

TAL TAL LOVE BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXIII. AR into the night Margie sat reading the closely written sheets, penned by the hand now pulseless in death. All was made clear; Archer Trevlyn was fully excused. He was innocent of the crime which she had been influenced to believe he had committed. She fell on her knees and thanked God for that. Though lost to her it was a consolation ineffable to know that he had not taken the life of a fellow-mortal. Her resolution was taken before morning. She had deeply wronged Archer Trevlyn, and she must go to him with a full confession, confess her fault, and plead for his forgiveness. Castrani, who came in the morning, approved her decision, and Nurse Day, who was told the whole story, and listened with moist eyes, agreed with them both. So it happened that on the evening morning Margie bade farewell to the quiet home which had sheltered her through her bitterest sorrow, and accompanied by Castrani set forth for New York. She went to her own home first. Her aunt was in the country, but the servants gave her a warm welcome, and after resting for an hour, she took her way to the residence of Archer Trevlyn, but a few squares distant. A strange silence seemed to hang over the palatial mansion. The blinds were closed—there was no sign of life about the premises. A thrill of unexplained dread ran through her frame as she touched the silver-handled bell. The servant who answered, her summons seemed to partake of the strange, solemn quiet pervading everything. "Is Mr. Trevlyn in?" she asked, trembling in spite of herself. "I believe Mr. Trevlyn has left the country, madam."

"Left the country? When did he go?" "Some days ago."

"Mrs. Trevlyn—take me to her! She was an old friend of mine."

The man looked at her curiously, hesitated a moment, and motioning her to enter, indicated the closed door of the parlor.

"You can go in, I presume, as you are a friend of the family."

A feeling of solemnity, which was almost awe, stole over Margie as she turned the handle of the door and stepped inside the parlor. It was shrouded in the gloom of almost utter darkness.

Margie stopped by the door until her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and then she saw that the center of the room was occupied by a table, on which lay some rigid object—strangely long and still and angular—covered with a drapery of black velvet, looped up by dying water lilies.

Still controlled by that feeling of strange awe, Margie stole along to the table and lifted the marble cover. She saw beneath it the pale, dead face of Alexandrine Trevlyn. She dropped the pall, uttered a cry of horror, and sank upon a chair. The door unopened noiselessly, and Mrs. Lee, the mother of the dead woman, came in.

"Oh, Margie! Margie!" she cried, "pity me! My heart is broken! My darling! My only child is taken from me!"

It was long before she grew composed enough to give any explanation of the tragedy—for tragically Margie felt sure it was.

The story can be told in a few brief words. Alexandrine and her husband had had some difficulty. Mrs. Lee could not tell in relation to what, but she knew that Alexandrine blamed herself for the part she had taken. Mr. Trevlyn left her in anger to go to Philadelphia on business. He was expected to be absent about four days. Meanwhile his wife suffered agonies of remorse, and counted the hours until his return should give her the privilege of throwing herself at his feet and begging his forgiveness.

But he did not return. A week, ten days passed, and still no tidings. Alexandrine was almost frantic. On the eleventh day came a telegraphic dispatch, brief and cruel, as those heartless things invariably are, informing her that Mr. Trevlyn had closed his business in Philadelphia and was on the eve of leaving the country for an indefinite period. His destination was not mentioned, and his unhappy wife, feeling that if he left Philadelphia without her seeing him, all trace of him would be lost, hurried to the depot and set out for that city.

There had been an accident about half way between New York and Philadelphia and Alexandrine had been brought back to her splendid home—a corpse! That was all.

CHAPTER XXIV. HE summer days fled on and brought the autumn mellowness and splendor. Margie, outwardly calm and quiet, lived at Harrison Park with her staid maiden aunt.

A year passed away thus monotonously, then another, and no tidings

of your parents, heard you call out upon your father for pity. O, how I loved and pitied you, Margie—but my tongue was tied—I had no right to speak—but I did kiss your hand. Did you know it, Margie?"

"Yes."

"You recognized me then? I meant you should. After that I hurried away. I was afraid to trust myself near you longer, lest I might be tempted to what I might repent. I fled away from the place and knew nothing of the fearful deed done there until the papers announced it next day."

"And I suspected you of the crime! O, Archer! Archer! how could I ever have been so blind? How can you ever forgive me?"

"I want forgiveness, Margie. I doubted you. I thought you were false to me, and had fled with Castrani. That unfortunate glove confirmed you, I suppose. I dropped it in my haste to escape without your observation, and afterward I expected to hear of it in connection with the finding of Luzaere's body. I never knew what became of it until my wife displayed it, that day when she taunted me with my crime. Poor Alexandrine! She had the misfortune to love me, and after your renunciation, and your departure from New York—in those days when I deemed you false and fair—I offered her my hand. I thought perhaps she might be happier as my wife, and I felt that I owed her something for her devoted love. I tried to do my duty by her, but a man never can do that by his wife, unless he loves her."

"You acted for what you thought was best, Archer."

"I did. Heaven knows I did. She died in coming to me to ask my forgiveness for the taunting words she had spoken at our last parting. I was cruel. I went away from her in pride and anger, and left behind me no means by which she could communicate with me. I deserved to suffer, and I have."

"And I also, Archer."

"My poor Margie! Do you know, dear, that it was the knowledge that you wanted me which was sending me home again? A month ago I saw Louis Castrani in Paris. He told me everything. He was delicate enough about it, darling; you need not blush for fear he might have told me you were grieving for me; but he made me understand that my future might not be so dark as I had begun to regard it. He read to me the dying confession of Arabel Vere, and made clear many things regarding which I had previously been in the dark. Is all peace between us, Margie?"

"All is peace, Archer. And God is very good."

"He is. I thank Him for it. And now I want to ask one thing more. I am not quite satisfied."

"Well?"

"Perhaps you will think it ill-timed—now that we are surrounded by strangers, and our very lives perhaps in peril—but I cannot wait. I have spent precious moments enough in waiting. It has been very long, Margie, since I heard you say you loved me, and I want to hear the words again."

She looked up at him ably.

"Archer, how do I know but you have changed?"

"You know I have not. I have loved but one woman—I shall love no other through time and eternity. And now, at last, after all the distress and the sorrow we have passed through, will you give me your promise to meet whatever else fortune and fate may have in store for us, by my side?"

She put her face up to his, and he kissed her lips.

"Yours always, Archer. I have never had one thought for any other."

So a second time were Archer Trevlyn and Margie Harrison betrothed.

On the ensuing day the storm abated, and the steamer made a swift passage to New York.

Doctor and Mrs. Elbert were a little disappointed at the sudden termination of their bridal tour, but consoled themselves with the thought that they could try it over again in the spring.

Trevlyn remained in the city to adjust some business affairs which had suffered from his long absence, and Margie and her friends went up to her old home. He was to follow them thither on the ensuing day.

And so it happened that once more Margie sat in her old familiar chamber dressing for the coming of Archer Trevlyn. What should she put on? She remembered the rose-colored dress she had laid away that dreadful night so long ago. But now the rose-colored dreams had come back, why not wear the rose-colored dress?

To the unbounded horror of Florine, she arrayed herself in the old-fashioned dress, and waited for her lover. And she had not long to wait. She heard his well-remembered step in the hall, and a moment after she was folded in his arms.

CHAPTER XXV. T CHRISTMAS there was a bridal at Harrison Park. The day was clear and cloudless—the air almost as balmy as the air of spring. Such a Christmas had not been known for years.

The sun shone brightly, and soft winds sighed through the leafless trees. And Margie was married and not a cloud came between her and the sun.

Peace and content dwelt with Archer Trevlyn and his wife in their beautiful home. Having suffered, they knew better how to be grateful for, and to appreciate the blessings at last bestowed upon them.

At their happy fireside there comes to sit sometimes, of an evening, a quiet,

grave-faced man. A man who Archer Trevlyn and his wife love as a dear brother, and prize above all other earthly friends. And beside Louis Castrani, Leo sits, serene and contemplative, enjoying a green old age in peace and plenty. Castrani will never marry, but sometime in the hereafter, I think he will have his recompense. (THE END.)

THE BIGGEST POLICEMAN. He Is Said to Be Philadelphia's Capt. Mallin.

Philadelphia has cause for civic pride in the possession of the biggest and strongest guardian of the public peace in the country over—Police Captain Edward W. Mallin of the Second division, says the Philadelphia Press. There may be heavier wearers of the blue uniform, but mere avoirdupois is not a thing to be proud of.

Capt. Mallin measures in height 6 feet 6 3/4 inches. His weight is 200 pounds, which makes him splendidly proportioned. Beside him the 6-foot 200-pounder looks small enough to be coxswain of a university crew.

The labor of growing heavenward so tremendously has not taxed his brain and vitality, for Capt. Mallin is strong and hardy, and when he shakes your hand warmly you think of the great steam hammer in the Krupp gun works at Essen. As for a hearty slap on the back, a timid man would prefer a tap from a trolley car.

Capt. Mallin will have been connected with the police force of Philadelphia nineteen years on the 26th of next October and has passed through the several grades of duty from that of a "sub" patrolman to the responsible position of one of the five captaincies of the Philadelphia police department—from "sub" to regular patrolman, to sergeant, to lieutenant, and to captain. His record has been an honorable one, and it goes without saying that Capt. Mallin has had a comparatively peaceful career, although he has always been courageous and faithful to duty. But the most reckless lawbreaker or a syndicate of him would hesitate to mix up in a personal encounter with a giant who would be more than likely to tuck the company under his arms and save the patrol wagon the trouble of carrying the victims of misguided confidence to the station.

He has been injured more than once in the performance of his duty, but as the small boy said after the fight, "You ought to have seen the other chap." It is told of the big captain that when acting as lieutenant in the old police headquarters at Fifth and Chestnut streets, he was one day sitting by the door that led into the cellroom. Capt. Mallin was alone and was trying to read a newspaper. In one of the cells a man with a many horse-powered voice was shouting aloud his yearning to get out and whip "anything with brass buttons on it."

"You got me in here when I was drunk and helpless. Now I'm sober and I can eat up any two coppers in the precinct. Only give me a show at them!"

Lieut. Mallin was patient until he deemed patience was a drug in the market. The bellicose prisoner was spoiling for blood. Nothing else would quiet him. The lieutenant sent for the jailer and told him to open the cell door, and as the hinge grated the fighter flew into the roll-call room with an incandescent glow in his eyes. The lieutenant slowly rose from his chair until he was looking down at the prisoner far below. He said gently:

"Were you looking for something?"

"—I—I—I thought I—"

"Hain't you better go back and keep quiet?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. Don't hit me, please," and the war was averted by arbitration.

Capt. Mallin was born and "raised" on a farm near Gradyville, in Delaware county. He worked out of doors through his boyhood and didn't know what a cigarette was. Lots of work, sleep, fresh air, and healthful food made a man of him and gave him a famous start in life.

A DANGEROUS BIRD. What Will Happen Some Day to an Incautious Hunter of Blue Herons.

"Some of these days," said the long-shore hunter, "I expect to open my daily paper and see a headline something like this: 'Killed by a blue heron,' and I'll tell you why. The blue heron is a big, powerful bird which has already disfigured the faces of several men. The men have wounded a bird and then thinking to capture it alive they went up to it. Why I'd as soon try to kiss a wounded grizzly. The birds grow as tall as six feet and have necks like a fish rod and just the kind of muscles to move it the quickest with the most strength. They could drive their bill points through a quarter-inch panel.

"The hunter goes up to the bird and sees it lying there looking as innocent as a robin, with only a broken wing. 'What a fine pet it would make,' the fool hunter thinks. Then he picks the bird up and starts for home in a wagon or a boat, with the bird between his knees. The bird's neck is drawn back like a letter 'S.' All of a sudden the bill shoots up and gives the man a gash alongside the eye three inches long. That is what always has happened. The wounded bird has missed its aim, but sometimes, and you want to remember it, this feathered spearman will drive its bill far into its enemy's eye, and like a steel umbrella stick the point of the bill will penetrate the man's brain. I guess the bird's aim has always been spoiled by the pain of its wounds, and so many a human life has been saved. I don't monkey with wounded bitterns, or cranes—well, wounded."

Dr. Talmage's Sermon ROYALTY IN DISGUISE...

Washington, Dec. 13, 1896.—In this sermon from a bible scene never used in sermonic discourse, Dr. Talmage draws some startling lessons, and tears off the masque of deceit. The text is I. Kings 14:6: "Why feignest thou thyself to be another?"

In the palace of wicked Jeroboam there is a sick child, a very sick child. Medicines have failed; skill is exhausted. Young Abijah, the prince, has lived long enough to become very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broad stairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sick room of royalty, and stands looking at the dying prince with the dart uplifted. Wicked Jeroboam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayers would not be answered, and so he sends his wife on the delicate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she puts on the garb of a peasant woman, and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems, as she might have carried from the palace, she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry—a few loaves of bread and a few crackerels and a crust of honey. Yonder she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unobserved. No one that meets her on the highway has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise. The fact is that Peter the Great, working in the dry docks of Saardam, the sailor's hat and the shipwright's axe gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peasant woman gave to the queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Although his physical eyesight had failed, he was divinely illumined, and one glance looked through the imposture, and he cried out: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gate of the city, the child shall die." She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son; she had no right to practice an imposture. Broken-hearted now, she started on the way, the tears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah. Broken-hearted now, she is not careful any more to hide her queenly gait and manner. True to the prophecy, the moment her feet touch the gate of the city, the child dies. As she goes in, the soul of the child goes out. The cry in the palace is joined by the lamentation of a nation, and as they carry good Abijah to his grave, the air is filled with the voice of eulogy for the departed youth, and the groan of an afflicted kingdom.

The story of the text impresses me with the fact that royalty sometimes passes in disguise. The frock, the veil, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly character of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her robes incrustated with diamonds. And so all around about us there are princesses and queens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride in no chariot, they elicit no huzzas, they make no pretense, but by the grace of God they are princesses and they are queens. Sometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggles of Christian service—God knows they are queens; the world does not recognize them. Royalty passing in disguise. Kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virtue and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam ever looked at. You went down into the house of destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the pale cheeks of the children, on the empty bread-tray, on the fireless hearth, on the broken chair. You would not have given a dollar for all the furniture in the house. But by the grace of God she is a princess. The overseers of the poor come there and discuss the case and say, "It's a pauper." They do not realize that God has furnished for her a crown, and that after she has got through the fatiguing journey from Tirzah to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Tirzah, there will be a throne of royalty on which she shall rest forever. Glory veiled, affluence hidden. Eternal raptures hushed up. A queen in mask. A princess in disguise.

But there was a grander disguising. The favorite of a great house looked out of the window of his palace and he saw that the people were carrying heavy burdens, and that some of them were hobbling on crutches, and he saw some of them lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and then he heard their lamentation, and he said: "I will just put on the clothes of those poor people and I will go down and see what their sorrows are, and I will sympathize with them, and I will be one of them, and I will help them." Well, the day came for him to start. The lords of the land came to see him off. All who could sing joined in the parting song, which shook the hills and woke up the clouds. The first few nights he had been

was a king in disguise. He was the doctor of the people. He knew more law than the lawyers. He knew more grace than the Pharisees. He fished with the fishermen. He was with his own hammer in the carpenter's shop. He ate raw corn out of the husk. He tried fish on the banks of the Jordan. He was howled at by the people in the temple. He was a sign of the sun of the east. A pillar went out any pillow. A sick man without and medication. A mourner with no sympathetic bosom in which he could pour his tears. Disguise complete. I know that occasionally his divine royalty flashed out, as when in the storm on Galilee, as in the red wine at the wedding banquet, as when he freed the shackled demoniac of Gadara, as when he turned a whole school of Scribes into the net of the discouraged boatmen, as when he snatched the blind from the shriveled arm of the paralytic; but for the most part he was in disguise. No one saw the king's jewels in his sandals. No one saw the royal robe in his plain coat. No one knew that that shelterless Christ owned all the mansions in which the hierarchies of heaven had their habitation. None knew that that humbled Christ owned all the olive groves, and all the harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine. No one knew that he was "I thirst" poured the Euphrates out of his own chalice. No one knew that the ocean lay in the palm of his hand like a dewdrop in the vase of a Lily. No one knew that the stars, and moons, and suns, and galaxies, and constellations that marched on after after age, were, as compared with his lifetime, the sparkle of a firefly on a summer night. No one knew that the sun in mid-heaven was only the shadow of his throne. No one knew that his crown of universal dominion was covered up with a bunch of thorns. Omnipotence sheathed in a human body. Omniscience hidden in a human eye. Infinite love beating in a human heart. Everlasting harmonies subdued into a human voice. Royalty on a throne. Grandeur of heaven in earthly disguise.

My subject also impresses me with how precise and accurate and particular are God's providences. Just at the moment that woman entered the city, the child died. Just as it was prophesied, so it turned out, so it always turns out. The event occurs, the death takes place, the nation is born, the despotism is overthrown at the appointed time. God drives the waitress with a stiff rein. Events do not just happen so. Things do not go all right. In all the book of God's providences there is not one "if." God's providences are never caught in a double. To God there are no surprises, no disappointments and no accidents. The most insignificant event hangs out in the ages as the connecting link between two great chains—the chain of eternity past and the chain of eternity to come. I am no fatalist, but I should be completely wretched if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand, and all that pertains to me and mine, just as certainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this child of the text, were in God's hand. You may ask me a hundred questions I cannot answer, but I shall until the day of my death believe that I am under the unerring care of God; and the heavens may fall, and the world may burn, and eternal ages may roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on my path, not a sorrow shall transect my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a loving, sympathetic Father. He bottles our tears, he catches our sorrows, and in the orphan he will be a Father, and in the widow he will be a husband, and to the outcast he will be a home, and to the most miserable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abominable crying for mercy, he will be an all-pardoning God. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the forests shall be unmoored in the last hurricane, and the sun shall shut its fiery eyelids, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall leave its last green and lash itself with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in a winding sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love shall not die. It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billow sea after the last ocean has wept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is filled with the crash of broken sepulchres and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, may God comfort all this people with this Christian sentiment.

Seven Who Men's Saviors. The sayings of the Seven Who were the famous motives inspiring the temple of Apollo at Delphi, Athens—"Know thyself." Sparta—"Consider the end." of Miletus—"Survivship is the curse of ruin." Bias of Priene—"Men are bad." Heraclitus of Ephesus—"Avoid excess." Pittagoras of Samos—"Know thy opportunity." Pythagoras of Corinth—"Nothing is impossible."

Established Age of the Earth. According to geological science the minimum age of the earth is the formation of the primary rocks, 600,000 years—a 700,000-year-old primordial formation, and for the primary rocks of the secondary rocks of the tertiary rocks of the quaternary rocks.