Cvercometh. him that overcometh,-The victor's palm, the fadeless wreath, The grand immortal song. thin whose whiteness shines the name rerealed to him alone. him that overcometh-Ah, what of bitter strife gefore he win the battle's gage

and snatch the crown of life! That whirl of crossing weapons, What gleam of flashing eyes, hat stern debate with haughty foes, Must be before the prize ? ohim that overcometh Shall trials age befall, the World, the Flesh, the Devil,

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with that triumphant brand.

whim that overcometh. omise dearest dear : Lord himself who died for him Severmore be near. dust upon his garments, ere, robes that royal be, arch my throne," the King hath said, "Mine own shall sit with me."

a vin that overcemeth,tweaves itself through weary hours the hidden manna, he name unknown. tist the Lord one day of days tell to him alone.

-MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

d bim under For Love of Her.

CHAPTER IX.

gist here to sa my times during his after life Arundel tles; I took the on asked himself bitterly why he did he out there on the plains; why, if irections and is a God who can read men's future that God permitted him to live. I used but of us going our ways through are as free in have seen people whom we have reason-The cure would be much better out of world than in it. We have asked ourles who are m bermit those to live who certainly reflect redit upon Him as their maker, and only a source of sorrow and pain to friends. Verily, there are many things is world hard to understand; perhaps e is no question more puzzling than this Jan. 17, 1882 by two people are permitted to come to-Gents:-This t wretchedness to the other; and when liams, druggist question arises, it is sometimes far hout hesitate easy to answer, it is fate, than it is

hether or no his Creator had some of several year parpose in view when He allowed removed, sail ve any Span ever it was, he did not die, although he y used. I have tvery near to the dark river which use it, who have rates life from death. When he went I gladly make the second time into that land of wild my questions a y feature seemed to have stamped itself milly upon his memory; he would rave the lovely eyes that had looked mis, the smiling lips that his had

a Russel, watching beside him, knowwas Muriel's beauty over which he raving, could not conquer the pain ents:-Several the seemed to go through his heart, as he nee joint which the passionately tender words ow the size of fell from Arundel's lips.

severe pain al at last the fever burnt itself out, leaving , when I began midel weak, helpless as a little child; and with the most sing up into the face of the man who had ntirely remore kined him so untiringly night and day, d the lameness recognized his brother, and knew that it to be excellappeal to Russel had not been in vain. v it to be the his weak condition the shock was almost that I am at much for him, it completely unmanned , and his form was snaken with sobs, Watte face wet with tears as he whisper-

> Oh, Russel, I thought you would not to me, that I would never see you and it seemed as if I could not ani not look once more upon your

ery cently and tenderly Russel soothed until more quietly Arundel said,

do not ask you to forgive me, my brothonly ask you to pity me, I have suffered

us, its Lad suffered, certainly, that Rusknew; and never had he felt deeper pity his erring brother than now, as he said, be past is over and gone, Arundel, we will

twas the day after the fever had left Arundel had been lying very quietly closed eyes, so quietly that Russel, rear him, thought he was asleep, was surprised, when the dark eyes ned suddenly, to see that there was no ces of slumber in them, only a deep wist-

"Rassel," h said, slowly, a flush creeping et it for you. This pale face, though he tried to smile, don't believe that my head is just right for something seems to bother meeming I can't exactly understand. I

latte re offection of having a picture hand-how it came there I cannot amberatall, but I remember the picture tally. It was a woman, Russel, and it the most exquisite face, with the loveeyes, and such a tender, smiling mouth can see it now just as plainly as I see it seems to be fast in my brain, on my rt: I can see lit always. Could it have a a dream, Russel, only a wild fever-

the thin fingers were twining themselves rously, restlessly together, there was a zzled, excited look in the eyes that were ed so eag rly on Russel's face. ery quietly the answer came.

It was not a dream, Arundel. The ture slipped cut of my pocket when one at I threw myself for a moment down bee you, and you must have found it lying der a fold in the blanket—it is a picture "Your wife!"

Vainly Russel tried not to notice the ring of bitter disappointment in his brother's voice, though Arundel himself was not aware that in the utterance of those two words he had betrayed his own feelings. He was silent for a moment; then he said, trying to speak lightly and with a miserable attempt to laugh :

"So you are married, Russel, and I never knew it; strange I did not think that it might be so. She is very beautiful : tell me about her, Russel; tell me all about-your wife ?"

And then he lay very quiet, with one hand half over his eyes, while Russel told him of Muriel-of her beauty and sweetness, where he had first met her, and how long they had been married- last of all, of his great love for her.

"You do not need to tell how much you care for her," said Arundel, a little wearily, when he had finished. "I can see that very plainly for myself; and I suppose this beautiful Muriel of yours loves you just as devotedly as you do her. How did you ever win her consent to let you leave her and come out here and hunt me up?"

Little did he think how cruelly his words hurt Russel; he did not see the shadow that fell over his brother's face as he answered:

"Muriel felt so deeply sorry for you, Arundel, that she willingly gave her con-

"Then she knows all about me, does she," said Arandel, bitterly-"knows what a miserable creature I am?"

"Yes, she knows all, Arundel; but there are no feelings in her heart for you other than those of tender pity. Her tears fell like rain as she listened to your story, and she told me to tell you that even though she may never see you, she will always bear for you a sister's love -- that she will pray for you-pray that the remainder of your life may be nobly spent."

"Did she say that, Russel? God bless her; perhaps her prayers will help me; it is a long time since any woman prayed for

He stopped abruptly, turned his head away and lay, neither speaking or moving; and Russel, thinking he was tired, said gent-

"I am afraid I have let you talk too much; you are very weak yet; try and sleep, Arundel."

"I believe I am tired; while I take a nap you go out and get a little fresh air, Russel; you need it."

But after his brother had left him, Arundel Anthon did not sink into slumber; he lay there with closed eyes, thinking of Muriel.

"Muriel," he whispered to himself, "the name suits her; it is such a pretty name. Strange in all my life before no woman's face ever affected me as her pictured one has done, and she is my brother's wife. Ah, how sweet life must be to a man who has the love of such a woman as she must be; and how dearly Russelloves her-who could help loving her? I love her, I who have never seen her."

Then he fell to thinking of his lonely, loveless life. Never before had it seemed quite so desolate and barren to him as now; and thinking of it all, he could not restrain the tears which forced their way through his closed eyelids and trickled down over his thin, white face.

Though he would not own it even to himself, the knowledge that the woman whose pictured face had been a revelation to him of the influence a woman can gain over a man was a wife, and a brother's wife as well, was a crushing disappointment to him. It was singular, unnatural if you choose; probably it was because of his weak, low physical condition, but he had built upon that pictured face hopes which were brighter than any he had known since that terrible night when he had held Percy Evringham's dead body in his arms. The thought had grown in his morbidly active brain that he might some time meet the lovely woman whose soft eyes had looked out at him so tenderly from her picture, and in her he would find rest and peace; she would advise comfort, strengthen him, and perhaps who could tell? she might come to love him. Certainly it was a wild, unnatural thought; but then you must remember that Arundel Anthon was mentally and physically in that low state when wilder thoughts than this even are cherished.

After that there was not a day that he did not beg Russel to talk to him about his life; and thinking to divert his brother's mind from his own sad thoughts, Russel would tell him patiently about his home, his friends, his young wife, until after a while there was scarcely a detail in his life for five years back with which Arundel was not perfectly familiar. It was pitiful too, the deep attention with which the homeless, friendless, wifeless man would listen to his brother, as he described his beautiful home, grew eloquent over his many warm, true friends, and spoke so tenderly of his lovely | saying as he gave it to him :

And many times after he had heard it all, Arundel would say to himself with a great pang of sorrow and remorse.

"Ah, Russel, I do not envy you your beautiful home, your many friends, your wealth; but I do envy you-may God for-

give me for it-your young wife." But all this time he was growing stronger, ond Russel began to think nopefully of getting back to El Paso; that would not be a hard matter as soon as Arundel was sufficienly strong to ride, for they had three fine

saddle-horses at their disposal. They had made all their plans. Russel had insisted that his brother should accept a large sum of money yearly from him, but | making several ineffectual attempts to though the liberal allowance would enable | rise, he fell back heavily, his face grow-Arundel to live in comfort and luxury without a thought of work, still he had resolved | him. to go into Texas, buy a large tract of land,

"For I could not live if I did not work, Russel," he said, sorrowfully: "life is only tolerable when I am so busy that I have not time to think of myselt; you have no idea what it is to have a past so terrible that it makes you shiver and grow faint to look

back upon it." Russel, of course, was to return to New York as soon as possible; now that he had seen his brother, had provided for his future, a great longing to get back to his wife had

come upon him. It was decided that in six months the two brothers should meet again in San Francisco, and that in the interval they should correspond regularly.

"And, my poor boy, you must never feel is no one to take an interest in your welfare, sake, you must not let me die." to care whether you live or die," said Ruswill not seem so hard, after all."

when y " come to meet me in California?" nething but watch beside him and see him said Arundel, wistfully. "I wish you grow hourly weaker. would, Russel. I would so much like to see her."

And Russel answered cheerfully.

with me."

he would, that it would be many months ere that God in mercy would spare his brother's his eyes would rest again upon his wife's life.

CHAPTER X.

hopelessness.

Many times during the years which had | the information. wanderer upon the face of the earth, Arun- on their way, one of them drew Arundel Anthon had been tempted to take his own aside. so unendurable.

which we are walking, until a gleam of light | the boys, they will tell you the same thing. reveals it to us. Often we can bear sorrow And here's a bit of advice for you: just as and pain with some degree of calmness and soon as you possibly can get back to El resignation, until by comparison with the Paso, or nearer to it than you are now; joy and happiness of another, they suddenly there are Indians about here, of that I am grow intolerable. It is hard to reconcile positive, and the red devils are not the most ourselves to our own poverty when the rich- agreeable companions in the world; I've had es of another man stare us in the face. Af ter all, it is true, "What the eyes do not see, thousand times take my own life than meet the heart does not feel."

Arundel Anthon had never realized quite so plainly all that he had lost, until he heard his brother speak of his own happy, peacehe had recklessly thrown away. Home, friends, the love of a wife, the spontaneous men, never, never for him; and yet it might | feeling very anxious. have been that, instead of being an outcast fireside, with a woman's hand in his owna woman, perhaps, with eyes soft as Muriel's -and with little children playing beside have been came and went before the eyes of the lonely man, until many times he groaned in heavier than I can bear."

Now, on the morrow they would start for El Paso, there to separate, going each his his home, to find there love and happiness and rest, the other to resume the old weary despairingly why Russel must die instead of live of loneliness and labor and horrible de. | him.

brother's.

Mexican boy-asking some questions regard- to my own country, afraid to bear the name ing the journey back to El Paso-and after a | which is mine by right of birth, an outcast, few moments he came and threw himself a wanderer." down beside Arundel.

"Everything is all ready," he said, wearity; "the horses are in a splendid condition, and if we start at sunrise we will be some distance from here by to-morrow this your place? time."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Arundel, rather absently, letting his eyes wander slowly from the western sky to his brother's face; and then he raised his head quickly, for Russel's face was deeply flushed, and his eyes dull and heavy.

"You are not feeling well, Russel," he said, anxiously, "you look very bad-

"I am tired and my head aches, that is he muttered hoarsely. all," answered Russel, languidly. "I shall be all right in the morning, after a good | that; for though I have led a wild, sintul night's sleep. You don't know how I life, I could not myse'f have thought of that long to get away from here, Arundel; it | -Great God am I going mad?" seems as though to-morrow would never

ously alarmed at his brother's appearance, | ing heavily against the framework. and, rising hastily, he mixed some medicine,

you can't afford to be sick now, you discern a group of dark figures, so far on

Russel laughed a little as he drank it. "Me sick, Arundel? Way, I have not bles me now, and that will be all gone by to- ly.

morrow morning."

But at sunrise the next morning, Russel's | track us out !" headache was not gone; it was there still, that du.l, throbbing pain; and, after ing deadly white as a sudden fear came over

"Give me some more medicine, Arundel, and settle down to stock raising as a busi- he said, trying to speak quickly, trying not to give way to that sickening fear. "In a little while, an hour or so, perhaps, I will feel better; because we Muriel!"

speak, looked up into his face.

bravely:

"It is the fever. Very well, we must fight that you are alone in the world, that there it, Arundel, you and I, and, for Muriel's

So, from the first he was brave, calm, sel, earnestly. "Remember that as long as hopeful; even when he drifted off into the Muriel and I live, you will have a brother | delirium, which is the natural course of that and sister who will always love you and terrible fever, he did not rave wildly, madthink of you. Be true to yourself, Arundel; ly, as Arundel had done. The days went God will find you something to do, and life on, the fever raged fiercely, and Arundel knew his brother was more dangerously ill "Wi'l your bring Muriel with you than he had been; knew it and could do

This thing is certain, Arundel Anthon had then not the slightest thought of the fearful thing he was afterward to do, ; he had only "If it is a possible thing, she shall come one thought, one wish, one hope, and that was, that Russel might live to go back He did not think—poor Russel Anthon— to his home, and to Muriel. He prayed, so many a storm of war and weather. Very that Arundel would see Muriel long before as he had not done since he was a boy,

One day—it was toward nightfall—a party ef surveyors stopped at the cabin and encamped about it for the night. They were Americans, all of them well educated men; It was the day before they were to start and very anxiously Arundel asked their for El Paso, and Arundel Anthon, stretched opinion with regard to his brother, Out on at full length upon his blanket in from of the | the plainsmen fraternized readily, and there little cabin, was watching the sunset. There was not one of those men who did not speak was a very weary look in the dark eyes sadly, as in answer to Arundel's questions fixed upon a huge red ball which every mo- they told him truthfully that his brother had tive. The triple battery of formidabe guns ment was sinking lower into its bed of rose scarcely a chance for his life. They told and gold clouds, the white face wore the him too, with gravefaces, that they had that | which overshadowed them, the enormous saddest expression which it is possible for a day seen what they believed were Indian human face to wear-an expression of utter | signs, and Arundel was too well versed in frentier life not to be somewhat alarmed at | which she had in old times, must have given

elapsed since his own act had made him a The following morning before they went "heart of oak" which is wanting even in

life, never before so strongly tempted as "I don't believe your brother will live the is sinking very fast; he is much worse this Sometimes we are unconscious of the morning than he was last night, and I am blackness and intensity of the darkness in | not the only one who thinks so; ask any of many a brush with them, and I'd rather a death at their hands."

The party had not been gone long before Arundel missed the young Mexican. At first the boy's absence did not worry himany, ful life; then, with almost a breaking heart, he thought he might have gone a little way he did realize, with bitter clearness, all that | with the surveyors; but when the time went by and he did not retnrn, when he discovered too that he had taken their best saddleaffection of children, these were for other horse and Russel's rifle, he could not help

Could it be possible that the boy was in as he was, he had been sitting by his own league with the Indians, and had gone to apprise them of the whereabouts of the surveying party? It did not seem as if it could be so, for he had been so faithful and devothim. Ah, how that picture of what might | ed to all outside appearances; yet when he | of causing the cold shivers to run down the came to think about it, Arundel remembered | back of a man in mere anticipation of what many of his actions, which, at the time of bitter agony, "My God my punishment is their occurrence, he had thought were a little strange.

Slowly the day wore on, still Russel slept that heavy sleep which was so like death, own way again-one brother to go back to which must inevitably end in death; and Arundel kneeling beside him asked himself

"If death must have one of us why did it Small wonder that Arundel's face wore not take me and let you live, Russel," he its look of hopelessness as he lay there whispered brokenly. "I have nothing to with the sunset-light falling over-him, and live for, you have everything that can make compared his own life with that of his life worth the living-great wealth, many friends, a beautiful home, a loving wife, and He could hear Russel's voice plainly; he | yet you must die and I live; I who am a was only a few teet away, talking to the disgraced, dishonored man, afraid togo back

And then his agony seemed to culminate in the words uttered in such a passion of an-

"Oh, my dear brother, why am I not in

Was there a demon standing beside him whispering in his ear? for surely the horrible thought that came to him and which apparently his own words had suggested, was devil-born.

"My God!" With a low cry he started to his feet, great drops of moisture standing upon his

torehead. "How came that thought into my brain?" "Surely I did not think it, no, no. not

It seemed so almost; the blood had settled in spots upon his face, his fingers But Arundel's fears were not so easily twitched convulsively, and there was a wild, quieted; he had seen too many men hunted look in his eyes. Almost staggering stricken down with the fever not to be seri- he walked toward the door and stood lean-Suddenly an exclamation escaped him.

He bent forward eagerly, his breath coming "It won't do you any harm to take it, in quick gasps. Far away, shadowy and Russel, and it may do you some good; indistinct in the distance, he could dimly were they that they looked like stationary But Arundel Anthon had seen just such day. A Chinese who had been drinking in known a day's sickness in years! I have dark groups as that before; he knew what a tea-house pulled out a dollar to pay the a wonderful y strong constitution. As they were, knew too that they were not I said before, it is only a headache that trou- stationary—that they were advancing rapid-

"Indians," he muttered, as after another "I hope it will be so," thought Arun- long, searching look he turned back into the cabin. "I was afraid the red devils would form of a Japanese; but neither could make

color in the thin face, the lips were blue, | than the dollar belonged to either the Japanthe pulse so weak it was barely perceptible. ese or the Hindoo; he decided, therefore, strange.y mingled with despair, Arundel rose to his feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On the estate of Clyth, in Caithness, Scotmust start to-day, you know; we must get land, on rent day recently 200 tenants asback to El Paso, I must go home to sembled in front of the shooting lodge, where Mr. Sharp. the proprietor was waiting to And Arundel could not bring himself to receive his rents. A deputation demanded tell him that not that day, nor for many a revaluation of the holdings, which, they days, perhaps never, would he ride back to said, are excessively rented. The request El Paso; he could only stand there in silence was refused, Mr. Sharp denying that the thinking how he would break the news to condition of the tenants is bad. The landhim, until Russel, wondering why he did not lord's answer having been communicated to the tenants, they unanimously resolved to For a moment that which he read there pay no rent until they got a revaluation, stunned him; then, though his lips were and they also decided not to pay arrears, is therefore a useless appendage to the sex; colorless, they did not tremble as he said, lest they should be made as a cover for payling rent. The crowd then dispersed.

The "Victory."

If the reader should at any time find him

self a visitor to the first naval port ofGreat Britain-which he need not be told is Portsmouth-he will find lying plac dly in the the noble harbor, which is large enough to accommodate a whole fleet, a vessel o modern-antique appearance, and evidently very carefully preserved. Should he happen to be there on October 21, he would find the ship gaily decorated with wreaths and evergreens and flage, her appearance attracting to her side an unusual number of visitors in small boats from the shore. Nor will he be surprised at this when he learns that it is none other than the famous Victory, that carried Nelson's flag on the sad but glorious day of Trafalgar, and went bravely through little of the oft-shattered hulk of the original vessel remains, it is true—she has been so often renewed and patched and painted; yet the lines and form of the old three-decker remains to show us what the flag-ship of Hood, and Jervis, and Nelson was in general appearance. She towers grandly out of the water, making a few sailors and loiterers on deck look like marionettes-mere miniature men; and as our wherry approaches the entrance-port, we admire the really graceful lines of the planks, diminishing in perspecpeeping from under the stout old ports cables and spare anchors, and the immensely thick masts, heavy shrouds and rigging, an impression of solidity in this good old the strongest built iron vessel. Many a brave tar has lost his life on her, but yet she is no coffin-ship. On board, one now, for never had life seemed so terrible, day out, my friend," he said, bluntly; "he notes the scrupulous order, the absolute perfection of everything of cleanliness and trimness; the large guns and carriages alternating with the mess tables of the crew. And we should not think much of the man who could stand emotionless and unmoved over the spots-still pointed out on the upper deck and cockpit below-where Nelson fell and Nelson died, on that memorable 21st, off Trafalgar Bay. He had embarked, only five weeks before, from the present resting place of his brave old ship, when en thusiastic crowds had pressed forward to bless and take one last look at England's preserver. "I had their hurrahs before," said the poor shattered hero; " now I have their hearts!" And when three months later his body was brought home, the sailors divided tht leaden coffin into fragments, as relics of "Saint Nelson," as his gunner had termed him.

Tacks.

A tack is a simple, unpretending sort of a young nail, noted far its keen repartee when pressed for a reply, and possessing the peculiar power, when standing on its head, might be.

Tacks are in season all the year round, but the early spring is usually the time selected by them for a grand combined effort, and then they flourish everywhere for at least a month. Since the time of the inauguration of the time-honored ceremonies of house-cleaning, every thorough housekeeper, with long experience in the line of duty, so takes up the carpet as to retain all the tacks in their original places, thus preventing it slipping from the shaker's hands, unless the tack breaks or the fingers give out. But the triumph of the tack is not complete at this early stage; it patiently abides its time, and on the relaying of the carpet issues forth in double force. After searching the entire house for a paper of tacks, without success, the unfortunate man drops on his hands and knees to begin, and immediately discovers four tack at least, and as he rolls over and sits down to ext act these, finds the rest of the paper directy under him, and then unless he is a man accustomed to put up stoves and join stove-pipe the chances of laying the carpet on that evening are slight. In selecting tacks from a saucer he always inspects the points of his forefinger, as the tack instantly loses its head when they come to blows. In argument the tack is sharp and pointed, but the display of either or both, depends largely on the amount of pressure employed by its opponent. In direct contrast to a good joke the amusement generally begins before you see the point, and this fact is easily demonstrated by walking the floor in your stocking feet, a well-kept room on such an occasion averaging two tacks to the square

The future of the tack gives great promise of more extended usefulness and unlimited possibilities, as several of our most eminent college professors haue carefully studied the effect of a sharp tack of reasonable length placed properly in a chair or under a cot, are about to introduce tacks, and do away with spring-boards in our college gymnasiums.

The Wisdom of a Solomon.

A curious decis ion is reported as having black dots against the clear afternoon sky. been given by a Chinese mandarin the other bill. This was immediately claimed by an Indian, who was there too, and who accused the Chinaman of having stolen it from him. On the matter being referred to the magistrate a second claimant appeared in the good his case. After profound deliberation For a few moments he bent earnestly | the magistrate came to the conclusion that over Russel; there was not a particle of there was not the slighest evidence to prove With a deep sigh, in which relief was that it should be divided equally between them, and the Chinaman discharged from custody .- North China Daily News.

The French in China.

It is stated in Paris that China is making great preparations to resist French designs in Tonquin. The French Government is consequently being urged to take active measures. Telegrams from Saigou to Paris report 10,000 Chinese have crossed the Tonquin frontier.

NOT A NEW DISCOVERY .- There is a women who eats with her eyes. She looks at food and her hunger is appeased. All women can talk with their eyes. The tongue thing fer it to do .- Progress.