CHAPTER II. Hutchinson received our hero the face as dark as a thundercloud, me m seemed that when he heard Alexa news he considered it importough to warrant his intrusion an his privacy. It appeared to Alan whatever importance it was the the stra, it was of still greater to Matchingan: which confirmed him in manpicions that he had private was which had nothing to do with

in talked the matter over, and son was impressed with his Meadedness and the concise way had of stating things. Little by little he looked upon Alan with a more inversite eye, and in the end invited to stay and dine. Although Alan not want to prolong his interview with the brute, he accepted the invitathinking that he would then see the girl who had taken his fancy before. Herein he was mistaken. To all letents and purposes it was a bachelor establishment, and the Spaniard who mano in to smoke a cigar with Hutchform after dinner evidently came without expecting to see any ladies.

Alan rode home. It was a perfect moonlight night, and the road was as dear as if it had been day. Hutchinsom had told him before he left that he should be glad to see him again, and the young man was revolving in his mind how he could accept the invifation, and yet not play the part of **traiter** to his host. He felt sure that **Entehinson** was not acting square by the firm; he also felt sure that he would try and gain him over to his side. Instinct told him to beware of the man; but, on the other hand, there was the girl, who had touched the young man's heart by her loneliness and her unhappiness and by her beauty. If he did not go back to La Paz all chance of seeing the girl again was at an end, and she had made such pression upon his rather suscepble heart that he was willing to hance many things, but not the risk of mover posing her again.

was riding along in the moonleht: he was young, and adventurous food was in his veins. The brilliant beauty of the night, the strong scent of the flowers, all intoxicated him. buildenly a white figure flitted before He reined in his horse sharply, selling sure that this was the girl he ma thinking of, and so it proved.

In the clear, cold moonlight her face boked white, and the shadows round her eyes deep; She had a soft, cooling sice. Alan thought she was more willed than he had even at first imdued her to be.

"I have watched for you," she said with. There was not a trace of cometry in her voice and she was simply inting a fact. "You were so long that grew anxious."

Me could see that she wanted to mag mothing, and yet was half afraid. he looked round nervously. "No one is about," he said, reassuringly.

"No." She still hesitated and still alog around her. "Mr. Maskengle," the mid at last desperately, "do apink ill of me. Il do not want to my hat I am going to say, and I know selled ought to reverence her father. Bhe gave a long, shaddering

"I understand," he said quickly. Mac you do not!" she answere stekly. "It is not because he ha truck me he did it before, and mover missed figures today. You see he atill thinks I am a child, but I am afresid for you. Oh, I must warn you! Do not come here again!"

"Why not?" he asked. "I am not a mild to be told to do a thing without

There was a young English clerk who wast to come out here to see my bether," she said, very slowly, "and offer six months he had embessied money or something, and in the he could not face the inquiry;

the stopped; he could see the horror In her face.

to quiet manly roice. "He committed micide."

Alma "I have my eyes open, and wer do anything without a reason." There have been men young men ng backwards and forwards to and and there slways has been and to it all, and I cannot bear it. By father rules them somer or later. a sense as they know too much some-

What do you want me to do then?" alled Alken

"Don't come back here," she begged. "I ennet promise that," he said ally. And in the moonlight he lookd lato her dark eyes. "Why not?" she saked, but she low-

my only chance of seeing

brave and bonny that any woman would have loved to have been courted by him. "Very well," she said, "Mr. Mackensie, you have been warned, and so have L"

"Tell me your name," he said. "My name? It is a common enough one here—it is Veronica."

"It is a very beautifful said. And then he took off his cap and bade her good night; and his dreams that night were full of moonlight and a dark-eyed, slim girl, and all the sort of thing that a young man dreams about when for the first time he enters upon the realms of ro-

He remembered the financial crisis only the next morning when he saw himself in a difficulty. It was difficult | self. No, he had ruined her father, to talk to his chief of the man he mis- she must be his care-and a very trusted, and yet to know that he was sweet care, too! Perhaps not the valuable to the firm and knew many of ideal, the perfect marriage he had its secrets. He could not tell Demp- dreamed of in other days, when soul ster that what he suspected was that goes out to soul, and man and woman Hutchinson had secret dealings with have but one idea, one thought; but the government, and that he mostly a marriage born of love and respect, knew of events before they became a protective, not a passionate love, public property, and so could buy and although Veronica was beautiful sell to greater advantage, using the enough to cause many a man's heart capital of the firm for his own pur- to beat quickly. pose, for that was what Alan sus-

young man was keeping something back, although of course he could not guess what it was.

"Look here, Mackenzie," he said. "I don't want to force your confidence. asked. I can see you have something on your mind; but I can trust your father's son sufficiently to know that if it ought to be brought to my notice you would not hasitate to do so."

"The fact is, sir," said Alan, "that I have as yet nothing tangible to lay before you; but that, not having any proof at all, it is rather difficult to come to you and to say, 'Do you trust this man or that man."

"Quite right," said Dempster. And then they began talking of something else, and had a good long consultation on the present state of affairs. It was only when he was leaving that his chief said to him: "By the way, did you have any difficulty in finding Hutchinson's little cottage. He tells me that it is some way out; he prefers the country."

Alan looked at Dempster to see if he were speaking jestingly; but no, his words were evidently uttered in perfect good faith. He believed in Hutchinson's cottage. "I had no diffleuity, sir," he replied. "Any one could tell you it is not a cottage, but a fine, large place."

"Oh," said Dempster, Bughing, "then that is Hutchinson's modesty, is it? I must chaff him about it!" "I hope you won't, sir!" said Alan quickly. "Please say nothing about

Dempeter looked at the young man curiously. "I will say nothing if you do not wish it; but I own that your manner makes me strangely uneasy." "I want it to do that," said Alan, and left him.

Matters, however, grew turbed, and Dempster had reason to believe that the government was very unstable. Alan Mackenzie was sen backwards and forwards to La Paz. It began to be very exciting, for every day he meamed to see more clearly that Hutchimeda was playing a double game, He had Demuster's confidames." Alan knew that, among other things the arm was importing, there were firearms, and he felt almost sure that Hutchinson was in league with some malcontents, and that these arms were meant for them. grew very interesting, and every day seemed big with chances; and every evening that he made his way to La

Pas he found Veronica awaiting him. First of all she came to warn him. then she came because she feared him. and lastly she came because she loved him. And he he felt that he leved her, too. It was not the same tender. all-enduring affection that he would have given to an Brailish girl not the love that desires nothing except to be loved in the same sheorbing way; but it was more the tender, protective love that a man gives to one weaker than himself. Veronica was not his equal

in mental power he knew. She had had very little education. and could hardly do more than read and write. She sang in a sweet, full voice without any art, because singing came natural to her, and the played a gutter by ear; but she had no socomplishments nor any learning.

She was a pure, innocent, beautiful child, who wanted to be loved and cherished. Her father had been cruel to her, and she feared him. Alan had been good to her, and she laved him passionately, and would have some through fire and water to serve him. And so weeks went by, and at last there came a day when the proofs of Hutchinson's double dealing were Alan's hands. He must go with the to Dempster or the ruin of the firm I terly return of the registrar-general up was a little silence and then might ensue. If by any chance the to the last day of March shows a de-But if it should existing government learned that the crease of 10,185, of whom 5,302 was to you I should never respected Ringilsh firm was providing debited to emigration. The estimated the insurgents with firearms there population of Ireland is now 4,504,000. could be an end to the figure that for little more than half what it a Demonster had built up with in 1861, when it stood at 8,178,000

poor, gentle girl, made to suffer by her father, without a soul to help her, was too much for the young man. He loved her quite sufficiently to want to shield her from any harm. There was only one thing to do: He must tell Dempster of Hutchinson's treachery and he must persuade Veronica to become his wife secretly. It must be secretly, for no one knew either of Veronica or of anything else. And so, went to his chief.

Richard Dempster looked very grave indeed at the news. The two men sat up all night in consultation. Hutchinson was to be dismissed at once; there was nothing else for it. And then Alan made a request. "Will you send me to Santa Rosa at once?" he said. "I don't care to stop on here after I have been the means of getting rid of Hutchinson; I don't want to benefit by his fall."

"I shall miss you, my lad," said Dempster. "I had hoped you would have settled among us; but I suppose you have other plans."

He looked at Alan, who reddened, The young man had known for some time that even his chief's daughter would not have denied him; but then Hutchinson again. He told Dempster | he thought of his lovely, dark-haired of his interview; but here he found | Verenica, who had no one but him-

The very evening he had his talk with his chief he rode out to La Paz, Richard Dempster saw that the but this time not to see Hutchinson. Veronica would be in the avenue, and Veronica must be wooed to give her consent; the two had but a short time. "You will trust me, Veronica?" he

"To the death," said the girl; "but Alan, I am afraid if he hears of your part in his ruin he will kill you sooner

or later." gravely. "I am not the man to let another do my dirty work. And will you wait for me at Santa Rosa, my darling? I will make all necessary arrangements, and will be married the day I come,"

And so matters were arranged, and Veronica promised; and this was the end of Alan Mackenzie's life in Rio.

(To be continued.)

Parlor Magio.

A feat which any one can perform with little or no practice is that of placing fourteen matches upon a table and lifting them all up upon one of the matches. This is how it is done: Pick out one match—the one that has the flatest surface and then pince six of the other matches about one-fourth each across the first one, each of the six being parallel to each other and the thickness of a match distant from each other. Next place six other matches one-fourth each across the first match, but from the other side, all parallel and in the spaces left by the arrangement of the first siz matches. Now take the fourteenth match, lay it over the twelve matches where they intersect, and by carefully lifting match No. 1 and holding match No. 14 in place you will accomplish without difficulty the feat.-Adelaide Herrmann in the June Woman's Home Companion.

Fabulous Price for Letter.

One thousand pounds was the sum paid by the late Bernard Quaritch for an autograph letter, of Columbus, which he afterwards exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago. A wealthy collector of autographs in Chicago in 1898 offered through the American Press to pay \$100,000 for a genuine autograph letter of Shakespeare. Only seven are known to be in existence and as to three doubts have been expressed as to their genuineness. Two letters of Mary Queen of Scots, written just before her execution, are said to have cost an English collector \$20, The one letter existing in Ti tian's handwriting was sold for \$600. and a letter of Raphael's for \$300. The one letter written by Cornellie which was ever sold was purchased by Alfred Morrison for \$800.

Travelors' Annoyances. A olever observer says of her experiences in a drawing-room car: "There sit directly behind you those who wash their family linen for the benefit of the traveling public, he accusing her of all sorts of irregularities with other many whom he judges by himself, and she defring him to name just one man, and finally soing into hysterics. Then there is the woman in front of you all scentad up with white rose, and beside her the man who pares and cleans his nails with a pocked knife and uses the same blade to pick his teeth. Then there is the sweet little child who snaps the window catch or thumps the window bane, which seems to be music to the fond mother's ears."-New York 3. 安京·

Ireland Loses Population The population of Ireland atill an pears to be on the decline. The quar-

'ALMAGES SERMON COMPARES EARTHLY VALUES

WITH HEAVENLY RICHES. Appreciation of Things Religtous Urgod-The Inestimable Value of w Human Soul - Christ's Vicariou

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.) From Berlin, where he preached in the American church to a great conassising many of his gregation, c countrymen who are traveling through Europe, Dr. Talmage sends this discourse, in which, by original methods, he calculates spiritual values urges higher appreciation of things religious. The text is Mark vill., 86, "What shall it profit a man if he shall main the whole world and lose his own First, I have to say that the world

is a very grand property. Its flowers are God's thought in bloom; its rocks are God's thoughts in stone; its dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearl. This world is God's child-a wayward child, indeed. It has wandered off through the heavens. But about 1,900 years ago, one Christmas night, God sent out a sister world to call that wanderer back, and it hung over Bethlehem only long enough to get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with soft feet of light, comes treading back through the heavens. The hills-how beautiful they billow up the edge of the wave white with the foam of crecuses! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched night ablaze with brackets of fire! with bridal blossoms in her hair! rance on the air! There may be grand- to your partner: "Do you think that this is a most exquisite world, a mignonette on the bosom of immensity. payment? Now, when you are offered "Oh," you say, "take my soul! Give this world as a possession I want you me that world' I am willing to take it in exchange. I am ready now for the bargain. It is so beautiful a world, so sweet a world, so grand a world!"

The Value of the World. But let us look more minutely into

the value of this world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. After you have looked at the property and found out that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds and book of mortgages and the book of judgments and the book of liens, and he decides whether the title is good before you will have anything to do with it. There might be a splendid property, and in every way exactly suited to your want, but if you cannot get a good title you will not take it. Now, I am here to kay that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down upon it, in the very year I so settle down upon it as a permanent possession, I may be driven away from it. Aye, in five minutes after f give up my soul for the world. I may have to part with the world, and what kind of a title do you call that? There is only one way in which I can hold an earthly possession, and that is through the senses. All beautiful sights through the eye but the eye may be blotted out; all captivating sounds through the ear, but my ear may be deafened; all lusciousness of fruits and viands through my taste, but my taste may be destroyed; all appreciation of culture and of art through my mind, but I may lose my mind. What a frail hold, then, I have upon any earthly possession!

In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you must serve upon him a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the prem ises, but when death comes to us an serves a writ of ejectment, he does no give us one second of forewarning He says: "Off of this place! You have no right any longer to the possession. We might ery out, "I gave you a hun fred thousand dollars for that property:" the plea would be of no avail We might say, "We have a warrantee deed for that property:" the plea would be of no avail. We might say "We have a lien on that storehouse: that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he cannot see a seal and cannot read an indenture. So that first and last, I want to tell you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world you cannot give me the first item of title.

Question of Insurance. Having examined the title of a prop-

erty, your next question is about insurance. You would not be stlly enough to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. would not have anything to do with such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance can you give me that this world is not going to be burned up Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the world is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flames not bursting out because the hatches are kept down, And in the first place, you give no title, and snap of the broken string, the scrapin the second place, for which you can give no insurance, "Oh," you say, "the waser of the oceans will wash over all the land and put out the fire," Oh, no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen, and then

you can give no possible insurance.

Oh, yes, he had trouble with it, and so did Napoleon. After conquering nations by force of the sword the victor lies down to die, his entire possession the military boots that he insisted on better ambition. Thackeray, one of genius, sits down in a restaurant, in Paris, looks to the other end of the room and wonders whose is that forlorn and wretched face. Rising up after awhile, he finds that it is Thackeray in the mirror. Oh, yes, this world the world! Who ever gained half of righteous? the world? Who ever owned a hemisphere? Who ever gained a continent? Who ever owned Asia? Who ever gained a city? Talk about gaining the world! No man ever gained it, or the thousandth part of it. You are demanding that I sell my soul, not for the world, but for a fragment of it. Here is a man who had had a large

estate for 40 or 50 years. He lies down to die. You say, "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars:" Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chains, and you say, "There is a property extending three miles in one direction and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No! You do not want any surveyor, with compass and chains. That is not the way to measure that man's property now. It is an undertaker you need, ome and talk to each other in tears his vest pocket and take out a tapeafter the storm is over! How nimble | line, and he will measure five feet nine the feet of the lamp-lighters that in a inches one way and two and a half few minutes set all the dome of the feet the other way. That is the man's property. Oh, no; I forgot; not so How bright the oar of the saffron much as that, for he does not own cloud that rows across the deep sea of even the place in which he lies in the heaven! How beautiful the spring, cemetery. The deed to that belongs I to the executors and heirs. Oh, what wonder who it is that beats time on a a property you propose to give me for June morning for the bird orchestra? my soul! If you sell a bill of goods, How gently the harebell tolls its frag- | you go into the counting room and say "He will hear of it," said Alan er worlds than this, but I think that man is good for this bill? Can he give proper security? Will he meet this to test the matter. I do not want you to go into this bargain blindly. I wan you to ask about the title, about the insurance, about whether men hav ever had any trouble with it, about whether you can keep it about whether you can get all or the ten-thousandth or one hundred thousandth part of it.

There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourself, as I shall before God have to make up my mind for myself about the value of this world. I cannot afford to make a mistake for my soul. and you cannot afford to make a mis-

take for your soul. The Soul Reyand Value. Now let us look at the other prop erty-the soul. We cannot make a bargain without seeing the comparative value. The soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in Philadelphia mint, and as you see it performing its wonderful work you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man. with all its tremendous faculties, it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking judgment seat without any excitety, might, but silence, silence,

ment; the understanding and the will all doing their work-velocity, majeslisten at the door of your heart You can hear no sound. The soul is quiet It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bands the surgeon sets it; the eye be comes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, un balanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wings it circles the universe and over vaults the throne of God. Why, i the hour of death the soul is mighty it throws aside the body as though it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent It breaks through the circle of loved ones wh stand around the dying couch. With one leap it springs beyond star and moon and sun and chasms of immensity. It is superfor to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it: no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants bridge on which to cross a chasm. wants no plummet with which sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceles;

I calculate the value of the soul also by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world out of friendships, out of books, out of cloud, out of the sea, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things, and yet al the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You are in a concert before yet you propose to palm off on me, in the curtain hoists, and you hear the return for my soul, a world for which instruments preparing—the sharp ing of the bow across the viol. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music. And ad the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparative; it is only anticipative; it is only the first a Atlantic and Pacific oceans would stages of the fling; it is only the enlaze like heaps of shavings. You trance, the beginning of that which Butler.

want me to take this world, for which schall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

Power of the Soul You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has bute to find enjoyment in friendships That oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the having upon his feet while he was dy- skiest. How sweet the flowers here ing. So it has been with men who had but how much sweeter them will be there! I do not think think when the most genial and lovable souls, after | flowers die on earth they die forever. he had won the applause of all intelli- In the sunny valleys of heaven shall gent lands through his wonderful not the marigold creep? On the hills of heaven will not the amaranth bloom? On the amethystine walls of heaven will not the jessamine climb? "My beloved is come down into his garden to gather lilies." No flowers in heaven? Where, then, do they get is a cheat. Talk about a man gaining their garlands for the brows of the Christ is glorious to our souls now,

but how much grander our appreciation after awhile! A conqueror comes back after the battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling, and the other arm holds a crutch. As he mounts the platform, oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say, "That man fought for us and imperiled his life for us," and how wild the huzza that follows huzza! When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitudes of the redeemed of heaven and we meet him face to face and feel that he was wounded in the head and wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the side for us, methinks we will be overwhelmed. We will sit some time gazing in silence until some leader amid the white robhridge on which heaven and earth who will come and put his finger in ed choir shall lift the baton of light and give the signal that it is time to wake the soig of the jubilee, and all heaven then will break forth into "Hosanna, hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is diamond that the government paid \$200,000 for. "Well," you say, "It must have been very valuable or the government would not have paid \$200,-000 for it." I want to see what my soul is worth and what your soul is worth by seeing what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered. all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain' and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

God help you rightly to cipher out this sum in gospel arithmetic: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

MARCH NOT FOR THEM.

But the Newly Married Couple Thought Their Secret Was Out.

Bardsley hated pomp and fuss of every sort connected with the marriage ceremony and his flancee disliked what he did, and they were well pleased with their plan of eluding the vigilance of their friends by marrying without notice and going off to a little country town where they knew no one and no one knew them, says the New York Press The day after their arrival being Sunday, they went to church, appearing, they foudly believed, like stald, long-wedded folk. But as soon as the benediction was pronounced they were startled by tears soon destroys itself; but silent hearing the jubilant strains of the Wedding March." The owner of the new in which they sat, noticing their surprise, explained, with what they interpreted as a significant look, that the organist always "played the 'Wedding March' when there was a bridal couple in church, and there is today," he added. Their self-consciousness betrayed the Bardsleys into asking, "But how did he know?" and then it came out that the performance had been not for their benefit, but for that of the son of a pillar of the church and his bride. "At any rate, it's a most absurd custom," growled the bridegroom, who had sought to hide his torch under a bushel and had failed, just as ordinary bridegrooms do

> A voluminous Bill. The most voluminous bill ever before congress is undoubtedly that providing a civil government for the territory of Alaska. As filed in the state department, it makes 284 pages of printed parchment. For convenience in handling the sheets were not fastened together in form, as is the custom, but were divided into six parts and each of the six parts was placed in a thin wooden box. Five of these coverings were each fastened with the traditional red tape, while the sixth. which contained the concluding pages of the bill, to which the president affixes his signature, was provided with a sliding top so that its contents could

> > Carriage Painters! Patte.

be easily removed.

A hard putty and suitable for carriage painters' use is made as follows: Boil four pounds of brown umber and several pounds of linseed of for two hours; stir in two ounces of beeswar: take from the fire and mix in five and a half pounds of chalk, and eleven mounds of white lead. The mixir a must be done very thoroughly.

Oldest Honorary Degree Holder. The oldest living recipient of an honorary degree from Harvard is former Governor George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, who received the LL. D. degree in 1851, when it was the custom to so honor the Governor of the state, a custom which stoppe with the election of Benjamin