

er cheek.

bench, she demanded.

matter? Is the child ill?"

| did glance at her seeing nothing to dis-

ently she saw coming toward her a

a piece of wood, from which depended

a woman, though one of man-like

tache and a whisker-like down on eith-

Marjorie looked up and met the

gleam of two great black eyes, bold

but kindly. She could not speak, but

turning her head aside, sobbed again.

child herself. Look up! Speak to

The tone was so gentle and sympa-

were rough, that Marjorie cried in de-

"Oh, madame, we have been here all

"Starving-the devil!" cried the

As she spoke she stooped down,

freed herself of her load, and rested

"See here-it is milk of the cow! Let

Eagerly and gratefully Marjorie took

the vessel and held it with trembling

hand to the child's lips; he drank it

"Bravo!" cried the stranger, filling

And little Leon drank eagerly again.

"God bless you, madame!" said Mar-

"Good-the devil! I am Mother

Thus urged, Marjorie drank, too.

"You are too frail to be out in this

weather. Who are you? You are not

"No, madame, I came from Scotland,

but I have been in Paris a long time.'

"I have no home, and no money."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I do not know. It is a long time

Marjorie sank back, and would have

fallen had not the woman's strong arm

for the child. After that, I will tell

you what to do. Out yonder, close to

the Madeleine, they will distribute

bread to the poor of the arrondisse-

ment at 10 o'clock. You will go there

"Yes, madame, I will go."

"And no friends? The devil!"

since we have tasted food. I-"

"Where do you live, eh?"

a Frenchwoman, by your tongue."

Mother Jeanne watched her with grim

jorie. "How good you are!"

woman.'

compassion.

"Not one."

supported her.

sistance."

show you the place."

Dairy, Rue de Caporal. I am poor,

And with a rough nod the good soul

shouldered her cans and strode along.

CHAPTER XXXII.

was wandering

homeless and hun-

One was Miss

to them.

night mail.

times-13 Rue de Caporal."

sadly.

the can again. "Encore! Another, lit-

night, and my little boy is starving!"

spair from the bottom of her heart:

me! What are you doing here?"

woman. "Do you mean it?"

the little one drink."

"Poor little mother," growled the

"What's the

CHAPTER XXX .- (CONTINUED.) She nad a little money about her, tinguish her from the other waifs to a small check received from Miss Hetherington on the previous day; this would enable her to ward off starvation at least for a time. In the meantime she must seek work, and by that | two heavy cans. It was the figure of means sustain herself and her boy.

She collected together a few things strength, who, to complete the mascuwhich were necessary for their com- line appearance sported a black mousfort, and when her preparations were made, she knelt by the couch and woke the child. The little fellow stared at her for a moment, and then he seemed to remember what had passed, and he clung to her in fear.

"Where is papa?" he asked.

"Papa is gone, my darling!" He looked at her again for a moment, then his little arms stole round her neck, and he laid his cheek against hers.

"Poor mamma!" he said. Marjorie clasped him to her breast

and sobbed convulsively. "Ah, Leon," she murmured, "you are

all that is left to me now; and yet perhaps it would be better for you to die!" She continued her preparations, and when all was done, she still lingered in | thetic, though the voice and address the house, as if fearing to face the world.

At length she remembered Sutherland, remembered the pledge to him and she resolved to keep it.

She would go to him, tell him part, if not all her story, and ask his advice.

She took little Leon by the hand and her cans upon the ground; then, openleft the house, passing hurriedly ing one of them, she took out a tin through the streets, until she came to vessel brimful of milk. Sutherland's lodgings.

She inquired for him, and found to her dismay that he was already gone. He had left the rooms on the previous night and returned to Scotland.

When she first heard the news, Mar- thirstily, every drop. jorie felt as if her last hope had gone indeed, and she moved away trembling and almost in tears; but after a moment's reflection she acknowledged to herself that perhaps, after all, it was

for the best. What possible good could have resulted from an interview with Suther- | Jeanne, and I have had little ones of land? She would in all probability my own. Now, it is your turn, little have brought trouble upon him by stelling him her own and she had worked mischief enough already to all her kin. No; she would trouble them no more, but, with little Leon to comfort her, she would remain as one dead, buried in the great city where she had mot even one friend.

CHAPTER XXXI.



NE bitterly cold night early in the month of November, the gendarme whose duty it was to patrol the Rue Caumartin suddenly espied a woman with a child in her arms crouching for shelter in a door-

He stopped, looked at her curiously, stooped down to look at her more closely, and demanded her business there. The woman stirred, but did not rise, and the child, which she held clasped closely to her, uttered a feeble -cry. The gendarme paused a moment, then he bent down, took her by the shoulder, and gave her a vigorous fuse. Do you understand?"

This time the woman rose, wearily and slowly, like one in physical pain; and the child clung to her skirts, and cried again. She lifted him in her arms, and passed with a slow, tottering step down the street,

She was but poorly clad for such weather. Her garments were threadbare, and here and there they hung in rags about her, so she shivered and shrank before every touch of the frosty wind. The streets were dark and almost deserted, save for the gendarmes who paced with their measured tread up and down the silent streets. They looked at her as she went by, and thought of her no more. She passed along until she came to the Champs Eylsees; then she turned aside, and, hiding herself among the trees, lay down on one of the seats.

A faint cry awakened the woman in the morning. She opened her eyes, and as she did so she saw the pale, pinched face of her child turned toward her, and heard him feebly crying for bread. With a moan she threw her hands into the air and cried:

"Bread, my child; I have no bread.

and you are starving!" The ground was frozen and snow was falling; her hands and feet were benumbed and her face was pinched with hunger. She spoke to her little boy in French, and not one of those who had known her in earlier days would have recognized Marjorie Annan. Yet it was Marjorie-a starving streets. woman looking at her starving child.

Two months had passed since she had left Caussidiere, and ever since that day her troubles had increased. Until now there seemed nothing left

to her but to beg or starve. It was now broad daylight and troops of workingmen were passing along to their day's labor, women were passing along with heavy burdens, pretty seamstresses tripping along to the shops where they served all day; and in the open road a stream of country carts, laden with produce, was flowing in from the town gate.

No one noticed Mariorie, those who erland.

For fully an hour neither of them had spoken; the old lady, looking fully twenty years older than when we last beheld her, lay back among the cushions of the carriage, and fixed her eyes upon a letter which she held in her hand. For about the tenth time that night she raised the paper, and read the words which were hastily scrawled thereon:

"Dear Mother-I am in great trouble." I am in sore need. Will you help me? I do not mind for myself, but to see my little child in want breaks my heart. "MARJORIE."

She read it through; then with a moan she let it fall again upon her be found in all large cities. But pres- lap.

"Marjorie!" she cried, "my bairn, my burly figure, carrying on its shoulders | bairn!"

> From his corner of the carriage Sutherland watched in silence. He was utterly in the dark as to what it all meant. He only knew that they were traveling to Paris and to Mar-

On the day before, as he had been The woman was singing in a deep quietly working at his pictures at home, man's voice. She was about to pass his father having partially recovered, by when she was attracted by little Miss Hetherington, whom he believed to be in Edinburgh, had suddenly ap-"A thousand devils!" she muttered peared like a specter before him, and to herself; then, striding toward the without a word of explanation had commanded aim to return with her to

On hastening with her to the Castle he found that a stormy scene had been enacted there; that Miss Hetherington, beside herself with rage, had actually struck her old attendant in the face stranger to herself. "She is almost a and turned her from the door. What it was all about nobody seemed to know, and after one glance into Miss Hetherington's wild eyes Sutherland knew that he had better not inquire. So he quietly obeyed her orders, and the two started together by the night mail for the south. But although Sutherland had been silent he had been none the less curious; and now, seeing that Miss Hetherington's wild excitement was passing away, he ventured to speak:

"Miss Hetherington!" cried Johnnie Sutherland, "Is that a letter from Mar-

jorie?" "Ay, from Marjorie."

She held forth her thin white hand. which now was trembling violently. and as Sutherland took the letter she uttered a low moan again, and for the first time that night her tears began to fall.

Sutherland read the letter, then he looked at the date, and exclaimed: "October! why, it's more than four

weeks old!" "Ay, more than four weeks!" moaned; then suddenly sitting erect, and looking fixedly into his face, she added: "Johnnie Sutherland, what has happened to her now?"

"God knows; but maybe after all we are in time; but how did it chance to be so long in coming to you?" "It went to the Castle, Johnnie, and

Mysie kept it there. When I came home from Edinburgh yesterday I found it lying on my desk waiting for me. It had been waiting for me for a month, you see."

Sutherland was silent. He was more troubled than he cared to say. A month! Ah! he thought, what might not happen in that time to a woman and child penniless and alone in the streets of Paris?

He returned the letter with a sigh, and did all he could to rouse and cheer "Bad, very bad!" growled Mother his companion, who, now that her ex-Jeanne. "See, here are two sous; it is citement was over, suffered with a all I have, but it will buy something frightful reaction, and trembled and cried like a child.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MRS. OLIPHANT.

Her Indomitable Courage and Saving

and take your place with the rest; Sense of Humor-A Pretty Woman. they must help you-they cannot re-One day in the last week of her life Mrs. Oliphant said: "Many times I "That's right," said Mother Jeanne, have come to a corner which I could patting her on the shoulder. "And afsee no way around, but each time a way has been found for me." The way ter that, let me see-yes, after that, if you are English, you will go to the was often found by the strengthening British Embassy and ask them for as- of her own indomitable courage, which as long as her children were left to "Yes, madame," answered Marjorie, her never seemed to flag; it was the courage of perfect love, says the Fort-"Courage. The little one is better nightly Review. But it is certain that already. He will be all right by and if she had no moral qualities except by. But I cannot linger, little woman. courage she could not have toiled on as My customers are waiting, and I have she did; a saving sense of humor, a yet to prepare the milk for the margreat capacity to enjoy what was really ket. You will go to the distribution of comic and everything that was beaubread, will you not? Any one will tiful, made life easier for her, and "the great joy of kindnesses" was one never Marjorie promised, clinging, as she absent from her. So that whatever did so, to the good creature and gratesuffering might be lying in wait to fully kissing her hard hands. Mother seize upon her solitary hours there was Jeanne was touched. She brushed almost always a pleasant welcome and away a tear with the back of her hand, talk of the very best to be found in her and uttered another sympathetic immodest drawing room. If the visitors were congenial her charm of manner "And if all else fails you," she cried. awoke, her simple fitness of speech "come to me, Mother Jeanne, at the clothed every subject with life and grace, her beautiful eyes shone (they look you, but I would not let you never sparkled), and the spell of her starve. Remember, Mother Jeanneexquisite womanliness made a charm-Mother Mustache they call me someed circle around her. She was never a beautiful woman at any time of her life, though for many years she was a very pretty one, but she had, as a fam-Marjorie watched her till she faded ily inheritance, lovely hands, which out of sight; then, refreshed and were constantly busy, in what she strengthened by the healthful draught called her idle time, with some dainty she took little Leon by the hand and sewing or knitting; she had those wonwalked away toward the crowded derful eyes which kept their beauty to the last minute of her life, and she had a most exquisite daintiness in all BOUT the very her ways and in the very atmosphere time that Marjorie about her which was "pure womanly."

"I don't know what I would have gry in the streets done if it hadn't been for you!" exof Paris two per- claimed the discharged prisoner. "Well: sons were journey- you probably would have dore time." ing toward the city said the proud lawyer .- Yonkers of London by the Statesman.

A Chicago paper tells of a bicycle Hetherington of crank who reads all the coal strike disthe Castle; the other was John Suth- patches that have a Wheeling date line

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WATCHING THE BOAT." LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Exodus 4:2 as Follows: "And His Sister Stood Afor Off, to Witness What Would Be Done to Htm."



RINCESS THER-MUTIS, daughter of Pharaoh, looking out through the lattice of her bathing house, on the banks of the Nile, saw a curious boat on the river. It had neither oar nor helm, and they would have been There was only one

passenger, and that a baby boy. But the Mayflower, that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America, carried not so precious a load. The boat was made of the broad leaves of papyrus. tightened together by bitumen. Boats were sometimes made of that material, as we learn from Pliny and Herodotus and Theophrastus. "Kill all the Hebrew children born," had been Pharaoh's order. To save her boy, Jochebed, the mother of little Moses, had put him in that queer boat and launched him. His sister, Miriam, stood on the bank watching that precious craft. She was far enough off not to draw attention to the boat, but near enough to offer protection. There she stands on the bank-Miriam, the poetess, Miriam, the quick witted, Miriam, the faithful, though very human, for in after years she demonstrated it.

Miriam was a splendid sister, but had had her faults, like all the rest of us. How carefully she watched the boat containing her brother! A strong wind often upset it. The buffaloes often found there might in a sudden plunge with iron beak. Some crocodile or hippopotamus crawling through the rushes might crunch the babe. Miriam watched and watched until Princess Thermutis, a maiden on each side of her holding palm leaves over her head to shelter her from the sun, came down and entered her bathing house. When from the lattice she saw that boat she ordered it brought, and when the leaves were pulled back from the face of the child and the boy looked up he cried aloud, for he was hungry and frightened, and would not even let the princess take him. The infant would rather stay hungry than acknowledge any one of the court as mother. Now Miriam, the sister, incognito, no one suspecting her relation to the child, leaps from the bank and rushes down and offers to get a nurse to pacify the child. Consent is given, and she brings Jochebed, the boy's mother, incognito, none of the court knowing that she was the mother; and when Jochebed arrived, the child stopped crying, for its fright was calmed and its hunger appeased. You may admire Jochebed, the mother, and all the ages may admire Moses, but I clap my hands in applause at the behavior of Miriam, the faithful, bril-

liant and strategic sister. "Go home," some one might have said to Miriam; "why risk yourself out there alone on the banks of the Nile, breathing the miasma, and in danger of being attacked of wild beast or ruffian; go home!" No; Miriam, the sister, more lovingly watched and bravely defended Moses, the brother. Is he worthy her care and courage? Oh, yes; the sixty centuries of the world's history have never had so much involved in the arrival of any ship at any port as in the landing of that papyrus boat calked with bitumen! Its one passenger was to be a nonsuch in history -lawyer, statesman, politician, legislator, organizer, conqueror, deliverer. He had such remarkable beauty in childhood that Josephus says, when he was carried along the road, people stopped to gaze at him, and workmen would leave their work to admire him. When the king playfully put his crown upon this boy, he threw it off indignantly and put his foot upon it. The king, fearing that this might be a sign that the child might yet take down his crown, applied another test. According to the Jewish legend, the king ordered two bowls to be put before the child, one containing rubies and the other burning coals; and if he took the coals, he was to live, and if he took the rubies, he was to die. For some reason the child took one of the coals, and put it in his mouth, so that his life was spared, although it burned the tongue till he was indistinct of utterance ever after. Having come to manhood, he spread open the palms of his hands in prayer, and the Red Sea parted to let two million five hundred thousand people escape. And he put the palms of his hands together in prayer, and the Red Sea closed on a strangulated host. His life so unutterably grand, his

burial must be on the same scale. God would let neither man nor saint nor archangel have anything to do with weaving for him a shroud or digging for him a grave. The omnipotent God left his throne in heaven one day, and answer was, "I am going down to bury Moses." And the Lord took this mightiest of men to the top of a hill, and the day was clear, and Moses ran his eye over the magnificent range of country. Here, the valley of Esdraelon, where the final battle of all nations is to be fought; and yonder, the stretch of landscape that almost took | brace! eye of Moses was undimmed and his You think your brother is grouty and grooms.

and his lungs, and they ceased; and his was put against the back of Moses, and the other hand against the pulseless breast, and God laid him softly down on Mount Nebo, and then the lawgiver, lifted in the Almighty's arms, was carried to the opening of a cave, and placed in a crypt, and one stroke of the Divine hand smoothed the features into an everlasting calm, and a rock was rolled to the door, and the only obsequies, at which God did all the offices of priest, and undertaker, and gravedigger, and mourner, were ended.

Oh, was not Miriam, the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, an important thing, a glorious thing when she and made water-tight with asphaltum, carrying its one passenger? Did she not put all the ages of time and of a she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian, and ravenous? She it was that brought that wonderful babe and his mother together, so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise, if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more of the God-defying Pharaohs; for Princess Thermutis of the bathinghouse would have inherited the crown of Egypt; and as she had no child of her own, this adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been sisterhood! For how many a lawgiver, and how many a hero, and how many a deliverer and how many a saint are the world and the church indebted to a watchful, loving, faithful, godly sister? Come up out of the farm-houses, come up out of the inconspicuous homes, come up from the banks of the Hudson and Penobscot, and the Savannah, of thirst sink it. Some ravenous water and the Mobile, and the Mississippi, fowl might swoop and pick his eyes out and all the other Niles of America and let us see you, the Miriams who watched and protected the leaders in law, and medicine, and merchandise, and art and agriculture, and mechanics, and religion! If I should ask all physicians and attorneys and merchants and ministers of religion and successful men of all professions and trades, who are indebted to an elder sister for good influences and perhaps for an education or a prosperous start, to let it be known, hundreds would ening roar overcame him. But after testify. God knows how many of our awhile he saw in the distance a lan-Greek lexicons and how much of our schooling was paid for by money that would otherwise have gone for the replenishing of a sister's wardrobe. While the brother sailed off for a resounding sphere, the sister watched for a long time supper had been waithim from the banks of self-denial,

> Moses and Aaron, her brothers, were younger. Oh, the power of the elder sister to help decide the brother's character for usefulness and for heaven! She can keep off from her brother more ark of bulrushes. The older sister decides the direction in which the cradle boat shall sail. By gentleness, by good sense, by Christian principle she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a holy God; and a brighter princess than Thermutis Q. Hammond on 150 acres of bottom should lift him out of peril, even religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. The older sister, how much the world owes her! Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers. And if there is anything or a fraction over 67 bushels to the that excites my sympathy, it is a little girl lugging round a great fat child addition to that he has gathered about and getting her ears boxed because 350 bales of cotton by field weights, as she cannot keep him quiet! By the | none of it has been ginned yet. This time she gets to young womanhood | crop has cost him, he says, a cash outshe is pale and worn out, and her at- | lay of about \$6,000. At \$25 a bale this tractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy, and society calls her by an unfair name; but in heaven they call her Miriam. In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last; the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of heaven will be larger, but fifteen acres of it were badly those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of the Apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth | sides, he now has on hand a quantity looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass, the chariotee" crying: "Clear the way! A queen is coming!"

General Bauer, of the Russian cavalry, had in early life wandered off in the army, and the family supposed he was dead. After he gained a fortune he encamped one day in Husam, his native place, and made a banquet; and among the great military men who were to dine, he invited a plain miller and his wife who lived near by and who, affrighted, came, fearing some if the question was asked, "Whither is harm would be done them. The miller the King of the Universe going?" the and his wife were placed one on earh side of the general at the table. The general asked the miller all about his family, and the miller said that he had two brothers and a sister. "No remark to Eve, "Madam, I'm Adam," other brothers?" "My younger brother | and Napoleon's "Able was I ere I saw went off with the army many years | Elba," should be barred on account of ago, and no doubt was long ago killed." | age.-Boston Journal. mountains Hermon and Lebanon and Then the general said: "Soldiers, I Gerizim, and the hills of Judea; and am this man's younger brother, whom the village of Bethlehem there, and he thought was dead," And how loud the city of Jericho yonder, and the vast | was the cheer, and how warm the em- | iny, my little man?" Small boy (sob-

the old lawgiver's breath away as he Brother and sister, you need as much school burned."-Puck. looked at it. And then without a pang of an introduction to each other as -as I learn from the statement that the they did. You do not know each other

natural force unabated-God touched cross and queer, and he thinks you are great lawgiver's eyes and they closed; selfish and proud and unlovely. Both wrong! That brother will be a prince heart, and it stopped; and commanded, in some woman's eyes, and that sister saying, "To the skies, thou immortal a queen in the estimation of some man. spirit!" And then one Divine hand That brother is a magnificent fellow, and that sister is a morning in June. Come, let me introduce you: "Moses, this is Miriam." "Miriam, this is Moses," Add seventy-five per cent to your present appreciation of each other, and when you kiss good morning do not stick up your cold cheek, wet from the recent washing, as though you hated to touch each other's lips in affectionate caress. Let it have all the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

Make yourself as agreeable and helpful to each other as possible, remembering that soon you part. The few watched the boat woven of river plants | years of boyhood and girlhood will soon slip by, and you will go out to homes of your own, and into the battle with the world, and amid ever-changcoming eternity under obligation when ing vicissitudes, and on paths crossed with graves, and up steeps hard to climb, and through shadowy ravines. But, O my God and Saviour! may the terminus of the journey be the same as the start-namely at the father's and mother's knee, if they have inherited the kingdom. Then, as in boyhood and girlhood days, we rushed in after the day's absence with much to tell of exciting adventure, and father and mother enjoyed the recital as much as we who made it, so we shall on the hillside of heaven rehearse to them all the scenes of our earthly expedition, and no Miriam there would have been no they shall welcome us home, as we Moses. What a garland for faithful say: "Father and mother, we have come and brought our children with us." The old revival hymn described it with glorious repetition:

"Brothers and sisters there will meet, Brothers and sisters there will meet, Brothers and sisters there will meet, Will meet to part no more."

I read of a child in the country who was detained at a neighbor's house on a stormy night by some fascinating stories that were being told him, and then looked out and saw it was so dark he did not dare go home. The incident impressed me the more because in my childhood I had much the same experience. The boy asked his comrades to go with him, but they dared not. It got later and later-seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock. "Oh," he said, "I wish I were home! As he opened the door the last time a blinding flash of lightning and a deaftern, and lo! his brother was coming to fetch him home, and the lad stepped out and with swift feet hastened on to his brother, who took him home, where they were so glad to greet him, and ing. So may it be when the night of Miriam was the eldest of the family; death comes and our earthly friends cannot go with us, and we dare not go-alone; may our Brother, our Elder Brother, our Friend closer than a brother, come out to meet us with the light of the promises, which shall be evils than Miriam could have driven a lantern to our feet; and then we will back water-fowl or croccdile from the go in to join our loved ones waiting for us, supper all ready, the marriage supper of the Lamb!

## Rich Rocky River Bottoms. We mentioned a year ago the re-

markable crop of eorn raised by W. land on Rocky river, aggregating over 5,000 bushels, says the Honea Path (S. C.) Chronicle. The present year he has done even better than that, He planted 110 acres of bottom land and has finished gathering the corn, which has yielded him 7,400 bushels, acre. This is a wonderful crop. In cotton will pay the expense of making the crop and leave him a net profit of \$2,500 and all his corn. Or, if the corn were sold at the current market price of 60 cents per bushel, it would bring \$4,400, nearly enough to pay the expense. He has twenty-six mules on his farm and his farm operations have been conducted by a force of thirtyfive convicts. Besides this, he raised 1,000 bushels of oats. He informs us that his corn crop would have been damaged by the cut worms. He says he had several acres that produced over 100 bushels to the acre. And, beof his last year's crop of corn for sale. This is the most successful example of good farming we know of.

## A Few Pailndromes.

The palindromist sends us the following list of words, clipped from some paper, which may be spelled forward or backward: "Anna, bab, bib, bob, bub, civic, dad, deed, deified, did, ecce, eve, ewe, eye, gog, gig, gag, level, madam, noon, otto, pap, peep, pip, pop, pup, redder, refer, repaper, reviver, rotator, sees, sexes, shahs, tat, tit, toot." This leads us to ask: "What is the matter with Hannah?" Her name is also palindromical. Dr. Moxom's family name is equally capable of being spelled backward. But can we not add to the above list? Adam's alleged

Blasted Hopes. Old Gentleman-"Why are you crybing)-"I dreamt last night dat de

Brides and horses both require