

Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
Shell's life has been so very uneventful during the absence that it does not take long to recount the few small incidents which have broken its monotony.

"It was so stupid of you to come," remarks Ruby, during a brief pause in the dialogue going on between Mrs. Wilden and Shell. "I don't suppose we shall any of us be stopping here more than a few days longer."

Mrs. Wilden looks surprised.
"How so? I have no intention of going home just yet, Ruby," she says a little tartly. "The cottage is taken for two months, and since the rent must be paid, we may as well make the best of our bargain."

"There is no best about it," grumbles Violet.

"No, indeed—it is a downright snare and delusion," agrees Ruby. "Since even the Champley brothers couldn't stand it there can be no wonder if we run away."

"I don't think they grew tired of the moor," says Shell honestly.

"If not, why did they leave it?" demands her sister defiantly.

"Can't say," responds Shell; then, after a pause, she continues—"I suppose you know that they are going abroad in a few days."

"Going abroad!" repeats Ruby, in a tone of positive consternation. "No, I had no idea of it; I understood that they were merely going back to Champley House."

"They are starting for Switzerland in two or three days," says Shell quietly; "and I rather fancy they won't be back till autumn."

"In that case we may as well stop where we are," observes Ruby, without her usual caution.

"My dear Ruby, their movements cannot in any way affect ours," says Mrs. Wilden, looking puzzled and a trifle shocked.

"No, of course not," stammers Ruby, with a momentary flush; "only I promised Robert Champley in a way to look after the children! and, since he is going abroad, I should not like to leave them alone on the moor. That nurse is a very illiterate person—I doubt if she can write—and of course he will want to hear how they are getting on."

"Ahem!" ejaculates Violet suggestively, and then indulges in an amused laugh.

Shell does not laugh, but turns with impatient step from the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Where are you going, Shell?" asks Ruby, glancing up from an elaborate band of crewel-work, destined to trim a morning-gown.

"I am going over to Meadowcroft to superintend Bob's donkey-ride. I promised him yesterday I would come."

"What folly! You know he is never allowed a donkey-ride unless he has been particularly good; and when I ask Piper if he has been good enough to have one, she invariably answers 'No.'"

Shell gives one of those low rippling laughs of hers, which has in it a mocking ring.

"Piper does not care for running after donkeys—doubtless she considers it infra dig. As she knows that I always do the running business and leave her free, I invariably hear that the children are deserving of a ride."

"Well, it's a bore any way," grumbles Ruby. "I wanted you to cut out my collar and cuffs, as I feel inclined for a good day's work."

"That won't take five minutes," laughs Shell, stripping off her wash-leather gloves and good temperedly setting to the task.

When, some twenty minutes later, she arrives at Meadowcroft Farm, she finds the children established in a hayfield near the house, and Piper nowhere visible.

"Where is Piper?" asks Shell, sinking down in the fragrant hay.

"Busy," answers Bob, laconically.

"Have you been good children—good enough for a donkey-ride?" pursues Shell, smiling.

"Don't know," responds Bob, with placid indifference—"s'pose not. Piper boxed my ears this morning."

"Well, never mind," laughs Shell—"since Piper isn't here we can't ask her—you shall have your donkey-ride today, and then you'll be a good boy tomorrow."

"Don't want a donkey-ride," responds Bob stolidly; "tell us a story instead."

"Not want a donkey-ride? Why, what sort of a boy do you call yourself?" demands Shell, turning the child round to laugh him out of what she imagines to be a fit of the sulks; then she becomes aware that Bob's generally rosy face is pale and languid looking—that his bright merry eyes are dim and misty.

"Do you feel ill?" asks Shell, thinking that the child must have been allowed to eat something unwholesome.

"No-no," falters Bob, with all a boy's reluctance to give in to physical suffering; "only my head aches rather."

With a strange thrill at her heart Shell turns to Meg. The little girl is sound asleep on a soft bed of hay, her attitude betokening thorough lassitude—one fat little arm shields her eyes

from the light. Removing it gently, Shell notes that poor Meg is wan as a white may-blossom—even the slight movement sends a convulsive shiver through her little frame.

Shell is not one to waste time over speculations. Stooping down, she raises the sleeping child in her arms, and, telling Bob to follow, proceeds to the farm. At the door she is met by the farmer's wife, a kind, motherly creature, who takes in at a glance Shell's sign to be silent.

Mounting to the children's room, which is deserted, she undresses Meg and lays her in her little cot. A few minutes' persuasion and the promise of a fairy tale soon induce Bob to follow his sister's example. But Shell has no need to cudgel her brains for the promised legend. No sooner does Bob's head touch the pillow than he, too, sinks into a troubled sleep.

Descending to the big flagged kitchen, Shell holds a hurried consultation with the farmer's wife, the result of which is that a boy is despatched for the nearest doctor.

Whilst she is waiting his arrival, Piper turns up explaining that she has only just been down to the village for a few stamps; she looks much taken aback when she hears of the children's illness and finds that she cannot pooh-poo it.

After two hours' waiting the doctor comes. He is an elderly man, genial, reliable and fatherly. Shell and the mistress of the house accompany him to the sick-room. When the three return to the big kitchen there is a scared look on two at least of the faces.

"All connection with that part of the house must be cut off," Mrs. Pomfret, and a sheet with Condy's fluid hung at the end of the passage. I will telegraph at once to Mr. Champley, if you can furnish me with his address."

Piper, looking scared and pale, produces the address, and the doctor takes his departure.

"The doctor is not certain," answers Shell in her low sweet voice—"but he fears small-pox; it seems there are some cases in the neighborhood."

"Small-pox!" shrieks Piper. "And am I expected to stop here and lose my life through nursing children with small-pox? I won't do it—no, not for Queen Victoria herself!"

"Shame upon you, woman!" cries Mrs. Pomfret wrathfully. "Do you mean to tell me you would have the heart to go away and leave them poor little babies, with their father away goodness knows where, and their poor mother lying buried? I'd nurse 'em myself, and welcome, only I've got my own children to think of, and I can't be running to and fro to the sick-room with small-pox hanging about my clothes."

"Let who will nurse 'em—I won't," remarks Piper doggedly.

"Do you think I would allow you?" flashes Shell, her bosom heaving with suppressed scorn and anger. "Do you imagine for one moment that you are fit to be trusted to nurse them?"

"You are right there, miss," agrees Mrs. Pomfret; "for she neglects them poor dears, shameful. As for nursing, I wouldn't trust her with a sick cat;" then, turning to the nurse, she continues loftily—"Take your precious person out of this as soon as may be—though who's to attend to them: children, I don't know."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Mrs. Pomfret. I will take care of them till a proper nurse is found," says Shell gently.

"You mustn't miss—it's catching—dreadful catching," remonstrates Mrs. Pomfret.

"Only when people are afraid," laughs Shell. "I don't feel in the least nervous about illness."

"Cause you haven't seen much," opines Mrs. Pomfret, with a sage head-shake.

There is general consternation at Gorse Cottage when Shell arrives with her news.

"Small-pox! Are you quite sure he said small-pox?" cries Ruby, with a shudder. "How terrible! But surely it can't be small-pox—the children must have been vaccinated."

"That is the strange point," answers Shell. "There is no mark whatever on Meg's arm—a very faint one on Bob's. The doctor says he can't be sure for another twenty-four hours. They ought to have been in bed two days ago—they do nothing but shiver and shiver and shiver."

"What is to be done?" asks Ruby blankly; and then, a bright idea suggesting itself—"We must telegraph at once to London for an experienced nurse."

"And who is to nurse them till she arrives?"

"Piper, of course."

"Piper has flown by this time. I left her packing her box."

"How disgraceful of her! However, Mrs. Pomfret must get some one to see to them."

"Robert Champley told me that you had promised to see to them during his absence."

"How utterly absurd and unpractical you are, Shell! Of course I am very sorry for the darling children; but—I can't possibly risk such a catastrophe

as small-pox—no one could expect it. Had it been anything else—grandiloquently—"anything less repulsive, I would have gone to them myself."

"And they are to be left entirely to strangers, with no familiar face beside them?" queries Shell in her even voice.

"I don't see any other possible arrangement, since you have been foolish enough to let Piper forsake her post," answers Ruby, with a sigh.

"But I see that some other arrangement is imperative," says Shell decidedly. "It would be too cruel and cowardly to leave them to strangers. If you won't go and remain with them till the nurse arrives I shall."

(To be Continued.)

WON'T EAT WOMEN.

Peruvian Cannibals Regard the Sex as Unclean Animals.

Down in the darkest Peru, over an outlying eastern ridge of the Andes, toward the very unsettled boundary lines of Brazil and Bolivia, a flourishing race of cannibalistic Indians can be found. They are so fierce and unapproachable that few missionaries or explorers have ever felt courage enough to guarantee anything like a close study of their eccentricities. It was an Englishwoman who recently brought home a photograph of one of the women of a cannibal tribe, and though full of eagerness to know more of these people, she was persuaded to forego investigation. The civilized Indians regard them with a horror that only cannibalism can inspire, and only at long intervals have the white residents of Peru seen or captured any of the Cascolos, who range the forests where the precious Peruvian bark is found, and who fight each other in the hope of securing prisoners for a cannibalistic orgie. But there is a queer code in their savage law. They make no effort to seize women for their feasts. The very degradation of the sex is in this way its preservation. The male ante or Casibco regards a woman as an impure being. She is a necessary torment, but by no means a comfort, though she accepts her share of duty, and a cannibal brave would well-nigh perish of starvation before he would pollute his lips with female flesh. Not only is a woman thus despised, but her blood is feared as a poison, from the taste of which no man could recover. The cannibal women profess no such distaste for man's flesh, but are said to eat it with relish, while in their own turn they have evidently taken no active steps to convince the men against their ancient error and prejudice.—Washington Times.

A PEASANT WEDDING.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, in her journeyings through Finland, appears to have displayed a happy aptitude for forming friendly relations with all sorts and conditions of people. At one peasant cottage of the poorest sort, where she stopped to buy a bowl of milk, she fell into conversation with its mistress, a very clean and apparently very aged woman, clad in a short serge skirt, a loose white chemise and a striped apron of many colors—these simple garments being all of her own weaving. Over her head she wore a black cashmere kerchief. Her face might have belonged to a woman of a hundred or a witch of ancient times, it was so wrinkled and tanned; her hands were hard and horny; and yet, after half an hour's conversation, we discovered she was only about fifty-five. Hard work, poor food and life in dark, ill-ventilated, smoky cottages age the peasants fast; at seventeen many a girl begins to look like an old woman. The old, or middle-aged, woman was a cheerful and friendly soul, and was soon beguiled, by the visitor's comments on a woven band hanging in sight, into narrating an episode of family history. It had been one of the presents given by her son on his marriage, to his groomsmen. He had married a girl of another village—asking her hand in accordance with immemorial Finnish custom, through a pubeles, or spokesman, a kind of preliminary best man, who must do all the talking while the suit or himself sits dumb. Being accepted, he exchanged rings with his betrothed and gave her father the usual kihlarat. "What is that?" the visitor asked. "Why, it is a sort of deposit given to the girl's father to show he really means to marry the girl—a cow or something of that sort." A two years' engagement, during which the young people were earning their household equipment, was followed by a grand wedding, celebrated, as usual in Finland, at the bridegroom's house. "It is a very expensive thing to get married," said the mother, "and my son had to give many presents to the father-in-law, mother-in-law, bridesmaids and groomsmen. To all the bride's maids he gave stockings, that being the fashion of our country; to the groomsmen he gave shirts; to his mother-in-law a dress; to the father-in-law a belt, and to other friends head handkerchiefs. In short, she confessed that the occasion was a very serious drain upon the family resources. "But, oh, it was a lovely time," she added. "A wedding is a splendid thing. We had a feast all one day and the next, and then the priest came and they were married. Every one we knew came from miles around. Some brought a can of milk, and some of them brought corn brandy, and others brought porridge, and Johansen had been to town, so he brought back with him some white bread. Aye, it was a grand feast! We danced and ate and sang and made merry for two days, and then we all walked with my son and his bride to that little cottage on the other side of the wood and left them there, where they have lived ever since."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MAKE HOME HAPPY," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, John, Chapt. 20, Verse 10, as follows: "The Disciples Went Away Again Unto Their Own Homes"—Modern Marriage.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere. The doorsill of the dwellinghouse is the foundation of church and state. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life overarches and undergirds all other life. The highest house of congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in parts, and then he gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Principle and Anchor, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the center. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

The institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism and polygamy, and the most damnable of all things, free-lovism, has been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their nastiness—have been trying to educate this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of aduers spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assail what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then, there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement rings of the divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the evening time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the doorpost sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along well? I have watched such cases

and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after a while there came a devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My second advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights and you will have a Waterloo, with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this, that once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together and said, "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper, but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop. Your life will be spent in making-up and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

"The kindest and the happiest pair Will find occasion to forbear; And something, every day they live, To pity, and perhaps forgive."

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spent the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household into the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satin and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. It is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of social dissipation are swallowing down more little children today than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said, "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not: it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in and the moment they saw the still face of the child the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with futures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James McIntosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral

ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is not easy thing to keep house. Many a woman who could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the register or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands of unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stay very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout, and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction; first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar! how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light, leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

DON'T TINKER THE CLOCK.

If You Do You Will Probably Ruin the Timepiece.

"Watch repairers have a horror of touching a clock that has been tinkered by amateurs," explained a watch repairer, "and they would rather get out of such a job if they can do so, for the loss of one of the smallest parts means considerable work to reproduce it, and much more work than the general customer expects or wants to pay for. They try to get out of such a job when they can, for in nine cases out of ten the result is not entirely satisfactory. People who have a good clock, unless they know something about the way clocks are made and how they should be taken apart, will do the wise thing to let it alone when it gets out of order. Experimenting with it often means the ruin of the clock. It is absolutely dangerous to try to unwind a mainspring, as men have discovered for themselves, unless the proper tools are at hand. Now, a clock repairer has a contrivance known as a spring controller, which grasps the spring and holds it while being taken out or put into the clock, so that there is no danger. The spring for an eight-hour clock is often two yards long, and when suddenly let free it flies out with nearly the force of a charge of shot from a gun. Some time ago a friend of mine thought he would tinker with his clock. He did tinker it, and in taking out the mainspring it got away from him. In its flight it took off a \$5 lamp from a parlor table and crushed in the glass of a \$20 mantle mirror, besides doing other damage. The \$4 clock cost him in damage exactly \$25, besides cutting his hand seriously."

Extent of a Single Tree.

A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7,000 men at one time.