Woman against Woman

By Mary E. Holmes

Geoffrey Armistead and the detectives struggled with the man and succeeded in forcing him on to his knees; then after some little difficulty they put the handcuffs over his wrists and let him free.

Roy gaze at him eagerly; his heart fell. It was not Jura.

"Let me search," he said eagerly.

"We have searched him, lord," said the detective civilly; "this is all at present."

"Only let me go and I'll tell all," screamed Dame Burden. "Oh, kind gentlemen, good, kind gentlemen, have mercy—let me go. I am a poor, harmless woman."

She held out her hands, and Roy, glancing at them, caught them in his.

"You were right," he cried to Frank; "the diamonds are here, for she wears one—see! Then——"

The old woman tried to snatch back her hand.

"You answer my question," and Geoffrey Armistead advanced to the old woman, drew his pistol and pointed it at her head. "Where is the young lady who was brought here two days ago? Answer quickly—the truth, or——"

Mrs. Burden turned green with fear. "I will speak—I will speak." She went away with George; and, oh, sir, I swear it—I tried to help and give her a sovereign—on my honor I did!"

Roy and Frank exchanged glances.

"Where have they gone?" continued Geoffrey.

"Yes, speak," broke in Sir Humphrey hoarsely.

"To furrin' parts—I think to Italy." Roy turned and mounted his horse.

"Where are you going?" eagerly asked Frank.

"To trace them down," answered Roy madly.

Geoffrey put his hand on the rein.

"Can you say nothing?" he said to the prisoner who had struggled so hard.

Paul Ross lifted his eyes and glared at the speaker, but made no answer.

"Do nothing, Lord Darrell, till we have questioned them further. Now to Nestley gaol," commanded Geoffrey firmly.

CHAPTER XVI.

Valerie Ross was chatting in her most pleasant manner to Lady Darrell when her quick ears caught the sound of arrivals on the gravelled path leading to the castle entrance. She rose and swept to the window; her quick eyes caught a glimpse of Roy's face, white and agitated, as he threw himself from his horse, and her heart told her that something had happened.

So great was her emotion that for an instant a film gathered over her eyes; she could distinguish no other among the group of horsemen below and when the mist cleared away they had all dismounted and had entered the Castle.

At all hazards she must know what had happened.

She made some hurried excuse to Lady Darrell, and slipped from the room.

In the passage she met Davis—Alice's maid. The woman had never liked her, and since her very open abuse of poor Alice, had grown to hate her.

"What has happened, Davis?" cried Valerie shrilly, forgetting even her dignity in her fear. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing that I have heard of, miss," answered Davis, and then Valerie knew she must endeavor to grow calm, or she would betray herself.

"I thought I heard a noise," she said, coldly, "but I dare say I was mistaken."

"I think you must have been, miss."

Valerie swept away. At the head of the staircase she halted. Should she go downstairs or not? Her movements were soon decided, for at that instant Roy, followed by Frank Meredith and Geoffrey Armistead, ran up the stairs.

"Ah, Valerie!" he cried excitedly. "Great news! We have captured some of the burglars, and traced—my—Lady Darrell. Where is my mother? I——"

He hurried on, leaving Valerie face to face with Mr. Armistead. She grew suddenly pale.

"Caught some of the robbers?" she exclaimed. "How romantic! Where and how? Ah, Mr. Meredith, you are the gentleman who befriended my Lady Alice the other day. And so they have traced her? Where is she?"

"Safe, I trust," said Geoffrey Armistead. "We have scotched two of the villains, the other we shall have tomorrow."

Valerie's heart stood still.

"Are they very ferocious?" she asked in a forced, laughing manner. "Do they look very terrible?"

"They are most ordinary—in fact, one is strangely like yourself."

Valerie gasped, put out one hand and clutched the balustrade.

Geoffrey motioned Frank away; he put his hand on Valerie's, she opened her eyes.

"My brother, Paul!" she gasped.

"Is below in handcuffs."

"My God! failed!" she murmured wildly; "what has happened?" she passed her hand over her eyes; then her brain cleared. "Mr. Armistead," she pleaded passionately, "help me, I beg. My wretched brother! You know what I have suffered through him. For God's sake help me now. They know nothing of him here. I shall be disgraced—eternally shamed, unless you will aid me. See, I will fling myself at your feet! Help me to escape this."

"I will help you on one condition," Geoffrey Armistead said quietly, lifting Valerie from her humiliating position; "and on one condition only."

"Name it!" cried Valerie.

"That you confess what share you had in Lady Darrell's abduction?"

She gave a slight scream, then drew herself up.

"I don't understand you," she said haughtily. "You insult me by such words!"

"Oh, no, I don't," answered Geoffrey. "I am a pretty good judge of things, Madame Valerie, and your own lips have condemned you. What did you whisper just now? 'Failed!' What had failed? Your plan, of course. Come, will you confess?"

"Never!" said Valerie passionately. "It is all false! I know nothing!"

"I hear Lord Darrell coming. I will tell him all—tell him that the woman he is harboring in his home is the sister of a——"

"No—no!" Valerie drew him back. "I may know something. Give me an hour."

"I give you till to-night willingly."

And Mr. Armistead turned away, leaving the wretched woman lost for a moment to all her self-possession, feeling that her revengeful plan had failed, yet knowing nothing.

She went hurriedly along the corridor to her own room, and as she went, her courage returned, and she could have cursed herself for her weakness in betraying herself to Geoffrey Armistead's keen eyes.

Roy Darrell met his friend with outstretched hand.

"My mother is quite upset and ill with all this business. She has sent me to fetch Sir Humphrey. She wishes to see him."

"I have been thinking that our best plan will be to ride in separate directions, to try and trace this Italian scoundrel; the others had better stay here, if you don't object to turning your castle into a prison for the nonce."

"Object!" cried the earl. "I feel safe when I know they are within my grasp. Armistead, I put myself into your hands. What you think wisest I will do. As soon as the detectives return from Nestley with the police I will start with you."

"Good," returned Geoffrey; "it will be a strange thing if we don't catch him I think."

Frank Meredith here joined them, and they went down the stairs together.

"Look after your friend, Armistead," said the earl, waving his hand towards the dining-room, where a dejeuner was spread. "If you will pardon me, I must take Sir Humphrey up to my mother."

He left the two friends, and hurried in search of Alice's grandfather.

Alice's grandfather!

The news came back to him with all its strange force.

The moments of excitement and anxiety while the burglars were captured had driven it from his mind; but now he remembered all that Sir Humphrey had said, and, even while his heart was torn with fear that she, perchance, was lost to him for ever, a thrill of pride went through him for her sake.

Sir Humphrey was pacing the floor of the library as the earl entered.

"You have no picture of your wife to show me, have you?" he asked abruptly.

Roy colored with pain, for, in the knowledgement that he possessed no memento of Alice, he had to own to the most feelings of coldness, unjustness, and contempt.

"I have none," he replied quietly, but Sir Humphrey read his face.

"Please God you will need none," he observed. "Surely she must be found to-night, Darrell."

Their hands unconsciously tightened in each others grasp.

"I dare not think of it," muttered Roy hoarsely. "The old woman has confessed that—that Jura loved her. She is in his hands. When I know this, I feel mad!"

"Take me to your mother," the older man said gently. "It is but right you should both know the history of this girl who so strangely became your wife. Ah, Darrell, truth is indeed stranger than fiction, and this child's story is a proof of that."

Roy turned and led the way to his mother's room.

Lady Darrell rose, with outstretched hands, as Sir Humphrey entered.

"Welcome home, old friend!" she said warmly. "How many years have passed since we have met, and to meet now at such a time! Roy has briefly told me how it comes that you are here; as yet I am in a maze of astonishment!"

"I will not leave you there long, dear lady." Sir Humphrey placed her carefully in her chair. "I will make my story as short as possible. You may remember years ago, when the Abbey was not the ruined place it is now, that occasionally my son, and sometimes myself, came to it in the autumn, and despite its cheerless character managed to be very comfortable with a few guns—intimate friends, who found the sport around ample compensation for the solitary grandeur of the domicile.

"The autumn your husband died I believe you spent abroad, this man"—putting his hand on Roy's shoulder—"was then an infant; for some reason—I forgot what now, business I think—I was unable to visit the Abbey. Pulke, my son, departed without me. I thought him surrounded with his friends, but after a few weeks had elapsed I soon discovered this was not so. To explain briefly, Pulke had purposely visited the Abbey alone save for his servants, drawn thither by a woman. This was a girl, a governess, whom he had met and protected from some insult, and attracted by her great beauty, fallen madly in love with. The governess, Margaret Dornton, soon after this meeting left her situation. Pulke discovered she had returned to the only home she knew, an old maiden aunt, living in the town of Nestley, and without a word he followed her. The rest was simple; his love bore down all her scruples, she was a dependent, unhappy, young.

"Fulke soon won his way; she became his wife. Judge me harshly if you will, but on receiving the news I refused to see them, to acknowledge her as my daughter, or assist Fulke to provide for the low-born wife he had chosen, as I then called her. Since then I have discovered that she was the daughter of an officer, a brave, gallant man, in every way my son's equal, but blinded as I was with rage and pride, I doubt if, even had I known it then, it would have availed much. Two years passed, all letters that reached me I burned unopened. My friends tried to reconcile us; I was firm. Then came the news—sudden, awful, terrible"—Sir Humphrey passed his hand over his brow—Fulke was dead, I read it in a newspaper. He had had an accident, and died instantaneously. Then my remorse began. I set out for Italy, where my poor son lay. He was buried when I arrived. His wife had disappeared, taking her child with her. For year after year I have searched without avail, when a few weeks ago Fate flung me against a farmer in America, a man named Brown, who had lived in this neighborhood. Without knowing me he gave vent to a grumble at the country, stating why he had come away from England. The name of Margaret Dornton, the girl you had married, told me at once my search was ended. Then with threats and cajoling I got the truth out of the man and his wife. My son's wife had died under their roof. Broken-hearted, sick unto death, she had dragged herself from Italy to place Fulke's child in my arms. Her aunt was dead. She was utterly alone. Feeling that her own end was approaching, she travelled to Nestley, hearing I was at the Abbey, but before she could reach me she passed away. Brown confesses now that she left a sum of money in their hands, with her dying command that the child was to be taken to me. How they kept that command you know. On every hand I have heard of their cruelty and neglect of my grandchild, and their robbery of the money that should have been hers. I had given my word that they should go unpunished if they told all, but I confess to having felt a desire to mete them out the justice they deserved. When I knew all I hastened to Nestley, travelled down with Geoffrey, and learnt that my search was far from ended, and that the child I hoped was found, was ruthlessly torn from my arms, perhaps for ever.

Lady Darrell stretched out her thin white hand.

"Have courage, dear friend," she said gently. "She will be found, I am sure of it."

Roy bent and kissed his mother, his face white and agitated.

"She shall be found if she is alive," he said hoarsely. "I will bring her back to you myself, Sir Humphrey."

Without another word, he strode from the room, and down the stairs to the other two.

"I am ready whenever you like," he said abruptly.

Geoffrey Armistead looked up from his notebook.

"Newton has returned from Nestley. No one answering our description has left the station. They have telegraphed up to London for more men, and have sent some police to Moretown, which place I proposed we visit ourselves."

Frank got up eagerly, while the earl buttoned his riding-gloves in a nervous manner.

Geoffrey Armistead alone was calm—he was too used to trickery and deceit—and his quiet manner was as a rock of strength to the other two men, who were trembling with excitement.

"We will take Newton and another man with us," he declared; and in a few moments the whole party were once more on horseback and away.

* * * *

Alice sat beside Myra as the pony, urged by the whip, almost flew through the dark path.

She only grasped the side of the cart, and clutched it as if its firm hardness were the barriers between her and worse than death.

Occasionally her apprehension would be so great that a sigh escaped her, but beyond that she made no sign.

As they rattled on, the pony grew gradually distressed.

"He can't go much farther," Myra said, suddenly breaking the silence. "We must get out in a few minutes and walk the rest."

"What will you do with him?" Alice asked hurriedly.

"Nothing. Just leave him beside the road; someone will find him and take him home. Now, jump down; we've got a good mile to go yet."

Alice stopped to pat the good little animal who had helped her so well, then clasping the hand Myra held out, they hurried on over the rough road almost at a run.

It was now quite dark; the stars shone here and there, but the moon refused to lighten the gloom.

"Now we can rest," Myra said breathlessly, as they approached the town; "we must make some plausible excuse. It is too late to get to London to-night; we must take a room at the inn."

"Yes," murmured Alice almost spent with fatigue, sinking to the ground.

"Then the first thing in the morning we can creep out, get to the station, go up to town; once there, I know of a safe corner to hide till you can let your friends know."

Alice shuddered; the image of Valerie's dark, revengeful face clouded out the vision of the earl's as she had last beheld it. She only remembered how Valerie hated her, and she dreaded her.

"No, no," she said faintly; "I shall not let them know—I am best lost! I will work, beg—starve—but I will not go back."

Myra looked at her curiously.

"You have a husband," she said abruptly; "do you not love him?"

A blush covered Alice's pale face, but the darkness hid it.

"I have no husband," she said in low tones. "I am nothing to him. He—he is nothing to me. There is another who has greater claim on him than I have."

Myra rose to her feet again.

"You are tired and ill; let us get into the town and find a room."

"Have you money?" asked Alice, rising with difficulty.

"Yes," Myra answered briefly; "enough to last till we get safely away. Here is the inn. Now, then, stand behind me; I must tell some lie or we shall not get in."

Alice shrank back into the darkness of the portico, while Myra rang the bell loudly.

Moretown was an early place, and the inn was closed for the night.

"We want a room," she said boldly, as the sleepy landlord appeared—"a room for my mistress, and myself. We've lost the last train to London. My mistress was photographed for her brother's wedding, and we drive to-morrow morning. We start by the first train in the morning."

The man rubbed his chin and looked doubtful for a moment.

"My missus is abed," he said after a while. "Has you gotten money?"

"Money; yes." Myra chinked her purse. "Make haste and don't ask any more questions, or my mistress will just go off to the other inn."

"Lawks no. Come ye in. I dare say it's all right; but it's main queer to see two young women out this time of night."

"Hold your tongue and lead the way up," Myra commanded; and as the man lit a candle, she dragged Alice in, who was half fainting with fatigue and fear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Civil War Messages.

It was a day or two after General Fitzhugh retired that the telegraph lines between Carlisle and Harrisburg were put in condition for service, and the first two messages that passed over them gave more than one officer and civilian a laugh. The Harrisburg operator was a young lady of the army variety and not noted for choice diction or even grammatical accuracy, but he could be terse on occasion. The Carlisle man, a civilian named Noble, probably knew more of the rules of syntax, but he was a bit flustered. Here are the messages—and in those days they were of record, since receiving and sending by sound were not in vogue:

Query—Has the rebels went?

Answer—They is.

After all there is merit in the interchange. There was no room for doubt as to what headquarters at Harrisburg wanted to know nor as to the military condition at Carlisle. But poor Noble! His friends nearly forced him to resign by the methods known as "josh."

Sardou as Stage Manager.

Sardou is one of the few great stage managers in Europe. He and Sir Henry Irving are probably the two best. "How is it done? Well, you see," replied M. Sardou, "I know exactly what I want, and I take care that I get it!" Sir Henry's answer to the same question would not, one imagines, be very different from this. Sardou does not read a lecture to an actor whose intonation is incorrect or whose gesture displeases him; he takes the actor's place on the boards for a few moments and goes through the part.

In theory this is simplicity itself; in practice it is sometimes productive of emotions which the scene is not intended to convey. As a rule, M. Sardou's demeanor at rehearsal is beautiful, but if people will not do as he requests he can tear his hair and a speech to tatters with the best of them. When the hurricane is over, he becomes Mr. Honeytongue again, but he has carried his point.—Cassell's Magazine.

Cause of Leg Weakness.

Now that the young roosters are running at large they will grow rapidly if properly fed, but should the weather become damp they may suddenly show weakness in the legs. If they eat and seem well otherwise they will soon come in proper condition, as the weakness is caused by the birds growing in height rather than in breadth, the legs seeming to grow longer. Such birds show the effects more on a sudden change of the weather than at any other time, as if rheumatic. Keep them in a dry place, feed plenty of bonemeal, and they will not only easily get over it, but will eventually be the largest ones in the flock.—Farm and Fireside.

She Always Has It.

Willie—Say, pa, is every word in the dictionary?

Pa—No, I guess not, my son. Every little while a new one comes into use.

Willie—What's the last word, then, pa?

Pa—I don't know. Go ask your mother.—Chicago News.

PROGRESS OF JAPAN.

The Reforms of the Last Thirty Years Have Been Most Wide-Reaching.

"The land of gentle manners and fantastic arts. The Japanese have the nature rather of birds and butterflies than of ordinary human beings. They will not and cannot take life seriously."

That is an epitome of Sir Edwin Arnold's view of the Japanese.

It is really time that this Japanese myth was finally disposed of, for much elegant nonsense is written of a people whose outlook on life is as hopelessly material as that of the Japanese.

The treatment of women and the relations of the sexes are usually regarded as considerable factors in arriving at a judgment of the civilization of a nation. Judging by that test, how do the Japanese stand? How do the male "birds and butterflies" conduct themselves toward the females of their species? I will endeavor, as far as the limits of this letter will permit, to answer that question.

The Japanese, though a certain proportion of them wear ill-fitting European clothes, and a still smaller percentage are turned out as nearly as Bond street itself could make them, are still Orientals. The reforms of the last 30 years have been most wide-reaching, and vast changes have been effected. But it has been almost wholly a material revolution. The moral attributes of the people remain practically as they were.

More particularly has the attitude of the Japanese male towards his womankind remained unaffected. Man is here altogether the superior sex. The husband walks down the street two paces in advance of his wife who trots contentedly at his heels. He steps into his carriage first, and she scrambles in afterwards. She is literally of no importance except from the point of view of children. And if she has no family of a rival is soon openly introduced into the same house. This deserves emphasis, if only to warn English girls against the incredible folly of marrying a Japanese, as some persist in doing. Such a union is, in 99 cases out of 100 foredoomed to hideous misery.

The Japanese, who may be all smiles, shirt front and elegance in a London drawing-room, or even as a public function in Tokio, becomes an Oriental the moment he crosses the threshold of his own house.

I have had under my notice, quite recently, a melancholy instance of this. A woman came to Japan five years ago a happy pride, young, bright and gay. She stole away the other day as a steerage passenger to San Francisco a premature old woman of eight-and-twenty, haggard and hopeless. Her servitude had broken her heart.

Conjugal infidelity on the part of the wife is a serious matter; on the husband's side it is not even a peccadillo. Nor is this by any means the most remarkable example of the absolute indifference of the Japanese in questions of morality. Such matters are considered and are dismissed with jocular remarks here. The Government protects, patronizes and almost encourages immorality as does that of no other civilized country. It even draws part of its revenue from a tax levied on this shameful traffic. Silence is inevitable on this terribly gloomy phase of Japanese life.

The physical effect of the general laxity of moral fibre strikes an observant foreigner at once. The coolie class, who live hard and simply, are sturdy, strong fellows, a trifle under-sized, but healthy and robust. The intellectual classes are generally sedentary and thinkers, are physically beneath contempt, if we except the naval and a proportion of the military men, many of whom are fine fellows.

The Government tries to encourage athleticism in the schools, recognizing, as it does, that the physique of the nation is not what it should be; but it is a case of forcing an unwilling horse. The Japanese student is not like the English schoolboy. He plays games perfunctorily, with as little relish as Smith minor would show in tackling a quadratic equation. His health is not robust, and his spirits are low. The conscription examinations show that 20 per cent. of the candidates only are fit to be placed in the third class, and only 12 per cent. in the second. The rest are unfit for service.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature in the whole situation is that the example set by the upper classes is a wholesome one. The members of the aristocracy, the statesmen and the priests are among the worst offenders; and whatever restraint the old religions exercised—and it was but small—has ceased to be operative. Neither Buddhism nor Shinto has any considerable influence on the educated, and to Christianity the Japanese have never taken kindly.

And the educators have much to answer for. The Japanese are a reading people—Tokio to-day has almost as many dailies as London—and a large proportion of the class know enough of letters to enjoy the less erudite prints which appeal to the lower orders.

Yet what is the gospel too often preached in the papers?—the superiority of the God-descended Japanese over mass of common clay, and the assertion, in season and out of season, of that superiority.

Some of the articles of this school of writers are amazing. As a specimen, I might note one which appeared in a monthly magazine devoted to the Nippon Shoji (Forward Japan) movement. According to the writer, Japan is destined next century to be the leader of nations. Western civilization is effete; the white races are played out; signs of decay are visible on every hand. Japan, on the other hand, is young, strong, and enlightened; she is not fettered by the superstitions of a worn-out creed like Christianity; it is here to step into the van of progress, and show Great Britain, France and Germany the way.

The gentleman who wrote this probably slept on a mat, dressed in a bowler hat, a kimono, and a pair of European shoes, and spent his occasional spare moments on a night's dissipation at a geisha house. His ideas of progress would be founded on the up-to-date shodiness of the ginza at Tokio, and he probably never addressed a foreigner of higher standing than a Yokohama shipping clerk.

A SERVICE OF SONG.

An Interesting and Instructive Sermon on Music in Religion.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Declares That the Best Music Has Been Rendered Under Trouble--God Meant All to Sing--The Proper Music for a Church.

Washington, Sept. 3.—Dr. Talmage to-day discussed a most attractive department of religious worship—the service of song. His ideas will be received with interest by all who love to lift their voices in praise in the Lord's house. The text is Nehemiah vii, 67, "And they had two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women."

The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first dust that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find, amid all their trials, two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women then in this day of gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must sort how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of what God means us to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are 14 direct muscles and 30 indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. What does that mean? It means that you should sing! Do you suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it silent? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world and should lock up the organ of Westminster Abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Haseem, and the organ at Freiburg, and all the other great musical instruments of the world. You would call such a man as that a monster, and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never can find a tune for God,
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

Music seems to have been born in the soul of the natural world. The omnipotent word with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the grainfield, in the swoop of the wind amid the mountain fastnesses, in the many-y warbled and the thunder shock, in the brook's tinkle and the ocean's paean. There are soft cadences in nature and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all and others that are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them.

The Judgment Day's Great March.

The animalculae have their music, and the spicula of hay and the globule of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air, and the wing of the firefly cleaves it, there is sound and there is melody; and as to those utterances of nature which are more grand and overwhelming, it is as when you stand in the midst of a great orchestra, and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music, but when that music rises to where God sits and the innumerable beings who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous. In the judgment day, that day of tumult and terror, there will be no dissonance to those who can appreciate the music. It will be as when sometimes a great organist, in executing some great piece, breaks down the instrument upon which he is playing the music. So, when the great march of the judgment day is played under the hand of earthquake, and storm and conflagration, the world itself will break down with the music that is played on it. The fact is, we are all deaf, or we should understand that the whole universe is but one harmony—the stars of the night only the ivory keys of a great instrument on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres.

Music seems dependent on the law of acoustics and mathematics, and yet where these laws are not understood at all the art is practiced. There are to-day 300 musical journals in China. Two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians practiced this art. Pythagoras learned it. Lasus of Hermione wrote essays on it. Plato and Aristotle introduced it into their schools, but I have not much interest in that. My chief interest is in the music of the Bible.

The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, swept by the fingers of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you will find the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music—at weddings, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine press. The Hebrews understood how to make musical signs above the musical text. When the Jews came from their distant homes to the great festivals at Jerusalem, they brought harp and timbrel and trumpet and poured along the great Judaean highways a river of harmony until in and around the temple the wealth of a nation's song and gladness had accumulated. In our day we have a division of labor in music, and we have one man to make the hymn, another man to make the tune, another man to play it on the piano and another man to sing it. Not so in Bible times. Miriam, the sister of Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea, composed a doxology, set it to music, clapped it on a cymbal and at the same time sang it. David, the psalmist, was at the same time poet, musical composer, harpist and singer, and the majority of his rhythm goes vibrating through all the ages.

Music of Bible Times.

There were in Bible times stringed instruments—a harp of three strings played by fret and bow, a harp of ten strings resounding only to the fingers of the performer. Then there was the crooked trumpet, fashioned out of the horn of the ox or the ram. Then there were the sistrum and the cymbals, clapped in the dance or beaten in the march. There were 4,000 Levites, the best men of the country, whose only business it was to look after the music of the temple.

These 4,000 Levites were divided into two classes and officiated on different days. Can you imagine the harmony when these white robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence and by the smoking altars and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Psalm of David? Do you know how it was done? One part of that great choir stood up and chanted, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good!" Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response, "For his mercy endureth forever." Then the first part would take up the song again and say, "Unto him who only doeth great wonders." The other part of the choir would come in with overwhelming response, "For his mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling with harmony, every response having in every bosom heaving, one part of this great white robed choir would lift the anthem, "Oh, give thanks unto the God of heaven!" and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response, "For his mercy endureth forever."

But I am glad to know that all through the ages there has been great attention paid to sacred music. Ambrosius, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, gave it their mighty influence, and in our day the best musical genius is throwing itself into the work of God. Handel and Mozart and Bach and Durante and Wolf and scores of other men and women have given the best part of their genius to church music. The truth in words is not half so mighty as a truth in song. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but the "Judgment Hymn" he composed is resounding yet all through Christendom.

Appropriate Church Music.

I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art—the Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter Hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England, the controversies of music at Munich and Leipsic, the Handel and Haydn and Harmonic and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago and every city which has cultivated taste.

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet, the organ; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the inaugration of worship, and then with indescribable softness, while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert hall, or the opera house, or the drawing room, may be inappropriate in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes with the toss, the swing and the display of an opera house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying: "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a soprano? Which of these solos did you like the better?" When, if we had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying: "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn! I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour as when they were singing that last doxology."

Music as a Help to Devotion.

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gayety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were meditative, then the boarded meeting house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmund's." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang "Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been, amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to cultivate ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or a yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assemblies every morning and every afternoon, and every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath?

No Dull Music Wanted.

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other parts of the church service be dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During one of my journeys I preached to an audience of 2,000 or 3,000 people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation; do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning.

In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age or weakness or fatigue excuses us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing—do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale and be one C below when you ought to be one C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you! Still, it is better to do as Paul says and sing "with the spirit and the understanding also."

Again, I remark church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshippers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of church it must be where the minister does all the preaching and the elders all the praying and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are "two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse in a Presbyterian church there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another church in that city and told me his trouble, how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day a committee, made up of the session of the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have a right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

An Appropriate Emblem.

"I wonder why peace is represented by a dove."

"I don't know, unless it's because a dove'll get scared and hide quicker than almost any other animal."—Washington Star.

Very Confiding.

"I never saw a man of more confiding disposition than Barber."

"That's Barber, all right. Why, he even believes his own lies."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ready For Inspection.

"There comes Maud. I wonder if she'll stop and speak to us?"

"Yes, indeed. She's got on a brand new dress."

THE GHOORKAS.

The Famous Hill Men of Nepaul in the British Army.

The famous Ghoorkas of the British army are hill men from Nepaul. They positively have no fear of death in any shape or form, and will follow their English officers anywhere, being tractable and amenable to discipline, and having an innate love of fighting.

They like to be brigaded and associated with British troops, with whom they chum in an extraordinary manner, especially on active service. It is a popular error to suppose they don't possess caste, as there are at least a dozen different castes among them, but directly they go on service they drop all caste prejudices and eat and drink with English troops without reserve. They will accept tobacco or a cigar from an Englishman, but a man of one caste must not smoke in the company of a man of another.

The Ghoorkas trace their descent from the Central Indian Rajpoots, the Thappas and Gurungs especially asserting that they have the bluest Hindoo blood in India in their veins. They have intermarried for generations with Mongolian women, and one would have supposed that in time a distinctly new type would have been evolved, combining the leading characteristics of both races. But this is not so, as most of the Ghoorkas have either the Aryan or Chinese cast of countenance.

Europeans generally suppose that all Ghoorkas are short, squat men, with broad nostrils, high cheek bones and deep-set, narrow eyes, but this is not the case. The First and Second Regiments of Ghoorkas that have covered themselves with glory in this campaign have a larger number of Thappas and Gurungs in their ranks, who are of slight build, with beautifully chiselled and sharp features, thoroughly Aryan in every way.

Ghoorkas have two noted peculiarities, which give them a boyish look. They are short of stature, and, in spite of great care, never are able to cultivate much hair on their faces.

It is on record that when Lord Roberts was marching through the Kerram, the Pathan women and children stood and jeered at the little boyish Ghoorkas, whom they thought he was leading to certain destruction, but they changed their opinion when the Afghan army was driven headlong from the Plewar Kotal with the aid of the same little boys.

A story is told of an Afghan who travelled a long way to see the terrible soldiers who had defeated his countrymen in so many battles. When he saw the Ghoorkas standing on guard at the "Bala Hissar," in Cabul, he committed suicide in "very shame."

It is not generally known that an association has been formed to provide for and educate the orphan sons of Ghoorka soldiers who have died in the service or been killed in action, and the sons of Ghoorka pensioners of good and deserving character who die in India, who are in destitute circumstances, with a view of their entering the army or other Government employ. Each of the 15 Ghoorka battalions in the Indian service has a widow and orphan fund to which all ranks subscribe.

The Maharajah of Puttiala has given land required for an asylum, and the Nepaulese princes and others have given financial help also.

FEELS LIKE A FIGHTING COCK.

W. M. Larchment, Winnipeg, writes:

"Yours received. I feel twenty years younger since my cure with your treatment, and I owe you and my partner a life-long debt of gratitude for what has been done for me. I well remember the morning, a night's sport ended, when my partner dropped one of your tablets in a drink of water that he gave me, and how I laughed at his earnest confidence in the cure. An hour later I was putting down a second glass of beer with the old-time satisfaction, and then I did something unusual for me to do after a carouse. I went straight to work. At dinner my partner insisted on another tablet, and I tried it in a cup of tea. Then it occurred to me that I had forgotten to take my customary glass of beer before the meal, but ridiculed the idea that this was the first sign in the cure. At supper time I began to regard the matter more soberly, and really wondered why I had not felt the least inclination for a drink. My partner merely smiled, while he produced another Samaria tablet. Next day I took a tablet of my own accord and kept at the treatment until I had finished the package. Six months have now passed without any return of the former habit. I feel like a fighting cock and have never had a desire for drink since I quit. You have heard from three of my friends who sent for your remedy. That ought to prove how well I can recommend it."

Samaria Prescription accomplishes wonders in the easiest and most rational and natural manner. Men who have started with self-treatment are made to feel good enough to keep it up to the end. It is a self-help which, once started, creates a growing lust for the freedom which it awakes in a man. The package of Samaria Prescription which effects a complete cure can be had direct, if you cannot procure it at the druggist's, and will be sent to any address in plain, sealed wrapper on receipt of price, $3. If you wish to write in confidence we will send you our private address on request. All communications sacredly confidential.

SAMARIA REMEDY CO.,
Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

drinking. Men drink beer regularly, daily, as they would not drink spirits, till the alcohol appetite is formed; then they resort to the more fiery stimulant. Every man who likes to drink beer is in danger. It is also true that serious and permanent harm comes from beer-drinking.

Samaria Prescription ejects the cause which inclines the taste for alcoholic drinks of any kind. Whiskey-drinkers are far more tractable subjects for a cure than beer-drinkers. In the one case the nervous system has been excited to a high tension, which is quite readily allayed and soothed by Samaria Prescription. In the case of beer-drinkers the system is depressed into a soggy inertia. The system of the whiskey or wine drinker is sensitive and instantly responds to the treatment, while its action on beer-drinkers is more gradual, because the organs are glutted with fatty deposits which