

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Only George does not tell Barbara of a grim shadow that haunts him night and day—a shadow so grim and black even his love for Barbara cannot make him forget it, a trouble so dark he dare not face his mother's gentle eyes—a trouble he locks in his own heart, while day by day the end comes nearer. Even if he told Barbara she would not understand. Racing debts and promissory notes would be Greek and Latin to her. But by degrees George becomes graver and quieter; his sunny smile is forced sometimes, and his light-hearted gaiety seems to have deserted him. And then Mrs. Bouverie falls ill—so ill that any shock or worry might be fatal—and George sits and looks at her with a lump in his throat and wet eyes. And now his heart is breaking with his own troubles, a sea of debt is engulfing him. In a month a bill for one hundred pounds falls due, and he has nothing to meet it with, his own allowance anticipated long ago, and the mother who might have helped him lying too ill to care now.

"No excitement," the doctors say. "The least shock would prove fatal." No wonder George Bouverie looks miserable, and his face has a drawn, gray look. Dishonor is an ugly word, and that is what it will mean. The man who had helped him into the mess will not help him out of it. He has left the country, and George has to bear it all alone.

How to get a hundred pounds? That is the problem that haunts George Bouverie with a sick agony of uneasiness that will not be quieted. It is always there—the certainty of ruin—and the shame of it is horrible.

Money, borrowed to pay his racing debts. It seemed so easy at the time, and three months seemed such a long way off. He would be sure to have a run of luck and be able to pay. But the man who had lent him his name has gone, and George has no means of procuring a hundred pounds. With a sinking heart, he remembers with a blush that scorches his cheek that his mother's income is very slender. She had given nearly all to him, saying, in her sweet, lovable way:

"What can an old woman like me want? A young man must have pocket money."

"If she had only been harder on me when I was a little chap," groans George now, realizing too late that his own way has not been a good way. Even Barbara cannot comfort him now.

The winter has worn itself away and March has come—March that has more of the shy witching of April than the usual boisterous month that proverbially enters as a lion.

Still no answer from Tasmania. Does Mr. Saville also mean to ignore the engagement? It were hard to say, but it looks like it.

Mrs. Bouverie slowly creeps back from the borders of the shadow land, and George keeps his misery to himself, while the day of reckoning draws nearer and nearer.

Today the lovers have met. Barbara has ridden over on her bicycle to ask for Mrs. Bouverie, and George walks with her down the avenue. Barbara cannot fail to notice his dejected manner, the look of trouble that blots the sunshine from his face.

They stand together in the sunshine and the light falls on their young faces, and out across the lawn the sunbeams touch the daffodils.

Barbara looks at them with a smile. "I always think of Wordsworth's lines," she says, and quotes them softly:

"The waves beside them danced; but they Outdid the sparkling waves in glee. A poet could not but be gay, In such a jocund company. I gazed and gazed, but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought."

George only sighs.

She slips her hand into his as he wheels her bicycle beside her. "Poor George, it must have been such an anxious time for you; but your mother is better, really better, now."

"Yes," he says, moodily looking with unseeing eyes at the nodding, dancing daffodils, and drawing another long sigh. Then his eyes rest on her face, with a sudden agony of regret she can not fathom.

"Barbara, my darling, I am not worthy of you!" he exclaims in a voice that speaks of despair.

She lifts sweet, smiling eyes. "You must not say that, George; but, dear, why do you look so unhappy?"

"I can't help it!" he bursts out. "Barbara, I am a most unlucky fellow. Dear, it would be better for you if you never saw me again."

have promised to marry!" he says, with sudden fierceness. "A gambler, and a gambler who cannot meet his engagements! No Bouverie ever disgraced himself like that before. You had better say good-by to me, Barbara. Your aunt was right—I am not fit to match for you!"

Barbara's cheeks are pale enough now. George leans the bicycle against a tree, and leads her across the grass to a wood, where the green moss grows in feathery tufts like sofa pillows, and where here and there thecelandine is lifting its sparkling, spring-like face, the birds filling the air with song. All the world appears full of hope and promise; hope seems everywhere but in the heart of George Bouverie.

Barbara's eyes are slowly filling with tears, but what is that in woman's love that makes her then more tender to the erring and more lenient to the failures, so ready to forgive?

She and George have seated themselves on a fallen tree, and she is the comforter. His hand is held to her bosom, her face, full of love and pity, is upturned, with the tears quivering on her lashes.

"I feel as if I could shoot myself!" George cries passionately. "Sweetheart, I have only brought sorrow on you."

Barbara looks at him bravely. "George, when I promised to marry you, it was to be for better, for worse. It is the same as if we were married now. I am glad you have told me your trouble. It is very dreadful; I hardly understand what it means; but, my dearest, I will help you to bear it."

How sweet are her words, how earnest the pure and lovely face! George only groans.

Barbara does not know of the mire of difficulties that so nearly submerge him.

He turns his haggard gaze on her. "Nothing can help me, unless I get a hundred pounds; and what I feel most is what this will mean to my poor mother."

He might have thought of this before, but Barbara does not say so; only leans her cheek against his shoulder, and looks away at the golden sea of daffodils that flutter so gaily in the March sunshine.

"I would rather release you," George says huskily. "I shall have to go abroad or somewhere."

"I will go with you," Barbara says, in a sweet, unsteady voice. "You cannot give me up, George, for I won't be given up unless you do not care for me any longer."

"I must love you till I die!" cries poor George, love and remorse making him well-nigh desperate.

But even Barbara cannot raise his spirits. Nothing can lift the gloom from his face. A trouble like this takes the life out of a man. The girl puts her arm about his neck and draws his grave, unhappy face down to hers.

"George, after this you will never bet on those horrid horses again? Once this trouble passes away—and it will pass, dear—you will be brave. I think, George— Oh, I don't know how to say it! But do you remember the preacher in the square? He said God will help people to resist temptation even in the little things of everyday life."

"That is rubbish!" George returns, answering her caress. "My old mother talks that sort of nonsense. I don't believe she buys a new bonnet without asking for guidance as to the color of the ribbon." He laughs a mirthless laugh. "It stands to reason, darling. I don't look on a mess like mine as what mother calls a chastening of the Lord. I have brought it all on myself, worse luck! and I don't expect a miracle to get me out of the hold. My Barbara, my own love, you've lost your heart to a worthless sort of chap. Even Sebastian Saville— but, no! I would hang myself if you were his wife!"

The misery seems darkening every moment. That awful promissory note, given to pay that wretched racing debt, is ever in his mind. Not even Barbara's love can help him now!

He stands up, a tall, splendid figure, in tweed knickerbockers; so goodly to look upon, so wretched and unhappy, as his haggard face shows.

"I have only about a fortnight," he says, as together they walk back to where Barbara left her bicycle. "After that, oh, my darling, what am I to do?"

Barbara's heart echoes the cry. Her face is as sad as his as she wheels away in the sunlight; and George, thrusting his hands in his pockets and sinking his head on his chest, walks slowly back to the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Saville's answer has come. It is not in the least what Barbara expected. It is a very short letter, and out of it falls a cheque for two hundred pounds. And there is nothing about her engagement at all, except a casual allusion to the danger of flirtations that can end in nothing. And Barbara is to come out to Tasmania at once, by the next steamer that sails after she receives the letter. The two hundred pounds is to purchase an out-

fit and defray the expenses of the voyage.

Mrs. Saville also receives a letter, which is possibly more lengthy, and may contain more information than the communication to Barbara, in which her father only says he is lonely and wants her to manage his household for him.

Mrs. Saville looks keenly at her niece as she sees her reading the letter, while the color forsakes her face. And Sebastian watches Barbara, too. "Father wants me to go out to him," Barbara says, lifting her great, troubled eyes. In her heart she knows that this command is only to separate her from George.

Mrs. Saville folds up her own letter. "Yes, so your father says. He thinks you are old enough now to be at the head of his house; but we will miss you, dear. And I see he expects you to start at once. He mentions the steamer that some friends of his are going out by. Every thing will be dreadfully hurried. We must go to London in a day or so and get your things."

Barbara sits white and miserable. To leave George, that is her one thought—to put thousands of miles between them! The thought is intolerable; but not till breakfast is over, and Sebastian, with another incomprehensible look, has lounged out of the room, does Barbara speak. Then she looks at her aunt.

"Aunt Julia, does father say nothing about George? You know we are engaged."

Mrs. Saville smiles rather provokingly.

"I do not think your father has any objection to your considering yourself engaged. He hardly mentions the subject."

Barbara's color rises. She is to be treated as a child, then, who has set his heart on possessing the moon, and every one knows it is nonsense!

"I will go out to father as he wishes," she says, proudly, "but when I am of age I will marry George Bouverie; so there will only be a year to wait, and then nobody can make any objection."

"I was not aware that any one had objected," Mrs. Saville returns. "I have not tried to prevent your engaging yourself to any one."

Barbara's lip quivers. This tacit ignoring of her engagement is hard to bear.

Mrs. Saville, who has no sympathy with her, proceeds to discuss Barbara's clothes.

"You will want some gowns," she says. "I am sure I do not know what kind of things you will want. I believe it is a nice climate; but I fancy some one told me there is always east wind, and that is so trying."

But Barbara can take no interest in her clothes.

"I have plenty of things. I shall only get a deck chair," she says, almost crossly, for this banishment to the other side of the world is very hard to endure. Besides, her nerves are on the rack on account of George Bouverie's troubles.

"Your father has sent you a cheque for your expenses," Mrs. Saville says presently. And Barbara says "Yes," and no more.

Mrs. Saville gathers up her letters and rises from the table.

"I must go and tell Mason to commence packing. Really, it is hardly fair to make you start at a minute's notice; but the steamer your father names sails in a few days, and we have to meet these people who are to take care of you."

Barbara bursts into tears. She is stung to a pitch of excitement, and she can only realize the one awful fact—she must say good-by to George and leave him in his trouble.

"My dear, there is nothing to cry for," Mrs. Saville says, crossing the room in her trailing garments, and leaving it as Sebastian enters.

(To be Continued.)

Origin of Visiting Cards.

"The use of visiting cards dates back to quite an antiquity," explains Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Formerly the porter at the lodge or door of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which he scrawled his idea of the names of those who called upon the master and his family, and to whose inspection it was submitted from time to time. One fine gentleman, a scion of the nobility from the Faubourg St. Germain, was shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had called upon him. The names, badly written with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink, suggested to him the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his neighbors, lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of their porters. This custom soon became generally established."

Fine Sarcasm.

Four or five drummers, after their day's work was over and their dinners stored away, were talking about the various cities of the United States which they had visited in the course of their business experience. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston were left in the list of the undecided when a New York man appealed to a veteran who had been reading a newspaper during the discussion. "You know the country pretty well, I guess, major?" said the New Yorker. "Fairly, I should say," was the reply. "I've been traveling over it for thirty years." "Well, what would you say was the best town in the United States?" "Chicago," responded the major, promptly. "Aw," expostulated the New Yorker, "we don't mean morally," whereupon the major hastened to apologize.—Washington Star.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

LABOR AND CAPITAL LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

There is a Christian Remedy for All Industrial Misunderstandings—Suggestions as to How the Irrepressible Conflict May Be Settled Forever.

[Copyright, 1909, by Louis Kloppsch.] Texts, Galatians v. 15. "But if ye bite and devour one another take heed that ye be not consumed one of another," and Philippians ii. 4. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

About every six months there is a great labor agitation. There are violent questions now in discussion between employers and employees. The present "strikes" will go into the past. Of course, the damage done cannot immediately be repaired. Wages will not be so high as they were. Spasmodically they may be higher, but they will drop lower. Strikes, whether right or wrong, always injure laborers as well as capitalists. You will see this in the starvation of next winter. Boycotting and violence and murder never pay. They are different stages of anarchy. God never blessed murder. The worst use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up tomorrow all the country seats on the banks of the Hudson and the Rhine and all the fine houses on Madison square and Brooklyn Heights and Rittenhouse square and Beacon street, and all the bricks and timber and stones will just fall back on the bare hands of American and European labor.

Neglect of Christian Duty. The behavior of a multitude of laborers toward their employers during the last three months may have induced some employers to neglect the real Christian duties that they owe to those whom they employ. Therefore I want to say to you whom I confront face to face and those to whom these words may come that all shipowners, all capitalists, all commercial firms, all master builders, all housewives, are bound to be interested in the entire welfare of their subordinates. Years ago some one gave three prescriptions for becoming a millionaire: "First, spend your life in getting and keeping the earnings of other people; secondly, have no anxiety about the worriments, the losses, the disappointments, of others; thirdly, do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of a great many people." Now, there is not a man here would consent to go into life with those three principles to earn a fortune. It is your desire to do your whole duty to the men and women in your service.

First of all, then, pay as large wages as are reasonable and as your business will afford—not necessarily what others pay, certainly not what your hired help say you must pay, for that is tyranny on the part of labor unbearable. The right of a laborer to tell his employer what he must pay implies the right of an employer to compel a man into a service whether he will or not, and either of those ideas is despicable. When any employer allows a laborer to say what he must do or have his business ruined and the employer submits to it, he does every business man in the United States a wrong and yields to the principle which, carried out, would dissolve society. Look over your affairs and put yourselves in imagination in your laborer's place, and then pay him what before God and your own conscience you think you ought to pay him.

"God bless you" are well in their place, but they do not buy coal nor pay house rent nor get shoes for the children. At the same time you, the employer, ought to remember through what straits and strains you got the fortune by which you built your store or run the factory. You are to remember that you take all the risks and the employee takes none or scarcely any. You are to remember that there may be reverses in fortune and that some new style of machinery may make your machinery valueless or some new style of tariff set your business back hopelessly and forever. You must take all that into consideration, and then pay what is reasonable.

Cutting Down Wages. Do not be too ready to cut down wages. As far as possible, pay all, and pay promptly. There is a great deal of Bible teaching on this subject. Malachi: "I will be a swift witness against all sorcerers and against all adulterers and against those who oppose the hiring in his wages." Lamentations: "Thou shalt not keep the wages of the hiring all night upon the mornning." Colossians: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." So you see it is not a question between you and your employe so much as it is a question between you and God.

Do not say to your employe, "Now, if you don't like this place get another," when you know they cannot get another. As far as possible, once a year visit at their homes your clerks and your workmen. That is the only way you can become acquainted with their wants. You will by such process find out that there is a blind parent or a sick sister being supported. You will find some of your young men in rooms without any fire in winter, and in summer sweltering in ill ventilated apartments. You will find out how much depends on the wages you pay or withhold.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mold the welfare of the employe. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings banks. You ought to give him the benefit of your experience. There are hundreds and thousands of employes, I am glad to say, who are settling in the very

best possible way the destiny of their employes. Such men as Marshall of Leeds, Lister of Bradford, Akroyd of Halifax, and men so near at home it might offend their modesty if I mentioned their names—these men have built reading rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral societies for their employes, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday night, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employes they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

Again, I counsel all employers to look well after the physical health of their subordinates. Do not put on them any unnecessary fatigue. I never could understand why the drivers on our city cars must stand all day when they might just as well sit down and drive. It seems to me most unrighteous that so many of the female clerks in our stores should be compelled to stand all day and through those hours when there are but few or no customers. These people have aches and annoyances and weariness enough without putting upon them additional fatigue. Unless these female clerks must go up and down on the business of the store, let them sit down.

The Duty of Employers. But, above all, I charge you, O employers, that you look after the moral and spiritual welfare of your employes. First, know where they spend their evenings. That decides everything. You do not want around your money drawer a young man who went last night to see "Jack Sheppard." A man that comes into the store in the morning gashed with midnight revelry is not the man for your store. The young man who spends his evening in the society of refined women or in musical or artistic circles or in literary improvement is the young man for your store.

One of my earliest remembrances is of old Arthur Tappan. There were many differences of opinion about his politics, but no one who ever knew Arthur Tappan, and knew him well, doubted his being an earnest Christian. In his store in New York he had a room where every morning he called his employes together, and he prayed with them, read the Scriptures to them, sang with them, and then they entered on the duties of the day. On Monday morning the exercises differed, and he gathered the young men together and asked them where they had attended church, what had been their Sabbath experiences and what had been the sermon. Samuel Budgett had the largest business in the west of England. He had in a room of his warehouse a place pleasantly furnished with comfortable seats and Fletcher's "Family Devotions" and Wesleyan hymnbooks, and he gathered his employes together every morning and, having sung, they knelt down and prayed side by side—the employer and the employes. Do you wonder at that man's success and that, though 30 years before he had been a partner in a small retail shop in a small village, at his death he bequeathed many millions? God can trust such a man as that with plenty of money.

Present Surroundings. Sir Titus Salt had wealth which was beyond computation, and at Saltaire, England, he had a church and a chapel built and supported by himself—the church for those who preferred the Episcopal service, and the chapel for those who preferred the Methodist service. At the opening of one of his factories he gave a great dinner, and there were 2,500 people present, and in his after dinner speech he said to these people gathered: "I cannot look around me and see this vast assemblage of friends and work people without being moved. I feel greatly honored by the presence of the nobleman at my side, and I am especially delighted at the presence of my work people. I hope to draw around me a population that will enjoy the beauties of this neighborhood—a population of well paid, contented, happy operatives. I have given instructions to my architects that nothing is to be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern to the country, and if my life is spared by divine Providence I hope to see contentment, satisfaction and happiness around me."

That is Christian character demonstrated. There are others in this country and in other lands on a smaller scale doing their best for their employes. They have not forgotten their own early struggles. They remember how they were discouraged, how hungry they were and how cold and how tired they were and though they may be 60 or 70 years of age, they know just how a boy feels between 10 and 20 and how a young man feels between 20 and 30. They have not forgotten it. Those wealthy employes were not originally let down out of heaven with pulleys of silk in a wicker basket satin lined, fanned by cherub wings. They started in roughest cradle, on whose rocker misfortune put her violent foot and tipped them into the cold world. Those old men are sympathetic with boys.

A Religious Life. Employers, urge upon your employes, above all, a religious life. So far from that, how is it, young men? Instead of being cheered on the road to heaven some of you are caricatured, and it is a hard thing for you to keep your Christian integrity in that store or factory where there are so many hostile to religion. Ziethen, a grave general under Frederick the Great, was a Christian. Frederick the Great was a skeptic. One day Ziethen, the venerable, white haired general, asked to be excused from military duty that he might attend the holy sacrament. He was excused. A few days after Ziethen was dining with the king and with many notables of Prussia when Frederick the Great in a jocose way said, "Well, Ziethen, how did the sacrament of last Friday digest?" The

venerable old warrior arose and said: "For your majesty I have risked my life many a time on the battlefield, and for your majesty I would be willing at any time to die; but you do wrong when you insult the Christian religion. You will forgive me if I, your old military servant, cannot bear in silence any insult to my Lord and my Savior." Frederick the Great leaped to his feet, and he put out his hand, and he said: "Happy Ziethen! Forgive me, forgive me!"

Oh, there are many being scoffed at for their religion, and I thank God there are many men as brave as Ziethen! Go to heaven yourself, O employer! Take all your people with you. Soon you will be through buying and selling and through manufacturing and building, and God will ask you: "Where are all those people over whom you had so great influence? Are they here? Will they be here?" O shipowners, into what harbor will your crew sail? O you merchant grocer, are those young men that under your care are providing food for the bodies and families of men to go starved forever? O you manufacturers, with so many wheels flying and so many bands pulling and so many new patterns turned out and so many goods shipped, are the spinners, are the carmen, are the draymen, are the salesmen, are the watchmen of your establishments working out everything but their own salvation? Can it be that, having those people under your care 5, 10, 20 years, you have made no everlasting impression for good on their immortal souls? God turn us all back from such selfishness and teach us to live for others and not for ourselves! Christ sets us the example of sacrifice, and so do many of his disciples.

A True Christian. One summer in California a gentleman who had just removed from the Sandwich Islands told me this incident: You know that one of the Sandwich Islands is devoted to lepers. People getting sick of the leprosy on the other islands are sent to the island of lepers. They never come off. They are in different stages of disease, but all who die on that island die of leprosy.

On one of the islands there was a physician who always wore his hand gloved, and it was often discussed why he always had a glove on that hand under all circumstances. One day he came to the authorities, and he withdrew his glove, and he said to the officers of the law: "You see on that hand a spot of the leprosy and that I am doomed to die. I might hide this for a little while and keep away from the island of lepers; but I am a physician, and I can go on that island and administer to the sufferings of those who are farther gone in the disease, and I should like to go now. It would be selfish in me to stay amid the luxurious surroundings when I might be of so much help to the wretched. Send me to the island of the lepers?" They, seeing the spot of leprosy, of course took the man into custody. He bade farewell to his family and his friends. It was an agonizing farewell. He could never see them again. He was taken to the island of the lepers and there wrought among the sick until prostrated by his own death, which at last came. Oh, that was magnificent self denial, magnificent sacrifice, only surpassed by that of him who exiled himself from the health of heaven to this leprous island of a world that he might physician our wounds and weep our griefs and die our deaths, turning the isle of a leprosy world into a great, blooming, glorious garden! Whether employer or employe, let us catch that spirit.

CARVED A TOMB For Himself in Marble and Was Buried in It.

Angel's Camp (Cal.) special San Francisco Call: A unique burial took place at Altaville cemetery yesterday. Allen Taylor, a pioneer, died at his home on Thursday, and his family at once consulted John Carley, an undertaker with whom the aged marble worker had made arrangements four years ago in regard to his burial. A grave which the old man had prepared was opened and in it was found a marble box just large enough to receive a body without a casket of any kind. Taylor had some bitter disappointments in his family a few years ago, and since then life has had little interest for him. He conceived the idea of constructing his own grave, cut the marble and placed the box in a secure position. He then called the undertaker, and after showing him the grave was told that it was too small for the reception of a casket, at which he laughed, stating that he wished to be buried that way, so in respect to his wishes the body was draped in a shroud, placed on a covered bier and borne to its last resting place by his pioneer friends, where it was lowered into the white marble receptacle made by the hands which are now at rest within.

Pilgrims Wheel to Rome. There is nothing mediaeval about the pilgrimage to Rome in this year of jubilee. Within the Eternal City electric cars and horse cars to St. Peter's keep down the greed of cab drivers anxious to overcharge, and now the Tablet announces that the pilgrims from Padua will pedal their way to Rome on bicycles along the old Via Aemilia. Punctured tires will test the pilgrim's patience in place of the peas in his sandal shoon.

Making "Relics" at Gettysburg. A factory for the manufacture of battlefield "relics" has been discovered hidden away in a clump of trees at Gettysburg. Old bullets, cannon balls, soldier buttons, swords and buckles are turned out in large quantities.