"And if [illegible] to the w[illegible] have no will of my [illegible] frightened of you."

"It would only be a graceful act of deference to my judgment, May."

"One," said the proud young beauty, "that I do not intend to pay. Acts of deference are not my forte. Miss Lockwood says I shall be terribly punished for my pride some day. I tell her that I am willing to take the punishment."

Oh, terrible, fatal words! In the dark after years, in the time of her shame and humiliation, when the bright head was bowed to the dust, they rose in terrible witness against her.

"You say you love me, May—you have promised to be my wife—yet you would rather part from me than give in?"

"Certainly," she replied.

The words sounded harsh, cold, cruel; but there was a love light in her eyes, a smile on her lip, a something in her face that seemed to say she cared for him. He was unconscious, irresolute; he knew not what to say, what to think. Then he seized her hands in a passionate clasp, the memory of which lingered with her long.

"I will not believe it, May. You love me; I am sure of it.. No woman could be so fair and yet false. You will not go. I have all faith in you, my love—all faith. I could lose my life sooner than lose my faith."

Then he left her. He could say no more; his heart was too full. And she, when the door closed behind him, had a swift, sweet impulse. It was to call him back, to throw herself in his arms, to tell him that she valued his wish more than all the world; that she would obey it, and give up all idea of going—a sweet, swift impulse; but she did not yield to it. Pride came to the rescue.

"Not even for him should the world say she submitted—she who was admitted to be prouder than most. No one should say that she had yielded to her lover's wish; no one should laugh at her for want of spirit or want of pride."

And before she saw him again, Sir Clinton was suddenly summoned to Paris, where one of his oldest and dearest friends lay dying. He had not ever time to say good-by to Lady May.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY SWANDOWN'S FETE.

But Sir Clinton wrote, and his letter was a prayer that she would do as he wished. He did not know when he should return, but he hoped that his absence would not extend over many days; and in the meantime he told her he should rest secure in her faith and loyalty. She might like to tease and frighten him, but he felt sure she would not show herself to the world with the Duke of Rosecarn as her lover, even though it were only in the mimic lovemaking of the stage. He said that he believed it—he tried to make him[illegible] believe it—he would admit no doubt, no fear, no suspicion. It must be so; to think anything else would simply madden him. He would only be absent two or three days, he thought, and on his return he would win the promise from her.

He went, trying hard to believe in that which he most wished; but he could not return so soon as he had hoped to do—his dying friend required so much attention, he had so many affairs to attend to for him, that it was utterly impossible to get away. He had two letters from Lady May. In them he made no mention of the theatricals. They were kindly written—tender, womanly letters—and his heart grew warm as he read them.

She did care for him! she would not write such sweet words if she were [illegible]d and indifferent. It would be all [illegible] she would yield to his wishes; [illegible]ould not go; and, perhaps, on his [illegible]le to persuade himself [illegible]

down and [illegible] with the air of one who has nothing higher to offer.

Surrounded by flattery, homage, compliment, laden with honor, the whole world of fashion intent upon her, it was no wonder that she forgot the consequences that might ensue.

She did own to herself once or twice that it was a good thing Sir Clinton was away—it prevented unpleasant scenes; and she did own also that she hoped, much as she wanted to see him, he would not return until it was over.

"If he does not see the performance," she said to herself, "he will care less about it;" and then she decided that, as he felt strongly on the matter, she would never have anything to do with private theatricals again.

She could not draw back now, she argued. Matters had gone too far, when even a royal prince had expressed a desire to see her; she must go on with it. Yet she knew in her own mind that it was not so much the gratification of her vanity as the proud, rebellious spirit within her, that refused to submit, that scorned all control.

So the night came, and its brilliant splendor still lingers in the minds of the guests. Lady Swandowne's magnificent suite of entertaining rooms were crowded with the elite of London. More than one royal duke honored her with his presence. A more brilliant, select, or imposing throng had not been gathered during the whole of the season.

A a matter of course, the star of the night was the Pauline; the charades were good, the tableaux perfect in their way, but the star of the fete was Pauline. It is not often that one sees a perfectly beautiful woman. Lady May was perfect, and when her beauty was enhanced by the picturesque dress and costume of the "Lady of Lyons," she was something wonderful to behold.

Accustomed as she was to homage, she had never been so courted or so flattered as on that night. People raved about her; on all sides she met with nothing but compliments, homage, admiration. It was a night to be remembered—a dream of lights, flowers, jewels, smiles, music—all that the earth has of the brightest and fairest—a night to be dreamed of for years afterward. The Duke of Rosecarn was beside himself with enthusiasm and delight; every scene in which he appeared with the beautiful Pauline was rapturously applauded. The only regret he felt was that the play was not a reality.

The splendid pageant was ended at last. Lady May, tired with the unusual exertions, but beautiful as a houri, was standing in the brilliant little room they had called the green-room. She was satiated with compliments; the royal dukes had praised her as even they seldom praise. His Grace of Rosecarn could not leave her.

"I have but one regret," he said, in low, passionate tones—"only one regret, and it is that the play is not a reality. Oh, Lady May, Lady May! I would work as Claude Melnotte worked—I would be peasant, soldier, anything for your sake!"

"You must not talk nonsense to me," said Lady May, with a keen distaste for the situation. No matter what was said on the stage, off the stage it seemed like an act of disloyalty to listen to his grace's love making.

"Nonsense?" he repeated; "it seems to me the finest sense in all the world. Lady May, I shall never forget to-night; and if you never say another kind word to me, either in jest or earnest, I shall at least have been happy once. I shall never lose the memory of this night. I have been in paradise, and that is something to have been there, even if the gates are barred forevermore."

"Nonsense again," said Lady May. "It is not very Christian-like to call the stage paradise—indeed, I call it decidedly heathenish."

"It was your words and smiles that made my paradise," he said. "You may be cold and cruel to me for the remainder of my life, if you will, but you [illegible] kind."

[illegible] was quite right," thought [illegible] to herself—"this am[illegible] making is very bad for am[illegible] shall keep the memo[illegible] in my ears," he c[illegible] you have forgotten [illegible] Lady May, I [illegible]

from me, to take wi[illegible] for I will not? Tell him [illegible] you belong to him, and not to h[illegible]

"Clinton," she said, "listen to me."

She tried to take his hand in hers, but he drew back from her with such haughty pride in his face she dared not even touch him.

CHAPTER IX.

"YOU HAVE SLAIN MY LOVE."

"You are unjust to me," she said, and there was something of unusual humility in her voice quite foreign to her; "you are unjust, Clinton."

"I am not. I go away from you—nothing less than death would have caused me to go. I left you, trusting in your faith and loyalty. True, you have said nothing, written nothing—you gave me no promise, but I trusted in you. I hasten home—what is the first thing I see? Not the woman who should have shared my sorrow; no loving face waiting for me, no voice to bid me welcome. I find my promised wife before the admiring eyes of a crowd, I see her clasped in my rival's arms. I hear passionate words exchanged between them, I see glances that make my heart burn and set my blood on fire. 'All play,' of course—stage love-making. I come away from the stage and find the same thing going on. My promised wife, her beautiful face all alight, her eyes bright as her diamonds, and my rival, no longer on the stage, making love to her still—telling her he would be peasant or soldier for her sake, kissing the white hand that has crushed my heart as a child crushes a flower."

"I could not help it—I could not, indeed, Clinton. I told him he was talking nonsense, and I was just going. I am not to blame."

"I say that you are; but I am not here to quarrel—words are quite useless now. You told me if you had to choose between parting from me and giving up these plays, you preferred the parting. I did not believe it then. Heaven help me! now I see that it was true. I am only here to say good-by."

"Good-by!" she repeated. "Nay, you cannot mean that. You would not surely make a serious quarrel about such a trifle."

"It is no trifle to me. You have shown every one that you do not care for me; you have gloried in showing how little you cared for or valued my opinion. We will part before worse happens."

"Listen to me, Clinton."

"I will not. You may try to bewilder me with the sophistry of your words; you might dazzle my sense, you will not convince my reason."

The pride of her haughty nature, dormant during those few minutes of fear began to assert itself.

"You are at full liberty to do as you please," she said, "indeed, the most sensible course we could pursue is to part. You are a tyrant—I like freedom. We are unsuited to each other. You are narrow-minded; you would reduce everything to certain given rules—you cannot do it. I am glad to part. My engagement with you has been a mistake, a burden, from which I hasten to free myself!"

She uttered each word with quick, passionate scorn. He drew back amazed. If he had thought she would humble herself to him he was mistaken. She became but the prouder for that which would have softened a less proud nature. Without another word, she slowly drew the engagement ring from her finger and gave it to him.

"You will find some other hand for that to fit," she said, with slow, cruel scorn; "it was always rather small for me."

Then they stood for a moment looking at each other in silence.

Sir Clinton said, slowly:

"Good-by, beautiful dream of my life—farewell to all my hopes and wishes! I have loved one false as she is fair; she has wounded me, as false women do [illegible] to the very death. You would [illegible] kinder to me, Lady May, [illegible] a dagger in your little [illegible]ibed me through the [illegible]

[illegible]en murder," she

he [illegible]
tion [illegible]
of the c[illegible]
had pointed [illegible]
What were th[illegible]
and as many fre[illegible]
If he had been we[illegible]
had he would have [illegible]
mothers wildly strugg[illegible]
babes, and holding them [illegible]
they could not be separated [illegible]
sword took both their lives at [illegible]
and others, mother and c[illegible], hurled
from roofs of houses into the street until
that village of horseshoe shape on the
hillside became one great butcher shop.
To have such a man, with associates
just as cruel, and an army at his com-
mand, attempting the life of the infant
Jesus, does there seem any chance for his
escape? Then that flight southward for
so many miles, across deserts and amid
bandits and wild beasts (my friend, the
late missionary and scientist Dr. Lans-
ing, who took the same journey, said it
was enough to kill both the Madonna
and the Child), and poor residence in
Cairo, Egypt. You know how difficult it
is to take an ordinary child successfully
through the disorders that are sure to
assail it even in comfortable homes and
with all delicate ministries, and then
think of the exposure of that famous babe
in villages and lands where all sanitary
laws were put at defiance, his first hours
on earth spent in a room without any
doors, and ofttimes swept by chilled
night winds; then afterwards riding
many days under hot tropical sun, and
part of many nights, lest the avenger
overtake the fugitive before he could be
hidden in another land!

The sanhedrin also were affronted at
the report of this mysterious arrival of a
child that might upset all conventionali-
ties and threaten the throne of the nation.
"Shut the door and bolt it and double
bar it against him," cried all political
and ecclesiastical power. Christ on a
retreat when only a few days of age, with
all the privations and hardships and
sufferings of retreat! When the glad
news came that Herod was dead, and the
Madonna was packing up and taking her
Child home, bad news also came, that
Archelaus, the son, had taken the throne
—another crowned infamy. What chance
for the babe's life? Will not some short
grave hold the wondrous infant?"

"Put him to death!" was the order all
up and down Palestine, and all up and
down the desert between Bethlehem and
Cairo. The cry was: "Here comes an
iconoclast of all established order! Here
comes an aspirant for the crown of
Augustus! If found on the streets of
Bethlehem, dash him to death on the
pavement! If found on a hill, hurl him
down the rocks! Away with him!" But
the babe got home in safety and passed
up from infancy to youth and from youth
to manhood and from carpenter shop to
Messiahship and from Messiahship to
enthronement, until the mightiest name
on earth is Jesus, and there is no
mightier name in heaven.

What I want to call your attention to
is your narrow escape and mine and the
world's narrow escape. Suppose that
attempt on the young child's life had
been successful! Suppose that delegation
of wise men, who were to report to
Herod immediately after they discovered
the hard bed in the Bethlehem caravan-
sary, had obeyed orders and reported!
Suppose the beast carrying the Madonna
and the Child in the flight had stumbled
and flung to death its riders! Suppose
Archelaus had got his hands on the babe
that his father had failed to find! Sup-
pose that among the children dashed
from the Bethlehem house tops or sepa-
rated by sword of the enraged constabul-
ary Jesus had perished!

Then, to begin on the outermost rim
of my subject, Christmas festivities
would never have been observed, Christ-
mas carols never sung, Christmas gifts
never bestowed, Christmas games never
played, Christmas bells never rung.
What an awful subtraction from the
world's brightness would have been the
making of Dec. 25 like other days of the
year! Glorious day! After brightening
England and Holland and Germany for
centuries it stepped across the sea and
pronounced its benediction on our shores.
Why, we never get over our childhood
Christmases. Father and mother joined
in them. They forgot their rheumatisms

[illegible]pazze," or "His military achievement
was a mere accident," or "His chisel,
his pen, his medical prescription, never
deserved the applause given." But con-
cerning this full grown Christ, whose
life was launched three decades before
that first Christmas, the moan of camels
and the bleat of sheep and the low of
cattle mingled with the babe's first cry,
while clouds that night were resonant
with music and star pointing down
whispered to star, "Look, there he is!"

That Christ, after the detectives of
Herod and Pilate and sanhedrin had
watched him by day and watched him by
night year after year, was reported inno-
cent. It was found out that when he
talked to the vagrant woman in the tem-
ple it was to tell her to "Go and sin no
more," and that if he spoke with the
penitent thief it was to promise him
paradise within 24 hours, and that as he
moved about he dropped ease of pain
upon the invalid's pillow, or light upon
the eye that lacked optic nerve, or put
bread into the hands of the hungry, or
took from the oriental bearse the dead
young man and vitalized him and said
to the widowed mother, "Here he is,
alive and well!" and she cried, "My boy,
my boy!" and he responded, "Mother,
mother!" And the sea, tossing too
roughly some of his friends by a word
easier than a nurse's word to a petulant
child, he made it keep still. The very
judge who for other reasons allowed him
to be put to death declared, "I find no
fault in him!" Was there ever a life so
thoroughly ransacked and hypercriticised
that turned out to be so perfect a life?
Now, can you imagine what would have
been the calamity to earth and heaven,
what a bereavement to all history, what
swindling not only of the human race,
but of cherubim and seraphim and
archangel, if because of infernal incursion
upon the bed of that Bethlehem babe this
life of divine and glorious manhood had
never been lived? The Christic parables
would never have been uttered, the ser-
mon on the mount all adrip with bene-
dictions, never preached, the golden rule,
in picture frame of everlasting love,
would never have been hung up for the
universe to gaze upon and admire.

Still further remarking upon the nar-
row escape which you and I and the
world had in the diversion of the persecu-
tors from the place of nativity, let me
say that had that Herodic raid upon the
swaddling clothes been successful the
world would never have known the value
of a righteous peace. Much has been
made of the fact that the world was at
peace when Christ came. Yes. But what
kind of a peace was it? It was a peace
worse than war. It was the peace of a
graveyard. The Roman eagles had
plucked out the world's eyesight and
plunged their beaks through the heart of
dead nations. It was a peace like that
spoken of by a dying Indian chieftain
when a Christian home missionary said
to him, "You have been a warrior and I
suppose have been in many feuds, but
you must be at peace with all your
enemies in order to die aright." The
dying chieftain replied: "That's easy
enough. I am at peace with all my ene-
mies, for I have killed all of them."

That was the style of peace on earth
when Christ came, but the spirit of arbi-
tration, which is to garland the tomb of
this century and coronet the brow of the
coming century, is consequent upon the
midnight anthem above Bethlehem, two
bars to that music, the first of divine
ascription, and the second of earthly
pacification. "Glory to God and peace to
men." In his manhood Christ pronounced
the same doctrine—"Blessed are the
merciful."

I take another step forward in showing
the narrow escape you and I had and the
world had in the secretion of Christ's
birthplace from the Herodic detectives
and the clubs with which they would
have dashed the babe's life out when I
say that without the life that began that

[illegible]ng upon
you and I and
[illegible] say that had the
[illegible] room of the Bethle-
[illegible] successful raid or had
[illegible] by the child in that
flight toward Cairo been fatal heaven
would have been to us an eternal impossi-
bility. With our fallen nature unchanged,
unregenerated, unreconstructed through
Jesus Christ, the human race would be
no more fit for heaven than a noisome
weed is fit for a queen's garland, no
more than a shattered bass viol is fit to
sound in a Dusseldorf musical jubilee. If
at one time Garibaldi seemed to hold in
his right hand the freedom of Italy and
Washington seemed at one time to hold
in his right hand American independ-
ence, and Martin Luther seemed to hold
in his right hand the emancipation of
the church of God for all nations, so in
grander and better sense the infant boy
in that Bethlehem stall held in one hand
the ransom of earth and in the other the
rapture of heaven. He started that night
for three places which he must reach, or
we never could reach heaven, Gethsemane
and Calvary and Olivet, the first for
agonizing prayer, the second for excruci-
ating suffering, the third for glorious
ascension as the law of gravitation relaxed
for once to let him up out of his exile.
Had his life been only one day or one
year of duration instead of 33 years, had
he died in Bethlehem or in Cairo or in
the desert between, not a church would
ever have been built, not a hospital ever
opened, not a nation ever freed, not a
civilization ever inaugurated, not a soul
saved. Oh, what a crisis that was in the
world's history! What a crisis in the
eternities!

Now let the Christmas table be spread.
Let it be an extension table made up of
the tables of your households and added
to them the tables of celestial festivity,
all together making a table long enough
to reach across a hemisphere—yea, long
enough to reach from earth to heaven.
Send out the invitations to all the guests
whom we would like to have come and
dine. Come all the ransomed of earth and
all the crowned of heaven. As at ancient
banquets the king who was to preside
came in after all the guests had taken
their places at the table, so perhaps it
may be now. Let the old folks who sat
at either end of your Christmas table ten
or 20 or 40 years ago be seated, their
aches and pains all gone. Behold, they
sit down in the exhilaration of everlast-
ing youth! Come brothers and sisters
who used to retire with us early on
Christmas eve so that the mysteries of
bestowed gifts might be kept secret and
who rose with us early on Christmas
morn to see what was to be revealed.
Come all the old neighbors of our boy-
hood and girlhood days who used to hap-
pen in toward the close of this day to
wish us a merry time. Come all the
ministers of Christ who have in pulpits
for many a year been telling the story of
the star that pointed to the world's first
Christmas gift and at the same time
wakened Herod's apprehensions. Come
in! Room at this Christmas table for all
those who have bowed at the manger in
whatever world you now live:

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Yea, come and sit at this Christmas
table, all heaven. Archangel at that end
of the table, and all the angels under
him adjoining. Come down! Come in!
And take your places at this Christmas
banquet. The table is spread, and the
King who will preside is about to enter.
He comes—him of Bethlehem, him of
Calvary, him of Olivet, him of the
throne! Rise and greet him. Fill all your
chalices with the wine pressed from the
heavenly Eschol and drink at this Christ-
mas banquet to the memory of the babe's
rescue from Herodic pursuit, and the
memory of those astronomers of the east
who defeated the malice and sarcasm and
irony and infernal stratagem of the
monster's manifesto, "Go and search
diligently for the young child, and when
ye have found him, bring me word again,
that I may come and worship him also.
Given at the palace. Herod the Great."

[illegible] 4 00 ....
[illegible] 3 00 ....

[illegible]al Live Stock Markets.

[illegible]real, Dec. 22.—The receipts of cat-
[illegible] the East End Abattoir this morning
[illegible] 200 head of cattle, 30 calves, [illegible]
sheep, 300 lambs, 25 hogs. There was a
large demand this morning and prices were
very good. Good cattle sold at from 4c
to 4½c per pound; lower grades,
2½c to 3c; lambs were sold at
$3 to $10, according to size and quality.

Sheep brought from 3c to 3½c per pound
for choice, and cows from 2½c to 3c per
pound. Lambs sold at from 4½c to 5c per
pound. Hogs selected, sold at $4.40; heavy
fats, $4.15; light stockers, $3.90.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, N.Y., Dec. 22.—Cattle—There
were two loads on sale. The weather had
been too soft to interest the butchers'
trade, so anything in that line is dull. A
load of choice heavy cattle, most of which
were heifers, sold for export at $5.25.
Calves were in fair demand, in sympathy
with the sheep and lambs trade, and sold
very dull. Choice to extra were quotable,
$6.50 to $6.75; good to choice, $6 to $6.50;
heavy fed steer calves, of good color, $4
to $4.50.

Sheep and Lambs—Total offerings were 10
loads. The trade was practically at a
standstill, for the enquiry was very light
and buyers indifferent. A few loads of
choice lambs were sold, but the bulk were
held over. Choice to extra were quotable,
$5.25 to $5.35; good to choice, $5 to $5.25;
common to fair, $4.75 to $5. Sheep, choice
to extra, $4.25 to $4.40; good to choice, $4
to $4.25; common to fair, $2.50 to $3.50.

British Markets.

Liverpool, Dec. 22.—(12.30.)—No. 1 Cal.,
no stock; red winter, 6s 3½d; No. 1 North-
ern, spring, 6s 1d; corn, 3s 11¾d; [illegible] 5s
10½d; pork, 50s; lard, 27s 9d; tallow, 29s
9d; bacon, heavy, L.c., 27s 6d; light, 27s;
short cut, 28s; cheese, white, 48s; colored,
48s.

Liverpool—Close—Spot wheat steady, with
No. 1 Northern at 6s 1d, red winter at 6s
2d, red winter futures, 5s 11¾d for Dec., 5s
9¾d for March, and 5s 8¼d for May. Spot
maize quiet, at 3s 11¾d. Futures at 3s
11¾d for Dec., and 3s 10¾d for March.
Flour 19s.

FREIGHT RATES ON PULP WOOD.

Niagara Falls Paper Mills Will Try to Beat Out Canadian Railroads.

Buffalo, N.Y., Dec. 23.—The Commercial yesterday said: "Within a few days the expected change to be made in freight rates on pulp wood from Canadian points to Niagara Falls and other places by the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific roads will go into effect. The Niagara Falls paper mills interested, however, do not intend that their wood shall cost them any more than now if they can prevent it. With this result in view, they are perfecting plans, it is understood, whereby all this class of freight that comes to Niagara Falls over the lines mentioned will fall to other roads. Enough wood is on hand to do for this winter, and the plan is to have the wood brought across Lake Ontario to Charlotte or some other advantageous lake port, and then shipped by rail, either over the New York Central on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg to the Falls. At present the two paper mills on the canal basin at Niagara Falls pay nearly $60,000 a year in freight rates to the Canadian roads.

Bird Saved a Train.

Austin, Texas, Dec. 23.—The northbound passenger train on the International & Great Northern Railroad escaped a serious wreck 40 miles below here through the intervention of a bird. Some miscreant had tied a rail securely across the track.

A few miles before reaching the spot, a bird, blinded by the headlight, flew against the glass, breaking it and extinguishing the light. This necessitated running slowly to the next station.

The train, proceeding at reduced speed, struck the obstruction, tearing up the track and damaging the front of the engine, but no one was injured.

Insane Girl Deported From Buffalo.

Buffalo, N.Y., Dec. 23.—Lizzie Donovan, the insane girl who came to Buffalo from Guelph, Ont., and was ordered deported, was taken back to Canada by an inspector of the poor department. She was accompanied by a woman attendant from the Erie County jail. When the party reached Guelph the authorities there at first objected to receiving the girl, but when the inspector explained the situation, they accepted her without further demur.