



CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED.)
They passed through London and at last reached Paris.

On arriving at the station, Sutherland called up a fly, and ordered it to drive with the greatest possible speed to the Hotel Suisse, a quiet establishment close to the boulevards. Once there, he ordered a private room, conducted Miss Hetherington to it, and proposed that she should wait there while he went in search of Marjorie.

At first she rebelled, but she yielded at last.
"Yes, I will wait," she said. "I am feeble, as you say, Johnnie Sutherland, and not fit to face the fog and snow; but you'll bring the bairn to me, for I cannot wait long!"

Eagerly giving his promise, Sutherland started off, and the old lady, unable to master her excitement, walked feebly about the room, preparing for the appearance of her child.

She had the fire piled up; she had the table laden with food and wine; then she took her stand by the window, and eagerly scanned the face of every passer-by. At length, and after what seemed to her to be hours of agony, Sutherland returned.

"The bairn; the bairn!" she cried, tottering toward him.

He made one quick step toward her, and caught her in his arms as he replied:

"Dear Miss Hetherington, she has gone!"

For a moment she did not seem able to understand him; she stared at him blankly and repeated:

"Gone! where is she gone?"
"I do not know; several weeks ago she left this place with her child, and she has not been seen since."

The old woman's agony was pitiful to see; she moaned, and with her trembling fingers clutched her thin hair.

"Gone!" she moaned. "Ah, my God, she is in the streets, she is starving!"

Suddenly a new resolution came to her—with an effort she pulled herself together. She wrapped her heavy fur cloak around her and moved toward the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded Sutherland.

She turned round upon him with livid and death-like face.

"Going!" she repeated, in a terrible voice. "I am going to him!—to the villain who first learned my secret and stole my bairn away!"

Miss Hetherington spoke firmly, showing as much by her manner as by her speech that her determination was fixed. Sutherland therefore made no attempt to oppose her; but he called up a fly, and the two drove to the lodging which had been formerly occupied by Marjorie and Caussidiere.

To Sutherland's dismay, the rooms were empty, Caussidiere having disappeared and left no trace behind him. For a moment he was at a loss what to do.

Suddenly he remembered Adele, and resolved to seek assistance from her. Yet here again he was at a loss. It would be all very well for him to seek out Adele at the cafe, but to take Miss Hetherington there was another matter. He therefore asked her to return to the hotel and wait quietly there while he continued the search.

"This she positively refused to do.
"Come away, Johnnie Sutherland," she said, "and take me with you. If I'm a woman I'm an old one, and no matter where I gang I mean to find my child!"

At seven o'clock that night the cafe was brilliantly lit and crowded with a roisterous company. Adele, flushed and triumphant, having sang one of her most popular songs, was astonished to see a man beckoning to her from the audience. Looking again, she saw that the man was none other than the young artist—Sutherland.

Descending from her rostrum, she eagerly went forward to join him, and the two passed out of the cafe and stood confronting each other in the street.

"Adele," said Sutherland, eagerly, seizing her hands, "where is that man—Caussidiere?"

"Caussidiere?" she repeated, staring at him in seeming amazement.

"Yes, Caussidiere! Tell me where he is, for God's sake!"

Again Adele hesitated—something had happened, of that she felt sure, for the man who now stood before her was certainly not the Sutherland of other days; there was a look in his eyes which had never been there before.

"Monsieur," she said gently, "tell me first where is madame, his wife?"

"God knows! I want to find her. I have come to Paris with her mother to force that villain to give her up. Adele, if you do not know her whereabouts, tell me where he is."

She hesitated for a moment, then drew from her pocket a piece of paper, scribbled something on it in pencil, and pressed it into Sutherland's hand.

"Monsieur," she whispered, "if you find her—I may see her? once—only once again?"

"Yes."
"God bless you, monsieur!"

She seized his hand and eagerly pressed it to her lips, then, hastily brushing away a tear, she re-entered the cafe, and was soon delighting her constant admirers with another song.

Sutherland had been too much carried away by the work he had in hand to notice Adele's emotion. He opened the paper she had given him, and read the address by the aid of the street lamp; then he returned to the fly, which stood waiting for him at the curbstone. He gave his directions to the driver, then entered the vehicle; taking his seat beside Miss Hetherington, who sat there like a statue.

The vehicle drove off through a series of well-populated streets, then it stopped. Sutherland leaped out, and to his confusion Miss Hetherington rose to follow him. He made no attempt to oppose her, knowing well that any such attempt would be useless.

So the two went together up a darkened court, and passed before a door. In answer to Sutherland's knock a little maid appeared, and he inquired in as firm a voice as he could command for Monsieur Caussidiere.

Yes, Monsieur Caussidiere was at home, she said, and if the gentleman would give his name she would take it; but this Sutherland could not do. He slipped a napoleon into the girl's hand, and after a momentary hesitation she showed the two into the very room where the Frenchman sat.

He was dressed not in his usual dandified fashion, but in a seedy morning coat; his face looked haggard. He was seated at a table with piles of paper before him. He looked up quietly when the door opened; then seeing Miss Hetherington, who had been the first to enter the room, he started to his feet.

"Madame!" he exclaimed in French, "or shall I say Mademoiselle Hetherington?"

"Yes," she returned quietly, in the same tongue, "Miss Hetherington. I have come to you, villain that you are, for my child!"

"Your child?"
"Ay, my daughter, my Marjorie! Where is she, tell me?"

By this time Caussidiere had recovered from his surprise. He was still rather frightened, but he conquered himself sufficiently to shrug his shoulders, sneer and reply:

"Really, madame, or mademoiselle, your violence is unnecessary. I know nothing of your daughter; she left me of her own free will, and I request you to leave my house."

But the old lady stood firm.

"I will not stir," she exclaimed, "until I have my Marjorie. You took her from her home, and brought her here. What have you done with her? If harm has come to her through you, look to yourself!"

The Frenchman's face grew livid; he made one step toward her, then he drew back.

"Leave my house," he said, pointing to the door; "the person of whom you speak is nothing to me."

"It is false; she is your wife."
"She is not my wife! she was my mistress, nothing more!"

Scarcely had the words passed his lips when the Frenchman felt himself seized by the throat, and violently hurled upon the ground. He leaped to his feet again, and once more felt Sutherland's hard hands gripping his throat. "Coward as well as liar," cried the young Scotchman; "retract what you have said, or, by God! I'll strangle you!"

The Frenchman said nothing, but he struggled hard to free himself from the other's fierce clutch, while Miss Hetherington stood grimly looking on.

Presently Caussidiere shook himself free, and sank exhausted into a chair.

"You villain!" he hissed; "you shall suffer for this. I will seek police protection. I will have you cast into prison. Yes, you shall utterly rue the day when you dared to lay a finger upon me."

But Sutherland paid no heed. Finding that in reality Caussidiere knew as little of Marjorie's whereabouts as he knew himself, he at last persuaded Miss Hetherington to leave the place.

They drove to the prefect of police to set some inquiries on foot; then they went back to the cafe to make further inquiries of Adele. On one thing they were determined, not to rest night or day until they had found Marjorie—alive or dead.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN Miss Hetherington was hastening to confront Caussidiere, Marjorie, with her child, was walking wearily through the streets of Paris.

As the daylight faded away the cold had increased; the snow was falling heavily, soaking her through and through.

Suddenly she remembered what the milk-woman had told her; she would go to the English ambassador—perhaps he would give her relief and enable her to get home.

She paused once or twice to ask her way, but she could get no answer. She was nothing more than a street waif, and was accordingly thrust aside as such. At last a little gamin gave her the information she asked. The place she sought was three miles off.

Three miles! She was footsore and

faint; she had not a sou in her pocket; and her child was fainting with cold and hunger. It seemed to her that her last hope had gone.

Then she suddenly remembered that a certain Miss Dove, a wealthy English woman, had founded a home in Paris for her destitute countrywomen. She knew the address, it was nearer than the British Embassy. She dragged herself and child to it. She had just sufficient strength left to ring the bell, when she sank fainting on the threshold of the door.

When Marjorie again opened her eyes she was lying in a strange bed, and a lady with a pale, grave face was still bending above her.

"Where am I?" she cried, starting up; and then she looked around for her child.

A cold hand was laid upon her feverishly burning forehead, and she was gently laid back upon her pillow.

"The child is quite safe," said a low, sweet voice. "We have put him in a cot, and he is sleeping; try to sleep, too, and when you waken you will be stronger, and you shall have the little boy."

Marjorie closed her eyes and moaned, and soon fell into a heavy, feverish sleep.

Having seized her system, the fever kept its burning hold, and for many days the mistress of the house thought that Marjorie would die; but fortunately her constitution was strong; she passed through the ordeal, and one day she opened her eyes on what seemed to her a new world.

For a time she lay quietly looking about her, without a movement and without a word. The room in which she lay was small, but prettily fitted up. There were crucifixes on the wall, and dimly curtains to the bed and the windows; through the diamond panes the sun was faintly shining; a cozy fire filled the grate; on the hearth sat a woman, evidently a nurse; while on the hearth-rug was little Leon, quiet as a mouse, and with his lap full of toys.

It was so dreamy and so peaceful that she could just hear the murmur of life outside, and the faint crackling of the fire on the hearth—that was all.

She lay for a time watching the two figures as in a vision; then the memory of all that had passed came back upon her, and she sobbed. In a moment the woman rose and came over to her, while little Leon ran to the bedside, and took her thin, white hand.

"Mamma," he said, "don't cry!"
"For in spite of herself Marjorie felt the tears coursing down her cheeks. The nurse said nothing. She smoothed back the hair from her forehead, and quietly waited until the invalid's grief had passed away."

Then she said gently:
"Do not grieve, madam. The worst of your illness is over. You will soon be well."

"Have I been very ill?" asked Marjorie, faintly.

"Yes, very ill. We thought that you would die."

"And you have nursed me—you have saved me? Oh! you are very good! Who—who are you—where am I?"

"You are amongst friends. This house is the home of every one who needs a home. It belongs to Miss Esther Dove. It was she who found you fainting on our door-step, and took you in. When you fell into a fever she gave you into my charge. I am one of the nurses."

She added, quietly:
"There, do not ask me more questions, for you are weak, and must be very careful. Take this, and then, if you will promise to soothe yourself, the little boy shall stay beside you while you sleep."

Marjorie took the food that was offered to her, and gave the promise required. Indeed, she felt too weak to talk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAVAL BURIALS.

Regulations Require that Christian Interment Be Provided.

The chaplain's official station in most ship ceremonies and in time of battle is at the sick bay, where lie the sick, says Donahoe's. Discipline and fresh air are wonderful preservatives of health, and a chaplain's duties to the sick in times of peace are very light. At naval hospitals, however, whether are brought from the ships the very sick and the seriously wounded, a chaplain finds ample field for the exercise of that tender sympathy which wins souls to God and for the ministering of the consolation of religion. It is also the duty of the chaplain to assist at naval burials. The regulations require that Christian burial be provided for all men who die in the service. If possible, the body is interred with the rites of the church to which the deceased had belonged. When this sad duty is required at sea the ship is hoisted to the flag displayed at half mast, and the officers and men are mustered on deck to pay their last tribute to the departed. The funeral services follow and the body is then consigned to the deep. A guard of honor fires three volleys over the watery grave and the bugler sounds the last "taps"—sad, mournful notes of the bugle which tell of the hour of sleep. If the death occurs at a hospital, an escort and a guard of honor from the ship to which the deceased had been attached accompany the funeral cortege to the grave. As the procession enters the cemetery the bugler proceeds, followed by the chaplain. This spectacle is always impressive. It naturally suggests the prayer that angels, led by the angel guardian, may bear the soul of the deceased before the throne of God as friends bear the body to the grave; that the angel, at the judgment seat, may proclaim welcome, joy and gladness as the bugle at the grave recalls loss, sadness and regret.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CHEERS FOR THE UNKNOWN" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Romans xvi. 14 and 15 as follows: Salute Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

MATTHEW Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. When did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid; or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in any wise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sends to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 70,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 69,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables and building thrones for magnates and sculpturing warriors and apothesizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help. The vast majority of people will never lead an army, will never write a state constitution, will never electrify a senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus or Philegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the household is in your domain. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food and the apparel and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation. It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals at Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornean cannibals. It does not help you very much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions, and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year until the last day of the year, and at your call he is ready with help and reinforcement.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world, and the food of the world, decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of house-keeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand, or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertain-

ment by the three angels on the plains of Mamre, will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue, or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athalia, and Dorcas, and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia, an ordinary woman, amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper and two salesmen, and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the eight thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have today—keeping them tranquil, whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure—calm in all circumstances and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want.

Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the streets the business men come out, stand on tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies, did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics and burning torrids, and awful Marengo's of experience without moving five miles from their doorstep.

Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousand who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs on your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with his finger writing on the ground, although the finer shuffle of feet obliterated the divine calligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague, and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who, as floral commander, leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lilies, which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their campfires of color all around the hemisphere—that that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of your business life and however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread and needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Baring.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship, in twenty-one days, went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be senators. If any of them have dictatorships, it will be over forty, or fifty, or one hundred acres of the old homestead. What these men want is grace, to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drouth that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima bean patch, and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die.

Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again, and again, and again, it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was. What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his smiles from the farmer's life, as when he said, "A sower went forth to sow," as when he built

his best parable out of the scene of a farmer boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farm house shook that night with rural jubilee; and who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said that the eternal God is a farmer, declaring, "My father is the husbandman."

Those stone masons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning, with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters, standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad axe, need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an over-worked world, and it is an under-fed world, and it is a wrung out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum, one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit. The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle, but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it, not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

MERRY WARFARE.

When Two Society Women Hate Each Other Cordially.

"You can't appreciate what may be embodied in that term bitter-sweet," sighed Limpton to the Detroit Free Press man, "till you hear two society women in conversation, each hating the other fervently, yet smiling, laughing and looking angelic while they are stabbing each other as cruelly and vigorously as though it were a duel to the death. This is between us, but I just came away from a little scene confirming my view of the case. Binckley's wife had called on mine. Mrs. Binckley had said somewhere that Mrs. Limpton looked prematurely old, and that she dressed in execrable taste, considering her appearance. Of course, some 'good friend' told Mrs. Limpton. I expected blue blazes when the two met, but the event showed far more diplomacy than is displayed in the management of international affairs. When Mrs. Binckley called Mrs. Limpton kissed her, clung to her hand, chided her for not coming oftener, and then, in the softest tones of solicitude, asked her if she was troubled with malaria, now prevalent. 'You look so yellow,' she went on, 'and draw. I will have you in my mind as plump and rosy. Do take treatment, dear.' 'It's nothing serious,' laughed Mrs. Binckley. 'The doctor tells me that a person with strong eyes and teeth always has wonderful recuperative powers. It is only a matter of a short time and not at all as though I had stepped prematurely from my prime into old age.' This was hot shot, for my wife has worn glasses ever since she was a little girl, and some of her prettiest teeth were supplied by a dentist, but she blandly told of how many of her dearest friends who had a misleading appearance of health had gone with quick consumption, and they fell to talking about hired girls. Woman is a sphinx."

Women the Best Conversers.

Of one thing there can be very little doubt, and that is the greater readiness in conversation of women than men. A woman can create conversation, which is a very useful thing, and is frequently found a great social difficulty. If we give a man a subject on which he knows anything at all, unless he be a fool or morbidly reticent, he can talk about it so as to make himself fairly intelligible and perhaps interesting for those to whom the subject has any interest at all. Men, when their feeling of enthusiasm is excited, throw off the slowness and hesitation which frequently cramp their power in society, just as they throw off the physical infirmity of stuttering under the influence of some awakening theme or some strong sympathy. But the power of conversation in some women and not always those of remarkable ability, is the very art of making bricks without straw. They will talk to one by the hour about nothing—that is, on no particular subject and with no particular object, and talk coherently and not foolishly and withal very pleasantly all the time. It would, we are free to confess, be rather difficult for the listener to carry away with him any mental notes of what had been said; he may not be conscious of having gained any new ideas or of having had his old ones much enlarged; but he will rise and go his way, as one does after a light and wholesome meal, sensibly cheered and refreshed, but retaining no troublesome memories of the ingredients which have composed it.

Why does a man always lose his nerve just when he needs it most?