CHAPTER X .- (Continued.) bed, it is now daylight almost," suggested the elders, and they carefully

avoided looking at each other. That some terrible calamity had happened even Lady Jane, whose first fear had been that the bride had run away, was fully convinced.

"But, Leila, you will stay by me?" quavered the mistress of the house, suddenly transformed into a brokendown old woman.

"I will, dear aunty," gravely said Lella. "I shall see little Syb safe in bed, then I shall return to you."

Leila Desmond, slenderly graceful, soft and caressing, womanly to the finger-tips, was yet one of those loyal, strong natures we turn to lean upon in the "day of trouble."

Gervis gave her one look of reverence, then he placed his arm round that mother for woom he and this "perfect woman, nobly planned" sacrificed themselves so fatally.

Every hour was bringing home to him the terrible blunder he had made in his life. Love between man and woman was God-given, to be prized as sacred; but under the specious pretext of sacrificing himself for the good of his house, he had torn love from his heart, and then sold that empty shell for gold. That it had been a bitter, sinful bargain he now knew.

Perhaps this impending calamity which he was helplessly waiting for the new day to discover might be heaven's punishment for what he had

It was still and quiet in the old house. There was a lull of expectancy until the daylight should come to allow action to be resumed.

In Leila's room it was silent as the grave. Beside the white-draperied bed kneit Leila herself. She was praying, with frightened tears now no one was by to see them-praying earnestly for the hapless girl who had shadowed her

That something dire had happened Leila instinctively knew; but all she eould do was to pray for help from

"Leila! Sis!" A hoarse, shrill voice made her spring to her feet.

Close at her side stood Syb, shivering in her little blue dressing-gown, her face working convulsively.

"I can't keep it from you any longer! I dare not, though I do hate her so!" the deformed girl was saying, her teeth chattering as much from terror as from cold.

"Speak, Syb!" Leila gripped the thin wrist, her breath coming thick and fast. Syb knew, then!

"I heard a cry, a smothered scream from the old oak chest, as I walked round the gallery; but I hated her so that I would not speak before! And when I saw you, through the open door between our rooms, praying with sobs, I knew it must be for her. So I must tell, and you'd better be quick!"

Syb slipped to the floor in a swoon. But Leila was already gone. With flying feet she was rushing downstairs from the third floor, where her bedroom and Syb's were.

"Gervis! Gervis! Come, and come quickly! Bring Barnes!" When she had reached the gallery she shrieked loudly. Her voice, sharp with fear, rang through the old house and made Gervis leap to his feet. "It's Leila! She has found out some-

thing! Mother dear, stay here, I pray you!"

He pressed Lady Jane back on her "No one knows what we have got

to face!"

"Bring Barnes! Oh, be quick!" Leila's voice cried again in an agony of

Barnes, the white-haired old butler was stiff and rheumatic. It seemed as though he would never reach the top of the wide, crimson-covered staircase, and yet the old man was doing his best, though Gervis would fain have dragged him up two steps at a

"Where are you, Leila?" he hoarsely

shouted. "Here! here! Quick!"

Round the curve of the gallery they found Leila, tearing frantically the holly and moss decorations from what had been a bank of greenery.

The blood was trickling down her hands and wrists, as the holly tore them cruelly. But, unconscious of pain, Leila continued to pull, until the old black-oak chest, which had been sheet of paper spoke all too clearly. the foundation of the green bank, was

"Press the spring, Barnes! Nobody in Temple-Dene knows the secret but you. Press, for Gladdy's dear sake!" panted the girl, madly beside herself. "Whatever-" Barnes was beginning, and fumbling with his specta-

"Man, do as you're bid!" shouted Gervis, catching the infection of Leila's frenzy. And he dragged Barnes

Something in his blazing eyes made the old man pull himself together.

hands, he felt along the carvings; but | hand it to the coroner, Mr. Templehow slow he was! The watchers ton." caught their breaths and shivered.

me, 'Tis b'und to be in the sham- ing, "my wife wrote that! What vil- blade. It is not movement that derock, the spring," he was muttering. lamy is this? See here!" In an instant Leila was on her . "It was the last will and testament H. W. Beecher.

knees, and there, among the carved "Better send the young people to leaves and flowers of oak, was a single dainty snamrock.

It was the spring!

Pressing it hard as she could, the carved lid clicked as it opened about an inch. Then Gervis, with strong arms, forced it back on its hinges, and a muffled cry broke from his lips.

CHAPTER XI.

Lying huddled in the musty chest was a little figure in gleaming silver brocade, stained here and there with bunches of crushed holly berries.

It was Gladdy, stiffened and immovable, but with widely opened, round

That she was dead was the first muttered thought of both Gervis and

"No! 'Tain't death!" quickly said old Barnes, glancing at their white faces. "See ye, Mr. Gervis, there's a row of air-holes down each side o' the chest. I saw 'em made myself in the old squire's time, purpose-like, in case o' this very kind o' thing that's happened now!"

But Gervis was not listening. He and others who had rushed to the gallery were carefully lifting the small, stiffened form. A mounted groom had already been dispatched for a doctor. "But something must be done at

once," said Gervis, as they laid the unconscious girl on an Indian rug on the polished floor of the gallery. Somebody was trying to force brandy through the marble white lips.

"Not a drop will go down! What are we to do until the doctor comes?" piteously cried Leila, who, kneeling down, had slipped her arm under the little sunny-brown head.

"Fetch Mr. Ansdell!" commanded Gervis, with a sudden inspiration. Surely the American could give some help in the pressing emergency, otherwise, what was the value of his socalled scientific reputation?

Mr. Ansdell! Everybody then remembered that, oddly enough, the scientist had not been once seen during the hours of anxious search. It was curious, to say the least of it. And still more curious did it appear that no Mr. Ansdell hurried to the gallery in answer to the summons.

"Never mind, here's young Doctor Goring himself, which is better," ejaculated Lady Jane, who had struggled is bound to come in the morning." upstairs more dead than alive from sheer fright, and looked on helplessly.

"It's a trance!" at last pronounced the doctor, a young man, with all the latest medical and scientific theories at his finger-ends. "She has been hypnotized! Who has done this mis-

He stood up and glanced round upon the awe-struck group sternly.

There was no answer, and Doctor Goring went on wrathfully:

"Somebody has got to answer for this night's work! The poor young lady has been brought to death's door, evidently, by some vile experiment, Now, then, clear out of this every one of you! Excuse my bluntness, Lady Jane, but this is not a moment for polite speech. I've got a life to win back if I can, and I can't have a crowd round me. Your ladyship can remain, and, yes, I must have Miss Desmond, if I've anybody."

One by one the spectators departed from the gallery, and the young medical enthusiast set to work, with the result that in a quarter of an hour Gladdy feebly opened her lips and

"I want Leila," was the whisper. And when she saw that it was Leila herself who was supporting her head the bride's round eyes closed content-

"She will sleep now. We must carry her to her bed," said Doctor Goring, well satisfied.

"You are wanted, sir, at once," came an urgent whisper; while Gervis, lifting his wife in his arms, carried her

"What! another case?" The doctor wheeled around, and he was silently beckoned to the quarter of the house known ? e bachelors' wing.

Lying back in his chair in front of a writing table, and grasping a folded paper, was a dead man.

The room was in perfect order. There had been no assault, no murder, no suicide, so far as one could judge at the moment.

But that death had entered the halfopen stare of the black eyes, the dropped jaw, and the marble hue of the long, lean fingers gripping the Little wonder that Paul Ansdell had

failed to join in the search for the missing bride, failed to obey the summons for his helpful skill.

"He has been dead quite a couple secretly wondering what would be the outcome of this double tragedy.

"You must keep this business from the ladies as long as you can," he said, turning to Gervis, who had been hastily sent for. "There must be an inquest, of course; and, meantime, I should take possession of that folded paper. See, I've managed not to tear He stooped forward. With shaking it. You'd best lock it away until you

of Gladys Templeton, and, in correct egal form it assigned everything the testator possessed to Paul Ansdell of Montreal, revoking all former wills and odicils. The document was duly signed, and the signatures and adlresses of two Americans were append-

Not a flaw was there from beginning o end of the deed.

"You hold the key that unlocks the whole of this night's mystery," briefly said the young doctor. "This unfortunate man must be a reckless advenurer, whose wits have put in his hands a most dangerous weapon. He s, we will discover, a criminal hypnoist, a so-called scientist, seeking some cool to further his own ends. Yes. yes; you'll see we'll find out that's what he is-was, I mean," said the medical man

He was right in his surmise, as the inquest brought out, bit by bit, partly from papers belonging to the dead man, partly from the unwilling evidence of Gladdy, who had been more or less under hypnotic influence since the night of the fire in the snow-shed.

As for the villain's own death, it was proved to be from natural causes. and due to long-standing heart disease. that caused a breakdown at the crucial moment of his career.

But the jury's verdict was the popular one-"By the visitation of God."

Five years have passed away. So many changes have happened to Temple-Dene and the Templetons that Lady Jane has come to look back upon the days, when she wore faded silks and lived a sorely pinched life as the happiest she has known.

Today she no longer wears her favorite blue, for Francis Templeton has gone to his grave, his heart eaten out by the melancholy nothing would dis-

So Lady Jane wears widow's weeds and has learnt the old lesson that 'contentment is great gain."

The dainty American bride, so fragile and highly strung, never managed to weather the repeated shocks to her frail system. Like a broken flower she withered, until decline set in.

In Leila's tender, supporting arms, her weak hands clinging tight round Leila's soft throat, Gladdy died peace-

"Take care of my Gervis, Leila. You will do it better than I," with the wondrous intuition of the dying she whispered at the last.

And now that the years have gone round, Gervis begins to think it is time Leila was taking care of him. understanding, and by and by their stairs of the high heavens he comes wedding bells will ring out; for though | till he reaches the cold air of a Decem-

(The End.)

CHILD POLITICS.

The "Junior Republics" Alarm the City of Detreit.

Detroit is learning that the "junior republics" established in the various schools of the city, which at first thought was a fine thing, is having evil results. The mayor protests and shows a condition that is hardly beneficial. The citizens of these junior republics, for example, ballotted recently on such questions as these: Do you favor city ownership of the street railway system at the appraised value of \$17,500,000? Do you favor the appropriation of \$150,000 for the erection of another high school building? Do you favor expansion? (this involving a discussion of the Philippine question.) But more than this the "junior citizens" developed so rapidly as to become lobbyists. Children were asked to interview aldermen or school inspectors to urge appropriations for schools. In short, the junior republics did not confine themselves to theory, but got into practical politics with a unanimity and dispatch that was something appalling. The Detroit Free Press protests that innocent children that are already struggling against ninety-nine fads in learning to read, write and cipher, ought not to have their heads further muddled by an attempt to master the methods and processes by which the people of the country are governed.-Indianapolis

Food's Lowest Dally Cost.

By actual experience the Ruskinites, a colony of socialists near Waycross, Ga., have demonstrated what is probably the lowest possible daily cost of food. They live at an actual cost per capita of less than 10 cents a day. Of course this could not have been accomplished except through co-operation. Everything they consume is bought at wholesale in large quantities and is cooked in the community. In the community dining room tables are set for 300 people. Those who do not wish to eat with the crowd are allowed the privilege of purchasing company stores and cooking them at home.

Ancient Deed in Philadelphia. The first deed conveying property to the proprietor of Pennsylvania, William Penn, is written in old Dutch, and of hours," said Doctor Goring gravely, is now preserved in the city hall. The property was what is now known as Lemon hill, including the mansion and the Schuylkill river front, where the old Fairmount waterworks was located. There Penn kept his barge and some rowboats, the barge carrying an admiral's pennant. It is said there is only one man in Philadelphia who can read this deed.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can "Why," gasped Gervis, as he caught | hardly put more on a man than he "'Tis in the shamrock, I do mind sight of the close, upright handwrit- can bear. But worry is rust upon the stroys the machinery, but friction .-

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FOR THE WORLD'S DISEN-THRALLMENT.

A Sermon Especially Appropriate for the Christmas Season-The Mission of the Saviour of the World-Proof That

(Copyright, 1900, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Dec. 23.-In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes in a new way the sacrifices made for the world's disenthralment and deliverance. His text is I. John iv., 16, "God is love." Perilous undertaking would it be to

attempt a comparison between the attributes of God. They are not like a mountain range, with here and there a higher peak, nor like the ocean, with here and there a profounder depth. We cannot measure infinities. We would not dare to say whether his omnipotence, or omniscience, or omnipresence, or immutability, or wisdom, or justice, the one mentioned in my text makes deeper impression upon us than any other. It was evidently a very old man who wrote the chapter from which I take the text. John was not in his dotage, as Prof. Eichhorn asserted, but you can tell by the repetitions in the epistle and the rambling style and that he called grown people "little children" that the author was probably an octogenarian. Yet Paul, in midlife mastering an audience of Athenian critics on Mars hill, said nothing see the fact which the world understronger or more important than did the venerable John when he wrote the three words of my text, "God is love."

Indeed the older one gets the more he appreciates this attribute. The harshness and the combativeness and the severity have gone out of the old man, and he is more lenient and aware of his own faults, is more disposed to make excuses for the faults of others, and he frequently ejaculates, "Poor human nature!" The young minister preached three sermons on the justice of God and one on the love of God, but that was wrapped up in a scroll of when he got old he preached three sermons on the love of God and one on the justice of God.

Christ's Descent to Earth.

If high intelligences looked down and saw what was going on, they must have prophesied extermination, complete extermination, of these offenders of Jehovah. But no! Who is that coming out of the throne room of heaven? Who is that coming out of the palaces of the eternal? It is the Son of the Between the two there is a perfect | Emperor of the universe. Down the "sorrow endureth for the night, joy ber night in Palestine and amid the bleatings of sheep and the lowing of cattle and the moaning of camels and the banter of the herdsmen takes his death? It was to invite the human down from heaven to achieve that. race to put down its antipathies and

love." has foundered on the rocks of sin and God. sorrow. Yet it was in that condition of moral break up that heaven moved to the rescue. It was loveliness hovering over deformity. It was the lifeboat putting out into the surf that attempted its demolition. It was har-God putting his arms around a re-

creant world. Our World's Wickedness.

ness and always will be opposed to it, the sorrow of a bereft God. The world is to me an affront infinite, woes of the earth. I cannot stand ing vanquished death and hell, came most active "woman politicians" of here and see no assuagement of those out and came up, having achieved an England,

sufferings. I will go down and reform the world. I will medicate its wounds. I will calm its frenzy. I will wash off its pollution. I vill become incarnated. I will take on my shoulders and upon my brow and into my heart the consequences of that world's misbehavior. I start now, and between my arrival at Bethlehem and my ascent from Olivet I will weep their tears and suffer their griefs and die their death. Farewell, my throne, my crown, my scepter, my angelic environment, my heaven, till I have finished the work and come back!" God was never conquered but once, and that was when he was conquered by his own love. "God

Christ the Comforter. If one paragraph of the creed seems to take you, like a child, out of the arms of a father, let the next paragraph put you in the arms of a mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Oh, what a mother we have in God! And my text is the lullaby sung to us when or love is the greater attribute, but or when we are weary, or when we are trying to do better, or when we are bereft, or when we ourselves lie down to the last sleep. We feel the warm cheek of the mother against our cheek, and there sounds in it the hush of many mothers: "God is love."

> This was the reason the Bible was written. The world needs no inspired page to tell it that God will chastise sin, for that is proved in the life of many an offender. You can look through the wicket of any prison and stood thousands of years before Solomon wrote it-"The way of the transgressor is hard." The world needed no Bible to tell it that God is omnipotent, for any one who has seen Mont Blanc or Niagara or the Atlantic ocean in a cyclone knows that. The world needed no Bible to tell it of God's wisdom, for everything, from a spider's web to the upholstery of a summer's sunset, from the globe of dewdrop to the rounding of a world, declares that, But there was one secret about God parchment, and it staid there until apostollic hand unrolled that scroll, and let out upon the world the startling fact, which it could never have surmised, never guessed, never expected, that he loved our human race so ardently that he will pardon sin and subdue the offender with a divine kiss and turn foaming malefactors into worshipers before the throne. Oh, I am so glad that the secret is out and that it can never again be veiled! Tell it to all the sinning, suffering, lying race; tell it in song and sermon, on canvas, and in marble, on arch and pillar; tell it all around the earth-

The Domination of Fear. first sleep on earth and for 33 years tions for thousands of years'did not, some time before, "As the hart panteth invites the wandering race to return amid their idolatries, make something after the water brooks, so panteth my to God and happiness and heaven. to represent this feeling, this emotion. They were the longest 33 years ever | They had a Jove, representing might; known in heaven. Among many high Neptune, the god of the sea; Minerva, intelligences, what impatience to get the goddess of wisdom; Venus, the him back! The Infinite Father looked goddess of base appetite; Ceres, the down and saw his Son slapped and goddess of corn, and an Odin, an an spit on and supperless and homeless, Osiris, and a Titan, and a Juggernaut, and then, amid horrors that made the and whole pantheons of gods and godnoonday heavens turn black in the desses, but no shrine, no carved image, face, his body and soul parted. And no sculptured form has suggested a all for what? Why allow the Crown god of pure love. That was beyond Prince to come on such an errand and human brain. It took a God to think endure such sorrows and die such a that, a God to project that, a God let

Fear is the dominant thought in all resistance. It was because "God is false religions. For that the devotees cut themselves with lances and swing Now, there is nothing beautiful in a on iron hooks and fall under wheels shipwreck. We go down to look at and hold up the right arm so long that the battered and split hulk of an old they cannot take it down. Fear, brutship on Long Island or New Jersey ish fear! But love is the queen in our coast. It excites our interest. We religion. For that we build temples. wonder when and how it came ashore For that we kneel at our altars. For and whether it was the recklessness that we contribute our alms. For that of a pilot or a storm before which martyrs suffered at Brussels marketnothing could bear up. Human nature | place and at Lucknow and Cawnpur wrecked may interest the inhabitants and Pekin. That will yet bejewel the of other worlds as a curiosity, but round earth and put it an emerald on there is nothing lovely in that which the great, warm, throbbing heart of

Proof That God Is Love. Do you want more proof that "God

is love?" Yea, disinterested love. No compensation for its bestowal. No reward for its sacrifices. But I call that back. The world did pay him. It paid mony pitying discord. It was a living him on Calvary, paid him with brambles on the brow and four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet, and one spear for the side near the heart; But for this divine feeling I think paid him in execration; paid him with our world would long ago have been straw pillow in a barn and a cross on demolished. Just think of the organ- a hill; paid him with a third of a cenized wickedness of the nations! See tury of maltreatment and hardship the abominations continental! Behold save one year-yea, is paying him yet the false religions that hoist Moham- in rejection of his mission of mercy. med and Buddha and Confucius! Look Having dethroned other kings, the at the Koran and the Shastra and the | world would like to dethrone the King Zend-Avesta that would crowd out of of Kings. But he knew what he was the world the Holy Scriptures! Look coming to when he left the portals of at war, digging its trenches for the pearl and the land where the sun dead across the hemispheres! See the never goes down. Yes, he knew the great cities, with their holocaust of world, how cold it is, and knew pain, destroyed manhood and womanhood! how sharp it is, and the night, how What blasphemies assail the heavens! dark it is, and expiation, how excru-What butcheries sicken the centuries! clating it is. Out of vast eternity he What processions of crime and atrocity looked forward and saw Pilate's crimand woe encircle the globe! If justice inal courtroom, and the rocky bluff had spoken, it would have said, "The with three crosses, and the lacerated world deserves annihilation, and let body in mortuary surroundings, and annihilation come." If immutability heard the thunders toll at the funeral had spoken, it would have said: "I of heaven's favorite, and understood have always been opposed to wicked- that the palaces of eternity would hear

What do the Bible and the church and away with it." If omniscience had liturgies mean when they say, "He de- Mass., has received from the king of spoken, it would have said: "I have scended into hell?" They mean that Italy the grand cordon of the Order watched that planet with minute and his soul left his sacred body for awhile of SS. Maurice and Lazare as a token all comprehensive inspection, and I and went down into the poison of of appreciation of the general's servcannot have the offense longer con- moral night, and swung back its great ices during his mission in Italy. The tinued." If truth had spoken, it would door, and lifted the chain of captivity, grand cordon is one of the highest dechave said, "I declare that they who and felt the awful lash that would have orations conferred by that court. offend the law must go down under come down on the world's back, and the law." But fliving love took a dif- wept the tears of an eternal sacrifice, Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess ferent view of the world's obduracy and took the bolt of divine indigna- of Cleveland, is 81 years old, but in and pollution. It said: "I pity all those | tion aganst sin into himself, and, hav- | the best of health. She is one of the

eternal rescue if we will accept it. Read it slowly, read it solemnly, read it with tears, "He descended into hell." He knew what kind of pay he would get for exchanging celestial splendor for Bethlehem caravansary, and he dared all and came, the most Illustrious example in all the ages of disin-

Echoing Back Divine Love.

Now, the only fair thing for human hearts to do is to echo back that sovereign love. You and I have stood in mountainous regious where, uttering one distinct word, the echoes would come back with a resonance startling and captivating, and from all our hearts there should sound unto the heavens responses glorious and long continued. Let the world change its style of payment for heavenly love. No more payment by lances, by hammers; no more payment by blows on the cheek and scourging on the back, and hooting of mobs, but payment in ardors of soul, in true surrender of heart and love to the God that made us, and the Christ who ransomed us, and we are ill, or when we are maltreated, the eternal spirit who by regenerating power makes us all over again,

Alexander the Great, with his host, was marching on Jerusalem to capture and plunder it. The inhabitants came out, clothed in white, led on by the high priest wearing a miter and glittering breast plate on which was emblazoned the name of God, and Alexander, seeing that word, bowed and halted his army, and the city was saved. And if we have the love of God written in all our hearts and on all our lives and on all our banners at the sight of it the hosts of temptation would fall back, and we would go on from victory unto victory, until we stand in Zion and before God.

Leander swam across the Hellespont guided by the light which Hero the fair held from one of her tower windows, and what Hellesponts of earthly struggle can we not breast as long as we can see the torch of divine love held out from the tower windows of the King! Let love of God to us and our love to God clasp hands this minute. O ye dissatisfied and distressed souls, who roam the world over looking for happiness and finding none, why not try this love of God as a solace and inspiration and eternal satisfaction? When a king was crossing a desert in caravan, no water was to be found, and man and beast were perishing from thirst. Along the way were strewn the bones of caravans that had preceded. There were harts or reindeer in the king's procession, and some one knew their keen scent for water and cried out, "Let loose the harts or reindeer!" It was done, and no scone: were these creatures loosened than they went scurrying in all directions looking for water and soon found it, and the king and his caravan wera saved, and the king wrote on some Notice that the wisest men of the na- tablets the words which he had read soul after thee, O God."

Some have compared the love of God to the ocean, but the comparison fails, for the ocean has a shore, and God's love is boundless. But if you insist on comparing the love of God to the ocean, put on that ocean four swift sailing craft, and let one sail to the north, and one to the south, and one to the east, and one to the west, and let them sail on a thousand years, and after that let them all return and some one hail the fleet and ask them if they have found the shore of God's love, and their four voices would respond: "No shore! No shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"

FASTEST TRAINS.

America Leads the World in the Matter of Quick Transportation.

Statistics recently published reveal some interesting facts regarding the fastest regularly scheduled railroad trains in the leading countries of the world. The United States heads the list with four trains run from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. Two of these, running on the Philadelphia and Reading, attain a speed of 66.6 miles per hour for a distance of fifty-five and one-half miles, being the fastest regular runs in the world. The two other trains, on the Pennsylvania line, run at the rate of 64.3 miles per hour, the distance over its line being fifty-nine miles. The Midi of France, in a run from Morceaux to Bordeaux, a distance of sixty-seven and three-quarters miles, maintains a speed of 616 miles per hour. England brings up the rear with two trains, which are scheduled to make the run between Dorchester and Wareham, a distance of only fifteen miles, at the rate of 60.1 miles per hour. The fastest long-distance run is made over the Orleans and Midi railway, in France. The run is from Paris to Bayonne, a distance of 4861/4 miles, and is made, including six stops, at the rate of 54.13 miles per hour. Then follows the New York Central's empire state express, running from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, including four stops, at 53.33 miles per hour, and finally again England, with a train on the Great Northern, running between London and Edinburgh, 39312 miles, at 50.77 miles per hour.-Chicago Chronicle.

American Honored by Italian King. General W. F. Draper of Milford,