HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.-(Continued.) After much opposition on my part determination on Meg was sent for. She was a very attentive, but she was a the forgot my policine one hour, and gave me a table dose cheerily the next, and langued gatly at her own mistakes. And in spite of her mistakes, I got well quickly.

But, long after I was well, Meg continued to stay on with me.

"You have nicer dinners than we have at home," she would confess with awactest candor, "and your chairs are author. And I feel that I am doing an ect of benevolence in staying. I save ty." you and John from eternal tete-a-tete. Mow confess, Kitty, that you are duly grateful."

I wan gileut.

"Silence means confession." Meg de-

whenever she spoke before her. of going John gravely interposed and begged her to remain; and she remained willingly. Sometimes I wished ungratefully that she would go and have we alone; but John seemed to have more fear than I of those tete-atalks from which she saved us,

For one day, it struck me that John, was growing tired of her long whit. Meg was late in coming down dates; he and I were alone for a minwin at breakfast. He held his paper, het he was not reading it; presently the put is down. Glancing across at hom. I was pained to see how worried and analoge he was looking.

"Men is staying all this week, Mility?" he asked me suddenly as he my questioning glance.

"You asked her to stay, John." "Fon I know," he said; and he took

before her into the fire with a faraway gaze, and started when I entered the room; she looked round at me, her eyes laughing, and yet with something of mingled melancholy in their

"Why, what are you dolug, Meg?" I asked.

"Thinking, dear-an uncommon thing," answered she; and she shook back her fair, rippling, pretty hair, and seemed as though she would shake away her thoughts with the same impatient gesture. "I've seen a ghost," she said. "The vision has been haunting me all day. Don't I look like it? I've seen the ghost of an old love, Kit-

She spoke lightly, scoffingly, and yet there was an undercurrent of deeper meaning in her tone, I knelt down upon the rug beside her chair, and she put her elbows once more upon her knees and her chin upon her hands. and again looked musingly into the fire

"You didn't know I had an old love?" she said, still in a scoffing tone. "You didn't know that I went about the world with the smallest possible fraction of a heart, did you, Kitty? On the whole, I got on very well. One enjoys the world better without a heart than with one, I think. Pretty bonnets are more satisfactory than lovers,"

"Meg," I said, looking closely and curiously at her, "I don't understand you-I don't understand a bit what you are meaning."

"Nor I," said Meg, with an odd little laugh that was half a sigh. "A person who has seen a ghost may be allowed to be half-witted for half a day. I saw a ghost at breakfast-time this morning. I took it in from the postman at the door. It is residing now in John's study, I suppose. And, if it were not has paper again with a little sigh, I for an old-fashioned idea of honor, I

him that I first heard of her; we were talking about the theater, and he told me her story, though not quite as I heard it since. I don't why I am telling you this, I don't know why I am thinking of it. I ought to be ashamed to remember such a silly episode. I used to write letters on pages of my exercise-books and leave them for him at a pastry cook's. He used to leave his letters for me every day at the same place, and a young lady with golden ringlets would hand them to me with an acidulated smile. The same young lady is at the same pastry cook's still. I never go through that street-"

Meg's lips were trembling a little, though her eyes were laughing at me. "How long is this ago?" I asked.

"Oh, a century ago! When I was sixteen, nearly four years ago."

"And no one knew?" "No one. Only the golden haire: lady who sold us jam-puffs and lemonade and ices."

"And was he as young as you?" Meg smiled.

"No, not as young as I," she sain drily. He must have left school ten years before. He had left college. had left the bar-I think perhaps he had left half a dozen other professions which he never mentioned. Oh, yes. Kitty, he was in every way a hero, olu enough, tall enough, dark enough, wicked enough, I dare say!"

'You were in love with him, Meg?" "I thought I was, dear. One can imagine most things when one is aixteen, or a little over,"

"How did it end, Meg?"

with the golden haired lady, asking me to go for a walk with him by the Serpentine. I left a note in answer to say that I would come. I went; but he forgot the appointment. He never wrote to me any more. I have not seen him or heard of him from that time to this. I have often been very glad." It was hard to know what to say.

sat looking at her thoughtfully. "The letter that came for John this morning was from him?" I asked.

"Yes-I am sure of it," said Meg. She rose from her seat, humming a | ablest theological professor is scrap of a song.

"I shall go and dress now," she said "When one tells one's love stories one should always tell them in picturesque dishabille. Did I look sufficiently lovelorn? Did I amuse you, Kitty? Well, I am tired of leoking ugly; I shall go and dress,"

She went away, still humming up the stairs, and I sat reflecting on all that she had said. Was Meg laughing. or was she in earnest. I did not know. So deep was I in thought that I did not hear the door open, did not hear John enter.

"Kitty," he said in a quick tone less calm and steady than was his wont, "I want to speak to you. Come into the study with me; I want to speak to you alone."

"Meg has gone upstairs," I observed. rising obediently, however to follow

him. He closed the study door behind us. and drew forward a chair toward the fire for me. It was weeks since I had sat alone thus in John's study with him. I looked around the room. It somehow looked more dreary than it had been wont to look. The dust lay thickly on the chimney piece and writing table: there were no flowers anywhere; the hearth looked dirty; the fire burnt dull and low, and John himself had changed since I had sat there with him last. He looked sadder.

"Kitty," he said, standing before me one elbow on the chimney-piece, and looking down at me. "I am going to entrust you with an important secret." He waited. I looked gravely at him, and did not answer.

"I feel sure that I can trust you. "Yes," I replied simply, "you can trust me."

(To be continued.)

PRINCE OF MONACO'S WIT Why the American, Who Had No Tact,

"I noticed an interesting sketch of

the prince of Monaco," remarked prominent New Orleans educator to New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "It is not generally known that the prince, besides being the greatest gambling house proprietor in the world, is also a scientist of high repute. He has made a study for years of deep-sea forms of life, owns the best-equipped vessel affoat for that sort of investigation and has written several valuable works on the subject. In fact, some of the text books used right here in New Orleans contain contributions from hi pen. His specialty is the cephalopoda or octopus family, and unkind people might detect evidences of the eternal fitness of things in the circumstance, Nevertheless he has made some very important discoveries and has brought to the surface scores of strange and unknown types of those curious monsters called devil-fish. In connection with his scientific pursuits I was once told a curious story by a Harvard professor who once visited the prince at his home, and I don't believe the yarn has ever been seen in print. At the time of the visit a couple of other Americans: were present and one of "Don't you? Is the story so tragic? | them had the execrable taste to advert to the gaming casino which is the principal feature of Menaco: 'I like to go there to look at the frescoes,' he said, 'but I keep away from the roulette wheels. To my way of thinking a man who plays them might as well throw his money in the ocean.' 'That my dear sir,' replied the prince imper turbably, is precisely what he does. He throws his money in the ocean. personal income for the last fiv

SERMON

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL AND ITS HEAVENLY LIGHT.

The Text Chosen Being: "According to of the Most Blessed God Which Was Committed to My Trust"-Tim. 1:11.

The greatest novelt; of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of 1,900 years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so any one who can unshovel the real gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried will be able to present something that will attract the gaze and admiration and adoption of all the people.\ It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "The Glorious Gospel," There has been a hemispheric apostasy. There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend-Avesta, the bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta, India, last September. The old gospel is fifty feet under and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain mat-"It didn't end. He left a note one day | ter of bible statement and of child-like faith. Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity. because they have tried to teach the "philosophy of religion." By the time that many a theological student gets half through his preparatory course he is so filled with doubts about plenary inspiration and the divinity of Christ and the questions of eternal destiny that he is more fit for the lowest branch in the infant class of a Sunday school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The Christian mother, who, out of her own experience, can tell the 4-yearold how beautiful Christ was on earth and how beautiful he is in heaven and how dearly he loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one, consecrates him for time and eternity to Him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me." What an awful work Paul made with the D. D.'s and the LL. D.'s and the F. R. S.'s when he cleared the decks of the old gospel ship by saying: "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound

the mighty." There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis and apologetics for the Almighty and writing out his own elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, and his little grandchild, coming up to him for a good-night kiss, he accidentally knocks off the biggest book from the table and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ bimself said: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Ah: my friends, the bible wants no apologetics. The throne of the last judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity sweet the sound." Cowper, what wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that the natural light is the propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies"; but no one knows what gospel light is until his own blind eyes, by the touch of the Divine Spirit, have opened to see the noonday of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell us that natural sound is "the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies or by some other means"; but those only know what the gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly saying: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." The theological dude unrolls upon the plush of an exquisitely carved pulait a learned discourse showing that the garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's song rather an indelicate love ditty, and the book of Job a drama in which Satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the bible was gradually evointed and the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of heaven and earth,

get as out of the London fog of higher criticiam! The night is dark and the way rough, and we have a lantern which Ghd has put in our hands; but instead of employing the lantern to show ourseives and others the right way we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material and which is the better light-kerosene, lamp oil or candle; and while we discuss it, we stand all around the lantern so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on in the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found: one morning around Bartholdi's statue in New York harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the sight before. Poor things! And the great lighthouse of the gospelhow many high-soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy, and to the crystalline wharves of the heavenly city, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they

might have been flying scraphs.

world, and from Portland, Maine, across to San Francisco and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform by all means; but unless it be also gospel reform, it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses.

The glorious gospei of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and power mightier than that of the Atlantic ocean when, under the force of the September equinox. strikes the highlands of the Navesink. The meaning of the word "gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious news, and we must tell it in our churches and over our dry goods counters and in our factories and over our threshing machines and behind our plows and on our ships' decks and in our parlors, our nurseries and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news and not with a dismal drawl in our voice and a dismal look in our faces, as though religion were a rheumatic twinge or a dyspeptic pang or a malarial chill or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or 'happys," Christ began his sermon on the mount: Blessed are the poor blessed the mourner, blessed the meek, blessed the hungry, blessed the merciful, blessed the pure, blessed the peace makers, blessed the persecuted, blessed the reviled, blessed, blessed, blessed; happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young, as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a life time all the angels of God their condiutors and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle aged, as through Christ they may have their perpiexities disentangled and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged, as they may have the sympathy of him of whom St. John wrote: "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defense of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying, as they may have ministering spirits to escort them and opening gates to receive them and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them and the welcome of a loving God to embosom them. Oh, my text is right when it speaks

of the glorious gospel. It is an invi-

tation from the most radient being

that ever trod the earth or ascended

the heavens, to you and to me, to

come and be made happy, and then

take after that a royal castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cupbearers. The price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem. where with an agony that with one hand tore down the rocks and with the other drew down a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for any one of the million sins of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to that cliff of limestone and say "There was paid our indebtedness and God never collects a bill twice. Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pen in extelling the matchless one of this gospel. Isaac Watts, bow do you feel concerning him? And he writes, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord." Newton, what do you think of this gospel? And he writes, "Amazing grace, how you think of him? And the answer comes, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar what do you think of him? And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of him? and he writes, "My faith looks up to thee." Fannie Crosby, what do you think of him? And she writes, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." But I take higher testimony: Solomon, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of him? And the answer is, My shepherd." St. John, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, "Christ is all in all." Do you think as well of him, O man O woman, of the blood-bought immor tal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "The Glorious Gospel." And then as a druggist, while you are waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour and bitter, restores the health, so Christ, the Divine Physician, prepares this trouble of our life time and that disappointment and this persecution, and that hardahip and that tear, and we must take the intermixture, yet though it be a bitter draught, under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health. "all things working together for good." Glorious gospel!

And then the royal castle into which we step out of this life without so much as soiling our, foot with the upturned earth of the grave. shall reign forever and ever." Does not that mean that you are, if saved, to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. One hundred and seventy years ago a king moved out of never to return. But the castle still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, as

and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; birds in arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the futter of their wings while you are passing; walls pictured with triumphal procession; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light" and "Hall of Victory"; marble, white and black, like a mixture of morn and night; alabaster and mother-of-pearl and lacquer works Standing before it, the eye climbs from step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladder of all colors and by stairs of perfect lines to tropical gardens of pomegranite and pineapple. Seven stories of resplendent architecture! But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that, and though an abandoned castle while Christ was here achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "Chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up and, waiting for you, are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the king's gardens, where immortals walk, linked in eternal friendship; and the banquet hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table; and the wine is the "new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the lamb; and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon the scene 15 never beclouded, and there is the kiss of those united after long separation. More nerve we will have there than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy and the clapping of that acclamation and the boom of that hallelujah we would be deafened. Glorious gospel! You thought religion was a straight-jacket, and it put you on the limits, and thereafter you must go cowed down. No. no. no. It is to be castellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha, set your faces toward the shining pinnscles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here-for at the longest our stay is short—if we can only land there. You see there are so many I want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet; and John among the evangelists; and Paul among the apostles, and Wycliffe among the martyrs, and Bourdaloue among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the beroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable; and, mentioned in this sentence last of all, because I want the thought climacterie, our bleased Lord, without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resugrection. Blessed be his glorious name forever! Surging to his ear be all the anthems! Facing him be all the thrones!

are pavillons deeply dyed and tasseled

And then from that vastest audience ever established in all the universe there will go up the shout, "Crown him! Crown him! Crown him!" and the Father, who long ago promised his only begotten Son, "I will give thee the heathen for thy inheritance, and the attermost parts of the earth for thy possession," shall set the crown upon the forehead yet scarred with crucifixion bramble, and the hosts of heaven, down on the levels and up in the galleries, will drop on their knees crying, "Hail, king of earth! King of heaven! King of saints! King of seraphs! Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to thy dominions there shall be no end! Amen and Amen! Amen and Amen!"

A British School at Rome. A movement, supported by a strong general committee, for the establishment at Rome of a British school similar to that which has existed for thirteen years at Athens, Germany France, Austria, and the United States alweady possess institutions of the kind in Rome, but Great Britain, almost alone among European nations, is threpresented. The need is recognized in that city of a British center of study and research, offering to British Modenta the advantages enjoyed by members of other nationalities. The formation of such a center would be welcomed by the committee of the Athens school as means of enabling students to complete in Rome the training they have received in Athens, though the work done in both cities would be of a similar character. The school in Bome like that in Athens, would be a training ground for students fresh from the universities or other institutions as well as a place where more mature students could gather, to the stimulation of intercourse and sympathy and the achievement of more concerted and

A Five-Legged Free.

continuous work.-London Reho.

A five-legged frog has come all the way from Connecticut and taken up his abode in the New York aquarium did not hop here even a from with five legs could not do that but traveled it a box with some wet moss to keen cool. When he was transferred to tank he uttered a graceful chirrup and blinked his golden-rimmed eyes. first glance this newcomer se carry his extra leg so gracefully th the beholder is tempted to think all frogs ought to have three from Closer examination, h that the middle leg is really cence from one of the ot not of much service to it the does not me it in a



I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU.

Men same fown stairs, gaily hum-

as she came. As she passed the hall the postman arrived and the brought in the letters, looking enrefully in a parfectly open way at and and Suddenly the smile faded from her face; she glanced quickly at with a half-questioning, halfmethod fook.

Jone and put out his hand to the letters. He was more eager in him to obtain them. Meg gave him slewly, one by one.

three," she said. "One from Arnaud. One from a person to dight to go linek to copy-books--" the work the letters she held out She still retained the third. "Let me have the other, Meg," he in a tone of tired forbearance. to got the letter down upon the

his but she was still holding it. "Whose writing is that?" she asked. s face puzzled me. He was striving against a sharp, immen. He was anxious to that Mag should not any was examine it. Meg, too, was then her wont as she stood contaculty, first at him, then at the handwriting on the en-

"I know that writing," she said half-

miles from the same

att no more. She relinquished meekly, and John took it unto his study and did not sp

and it again struck me that he did not | would go and rifle John's study and try to find it."

"Are you talking about the letters, Meg, that you took this morning?" "Oh, wise Kitty! About one of those letters. Yes."

I looked at her in perplexity. For many minutes she did not speak again. "I have a score of love-letters all in that same handwriting," she said a last, turning her head to smile at me-"the only love letters I ever had, or ever shall have. Preserve me from

having any more," She clasped her hands behind her head and laughed.

"It was such a foolish affair, so childish, so silly," she added, with lingering regret in her scornful tone. I thought I had forgotten all about it." "Tell me about it, Meg."

"Tell you about it, Kitty? Thank you, dear, I would rather not." I did not urge her any further. With her hands clasped behind her

head, she sat looking before her Presently she turned and looked musingly at me.

don't see why I shouldn't tell you," she said. "It may amuse you. Poor little Kitty! Life is dull enough for you; you want a glimpse of comedy now and then to make you smile. Well, smile at this. When I was sixteen, Kitty, I lost my heart. I had a lover-my only lover-laugh, deat."

m very sorry. I cannot tell rote | I assure you it's comic, too. I need to play truent from school in order to go for walks with him. Was that comic or tragic or only improper?" "Who was he, Meg?"

"I don't want to laugh, Mer."

'His name doesn't matter, dear. He ac all events thought that it didn't matter. He called himself Arthur Les-lie. I found out afterwards that the et of the world called him Arthur St