

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of *BUNNY'S LOVERS.*

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

The Rector was the only person excepting myself cognizant of Mr. Widdrington's failure and discoveries. I felt very small in the worthy person's presence. I had for the second time been outwitted by a woman, and it was on account of my careless blundering that the whole work had to begin over again.

"Don't tell the ladies," advised the Rector; "keep it from them as long as you can. Miss Elmisle is the veriest gossip, good little soul as she is, and, as we have just proved, a man's foes are those of his own household." "Very walls have ears, and a bird of the air shall carry the matter!" continued Mr. Heathcote, losing all control of himself in the heat of quotation. "If Widdrington is to recover the trail we must be silent as mice."

"His groom get-up was capital," I remarked; "it completely took me in."

"Yes," said the Rector complacently, "I think we did that rather well. But I did not expect to blind you. When I found you had not recognized Widdrington as soon as you arrived I kept up the joke, you know."

"It is hardly fair, is it," I demurred, "to keep Miss Branscombe in the dark? I believe she would be discreet."

"Of course you do!" laughed Mr. Heathcote. "You would be a sorry lover if you did not believe that and everything else that is good of her."

"It may be necessary to put her on her guard against the lady's maid," I suggested.

"Yes, it may. I hardly know what course to adopt with regard to the woman," said the Rector thoughtfully, "or how Widdrington has left matters with her. It seems to me important to retain her; she may help us if she will. Well, with regard to Nona, you must use your own discretion. Fort; I can-

not advise. Perhaps we may hear something from Widdrington to-day or to-morrow. He has left us in a terrible mess at present; but no doubt he couldn't help it. The failure must have been a blow to him. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, you know."

"I HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU, SIR."

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CHAPTER XIV.

Before I left the rectory I had to endure an interview, quite unsought, and—I think I may add—quite undeserved on my part, painful and embarrassing as it was to me.

Woodward—Widdrington's deserted and betrayed lady-love—her face pale, her eyes lurid with suppressed fury, entered the rector's study. Here I had established myself in order to write letters for the afternoon post, and demanded a hearing.

I must here confess to a weakness to which I have always been, and am still, a prey—I am morally afraid of an angry woman. I can face any number of furious men, my spirits indeed rising at the prospect of a fray, but before an angry woman I am an arrant coward.

My feelings therefore can be imagined when the lady's maid advanced upon me. There was no mistaking the expression of her whole person as she closed the door and approached me. At the first glance I thought of the words—"Earth holds no demon like a woman scorned."

Innocent factor as I was in the "scorning" of this particular woman, why should I have to bear the brunt of her demoniacal fury? This was the question which shook my craven soul as I braced myself up as well as I could for the encounter.

Miss Woodward planted herself on the opposite side of the writing-table, facing me. I was glad that at that moment of the intervening breadth of leather-covered mahogany. She was a little woman of a dark complexion. Her thick well-marked brows met on her forehead, giving a look of determination—a sinister look, I thought at that moment—to her thin, sharp-featured face. Her face was always somewhat colorless, but it was vividly pale now,

and her eyes gleamed with anger. She rested one hand upon the table, clenching and unclenching the other as she spoke.

"I have a few questions to ask you, sir," she commenced, in a significant, quiet tone—"questions I should like answered."

"I am at your service," Miss Woodward," I responded, putting my papers together with an airy assumption quite at variance with my real feelings.

"I want to know," she went on, "if you think it is the action of a gentleman to set a spy upon a respectable young woman, to deceive her by false promises and lies and shameful, double-faced ways and tricks, to get out of her all he wants to know—all for your information, sir"—she was becoming somewhat involved—"and for your pay, I suppose? Is this a gentleman's action, I ask you?"

"If you mean," I began, "I mean," she interrupted, "that I have always heard you lawyers are as cunning as Satan himself. But I never could have believed that a gentleman like you, so pleasant-spoken and straightforward as you seemed, could have been guilty of such a trick!"

"As what?" I asked. "I am not aware of any conduct on my part of which you have a right to complain, Miss Woodward. I rather thought, do you know, that things were the other way about—that I had some cause of complaint against you."

"That fellow, Tillott—or whatever his name is," she said, with bitter contempt—"was your spy, was he not? Didn't you send him down to hunt out your business?"

"I did not know of his being here until last night," I answered truthfully, if a little evasively.

"But he was your spy," she persisted, "and you didn't care how he

remained in her present post about Nona, and deemed it advisable to manage her resignation as quietly as possible. A designing, vindictive woman, burning with a sense of injury, and capable of the elaborate dissimulation she had already practiced, was certainly not fit for attendance on my guileless, tender Nona. Miss Woodward must leave the Rectory before my own departure.

"The authorities at Scotland Yard," I suggested, "will, I think, most probably be glad of your assistance. I can perhaps arrange the matter."

"Do you think that I will be beholden to you for anything?" she burst out. "Do you think I will let you lay another trap for me? No, I'm not sunk so low as that comes to!"

"It might be worth your while," I said carelessly, "to think over my offer. I am afraid—after what has passed—the Rectory will not be either a pleasant or a safe home for you"—meaningly.

"And do you think," she cried, "that I'm going to take my warning to leave from you? You are not my master. I was not engaged by you, and it's not for you to dismiss me."

"All that is quite true," I assented; "nevertheless it may be as well for you to think over what I have said, Miss Woodward. Miss Branscombe will, I know, be as anxious as I am myself to avoid any unnecessary scandal or exposure before the other servants; and she has been a kind mistress; and you would not, I am sure, wish to give her unnecessary pain or distress."

"Miss Branscombe is a thousand times too good for—for those who have got her," announced Miss Woodward. "As sweet a young lady as ever trod the earth, she is, and above all the mean tricks that seem all right to lawyers, no doubt. And if things had gone as they should have gone we might have seen her in her own proper place, with as real a gentleman as she is a lady."

DOUBLE EAGLE.

As It Appeared on the Arms of Russia and Austria.

The eagle, as an emblem of authority, is so old that it would be impossible to clearly trace its origin. It is found upon the most ancient sculptures that have yet been discovered, and was no doubt one of the very oldest of the totems, or tribe signs. The early Persian empire appears to be the first which adopted it as an imperial emblem. Among the Greeks the eagle was the emblem of Jove. The Romans also adopted the eagle as their standard, and so it became the token of Roman dominion. When Constantine became emperor he adopted the double-headed eagle as the insignia of his authority over east and west. When the German empire came into being in the twelfth century this emblem was revived as being that of the Holy Roman empire, and Rudolph of Hapsburg adopted it as his imperial arms. It appeared in the Russian imperial arms in the sixteenth century, when Czar Ivan Basilovitch married Princess Sophia, niece of the eleventh Constantine, and the last of the Byzantine emperors.

About Necks.

The array of necks presented for inspection at a theater is various. All sorts and conditions of necks are there, and there is as much variety in them as there is in the faces above them. Scraggy necks should, if surmounting good shoulders, have a discreet ribbon round them; black velvet or white tulle are the most becoming things for the complexion. Pearls on a white throat are really exquisite; for dusky necks the most becoming stones are emeralds or rubies. When the tones at the base of the throat are too intrusive on the attention they may be coerced into submission and concealment by a narrower ribbon tied low with a pendant.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

The Eye Cannot Say 'Unto the Hand: I Have No Need of Thee'—From the First Book of Corinthians, Chapter 12: Verse 21.

Fifty thousand workmen in Chicago rearing work in one day; Brooklyn stunned by the attempt to halt its railroad cars; Cleveland in the throes of a labor agitation, and restlessness among toilers all over the land have caused an epidemic of strikes, and somewhat to better things, I apply the Pauline thought of my text.

You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery, with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys all controlled by one great water wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a great piece of mechanism controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery of society and you harm all parts. All professions interdependent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. No such thing as independence. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who threw Shadrach into the furnace got their own bodies scorched. Or to come back to the figure of the text, what a strange thing it would be if the eye should say, I oversee the entire physical mechanism. I despise the other members of the body, if there is anything I am disgusted with, it is with those miserable, low-lived hands. Or, what if the hand should say, I am the boss workman of the whole physical economy; I have no respect for the other members of the body. If there is anything I despise, it is the eye seated under the dome of the forehead doing nothing but look.

I come in and I wave the flag of truce between these two contestants, and I say: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee.'"

That brings me to the first suggestion, and that is, that Labor and Capital are to be brought to a better understanding by a complete canvass of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in their interests. When one goes down, they both go down. When one rises, they both rise. There will be an equilibrium after awhile. There never was an exception to the rule. That which is good for one class of society eventually will be good for all classes of society, and that which is bad for one class of society will eventually and in time be bad for all. Every speech that Labor makes against Capital postpones the day of permanent adjustment. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor postpones the day of permanent adjustment. When Capital maligns Labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When Labor maligns Capital it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their gloves, you would see the broken finger nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were bookbinders, or typesetters, on small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sandpapered wagon bodies in wheelwright shops. While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men on wages who once employed a hundred or five hundred hands. The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God they might shake hands while they cross. On the other hand, laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where are their investments? In banks, No! In the railroads, No! Their nerve, their muscle, their bone, their mechanical skill, their physical health are magnificent capital. He who has two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, ten fingers, has machinery that puts into nothingness carpet and screw and cotton factory, and all the other implements on the planet. The capitalists were laborers, the laborers were capitalists. The sooner we understand that the better.

Again: There is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through co-operative associations. I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their surplus together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist, they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are 813 co-operative associations. They have 340,000 members; they have a capital of \$18,000,000, or what corresponds to our dollars, and they do a business annually of \$63,000,000. Thomas Brassey, one of the foremost men in the British parliament on the subject says: "Co-operation is the one and the only relief for the laboring populations. This is the path," he says, "by which they are to come up from the hand-to-the-mouth style of living, to reap the rewards and the honors of our advanced civilization." Lord Derby and John Stuart Mill, who gave half their lives to the study of the labor question, believed in co-operative institutions. The co-operative institution formed in Troy, N. Y., stood long enough to illustrate the fact that great good might come of such an institution, if it were rightly carried on and mightily developed.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroad-

ing a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

"But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into co-operative associations, when the vast multitude of toilers of this country are struggling for their daily bread, and have no surplus?" I reply: Put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for rum and tobacco, and I will establish co-operative associations in all parts of this land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over \$100,000,000 every year for tobacco. We spend over \$1,500,000,000, directly or indirectly, for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending his money in those directions, should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years, and then suppose that that money was put into a co-operative association, and then suppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for over-dress and over-style and over-living on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that all up and you could have co-operative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trades unions. You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object, and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopolies concentrating the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men, unless the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not singers band together in Handel and Haydn societies? Do not newspaper men band together in press clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their legitimate work they are most admirable, but when they come around with drum and fife and flag, and drive people off from their toil, from their scaffolds, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work.

But now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficent purposes in co-operative association, under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco, and use it for the elevation of their children, for their moral, intellectual and religious improvement, what a different state of things we would have in this country, and they would have in Great Britain!

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulant? You say, "Will you deny the laboring men this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them. I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said, "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them; they took stimulant and I took none."

Everybody knows they cannot endure great fatigue—men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta, or the ball club, or the athletic wrestling, they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into co-operative institutions—Oh! we would have a very different state of things from what we have now.

Let me say a word to all capitalists. Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employes with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh; that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world, before you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man who died in New York, leaving in his will \$40,000,000, yet giving how much for the church of God? how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well; but in all this will of \$40,000,000 how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving forty millions of dollars and not one cent to God. It is a disgrace to our civilization. Or, as illustrated in a letter which I have concerning a man who departed this life, leaving between five and eight millions

of dollars. Not one dollar was left, this writer says, to comfort the aged workmen and workwomen, not one dollar to elevate and instruct the hundreds of pale children who stifled their childish growth in the heat and clamor of his factory. Is it strange that the curse of the children of toil follow such ingratitude? How well could one of his many millions have been disbursed for the present and the future benefit of those whose hands had woven literally the fabric of the dead man's princely fortune. O! capitalists of the United States, be your own executors. Be a George Peabody, if need be, on a small scale. God has made you a steward—discharge your responsibility.

My word is to all laboring men in this country: I congratulate you at your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives, at Albany, at Harrisburg, and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man of the past as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the boatman. The living illustrations easily occur to you. This will go on until you will have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that, I congratulate you also at the opportunities for your children. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children have to work.

I congratulate you also on your opportunities of information. Plato paid one thousand three hundred dollars for two books, Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one volume of Origen. What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children. A working man goes along by the show window of some great publishing house and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says, "I wish I could have that information; I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on and he gets the value of that book for twenty-five cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workingmen of America as this day and the day that is coming.

I also congratulate you because your work is only preface and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth. He tolled himself, and he knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get his grace in your heart and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop showing the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the ratlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow glittering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired, he will rest you. Are you sick, he will give you help. Are you cold, he will wrap you in the mantle of his love. Who are they before the throne? "Ah!" you say, "their hands were never clothed with toil." Yes they were; but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian working man and for every Christian working woman will be the beginning of eternal holiday.

Population of France and Britain.

In the year 1801 Great Britain was a long way behind France, who then had nearly twice her population; but, in the present year, 1899, Britain has succeeded in getting an appreciable lead over France, to the extent of about two millions of population. In 1801 France's population was over 27,000,000. In 1801 Britain's population was under 16,000,000. In 1851 France's population was under 36,000,000. In 1851 Britain's population was over 27,000,000. In 1899 France's population is 38,500,000. In 1899 Britain's population is 40,500,000. Thus, in 1801, the British were (nearly) 12,000,000 fewer than the French; in 1851 the British had reduced the French lead to under 9,000,000, and, in the present year, they lead France on the score of population, by almost exactly 2,000,000 persons. Great Britain outran France in population for the first time in the history of the world in 1893 or 1894.

A Diamond Lover in Love.

A collector of gems in Boston possessed three perfectly matched solitaires, of blue, rose and yellow, and would show them to his friends as the loveliest combination of colors he knew anything about. The true lover of gems prefers stones uncut, so he can stir them about with the point of a Jeweler's nippers or a pencil and enjoy their unalloyed sparkle and purity in every phase of light. These three perfectly colored diamonds, which were carried in the man's waistcoat pocket, wrapped in cotton, were valued at several thousand dollars, but one day Cupid appeared, and then one of the precious stones went into a blazing engagement ring, and the remaining two eventually found themselves turned into "jewelry." Such is the power of love.—Boston Herald.

The Elder's Inspiration.

At the close of the forenoon session of a ministerial conference, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon, the presiding officer said: "Elder H. will present a paper on 'The Devil.'" Then he added earnestly: "Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother H. has a carefully prepared paper, and is full of his subject." And the Homiletic Review says that it was some minutes before the presiding officer understood the laughter which followed his remark.

To Be or Not to Be?

He—Is there anything in the world that bores you more than flattery? She—Only one thing that I know this of. He—What is that? She—Not to be flattered.—Detroit Free Press.