A Woman's Crime.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

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(CONTINUED.)

"Old man, I got you out of that old hive to tell it to you, and I have got to have your help, even if you have to shake the Bradwardine for a time," replied Neil Bathurst gravely.

"Good Lord, Neil! is it a heavy case, then?"

"Yes, Rob, it is as bad as your Elise Schwartz business."

"What, is it murder?"

"Yes, it's murder."

"Who is the victim?"

"Clarence Arteveldt."

"What!"

"Clarence Arteveldt. He was murdered on his wedding night."

"Good God!"

They had passed beyond the row of cottages and were now walking by a fenced-in but vacant lot. As he uttered this last exclamation, Rob Jocelyn, for the census taker was none other, paused and leaned back against the fence.

"Let's stop here," he said, after a moment's silence. "We can talk with more safety than when moving. Do you expect to find the assassin here, Neil?"

"No. I am after threads. Arteveldt's destroyer is believed to be a woman."

"A woman! What woman?"

"His wife."

"Heavens! Tell me all about it, Neil. I can't comprehend the thing."

"Well, Rob," began Neil Bathurst, leaning nearer to his friend, "the morning after the shadowing of Mike's you remember my telling you that you had spoiled a wedding for me, don't you?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well it was Arteveldt's wedding, as I told you then, and it had a tragic termination. You had not been gone ten minutes when some one rapped at my door. I opened it and Mrs. Arteveldt's coachman staggered in, looking like a ghost. He was too near crazy with fright to be very lucid, but I managed to make out that there had been murder committed at the new house Arteveldt had fitted up, and I set off at full speed. Arrived there, I went straight to the bridal chamber. The doctor was there already, and old Mrs. Arteveldt in hysterics of the worst sort, while on the bed, all covered up with the satin quilts and finery, lay Clarence, just as if he were sleeping, except that his face was livid, and there was a small, round hole just back of his temple, with only a clot of blood to mark it."

"What?"

Rob Jocelyn turned swiftly and clutched his friend by the shoulders.

"What, Neil" he cried, "a stylet wound?"

"Yes!"

"Then, by the Lord, Neil Bathurst, you are hunting slippery game. Old Schwartz and his sister were killed in just that way, and, I believe, when you find your murderer I shall find mine."

"You think them the same?"

"Yes. Women who use such weapons are not plentiful. Trust me, the hand that struck down old Schwartz in London and the hand that took the life of young Arteveldt in America belong to the same woman, and it will take all your wits and all of mine to find her if she has escaped."

"She has escaped, as mysteriously and effectually as did Elise Schwartz, the London murderess."

"Then I say again she is Elise Schwartz."

CHAPTER XXIV.—A NEW LINK IN THE CHAIN.

"I don't know," said Neil Bathurst. "You may change your opinion about that, Rob, when you have heard the whole story; and that I can't tell you now. It would take too much time. But I will tell you this, there is a clear case of circumstantial evidence, and that of the strongest kind, against this girl that Arteveldt married, the very night he got that death blow. His mother will hunt her to the ends of the earth, and I must find her, and give no thought to anything else until I do. Now then, in a hell mell rush for this girl, or woman, they are leaving some loop holes open; because they can't see them. I can see them, however, and I tell you they need looking after."

"And you want me to stop up the loop holes?" asked Jocelyn with a laugh.

"I want you to go straight back to the city, and worm yourself into the confidence of that scamp Fordham, who knows some of Arteveldt's secrets, of the off color sort. And I want you to keep an eye on the house, which stands next to, or rather is a part of, the building where the murder was committed. I'll give you some points; and we must contrive to have a talk to-night, when all these stupid people are in bed."

"You want me to go to the city?" said Rob, with a puzzled look. "Where are you going, Neil?"

"I'm going to stay here."

"Here!"

"Yes, here! If I can't get a thread to follow in this village, I can't get one any where."

"Well, I suppose I must let Mr. Bradwardine drop for a while. However, I fancy that I possess about as much information as he does at the present moment. He's waiting for something to turn up, for he has got to the length of his tether. What's your lay here, Neil?"

"I'm cultivating Dr. Austin."

"Dr. Austin!"

"Yes. He is the guardian of the supposed murderess. She came to the city a little less than three months ago, fresh from this rural dell. Why, Rob, she arrived the very day that you made your appearance. I was to have met her that evening at Sutton's, but sent my regrets by poor Arteveldt."

"Well, as I told you that morning, Arteveldt met his fate that night—his fate indeed! This Lenore Armyn—this country girl—made rapid progress in the city. I fancy Dr. Austin was not a very strict guardian. I wonder if he so much as knows of her marriage and murder."

"Don't know. But I tell you, old boy, your head was level when you came here. I guess I can give you something that you may work out, perhaps. You know, 'Brady' and I arrived here—let me see—why, the night after the murder. Something took me with the notion that I had better look after Mr. B.; so I went down the avenue that morning, and caught him just leaving the house. I followed him to an office, where he inquired about the trains to Fairlie and bought a ticket; then I went to my quarters, got myself up as an honest census taker and came on the same train. As I was about to say, a man can't come into this town, or leave it, without being observed more or less, and it was not strange that I should see Dr. Austin riding opposite me in the same coach that brought me and my game to this district; for he did come on that coach, and he came from the city by the same train that brought us."

"He did! Then my reasoning was sound?"

"Your reasoning generally is pretty sound, my boy. Now, I can tell you a little about Dr. Austin. He is the best and kindest of men—that's what all the villagers think, and I fully coincide with them. He is in moderately comfortable circumstances, and has a fat, jolly little wife, who is universally popular. Every one here will swear by Dr. Austin. These facts I have picked up while circulating about town. Have you seen him?"

"Yes; and I think you have hit him off correctly. Nevertheless, I must find the fugitive bride through him. Have you heard any mention of Miss Armyn in your rounds, Rob?"

"Well—yes; I have heard a little about her," replied Rob, with that peculiar intonation which Neil knew meant something suppressed. "But here we are, Neil; let's change the subject; and to-night, if you will be so good as to leave the door unlocked, I will give you

"NOBODY WILL LOOK FOR NIGHT-LARKS ON THE WOODPILE."

wafer-like quality of the walls. But nobody will look for night-larks on the wood-pile, so begin at the beginning, Neil, and tell me all about this business."

Neil Bathurst did begin at the beginning—at the very moment when Jocelyn had bidden him good morning, and then gone in pursuit of Bradwardine. He described the scene at the bridal banquet, and all that followed, omitting nothing. Then he reviewed the evidence for and against Lenore, told of his various interviews with Kate, Jess Warren, George Fordham and others; of the finding of the mysterious threatening notes, of the visit of the veiled woman to Lenore Armyn, of his doubts and suspicions, up to the very time when he had set out for Fairlie.

Rob Jocelyn was an attentive listener, and he interrupted the narrator less frequently than was his wont when listening to such a story. Neil Bathurst, who knew him so well, was fully convinced that some idea, the nature of which he could not guess, was working in the brain of the astute Jocelyn, and he waited quietly until Rob should see fit to develop it. When his story was done, they sat silent for a long time, Jocelyn seeming to have an unusual amount of thinking on hand. At last he got up, resented himself in a new position, and then said:

"Well, and so you think that this next-door house needs to be watched?"

"I do. I have gathered this much information concerning it. It was leased a few days after Arteveldt took the other one. Leased by a middle-aged respectable sort of a widow woman, who intends opening an aristocratic boarding-house. Now, as I told you, when I examined the premises, I quickly saw how easy it would be for any one concealed in that unoccupied house to get out on the roof and enter Arteveldt's through the scuttle holes or hatch, and then go back the same way, letting themselves out without difficulty. Now, then, if I had mentioned this idea, what would have been the result? They would have insisted upon searching that house, and would fail in accomplishing anything except to put the party on guard. Mind, my theory is, not that the house was entered by some one who merely knew it to be vacant, and who had no interest in it further, when I repeat that the house was taken within the same week that Clarence rented its fellow, and that, in spite of the fact that which his Arteveldt's, house was all ready for occupancy a week before the wedding, the other house was not yet entirely fitted up, and was, and is still, unoccupied, you will comprehend my idea."

"Yes!" replied Jocelyn.

"If I am correct, and the party is not alarmed by a search warrant, in all probability they will use, or some one will use, the house, for a short time at least. Do you see my drift?"

"Yes, and I'll take care of the house. Go on, Neil; what more?"

"Fordham; cultivate him. I have already told you all I can to guide you there."

"All right! my boy. I'll set out by the next stage. And—I'll leave Bradwardine in your charge."

"I don't know about that, Rob; I am afraid I should have to drop him."

"No; you won't have to drop him. You have a stronger reason for keeping a lookout on him than ever I had."

"I! how do you make that?"

"Well—for one thing—didn't you observe by that precious register that he was here in August last? He has seen Lenore Armyn and you have not."

"No; and I could not get a picture of her; no one had such a thing. But, Rob, that's not a sound reason after all. I think you can give a better one."

"Yes," replied Rob Jocelyn, "I can, my boy; and here it is: the woman who wrote those mysterious letters to Jason Bradwardine years ago, was Mrs. Armyn, who died here some nine months ago. The woman who fled from Elm Valley, and who called herself, while there, 'Mistress Bourne,' was Mrs. Armyn. The child he tried to steal was little Lenore Armyn. And the game Jason Bradwardine is in search of now is the same that you are hunting down—Lenore Armyn Arteveldt, the fugitive bride and supposed murderess."

CHAPTER XXV.—THE ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

Kind reader, with the rapidity of thought, than which nothing speeds faster, let us transport ourselves for a very little time, to another country and another scene.

It is the middle of November. Nay, it is the very day that comes with the sun chariot at its heels, and looks down to behold Clarence Arteveldt a corpse. It is the very hour that over in America that dreary inquest is being held and Lenore Armyn is being pronounced a murderess.

But now we are in England; we stand upon the threshold of Hillary Hall, the stately country seat of Sir Hillary Massinger, who owns a splendid modern palace in London and a costly bijou, called fashionably a shooting box, in the Highlands, who is lord over many acres, many servants and many, many thousand pounds per annum.

We enter the private cabinet of Sir Hillary Massinger, where everything is stately, antique, magnificent and almost priceless. No stranger could enter there without gazing spellbound. But the room might be furnished in deal so little notice do its inmates take of the beautiful surroundings.

The elder of the two men who sit at a carved table strewn with business-like looking papers and letters in numerable is Sir Hillary Massinger himself—a proud, stern-looking man, tall and erect, but wearing upon his brow lines indicative of

[illegible]

The other man is younger by many, be twenty-five or thirty-five, or even old I cannot guess his age by his face. He is smooth shaven and slightly florid; the eyes are not large and of a blue gray color; they are intuitive, inscrutable eyes, and sometimes they are keen and restless. The hair is thick and curly, light brown in color and cut close, very close, to the splendidly formed head. It is not a handsome face, but it is a strong one, as strong as if cast in iron, and yet there are times when the face, the eyes, the very figure of the man wear an expression of unutterable weariness and profound melancholy. He is below the medium height, broad shouldered and thoroughly English in build. And he is an Englishman, and a good one. Sir Hillary Massinger's vis-a-vis and companion is Francois Ferrars, the first and best of English detectives. He sits before Sir Hillary in the great carved chair with all the ease and grace of a drawing-room habitue. And he looked the old nobleman squarely in the eye, as he says in a firm, resolute tone:

"I have waited upon you to-day, Sir Hillary, because I have some reason for thinking that you are becoming dissatisfied with my work, and I do not choose to be misunderstood, or to have my efforts undervalued, even by you. I must, therefore trespass upon your time while I review, for your benefit, my work for the past three years and more."

The nobleman moves uneasily in his chair, and one aristocratic hand toys nervously with a paper weight as he replies:

"You are too sensitive, Ferrars. I may have questioned the advisability of one or two things, but I have had, and still have, perfect confidence in your skill. Why, man, nobody in England doubts that."

"Nevertheless, Sir Hillary. I must insist upon this hearing. Blunders have been made, shameful ones. But the fault shall rest where it properly belongs. I will take the consequences of my mistakes; others who deal with me must carry the burden of theirs. If I am to conduct this case further, we must thoroughly review the ground and begin afresh with a better understanding."

"If you are to conduct it" broke in Sir Hillary. "Why, man, of course you are. I would trust it to no one else, and I will keep it moving until I die."

"Then, so will I," replied Francis Ferrars.

"Now then, Sir Hillary," he resumed, "we will begin; if you please, at the beginning."

"Proceed then," said Sir Hillary, sinking back with a half sigh. "If you must, you will, Ferrars; but I protest; it is unnecessary."

"I think I shall convince you that it is not unnecessary," replied the detective tranquilly.

"First, then, Sir Hillary," he began, "Long ago, some three years and four months since, you applied to Scotland Yard for my services in a private case, and my chief detailed me for as long a time as your case should require. None of us dreamed then that it would be prolonged year after year and take me half over the world. When I came to you for instructions, this is what you told me. Some fourteen years ago, you said, in a small village in the south of France, there had lived a woman, young and beautiful; she was supposed to be married to a young Englishman of good family, and was herself of good blood, on the side of the mother, who had been guilty of a misalliance. The marriage with the Englishman had been a private one, and they had lived under an assumed name. They had one child, a girl, then more than a year old, and seemed very happy in their seclusion. But one day the husband disappeared, and the young wife had good reason for believing herself forsaken. There had been one or two stormy scenes between her and some of her husband's relatives, and when her husband forsook her she conceived the idea that sooner or later he would rob her of her child, and she fled from the vine country, leaving no clue to her whereabouts or intentions behind her. The manner in which you set about this case proved that you were a novice in such matters. You gave me names, dates, addresses and a picture of the woman. You also furnished me with the names and all that you knew of her family—and yet you gave me only half confidence. Is not that true, Sir Hillary Massinger?"

Sir Hillary had been sitting with one hand shading his face, and the other working nervously, clasping and unclasping itself, as it lay on the velvet arm of his chair. He never looked up as the detective paused for a reply; he only said, in a low, constrained tone:

"Yes—that is true."

"Here, then, occurred the first mistake, and because of it I spent months of valuable time in useless search. The lady had been missing fourteen years, and I needed everything that you could tell me to guide me in my search—everything. In order to successfully follow such missing one, a detective should know their antecedents, who their friends are, who are their enemies, and what their tastes and favorite pursuits are. If he does not know these things his first task is to learn them. You did not choose to tell these things, so, after eight months' search, I came to you, and told you what you already knew namely, that the missing lady was the wife of your only son; that you had been at first ignorant of the marriage, and that, when it first came to your knowledge, you took measures which, whether you intended it or not, had the effect of eventually separating the young husband and wife, of wrecking his health and happiness, and of making her an outcast and a wanderer."

"True," said Sir Hillary with a groan. "I know it—I know it now!"

"And yet—even then you did not tell me all," resumed the detective, almost sternly. "Month after month passed away; I scoured France, Italy, Germany, Spain; I searched the provinces, and little less than a year ago I came to you and said I had made one discovery, namely, that some cause I could not understand lay behind all that you had told me concerning this woman, and that I believed that some mystery hung about your son's wife. You yourself had been instrumental in bringing about her trouble. I insisted upon being told of every enemy you or your son might have had, and I insisted upon being told the true reason why you desired now, at this late day, to find this woman and her child. I would have nothing less than the whole truth, and, finally, you told me all, or so I believed and do still."

"Yes," interrupted Sir Hillary, "I told you the truth then."

"You told me that your son had died estranged from you, that you being a widower had then married a young wife and hoped for an heir. But your wife died childless, and within the year almost, and then the man who would of necessity inherit after you began to manifest himself. You had always disliked the man and with good reason, and you had never dreamed of his becoming your heir. There was but one way to prevent it, however; the females of the house of Massinger were lawful inheritors; this man belonged to a very remote branch. If you could find your son's child you would have an heiress, and Jason Bradwardine would be cut off. Anything was better than Jason Bradwardine, and so you set me to look up the missing heiress, without telling me that a man who had the strongest possible interest in keeping this heiress from communicating with you was in existence."

"I tell you, man, I never dreamed of such a thing, and I hated his very name. I never thought of the possibility of his inheriting after me until my wife died. And I know that his elder brother was alive until four or five years ago. I don't believe he ever thought of the succession until I became a widower and childless."

"You think so. Listen, Sir Hillary Massinger. For more than a year I have been like a sleuth hound on the trail of that man. I have been near him when he little dreamed it. I have won the confidence of his servants and his friends. He's base, he's treacherous, he's cun-

[illegible]

Jason Bradwardine has known where to put his hand upon your heiress; whether he knows her whereabouts now, is, I think, doubtful. He has been living in a villa in one of the London suburbs, and there is now a lady there who calls herself his wife. I happen to know this to be a pleasant fiction of hers, however. Not long ago I contrived, no matter how, to gain stones to his house and his private room; my strategy was not a very safe one, but I took the risk, and forcing open his private desk examined the contents. It was there I found evidence enough to convince me that he had, years ago, known the hiding place of your son's wife. I may as well tell you how I accomplished my work, perhaps. The villa is very solitary, and few men were in the vicinity at that hour. I approached the house as a tramp, and entered it as a robber. I frightened the woman, and the two female servants, and they submitted while I searched the house and their pockets. From the pocket of the mistress I abstracted this letter; see, it is in Jason Bradwardine's hand, and is mailed from Lamoriss, from a place called Fairlie, in the State of——. It is dated August last. I had omitted to say that while I was lying ill, for a little less than a week, Bradwardine had disappeared. I have not seen him since June last; nor could I find a clue to his whereabouts until I came in possession of this letter.

The detective paused for a moment and gathered up his papers, while Sir Hillary sat staring at him and striving to digest this, to him, startling revelation of Bradwardine's cunning.

"I think you will now do me the justice to say that the blunders in working this case have not been of my making, Sir Hillary," said Francis Ferrars, rising as if his business were completed.

"No, by heavens, Ferrars!" cried the old man, rising in his turn. "It has been my fault, first and last! I have been blind, a dolt, a tool! My accursed pride has stood between me and the only thing that can make happy one remaining hour of my life, my last hour. And now it may be, it probably is, too late to remedy the wrong I have helped to do."

His voice sank to a helpless cadence, and he threw himself wearily back in the great arm chair once more.

"On the contrary, Sir Hillary, for my first time, I see a ray of hope for us. My course is mapped out—I shall follow it vigorously and—I believe I shall succeed."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to America by the first steamer."

CHAPTER XXVI—JOCELYN INVESTIGATORS.

"The game Jason Bradwardine is in search of is the same that you are hunting down: Lenore Armyn-Arteveldt, the fugitive bride and supposed murderess."

These low-spoken words of Rob Jocelyn brought Neil Bathurst to his feet with a bound.

"Rob! Are you in earnest?" he cried, giving his friend a little shake; is Bradwardine really in search of Lenore Armyn?"

"He really is Neil. Good Lord, man, let up that grip on my arm" said Rob, jerking himself from the tender clasp of Neil's powerful hand. "Bless me, but you are a fraud, old boy; you don't look much to speak of beside me. I almost wish I were not quite so high, and so wide myself, just for the satisfaction of seeing the victims stare out of the eye that wasn't blacked, when I knocked 'em down so nice and easy. Just knock me over once, Neil; I want to see your arm shoot out."

"By thunder! I will, if you don't stop your nonsense, you chaffing old elephant!" replied Neil, with an impatient half laugh. "I want to get down to business. I am thoroughly astounded. The whole thing, from first to last, seems like fatality. So those letters I picked up, on general principles, as it were, were written by the mother of my fugitive."

"They certainly were," replied Rob, dropping his jesting tone. "

"Tell me what you know about this, Rob."

"Well, you see I came here at his very heels, and it didn't me long to find out that he was trying to come the friendly dodge on Doctor Austin. He made a good many inquiries about Mrs. Armyn and her daughter of one and another, in a sort of round-about way, and then I had him safe. He pretended that he wanted to buy the Armyn cottage for a summer residence, etc. Well, when I once got my suspicion aroused, it was easy for me as a census taker to find old women, and young ones, too, for that matter, who would talk by the yard about anything. I found out the time of coming of Mrs. Armyn and child to this village would correspond with the date on which she left Elm Valley; then, too, the descriptions tallied. There's no doubt about the matter, Mrs. Armyn is the woman he was hunting and, now that she is dead, he transfers his attentions to the daughter."

"You can't guess his motives?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The School of Patience.

My dear boy, if a man can only cultivate patience and strength, it seems to me he will be a good neighbor, a pleasant man to do business with, a safe man to trust and the kind of a man the world loves, even though he lack wisdom, and hath no genius, and can't tell a good story or sing a note. How much does the fretful, restless hurrying old world owe to the patient man, who finds his strength "in quietness and confidence," who can be patient with our faults, our fancies, our wickedness; who can be quiet when the softest word would have a sting; who can wait for storms to blow over and for wrongs to right themselves; who can patiently and silently endure a slight until he has forgotten it, and who can even be patient with himself. That's the fellow, my boy, who tries my patience and strength more than any man else with whom I have to deal. I could get along with the rest of the world well enough, if he were only out of it. I can meet all my other cares and enemies bravely and cheerfully enough. But when myself comes to me with his heart aches and blunders and stumblings, with his own follies and troubles and sins, somehow he takes all the fuck out of me. My strength is weakness and my patience is folly, when I come to deal with him. He tires me. He is such a fool. He makes the same stupid blunders in the same stupid way so many times. Sometimes, when I think I must put up with him and his ways all my life I want to give up. And then the next time he comes to me with his cares and the same old troubles he seems so helpless and penitent that I feel sorry for him, and try to be patient with him, and promise to help him all I can, once more. Ah, my dear boy, as you grow older, that is the fellow who will try you and torment you, and draw on your sympathy, and tax your patience and strength. Be patient with him, poor old fellow, because I think he does love you, and yet as a rule you are harder on him than any one else.

Great Care Required.

A Detroit mind, who went down to the Monroe marshes the other day for a little shooting, encountered a boy on a raft who was baiting for crabs, and the Nimrod tossed him a nickel and inquired:

"Boy, is there shooting around here?"

"Yaas."

"Seen any snipe?"

"Yaas."

"Will you put one on?"

"Yaas. If you go to shoot over this way you'll hit dad, who's after frogs, and dad is mean when anybody fires birdshot into him. If you shoot over there you'll pepper my brother Bill, who's got a line out after dogfish. Bill allus raises a rumpus when he gits shot. Over this way the 50th comes, and tells them that the laver of die. They say, 'What wash, sir?' 'Wash in this laver of the priest, 'there is no wash in this laver here." says God, "I am the Saviour of Christ. There is only this laver for sins and perish, or live. But says some, not God have made better than one?". God could have made better. He made but one. Do not have a long line from heaven to earth, but I simply know there is only one boat. Your trees are luxuriant, but more luxuriant, they are not. Neither blossoms; it will end." Yes, yes, the trees than that and the only path to heaven is one tree. Instead of there are not more wonderful to God there is one unto men thereby washed laver in which all the So you see what a religion I preach. I do not ask stand stolidly and such an exhilarant, mere whim or caprice it is heaven or hell. your child, and you your sins. You put your back and say, you take? In one hand stretched out the other child blindly chooses Father does not do spreads out both hands this shall be very pleasant to pardon, and peace treasures of heaven punishment. Choose, choose for that believeth and saved, but he that be damned."

Oh, my dear friends come you to accept this could just take one look at looking-glasses spoken would begin now spirit love of Christ—I dare close of my sermon, it. The love of Christ me about a mountain that. Do not talk to me is deeper than that.

An artist in his dreams splendid dream of the Christ that she woke and said, "Let me paint Oh, I have seen the glory have beheld something that great sacrifice have sometimes felt I to give anything I before you the wonderful would like to do it, would like to do it, paint this card dirty weary and worn, his face His brow crimson, with down on Calvary for Nothing was as comfortable as stone on Calvary would pillow for the dying Nothing so comfortable and he down to die. He spiked hands outstretched to embrace a world. Oh, these feet that had Judea on ministries of hard end for those hands away tears and found Very hard, oh, dying! yet there are those who not love Thee! They that to me? What great, and die? I do Lord Jesus Christ! Thee down from the cross, will come, and they will from the cross, and around Thee and low tomb; but they will nothing to move them, turn on their Thine now, and see if they will minds!

I saw one hanging on a tree
In agony and blood,
Who raised His languid head
As never His cross lo

Oh, never till my soul
Will I forget that look
It seemed to charge me
Though not a word he

And that is all for you, not love Him? Come as old and young. "Is it you can see your sins? and wash them all away? Come to the bruised sinner here cool your hot temper Peace! Do not cry anymore Pardon for all thy sins thy afflictions. The hung handcuffs over a two Calvary, and bleeding of a Saviour's tears.

I saw in Kensington of Waterloo a great well had passed, and the grass over the field. There cannon, and a hand in the pasture and lay mouth of that cannon, represents it to a man. Then I thought how God and the soul, had stead of the announcement of sin is death." there "My peace I give unto the batteries of the law quaked with the lightning held the Lamb of God the sin of the world.

I went to the cross to
Weary and worn
"I found in Him
And He has made

Consumptives,

You are not going but exercise a little spend a paltry sum. feeble nerves, sitting big arm chair; but up your hat to Scott's Miller's Emulsion of Cod save you if you take it rectitus. What you blood and rebuild tissue Miller's Emulsion you five to ten pounds of bottle. There is no A hint should be sufficient of the fact that Scott's of Cod Liver Oil SAVES. 50c and $1, at all druggists.

A Surgeon's Test.

"No matter how harmless may become by accident," said a physician yesterday, thing that will always make that is if he has any hand have been cutting off arms and doing all kinds tions for years, yet in a sense of business duty sympathy to interfere with cept in the cases of could perform an operation on feeling sick at heart. I avoid this kind of work sible, shifting the case doctor when possible. hurts me to be compelled gums of a teething child times rather cut off a limb it. There is something that innocent, sweet, good to my very heart. absurd coming from a people would pitch, who has sawing and carving as I the truth, nevertheless, about which other doctors to me, and I know is suffering. The other afternoon pelled to cut off the foot of It was a simple operation people might say that on form and the age of the not have felt or realized done. Well, I accomplished it, but it was the hardest ever done. When it was so unstrung that, like a menced to weep. Of ashamed of myself, but the tears begin to flow it cheek then."

THE LOOKING-GLASS

OF CHRIST AS REVEALED IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

A Great Wash Room of Polished Brass Made From Women's Brasses Mirrors—Lessons Drawn Therefrom—See Your Sins Then Wash Them Away.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has left India, and is now on his homeward journey, has selected as the subject of this week's sermon through the press, "The Looking Glass," the text being Exodus xxxviii, 8 "And He made the laver of brass, and the foot of it was of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling."

We often hear about the Gospel in John, and the Gospel in Luke, and the Gospel in Matthew; but there is just as surely a Gospel of Moses, and a Gospel of Jeremiah, and a Gospel of David. In other words, Christ is as certainly to be found in the Old Testament as in the New.

When the Israelites were marching through the wilderness they carried their church with them. They called it the tabernacle. It was a pitched tent, very costly, very beautiful. The frame-work was made of forty-eight boards of acacia-wood set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the place were purple, and scarlet, and blue, and fine linen, and were hung with most artistic loops. The candlestick of that tabernacle had shaft, and branch, and bowl of solid gold, and the figures of cherubim that stood there had wings of gold; and there were lamps of gold, and snuffers of gold, and tongs of gold, and rings of gold; so the scoffer claims sometimes asked, "Where did all that precious metal come from? It is not my place to furnish the precious stones, it is only to tell that they were there.

I wish now more especially to speak of the laver that was built in the midst of that ancient tabernacle. It was a great basin from which the priests washed their hands and feet. The water came down from the basin in spouts and passed away after the cleansing. This laver or basin was made out of the looking-glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made these their contributions to the furniture. These looking-glasses were not made of glass, but they were brass. The brass was of a very superior quality, and polished until it reflected easily the features of those who looked into it. So that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in my text did double work, it not only furnished the water in which the priests washed themselves, but it also, on its shining, polished surface, pointed out the spots of pollution on the face which needed ablution. Now, my Christian friends, as everything in that ancient tabernacle was suggestive of religious truth, and for the most part positively symbolical of truth, I shall take that laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text as all-suggestive of the Gospel, which first shows us our sins as in a mirror, and then washes them away by divine ablution.

Oh happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

I have to say that this is the only looking-glass in which a man can see himself as he is. There are some mirrors that flatter the features and make you look better than you are. Then there are other mirrors that distort your features, and make you look worse than you are; but I want to tell you that this looking-glass of the Gospel shows a man just as he is. When the priests entered the ancient tabernacle, one glance at the burnished side of this laver showed them their need of cleansing; so this Gospel showed the soul its need of divine washing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us." That is another showing. The world calls these defects, imperfections, or, eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or, "wild oats," or, "high living;" but the Gospel calls them sin, transgression, filth—the abominable thing that God hates. It was just one glance at that mirror that made Paul cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and that made Luther cry out, "Purge me with hysop, and I shall be clean;" and that made Martin Luther cry out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" I am not talking about bad habits. You and I do not need any Bible to tell us that bad habits are wrong, that blasphemy and evil-speaking are wrong. But I am talking of a sinful nature, as well as of all bad actions. The Apostle Paul calls their roll in the first chapter of Romans. They are a regiment of death encamping around every heart, holding it in a tyranny from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver it.

Here, for instance, is ingratitude. Who has not been guilty of that sin? If a man hand us a glass of water, we say "Thank you"; but for the ten thousand mercies that we are every day receiving from the hand of God, how little expression of gratitude—for thirst slaked, for hunger fed, for shelter, and sunshine, and sound sleep, and clothes to wear—how little thanks! I suppose there are men fifty years of age who have never been down on their knees in thanksgiving to God for His goodness. Besides that ingratitude of our hearts there is pride (who has not felt it?)—pride that will not submit to God, that wants its own way—a nature that prefers wrong sometimes instead of right—that prefers to wallow instead of rise up. I do not care what you call that; I am not going to quarrel with any theologian, or any man who makes any pretensions to theology. I do not care whether you call it "total depravity," or something else; I simply make the announcement of God's Word, affirmed and confirmed by the experience of hundreds of Christian people; the imagination of the heart of man is evil from youth. "There is none that doeth good; no not one." We have a bad nature. We were born with it. We got it from our parents; they got it from their parents. Our thoughts are wrong, our action is wrong; our whole life is obnoxious to God before conversion, and after conversion, not one good thing in us but that which the grace of God has planted and fostered. "Well," you say, "I can't believe that to be so." Ah! my dear brother, that is because you have never looked into this laver of looking-glasses.

If you could catch a glimpse of your natural heart before God, you would cry out in amazement and alarm. The very first thing this Gospel does is to cut down our pride and self-sufficiency. If a man does not feel his lost and ruined condition before God, he does not want any Gospel. I think the reason that there are so few conversions in this day is because the tendency of the preaching is to make men believe that they are pretty good anyhow—quite clever, only wanting a little fixing up—a few touches of divine grace, and then you will be all right; instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Payson and Whitefield thundered to a race trembling on the verge of infinite and eternal disaster. "Now," says some one, "can this really be true? Have we all gone astray? Is there no good in us?" In Hampton Court I saw a room where the four walls were covered with looking-glasses; and it made no difference which way you looked you saw yourself. And so it is in this Gospel of Christ. If you once step within its full precincts you will find your whole character reflected; every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. If "understand the Word of God, its first announcement is that we are lost. I care not, my brother, how magnificently you may have been born, or what may have been your heritage or ancestry, you are lost by reason of sin. "But," you say, "what is the use of all this—of showing a man's faults when he can't get rid of them?" None! "What was the use of that turnished surface to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text if it only showed the spots on the countenance and the need of washing, [illegible] to wash itself? Glory be to God, I find that this laver of looking-glasses was filled with fresh water every morning, and the priest no sooner looked on its burnished side and saw his need of cleansing than he washed and was clean—glorious type of the gospel of my Lord Jesus, that first shows a man his sin; and then washes it away!

I want you to notice that this glass in which the priest washed—the laver of looking-glasses—was filled with fresh water every morning. The servants of the tabernacle brought the water in buckets and poured it into the laver. So it is with the gospel of Jesus Christ; it has a fresh salvation every day. It is not a stagnant pool filled with accumulated corruptions. It is living water, which is brought from the eternal rock to wash away the sins of yesterday—of the moment ago. "Oh," says some one, "I was a Christian twenty years ago!" That does not mean anything to me. What are you now? We are not talking my brother, about pardon ten years ago, but about pardon now—a fresh salvation. Suppose a time of war should come, and I could show the Government that I had been loyal to it twelve years ago, would that excuse me from taking an oath of allegiance now? Suppose you ask me about my physical health, and I should say I was well fifteen years ago—that does not say how I am now. The gospel of Jesus Christ comes and demands present allegiance, present fealty, present moral health; and yet how many Christians there are seeking to live entirely in past experience, who seem to have no experience of present mercy and pardon! When I was on the sea and there came up a great storm, and officers and crew and passengers all thought we must go down, I began to think of my life insurance, and whether, if I were taken away, my family would be cared for; and then I thought, is the premium paid up? and I said yes. Then I felt comfortable. Yet there are men who, in religious matters, are looking back to past insurance. They have let it run out, and they have nothing for the present, no hope nor pardon—falling back on the old insurance policy of ten, twenty, thirty years ago. If I want to find out how a friend feels toward me, do I go to a drawer and find some old yellow letters written to me ten or twelve years ago? No; I go to the letter that was stamped the day before yesterday in the postoffice, and I find how he feels toward me. It is not in regard to old communications we had with Jesus Christ, it is communications we have now. Are we not in sympathy with Him this morning, and is he not in sympathy with us? Do not spend so much of your time in hunting in the wardrobe for the old, worn out shoes of Christian profession. Come this morning and take the glittering robe of Christ's righteousness from the Saviour's hand. You say you plunged in the fountain of the Saviour's mercy a quarter of a century ago. That is nothing to me; I tell you to wash now in this laver of looking-glasses and have your soul made clean.

I notice also, in regard to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, that the priest always washed both hands and feet. The water came down in spouts, so that, without having any filth in the basin, the priests washed both hands and feet. So the gospel of Jesus Christ must touch the very extremities of our moral nature. A man cannot fence off a part of his soul and say, "Now, this is to be a garden in which I will have all the fruits and flowers of Christian character; while outside it shall be the devil's common." No, no; it will be all garden or none. I sometimes hear people say, "He is a very good man except his politics." Then he is not a good man. A religion that will not take a man through an autumn election will not be worth anything to him in June, July and August. They say he is a useful sort of a man, but he overreaches in a bargain. I deny the statement. If he is a Christian anywhere, he will be in his business. It is very easy to be good in a prayer meeting, with surroundings kindly and blessed, but not so easy to be a Christian behind the counter, when by one skilful twitch of the goods you can hide a flaw in the silk so that a customer cannot see it. It is very easy to be a Christian with a psalm book in your hand and a Bible in your lap, but not so easy when you can go into a shop and falsely tell the merchant you can get these goods at a cheaper rate in another store, so that he will sell them to you cheaper than he can afford to sell them. The fact is, the religion of Christ is all-pervasive. If you rent a house, you expect full possession of it. You say, "Where are the keys of those rooms? If I pay for this whole house, I want possession of these rooms." And the grace of God when it comes to a soul takes full possession of a man, or goes away and takes no possession. It will ransack every room in the heart, every room in the life, from cellar to attic, touching the very extremities of his nature. The priests washed hands and feet.

I remark, further, that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text was a very large laver. I always thought from the fact that so many washed there, and also from the fact that Solomon afterward, when he copied that laver in the Temple, built on a very large scale, that it was large, and so suggestive of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and salvation by Him—vast in its provisions. The whole world may come and wash in this laver and be clean.

When our civil war had passed, the Government of the United States made a proclamation of pardon to the common soldiery in the Confederate army, but not to the chief soldiers. The Gospel of Christ does not act in that way. It says pardon for all, but especially for the chief of sinners. I do not now think of a single passage that says a small sinner may be saved, but I do think of passages that say a great sinner may be saved. If there be sins only faintly hued, just a little tinged, so faintly colored that you can hardly see them, there is no special pardon promised in the Bible for those sins; but if they be glaring, red like crimson, then they shall be as snow. Now, my brother, I do not state this to put a premium upon great iniquity, merely say this to encourage that man, whoever he is, who feels he is so far gone from God that there is no mercy for him. I want to tell him there is a good chance. Why, Paul was a murderer; he assisted at the execution of Stephen; and yet Paul was saved. The dying thief did everything bad. The dying thief was saved. Richard Baxter swore dreadfully, but the grace of God met him, and Richard Baxter was saved. It is a vast laver. Go and tell everybody to come and wash in it. Let them come up from the penitentiaries and wash away their crimes. Let them come up from the almshouses and wash away their poverty. Let them come up from their graves and wash away their death. If there be any one so worn out in sin that he cannot get up to the laver, you will take hold of his head and put your arms around him and I will take hold of his feet, and we will plunge him in this glorious Bethesda, the vast laver of God's mercy and salvation. In Solomon's Temple there were ten lavers and one molten sea—this great reservoir in the midst of the temple filled with water—these lavers and this molten sea adorned with figures of palm-branches and oxen, and lions, and cherubim. This fountain of God's mercy is a vaster molten sea than that. It is adorned, not with palm branches, but with the wood of the cross; not with cherubim, but with the wings of the Holy Ghost; and around its great rim all the race may come and wash in the molten sea. I was reading the other day of Alexander the Great, who, when he was very thirsty and standing at the head of his army, had brought to him a cup of water. He looked off upon his host and said: "I cannot drink this, my men are all