

CRIME IS RAMPANT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Question of Dishonesty.

On Every Side Are Men Who Have Abused the Trust imposed in Them--Banks Bankrupted and Funds Stolen--A Monsoon of Swindles.

Washington, Feb. 8.—This, like many of the other discourses, recommends fighting for the world as well as preparation for the heavenly world. Text, Job viii, 14. "Whose trust shall be a spider's web."

The two most skillful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for flies. On a bright morning, when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. But alas for the poor fly which in the part of that very day ventures on it and is caught and drenched and destroyed.

Most of the men who have abused the trust imposed in them are like the spider. Most of the men who have abused the trust imposed in them are like the spider. Most of the men who have abused the trust imposed in them are like the spider.

There is ever and anon a monsoon of swindles abroad, a typhoon, a storm, a cyclone, a typhoon, a storm, a cyclone, a typhoon, a storm, a cyclone.

Partners in Infamy. First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle in a year after year without detection.

Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution.

Sherris—and many a craft has gone to pieces on those rocks. I have seen you that all the Hanways, and the Needles, and the Caskets, and the Sherris are as nothing compared with the line of breakers which bound the ocean.

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject, I would give you the fact, fresh from the highest authority, that 90 per cent. of those who go into wild speculation lose all, but I have a better warning than a worldly weapon. From the place where men have perished—body, mind, soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract pulpit discussion must step aside on this question.

Live Within Your Means. Here is something that needs to be sounded into the ears of all the young men of America and iterated and reiterated if it is ever to be delivered from its calamitous and pernicious prosperity to be established and perpetuated—live within your means. Spend no more than you make.

Abuse of Trust Funds. We must especially deplore the misfortunes of banks in various parts of the country in that they damage the banking institution and the convenience of the centuries and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations.

Evils of Speculation. If the first men, and specially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital—if you have a mind to take your own money and turn it into idle kites, to fly them over every common in the United States, you do society no harm.

Dishonesty Does Not Pay. Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground, and the owner would not sell it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot wanted a crop of 200 years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for 200 years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman and child does suffer from what goes on in financial speculation. Society is bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. So many tell us that a column of air 45 miles in height rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

(Continued.)

She stood up then, the rose-leaves falling all round her. "You are going," she said, "and you wish me to help you. I cannot, I cannot—I could sooner die!"

"Why, Daisy?" he asked, wonderingly. "Because I—I never thought you would go. I do not know what to do. I do not know what to do. I do not know what to do."

"I shall see you again, Daisy," he said, "I am going abroad, and shall be absent many years. When I return, you will be one of the first I shall come to see."

"No word or sound came from the white, parted lips. "I shall hope to find you very happy," Daisy said. "You will be married, I do not doubt, but you will still find room for me by the fireside, will you not?"

There was something tragic in the look she turned upon him. "I shall not be happy; I shall not marry—I do not want to marry; but if you go, I shall die."

And, without another word, Daisy left the porch. Sir Clifton looking after her with wonder in his face. "Poor child! poor Daisy! she will be sure to miss me, I have been here so long."

He did not know that Daisy went to her room and had fallen there, white and senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"NO KING SO GRAND AS HE."

He dreamed so little of the truth, that, before he saw her again, he had forgotten all that had passed. He did not remember what she said; the only impression left upon his mind was that he had told Daisy he was going, and she was to help him in his packing.

"I am ill," she replied, quitting the kitchen as she spoke. Mrs. Ernie turned to Sir Clifton.

"I cannot think what has come over her," Mr. Clifton said. "I am frightened to look at her. I did hear that the fever was very bad at Woodburn; surely it cannot be that Daisy is taking it; she looks awfully ill."

"You must nurse her up; I will send some good port wine for her. Poor Daisy, how well she nursed me!" Mrs. Ernie thanked him with her old-fashioned courtesy, so little did they understand the kind of fever that was burning the girl's heart away.

"Sir Clifton was to know, though. He went to Woodburn, having several matters to arrange. He had not settled any time for returning, and having many little commissions to execute, the twilight had faded into night before he returned."

"Daisy, are you ill?" he asked. "Yes, I am ill," she replied, quitting the kitchen as she spoke. Mrs. Ernie turned to Sir Clifton.

"Light or wrong, I cannot help it, mother. My heart has come out of me, and gone to him. My heart, my soul, my mind, all love him; and, when he is gone, I shall die."

"Why, Daisy," she cried, "that is lover's love; and a modest girl should never be the first to speak of it. Has Mr. Clifton ever talked to you about love?"

"No, never. I do not know what lover's love is. I only know that my life seems to have grown into his life; but he will never know it. He will go away, and never know that I broke my heart for love of him. Oh, mother, mother! you are a woman grown, and I am a child—tell me how to bear it!"

But simple Mrs. Ernie was paralyzed with fear. This passionate outburst from her quiet, simple, playful Daisy alarmed her.

"He is so handsome, so bonnie, so kind. I never saw a king; but no king could be so royal, so grand as he is. How am I to live to look at these rooms that will be haunted by his face? I cannot see him. Before he has been gone one week, mother, I shall be in my grave."

"Daisy, it is too dreadful, you must not say such things. Why, child, I never even talked to your father in that fashion."

"Perhaps you did not love him so much. See, mother, if I could, I would be like the girl in the poem; I would disguise myself as a page, and go all over the world with him, consent never to be known, to his voice. I have never thought of any life without him."

"I am sure, Daisy, that if I had dreamed of this, the poor gentleman should never have entered these doors. But, whatever you do, child, you must not let him know it—you must not see his again."

And Daisy sobbed again. "There is no one like him in the wide world, mother, and he is going away—going abroad. He says he shall come to see us when he returns; but he will never see me."

"Why, Daisy, if he were your lover you could not take it more to heart. "I do not want a lover; but, oh, if he would let me go with him, to wait on him, to be near him, to see him, that then he would be a queen."

"Bless the child!" cried Mrs. Ernie, quite aghast; and then she did not know what else to say—this kind of thing was beyond her. "It is a most unfortunate thing, Daisy. I ought to have known better, perhaps, than to have let a young girl like you so much with any gentleman; but I never thought you would be so foolish."

"Why am I foolish? Who could help it? I am not foolish; I am wise. It is true wisdom to love what is highest and best. Oh, mother, do not scold me—do not say one cross word. I shall not be the first one who has died for love."

Then again she wept, so bitterly; and she saw tears shining on her fair hair and white neckerchief.

"Come, Daisy," said Mrs. Ernie, weeping for sympathy. "You must not say here. Mr. Clifton will soon be back now; come to your own room."

CHAPTER XIX.

SEALED HER FATE.

The die was cast. He would marry Daisy—pretty, simple, tender Daisy should not die for love of him. He ought to have felt at rest when he had come to that decision; but he did not sleep well that night. He dreamed of Lady May; and, in his dreams, she took Daisy's place. It was Lady May he was going to marry; and, when the rapture of his happiness woke him, the cold, stern reality was like a sharp wound.

"I do not want to marry," he thought to himself. "All idea of happiness is at an end; but I could make Daisy happy."

He decided. In the morning he would speak to her—he would tell her what he had decided, and ask her to be his wife. He saw her in the morning—the wan, white face and darkened eyes struck him.

"Daisy," he asked, "did not your mother tell you I had changed my mind—I am not going to-day?" She raised her heavy eyes to his.

"If it is not to-day, it will be to-morrow or the day after—the day will soon come when you will go."

"I have something to ask you first," she said. "Will you come out into the garden with me, Daisy?—I want to tell you something."

"Can you not tell me here, Mr. Clifton? It is about your wedding, I suppose?" "No, exactly, and I cannot talk to you here. I always look to me more than in these rooms. See how the sun is shining—how the birds are singing! Come, Daisy, and hear what I have to say."

She walked by his side slowly enough. As a rule, Daisy danced rather than walked; but now her step was slow and languid. He went to the seat under the tree where she had sat so many hours with him. He placed her there, and stood by her side; then his heart misgave him—his whole soul shrank from the task. It was Lady May whom he loved—the woman who had deceived and scorned him. As he stood in the sunshine, the memory of the hour in which he had asked Lady May to be his wife came over him. He saw the sweet lips smiling, he saw the heart's whispering words in which she answered. She loved him. How could he ask this girl to take her place? He stared in silence, the words he had intended to speak dying on his lips. Suddenly Daisy looked up at him, a world of reproach in the dark, sorrowful eyes.

"Why did you ask me to do that, Mr. Clifton? You did not really want to speak to me?" "She rose, as though to return. Daisy was not herself—the gentle grace of her movements seemed to have left her; she was abrupt, almost brusque, if that could be possible to Daisy. She turned away, but he laid his hand on her arm, and gently detained her.

"Daisy," he said, "you seem to be angry with me. What is it—have I offended you? Have I done anything that displeased you?" "No," she replied, in a low voice. "I am not angry or displeased."

"Then what are you, Daisy? We are such old friends, you need not be afraid to tell me the truth." "I am sorry you are going," said Daisy, with a deep blush. "You have been so kind to me, and it has all been so pleasant; and I do not see how it can ever be the same when you are gone."