daughters to my store, and I will do as well by them as possible." Very soon the question comes up, why do not the female employees of that establishment get as much wages as the male employees? For the simple reason, in many cases, the females were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males have from the day they left the public school been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and teach your daughters that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let every father and mother say to their daughters, "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I now own were swept away by financial disaster, or old age, or death should end my career?"

"Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at that now to make a line of hardware as long as you Pennsylvania avenue.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist; I could render King Lear or Macbeth till your hair would rise on end, or give you Sheridan's Ride or Dickens's Pickwick." Yes, that is a beautiful art, but ever and anon, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragediennes dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you, and really think that you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn ten cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, is to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better, and that women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begins soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women; but our Civil war came, and the hosts of men went forth from North and South; and to conduct the business of our cities during the patriotic absence, women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places; and multitudes of women, who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled from that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place favorable to female employment.

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Now, men of America, be fair, and give the women a chance. Are you afraid that they will do some of your work, and hence harm your prosperities? Remember that there are scores of thousands of men doing women's work. Do not be afraid! God knows the end from the beginning, and he knows how many people this world can feed and shelter, and when it gets too full he will end the world, and, if need be, start another. God will halt the inventive faculty, which, by producing a machine that will do the work of ten or twenty or a hundred men and women, will leave that number of people without work. I hope that there will not be invented another sewing machine, or reaping machine, or corn thresher, or any new machine, for the next five hundred years. We want no more wooden hands and iron hands and steel hands and electric hands substituted for men and women, who would otherwise do the work

and get the pay and earn the livelihood.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust him for the rest. Let me cheer all women fighting the battle of life alone, with the fact of thousands of women who have won the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, fought the battle alone; Adelaide Newton, the tract distributor, alone; Fidelity Flak, the consecrated missionary, alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Herschel, the indispensable reinforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Tarkzewska, the heroine of the Berlin hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of the sewing schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women, of whose bravery and self-sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and though unrecognized for the short thirty or fifty or eighty years of their earthly existence, shall through the quintillion ages of the higher world be pointed out with the admiring cry, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Let me also say, for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is Despair. My sister, you need appeal to Christ, who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble, and who in his last hours forgot all the pangs of his own hands and feet and heart, as he looked into the face of maternal anguish, and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying, "John, I can not take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done, if I had lived. Behold thy mother!" If, under this pressure of unrewarded and unappreciated work, your hair is whitening and the wrinkles come, rejoice that you are nearing the hour of escape from your very last fatigue, and may your departure be as pleasant as that of Isabella Graham, who closed her life with a smile and the word "Peace."

The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defense, and, in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of Hosts. After all, you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All heaven is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm: "One who has known in storms to sail I have on board; Above the roaring of the gale I hear my Lord. "He holds me; when the billows smite I shall not fall. If short, 'tis sharp; if long, 'tis light; He tempers all."

OWNS A RARE COIN.

One of the Three 1804 Dollars Possessed by a St. Joseph, Mo., Man.

From the Kansas City Journal: L. E. Altwein of St. Joseph, Mo., is now the happy possessor of an "1804" silver dollar. The value of this rare coin, only three of which are known to be in existence, is \$1,000. Mr. Altwein secured it from an Illinois man, with whom he has been negotiating for a long time. It will be a valuable addition to his collection, which is considered one of the best in the United States. The history which attaches to the dollars coined in 1804 is peculiarly interesting. Out of the 7,000 which came out of the United States mint all but a few disappeared in a lump.

In the year 1798 the United States went to war with Algiers. The differences were finally settled by the United States agreeing to pay \$800,000 for the liberation of American seamen who had been imprisoned, and \$23,000 for the promise of Algiers to leave merchantmen alone. In 1801 war broke out between Tripoli and the United States. In 1804, this last war being then still in progress, the United States frigate Philadelphia was seized off the coast of Tripoli. On board this vessel was a sum of money aggregating \$23,000, destined for Algiers, in payment of a portion of the war indemnity. The night after the Philadelphia was seized Commodore Preble and Morris sailed into the harbor, with sixty men on board their vessels, and recaptured the frigate. The \$23,000, which included nearly all of the 7,000 1804 dollars, had, however, been taken from the vessel. The sum was never recovered and the silver is probably still lying in some marbled Moorish castle, carefully guarded among the heirlooms of some semi-civilized oriental potentate.

Donkeys in Persia.

The facetiousness of calling Persia the Land of the Lion and the Sun becomes apparent as soon as one enters the country. Persia contains, maybe 100 lions, while jackasses number not less than 10,000,000. Within the boundaries of the shah's dominion ears are tramped every time and the universal music is the donkey's mellifluous bray. Almost every Persian owns a donkey and many of them whole droves. The population of Persia is estimated at 10,000,000 souls. Current opinion at Teheran places the donkey population at about the same number. Reckoning each donkey's wealth of ear at two feet, twelve inches each, the aural appendages of the shah's musical toilers would, if laid end to end, reach 4,000 miles.—Exchange.

A speaker at a convention of British Christians said that the churches need more faith, more funds and more fire. God alone can change us. Others can only bring out what is in us.