

CHAPTER III.

Richard Dempster had never entiretrusted Hutchinson. Although he had been a member of his firm for years to had never made him a partner, and the utmost he had done was to allow him a very liberal salary, and a commission on what he had made. Therefore it was not a difficult matter to get fid of him; but the interview between the three men was one which neither forgot.

Alan Mackenzie, who, as he told Veronica, wanted no one to do his dirty work, was present, and unfolded document after document of incrimthe discovery it would have come to It that 'the Brazilian government would have arraigned the firm of Dempster on the charge of selling firearms to the insurgents. Richard too, would feel the separation; Mackenzie were deep and terrible.

quiet people alone can.

were short. "You would have betraybeen in his employ for years, more years than he cared to think, "if it had stration of woe. not been for Mackenzie! My word has always been well thought of until now, my firm an honorable one; but you would have dragged me down!"

Hutchinson said nothing, but glared said: "but I will be even with him

When it came to sayying goodbye to Alan it was another anair. The elder man had taken a great liking to Alan; he had full confidence in him.

"Look here, my lad," he said, "I Alan?" sha'n't leave you at Santa Rosa-I'm not sure it will be worth your powder and shot; but go there now, and I will move you on to San Iago in a little while."

Alan thanked him and went. His about to show her confidence in any trouble." him in the fullest way a woman can. True she was leaving nothing but unindness and tyranny; but Veronica was young and very beautiful, and many men would have rejoiced to have secured her for life.

the girl. She was to leave Rio at once and go and wait for him at Santa Rosa. He had sent her money, and had found a lady who would look after her until ha came to claim her for himself. They would be married at once, and he would begin his life there a married new life. He wanted a companion | must not mind if my letters are short woman. Sometimes he felt that, if I write such bad letters." had been possible, he would have referred a woman who would denand more of him, for as long as he almply joined to Veronica she stopped. "How many days before you was perfectly happy. Poor child! she and had so much unkindness in her short life, for she was but seventeen!

Alan Mackenzie was not a man who makes plans that come to naught. Befor another three months were over was established at Santa Rosa, narried to Veronica. She had a surin store for him. She told him at Hutchinson had come home from busing Alan.

eather relieved him.

of love within him which she war drew out, yet he never regretted chivalry. She was not very usebut she made a home. She always oked charming and made the rooms etty with flowers and ornaments. was always there, too, to talk to when he wanted to talk, to ride th him when he wanted to ride. She to know more of the outside world. med to live simply to give him True, he never discussed thought. "I may not always be rious topic with her, and there a part of his nature that was a a book to her; but that did not went its being a happy, easy life. and been grateful for the op- down to his love for Veronica. was

there. Now Richard Dempster wished him to go further down the coast, to the growing town of San Iago, to establish a branch of his business there. It was four days' journey by steamer, and Alan thought that the best plan would be to leave Veronica in her own comfortable little house, with her own servants, until he could find a suitable place for her in the new town.

The news of this separation was like a blow to Veronica. She clung so Alan that it seemed to him that she led no life apart from him. But she made no demur; everything that he said was law to her. She only lifted inating matter. If he had not made a pale face, down which tears were streaming, to her husband, and said: "But not for long, Alan-not for long!

"Not for a week longer than I can

help, darling," he said fervently. He Dempster knew that the confidence in loved her as one does an affectionate them would be shaken unless he be- child who idolizes one. She never pre haved firmly. He dismissed Hutch- tended to be on equality with him, and inson, offering him no consolation; she was quite content to be just loved the man must consider himself dis- by him and petted; but she loved him His imprecations against with all the force of her nature. She saw that if she made any difficulties Alan would not have cared if it had it would only worry him, and so she not been for Veronica. After all, the made none; but Alan could not but man was Veronica's father, although notice that she grew thinner day by the girl had never rightly understood | day. "Do you mind my going so much, why she had never been acknowledged. dear little one?" he asked her, on the There was a mystery which Hutchin- eve before his departure. They were son alone knew, but he was a quiet sitting on the verandah together, or and reserved man, steeped to the brim one of those moonlight nights which in plots, and he could be dangerous, as always reminded Alan of the first time he had seen Veronica. He, too, Dempster's adieux to Hutchinson was feeling sad. His poetical nature was easily touched, and his wife's ed me," he said to the man who had quiet, dignified grief made it more dif ficult to leave than any noisy demon-

"Mind it?" she said, her voice vibrating with passion. "Mind it? You don't know what it is to me! It is like tearing soul from body!"

He had not thought she had rea at Mackenzie. "That young cur!" he depth within her. "If you feel it like that you will make me miserable," he

"Will I?" She smiled, as if pleased that she could make him feel miserable. "You will understand when say that I am pleased, won't you,

"My dear child, it is only a matter of weeks! I don't suppose that I shall have been there a fortnight before shall have found something suitable for you. And then, you know, I have arranged for this house to be taken off head was full of Veronica. The girl your hands, so that you may not have

> "It is a dear little house!" she said. with half a sign. "I shall always be grateful to it. It is the only place I have ever been happy in."

He pinched her cheek. Men do not always understand why a woman He had made all arrangements for likes one house and not another. "I shall remember that you like a verandah with flowers round it," he said. "Have you any other likings about a house, Veronica?"

"Only that you must be inside it." she laughed, with rather a pitiful attempt to be merry. "Alan, you must man. He was looking forward to this write the instant you arrive, and you

> "But mine must be long-is that it. little one?"

She laughed again and then, she get there, Alan, four or five? And you will be on that horrid black water at night! Oh, I hate the thought of it!" He laughed outright at this. "And I a sea captain's son! Why, I love the water, Veronica! I could willingly spend my life on it!"

The very next day he left. Veronica had exercised all her strength and courage, and she nerved herself to wish momentous interview vehemently him goodbye; but she had dreamed of the man who she had known as father. She had stood up for him, and then and that always alarmed her. Still a had flown into a violent rage and though she was nervous, she was no ad abused her, telling her that she coward, so she kept her fears to hernot his child, and that she had no self, only she prayed earnestly that no aim upon him. In some strange way harm might come to her beloved, and this rather pleased Alan. He had very she showed him a bright face before efficite ideas as to duty, and it had she left. Alan accomplished his four axed him that it was his fate to un- days' voyage in safety, and wrote mask the father of the girl he was to home to his wife constantly. As he Hutchinson's | had predicted, there was no great diffithat she was not his child culty in finding a home which would suit Veronica. He only placed the And now there began some months | necessities of life in it, knowing that quiet uneventful, pleasurable life. It would please her to make it pretty eronica was sweet, gentle loving. He got servants, and saw that the wery beautiful. It was impossible place was full of flowers; and though to become fond of her; and though his work engrossed him to the utmost lan knew that there were possibil- yet he began to look forward to the pleasant home life he had enjoyed in

> Santa Rosa. "I must not become selfish," he said to himself. "A wife like Veronica, so loving and yielding, makes a man selfish; but I will not be that." thought how he could make her life fuller, by encouraging her to read and "Just now I fill up her life," he

enough for her." And then at last the day for her departure came. He had booked her berth for her in one of the best of the at it only lasted four months. Alan little coasting steamers—the best was his thief corresponded two or bad, as we reckon steamers and then se times a week, but only on bust- he waited for his wife. The weather affairs. If Richard Dempster was stormy, and he was rather uned a rumor of Alan's living at San- easy. Veronica would surely be a bad as a married man he did not sailor, and she was not very strong much importance to it. Alan just then, He was so little used to ing such good work that he was think of weather and winds that he

early on the fourth morning, and was still more uneasy at hearing that there was no news of the steamer. He haunted the quay all the next day, rather to the detriment of his work, and at night he could not sleep, Thoughts of Veronica's fears and sufferings obtruded themselves. blamed himself for leaving her, for not having returned to fetch her, although he could not well have left. She had always hated the water and feared it, and he had loved it. The next day he was down at the quay again, trying to get some information about the steamer. In a little while not he alone, but the owners of the boat, began to get frightened. They could get no news. No other boat seemed to have seen anything of her. By and by there were stories of some of the wreckage of a steamer being washed ashore, and at the end of a fortnight the haggard man who spent his days at the quay looking out for the boat which would never return to the town had to give up all hope. The steamer had assuredly gone down, and all hands with it; and Veronica, his wife, was lost with the others!

And so ended this brief little episode. Alan had been very happy with his gentle wife, and South America was loathsome to him now. He began to long, with a longing that had been stifled during his brief married life by the drawing out of other parts of his nature, for England and things English. The white clear moonlight, the scent of the tropical flowers, the soft. dark eyes and liquid accents of the Spanish women, the songs they sang, the very guitars they played, reminded him of his poor Veronica, now lying fathoms deep under the restless

But as she had never stirred the passionate depth of his nature, so her death never drew out passionate grief. He felt lonely, that was all; and the glowing land, where everything was so beautiful and yet seemed so ephemeral, became distasteful to him, so he gladly accepted Richard Dempster's offer to manage the export part of his business in London, and to return to English shores.

In a short time his South American experiences almost faded out of his mind. Veronica became a sweet memory to him, which moonlight nights freshened. He was very successful in his work, and in four years time had gained a good position for himself. He was ambitious, too, and began reading for the bar, which he found he could | King. do together with his work for the firm. And four years after he left South America saw him respected and much made of as any young man of twentysix might be who is beginning to be known as a man who may become important.

(To be continued.)

Debarred from Royal Presence.

Now and then one hears of society ladies being offered large sums—and accepting them-for presenting an ambitious woman at a drawing room; but money will not always secure of of the lord chamberlain's cards of admission. For example, the wife or daughter of a retail tradesman, however large his business and however wealthy be may be, is never allowed to enter the royal presance, and two or three other classes are rigorously barred. There is also as objection to the wives of company promoters. Indeed, when there is a drawing room announced the clerks in the lord chamberlain's office have quite an exciting time in inquiring into the position of those desiring to attend.-London Chronicle.

Scalped Thirteen Indians.

Wichita correspondence Chicago Inat Strand, Kan., last week. Grabby made himself famous by scalping 13 Indians in one bunch 14 years ago. was traveling through Oklahoma with his family. Thirteen young Indians came upon him and demanded his scalp. He fled to the wagon and ob tained a lasso. This he threw around five Indians and bound them together. while his wife held the others at bay with a rifle. After he had killed and scalped the five he killed the other eight. Such a feat was never before or since heard of. To commemorate the deed Grabby settled on the spot where he killed the Indians.

Immensity of China.

China and its dependencies have total area of 4,218,401 square miles and a population of 402,680,000. In area it includes nearly one-twelfth of the total area of the globe, while its population includes nearly one-third of all the people in the world. As compared with the United States, the latter's is land possessions being excluded, China has 800,000 more square miles of territory and more than five times as many inhabitants. The population of China proper per square mile is 292; that of the state of Rhode Island is 254, and that of Texas six.

Prince Shocked by Vaudeville.

His more or less royal ex-highness. the Prince Kalaminanole, of Hawaii, who is now in New York, went alone to see a vaudeville show there to determine if it was a proper place to take his wife, and though the performance was mild enough from s New York standpoint, he was greatly shocked and decided it would not do for the princess.

Jonathan Edwards' Memorial. The First Church of Northampton Mass., will, on June 22, place a tablet Ross. He knew it himself, hervous he had become: He put it memory of Jonathan Edwards, who was pastor of this church from 1726 to

AGE OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

BPEAKS ON GLORIOUS HERIT-

Thoughts Suggested by His Contact With the Imperial Splenders of Euroropean Capitals-Christians Members of the Royal House of Jesus.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.) In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who furing his journey homeward has seen much of royal and imperial splendors in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God: text, Judges viii., 18. Each one resembled the children of a Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to

battle, and when they came back they

were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance. "Each one resembled the children of a king. That description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth or patriotism or intelligence. The name of Washington among us wil always represent patriotism. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of \$40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience, and within a few years they have loaned Russia \$12, 000,000, Naples \$25,000,000, Austria \$40, 000,000, and England \$200,000,000, and the stroke of their pen on the counting room desk shakes everything from the Irish sea to the Danube. They open their hand and there is war, they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerus of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelphs of Great Britain, are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial author-

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich and more extensivethe royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and or earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross all of us are the children of the

First, I speak of our family name When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century we look at him with profound interest To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the sucestral line gives luster to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by tramping them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel or in iron cages, but I hear the strike of the hoofs of the snow white cavalcade that brings them to the gates in triumph.

Luster From Star and Spear. Our family name takes luster from the star that beralded him and the apear that pierced him and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany, The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Bethsaida. The Savior of one world and the chief joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. ter Ocean: Fred Grabby, aged 64, died | The earthquake the stamp of his feet. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his charlot wheels. Able to heal a heartbreak or hush a tempest or drown a world or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious per sonage?

Henceforth swing out the coat arms. Great families wear their coaof arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and en signs. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion or a dragon or an eagle. Our coat of arms, worn right over the heart. hereafter shall be a cross, a lamb standing against it and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag-the dove, the cross, the lamb, and when I fall wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit and clung to the Cross and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. * * *

The Royal House of Jesus. You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk he around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them and the cattle that pasture them -all these mountains and the precious things hidden beneath them and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane-all these lakes, these islands, these continents. are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven and around us and the other arm around see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Savior's nativity. For us they will wheel into line and with their flaming torches add to peace. You feel as if you would speak the spiendor of our triumph on the out and say: "Oh, blessed day, speed

made. In the third walk go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its charlots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck 12. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As the tides of glory rise we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanksgiv-

ing and triumph. What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in the words of the Canticles, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away." And once having put on thy hand the signet ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth and all the honors of heaven.

The Family Homestead.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead-some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorsill. You heard the footsteps of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples and the neighboring woods for nuts, and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In my father's house are many mansions." When we talk of mansions we think of Chatsworth and its park nine miles in circumference and its conservatory that astonishes the world, its galleries of art that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen, of the kings and queens who have walked its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes and princes and queens are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors and planted the parks. Angels walk there and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire and the lowest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or peace. by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family manston. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy many ages, and the urns the century plants of eternity. The queen of Sheba hath walked in its! halls, and Esther and Marie Antoinette gave two mites and the poor men from the hospital-these last two perhaps outshining al lthe kings and queens of eternity.

The Family Reunion.

A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married and went off to St. Louis or Chicago Charleston. But perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. has been silent for years! Father and mother do not play on it. How you bring out the old relics and rummage shout and laugh and cry and talk over old times and, though you may be forty-five years of age, act as though you were sixteen. Yet soon it is goodby at the car window and goodby at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion in heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace and Mary and Martha and Charlie and Lizzie and all the darlings of your household, not pale and sick and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the luster of heaven and their cheek roseate with

the flush of celestial summer. What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say. 'I thought there were no tears in heaven.' There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wine them away," and if there were no tears there how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say, "What, child of heaven, is it too much for thee Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And with his one arm our loved ones he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your day for which all other days were on! Toward thee I press with blister-

ed feet over the desert way. By ages fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunton! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have kissed thy blessed feet I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh, be not angry with me. One look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions. are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon and went into the dining room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh, the banqueting hall of the familyy Spread mansion of which I speak! the table, spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the river gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. Take all the shot torn flags of earthly conquest and intwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp and Gabriel with his trumpet and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine.

FAMOUS BRIGAND

Of Italy Killed by a Peasant Whom He

Rome correspondent New York Times: News has come to Rome of the death of the famous brigand, Fioravanti, who for so many years has eluded every attempt on the part of the Italian authorities to capture him. His body was found last Saturday in a wood near Grasseto, in the Tuscan Maremma. It seems that the celebrated bandit was shot by a peasant, whom he had threatened with death because of his refusal to take a letter of Floravanti to a certain well to do person, demanding the immediate payment of a sum of 5,000 francs. Luciano Fioravanti may well be said to have been the last of the old race of brigands which once infested the Maremma and the neighborhood of Rome. For a long space of time he was the companion of the terrible Tiburzi, who was shot by the gendarmerie, near Sapalbio, in the Merema mountains, some three or four years ago. Since the death of his friend and companion in arms Fioravanti had led a comparatively quiet life in the Ciminian Forest and the neighborhood of Viterbo. eluding every effort made by the police and guards to capture him. Lately he seemed to have returned to his old haunts, nearer Grasseto, where in an unguarded moment he met his end at last. For some years a reward of 4,000 francs had been hanging above his head for his capture or death. The news of his shooting has caused a deep sensation throughout the country, and the South Tuscan Maremma and the country between Lake Balsena and Rome is now virtually free of all really desperate disturbers of the public

SANDGLASSES

Still Used to Measure Varying Periods of Time.

Strange to say, the sandglass is still used to measure varying periods of at the gateway are abloom with time. The size depends upon the purposes to which they are to be put, The hour glass is still in use in the sick room and in the music room, in and Lady Huntington and Cecil and both places affording a sure and si-Jeremy Taylor and Samuel Rutherford | lent indication of the progress of time. and John Milton and the widow who | Half-hour glasses are used in schools, and fifteen-minute glasses are used for medical purposes, and the sandglass also goes into the kitchen as an aid to exact cooking. There are also tenminute glasses, five-minute and threeminute glasses, the two latter being used to time the boiling period of eggs. The three-minute sandglass is called an "egg boller." Sand-glasses are also used for scientific purposes and on shipboard. The sand is carefully pre-How you wake up the old plano that | pared by a thorough cleaning, including boiling. It is then baked dry, and then ground into the requisite fineness and uniformity, as sharp sand would the garret and open old scrapbooks and | be likely to become wedged in the opening between the two sections of the glass. The sand is then introduced into the glass through an opening left for that purpose in the end of one bulb, the opening then being sealed, the right quantity in each sand glass is gauged by actually timing the flow from one part of the glass to the other, and every glass is individually treated like a good thermometer. The glasses are usually mounted in cylindrical frames or holders, so that the twin bulbs can be seen at all times.

Why We Are Like the Crow.

Aside from the special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like ourselves, said the late Henry Ward Beecher. He is lazy, and that is human: he is cunning, and that is human He thinks his own color is best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him-a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can get his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and this is like man. Take off their wings and put them in breeches, and crows would make fair average men. Give men wings and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be

If a man is industrious and frugal, he can acquire a good deal of money without knowing much size.