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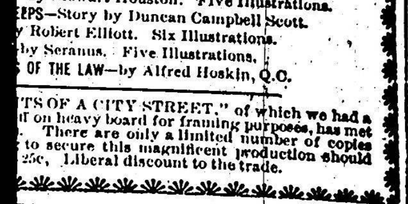

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LIFTED BY LOVE,

Or, How the Wharf Waif Became a Princess.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

The driver was doing something to the horse's bit. No one else was to be seen on the terrace. I saw him stop to look at me, but as I drew nearer he turned his face and busied himself again with the harness. On the fanlight of the door was written, "Grandison Chambers." It was there that Gordon had his rooms. I stopped, asking myself what I should do now.

The brisk walk had dissipated the part of my anxiety which was ... morbid imagination. It was ... mind to ask the driver of the ... if he had seen any one leave the house when he cast his eyes around and gave me another furtive look.

He was a peculiar looking man, gaunt and ungainly, with deep sunk eyes and hollow cheeks, and the sidelong glance under his beetling brows was so suspicious and uncanny that in my nervous, hesitating mood I could not summon resolution to question him. I walked toward the end of the terrace to settle what course I should take, but before I had gone a dozen yards from the door I turned round, impatient of my indecision, with the resolve to speak to the man. Some one had just come from the open door and stood now looking down the terrace in the opposite direction. He turned his head sharply and looked toward me.

It was not Taras. I saw that at the first glance, but the next instant I perceived that it was Kavanagh. I knew him by his slight, erect, military looking figure, his close fitting coat and the correct hat drawn low over his brows. He must have seen me and might have recognized me, for I stood under the light of a lamp, but as if from indifference or polite discretion he took no further notice of me, but sauntered to the driver of the brougham, spoke a few words to him, inaudible to me at that distance, and then sauntered back into the house.

His presence reassured me, and I was glad that I had neither gone up to Gordon's rooms nor spoken to the driver. Obviously he had dropped in and prolonged the visit of Taras. Nevertheless I could not make up my mind to go back to Lambeth yet. I turned again and walked on to the end of the terrace, where the railings at the corner of Adam street screened me, and there I waited. Very soon afterward Taras came out with Gordon and Kavanagh. They stood chatting for a few minutes; then they shook hands, Kavanagh stepped into the brougham, and Gordon strolled off with Taras in the direction of Villiers street.

The brougham passed me at the corner of Adam street, and the driver cast another furtive glance at me, but Kavanagh was occupied in lighting a cigarette.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OLD ENEMY.

I made my way down to the embankment and hurried along on the less open side till I caught sight of Gordon and Taras strolling some distance in advance on the other side of the road. Then I relaxed my pace, still keeping them in sight until they reached Lambeth and went into our house together.

Taras had obviously returned for fear his absence might alarm me, and his genial companion, having accompanied him so far, had turned in to finish the night over a last pipe. With a little hesitation I drew near the house, and hearing their voices in the front room I quietly opened the front door, entered, shut the door as silently and then slipped unheard up to my room.

"I'm glad you didn't sit up for me last night," said Taras when we met in the morning. "Kavanagh dropped in with some startling news from the house"—he held some official post there—"and I staid out a couple of hours later than I intended."

Kavanagh called in the course of the afternoon. He asked if Taras was at home, but instead of going directly up to the workshop he came in to see me. After exchanging the customary civilities in his ordinary tone of voice he raised his finger with a significant glance, crossed the room and opened the door softly, but with such celerity that had Mere Lucas been eavesdropping he would certainly have discovered her. He stood in a listening attitude for a few seconds; then closing the door noiselessly he returned to his seat with a shrug and a look of vexation in his face.

"Nothing has happened?" he asked as he seated himself near me.

"Nothing—to him."

"To any one else?" he asked sharply.

"Nothing of any importance."

"Mere Lucas betrayed no signs of irritation when he went out last night?"

I shook my head.

"She was just the same as she always is—just. If there had been any difference, I must have seen it."

"She did not go down stairs in the night, you think?"

"After Taras went up I put my door wide open and kept a light burning all night. No one could pass my door without my knowing it."

"Your vigilance may have warned her. On the other hand"—He broke off, and nursing his knee sank his chin in his hand, knitting his brows in thought. Suddenly raising his head and turning to me, he said:

"I am afraid I must confess to having been fooled. I am still more afraid that I have done Mere Lucas a great injustice. You have a far better knowledge of her character than I. Do you think her capable of deceit and trickery—of conspiring at the ruin of her master?"

"No, that I don't. I believe she's as good as any one."

"I'm sincerely glad to hear you say so. It seemed unlikely to me; that is why I felt it necessary to say nothing on the subject to Taras."

"I'd never have believed you."

"That was another reason for saying nothing till I had absolute facts to support my suspicion. You have not said a word to him or her either, I hope, with respect to my communication?"

"No, not a word. But how about that friend you spoke of?"

"Ah! there again I believe I was all at fault. I believe she is no more a conspirator than poor old Mere Lucas herself. I find she is a cook at a restaurant in Greek street, and so of course she is not at liberty to come here and see Mere Lucas."

He looked terribly vexed as he admitted this. "Do you know a man named Matveef?" he asked abruptly.

"I think I've heard the name, but I don't know him."

"He's one of the poor beggars who come to sponge on Taras. It was he who put this precious nonsense into my head. The fact is, the lower class of nihilists are like a set of starving dogs—jealous of each other and ready to snap at any one who seems a little better off than the rest. It is natural that they should envy the old woman her comfortable position here, but it simply proves what a treacherous, faithless lot they are when one can circulate such slanders as this. I fear I have made you very anxious. I hope you will forgive me. For the sake of Taras, whose life is so dear to us, and of such enormous importance to the welfare of his country, one cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to any hint at such a time as this, when real peril exists."

"That's all right. I feel just like that. Don't you mind telling me anything. I'd rather know it than not if it makes me ever so frightened. Besides it makes you feel so light hearted and happy to find it isn't true that you can't be vexed by what's past."

"You cannot have better philosophy or better feeling than that," said he, shaking my hand kindly as he rose.

... no longer any serious reason to regard Mere Lucas with mistrust or look for the development of some sinister design afforded me such happiness that I almost forgot the existence of danger, and when Taras about a week later told me that he should not return probably till 2 or 3 o'clock from the smoking concert to which he had been invited I bade him good night when he went out after dinner without any feeling of alarm.

That afternoon my dressmaker had sent to say that the dress she was making for me would be ready for me to try on this evening. Nothing could have happened more opportunely, for I intended to take Taras by surprise with this beautiful velvet, and here was the very chance I needed of getting the important work of fitting done without his knowing anything about it.

The moment he was gone I ran to my room, dressed, and telling Mere Lucas where I was going—for she was in the secret—I started off for Kensington road, where my dressmaker lived.

It was between 8 and 9. At that time Lambeth road is deserted. Heavy rain had fallen in the afternoon, and such sounds there were seemed particularly clear. The rattle of a train over the railway bridge, a whistle from a tug, on the river behind me, were noticeable by their distinctness; my own footsteps as I hurried along made quite a clatter on the wet pavement.

Struck by this fact, I presently fancied I could hear an echo to my footfall. Was it that or some one following? To satisfy the idle doubt I glanced back. Just within sight a man was following. There was nothing in that to call for particular attention, but when I had gone another hundred yards or so the echoing sound arrested my wandering thoughts and I glanced round again. The man's figure was there exactly at the same distance. It was odd that both should be walking in one direction at a precisely similar pace. For the next hundred yards I walked slower, but the following step came no nearer, and when I turned the man's figure appeared to be just as far off as before.

It was unpleasant even to fancy that my steps were dogged, and I turned the corner of Lambeth road sharp with the determination to go on at a still quicker pace now that I was out of the man's sight, but the whistle of a tram suggested a still better means of avoiding annoyance, and I stopped with the determination to ride the remaining distance.

Just as I stepped into the car the man came running round the corner from the Lambeth road, and as I took my seat he sprang on to the footboard. As he passed the door to go up the steps the light from within fell on his face. There was no mistaking the yellow complexion, the sparse black beard and high cheek bones nor the sunk head and high shoulders.

It was Drigo!

CHAPTER XIX.

DRIGO.

I got out of the train at my dressmaker's. The car moved on, but glancing after it I perceived the man hastily descending. He must have waited till he saw me step out on to the pavement, and I could only hope, as I slipped into the house and hastily closed the door, that he had lost sight of me in getting down from the car.

With the terrors of going home alone before me, I found little pleasure in trying on my dress and discussing the matter with my dressmaker, but I lingered till she had nothing more to say and I could invent no pretext for staying longer.

I looked around eagerly when we went to the door, and to my great relief saw no one who looked like Drigo. I concluded that he had lost sight of me or gone off on a wrong scent.

"It rains a little. May I lend you an umbrella?" asked the dressmaker.

"No, I think I will wait for a tram," said I, "that will take me home to my door," and when the car came in sight I bade her "good night" and ran down to stop it. As I stepped in my heart quaked, for I saw the man I dreaded come out from the shadow of the wall, and before I had found a seat I heard his foot grating on the steps outside.

It was a Westminster car—not, as I had hoped, one that would take me to Lambeth. To avoid the terrible stretch of deserted street I went on as far as Hercules buildings. That gave me a little start, for until he saw me get out my pursuer could not tell which turning I should take. Glancing up, I saw Drigo's hideous face peering over the railing to discover who was alighting, and the moment he recognized me he began to scuttle down the steps.

I ran without stopping till I reached the tavern at the Lambeth road end of the buildings, thinking in my weakness that I would seek protection if he was on my heels rather than venture alone on that last strip of deserted road. I had made up my mind now that the enemy of Taras had resolved to put me out of the way as a preliminary to attacking him and had given the job to this villain. But he was still at some distance—just near enough to keep me in sight, no more. It would be absurd to ask protection from a man so far off, I said to myself, and ashamed of my cowardise I again took to my heels. He might have overtaken me in a few minutes, and there was no one to prevent him strangling me in the open road had he chosen, but he came no nearer. Whether I ran or whether I walked, whenever I turned he seemed to be precisely at the same distance from me—just near enough to keep in sight—no nearer, and as I stood panting at the door waiting for Mere Lucas to let me in I perceived him standing motionless by the lamppost at the corner of Lambeth palace.

Concealing my trepidation from Mere Lucas as well as I could, I hurried up to my room and there tried to find an explanation of this strange pursuit. As I grew calmer and my thoughts more collected one fact became more and more evident. Drigo would not have suffered me to escape in this way had his designs been directed against me. His spirit of revenge would not have rested content with giving me a scare. And as he had not taken advantage of this opportunity to injure me it was scarcely credible that he would make any further attempt in that direction.

"Probably," I said, going to the window, to reassure myself, "seeing that I have come in and am not likely to go out again to-night, he has gone away."

But looking out under the window blind I discovered him standing on the embankment over against the bridge nearly opposite the house. What did that mean? A solution of the mystery began to dawn upon me as soon as I perceived that the man had been posted here to watch my movements and quickly took the definite form of conviction. An attack was to be made, not on me, as I had foolishly imagined in my fright, but upon Taras. He was to be waylaid on his return by the gang, who had detached Drigo to prevent me communicating any suspicion of their design to him. But a week before I had watched outside Grandison chambers and followed Taras home. That fact might very well be known to the secret enemy, who seemed to be acquainted with every movement of Taras and clearly explained an object in setting an outpost to watch me. As I recalled this incident the figure of the man who drove Kavanagh's brougham came before my mind, and I saw again the furitive glance of suspicion with which he regarded me. Might he not be a spy obtaining information by some covert means from Kavanagh?

Mere Lucas came to the door and bade me good night. When she was gone, I went to the window and peeped again behind the blind. Drigo had not stirred from his place at the foot of the bridge. His presence served to confirm my suspicions, and I saw that Taras, to be saved, must be warned of the danger. But how was I to reach him? I saw clearly enough that it would not do to expose myself to a personal encounter with Drigo. That would not save Taras. Yet how could I get to Taras without that risk?

In seeking an answer to this question it presently occurred to me that workmen had been doing something to the wall which separated the yard from Gordon's pottery, and I recollected hearing that an opening was to be made to facilitate the transport of the group to the kiln, where it was to be burned. If I could get into the pottery, I might find an exit in the street at the back and so get away unseen and unsuspected by Drigo.

Leaving the light burning in my room, I ran down to the kitchen, provided myself with a candle and silently went out into the yard. A heap of bricks and rubbish showed where the men had been working, and on lighting the candle I found to my inexpressible joy that a break had been made in the wall and roughly closed for the night with a couple of boards. I pushed one aside and found that I could easily get into the cellar beyond, where I saw the square blocks of clay piled up from floor to ceiling.

With some little difficulty I made my way through the cellar into the warehouse and thence through an office into the shop, and here I thought I had nothing to do but unbolt the door and walk out. But when I came to examine the fastenings I discovered a fact which I might have foreseen, knowing that no one inhabited the pottery—the door was locked on the outside. My heart fell, and I stood looking at the solid lock stupidly for some moments, quite overcome by the hopelessness of my position. In the silence that followed my ear caught the sound of a distant footstep and then the heavy scrape of a nailed boot on a ladder and the rustle of straw on the warehouse floor. With unreasoning terror I figured Drigo pursuing me hither, and my heart stood still with the consciousness that I was utterly at his mercy.

A glimmer of light appeared. It grew stronger, and then a pair of rough corduroys appeared at the head of the steps with a lantern on one side and a crowbar on the other, but the next minute I breathed again as a man came into sight whom I recognized as a hand employed in the pottery. He could say nothing for astonishment on finding me there, nor was his amazement lessened when I made him understand that I wanted to leave the pottery without going back through the yard.

"Well, miss," said he, "there's only one way you can go out if so be you don't want to go back the way you come, and that's the way I come in when I've got my fires to look after, as the case is tonight. It's a longer way round and a sight dirtier, for you'll have to go through the coalyard and out into Ferry street, where the road's all up for the drains."

The eagerness with which I agreed to take this roundabout and unpleasant route must have led him to doubt whether on the whole I was quite in my right mind, and indeed my exultation and joy were little short of madness when I got out into Ferry street, where I knew I was quite safe from Drigo.

CHAPTER XX.

A PURSUIT AND RESCUE.

A simple scheme of action suggested itself to my mind as I hurried along the back streets, and coming into Kennington road I looked about for a cab. A smart new hansom stood by the curb in the light of a public house, and as I stopped, wondering if it were disengaged, the driver came out and said briskly, "Cab, miss?"

He was as smart as his cab and looked more like a gentleman's servant than an ordinary cabman. I liked the look of him.

"Are you disengaged for a good long while—perhaps four or five hours?" I asked.

"Where do you want to go, miss?"

"Burlington street. You will have to wait there for a gentleman, and he may not come out of his club before 2 o'clock."

"All right, miss. If it ain't running along all the time, I don't mind, how long I'm on, in a manner of speaking."

"If you do what I tell you, I'll pay you just what you ask. Can you put out that light inside?"

"Certainly, miss."

He seemed to understand my position to a nicety and asked which end of Burlington street he was to drive to.

"The Pantheon club," said I. "Draw up, if you please, so that I can see any one who comes out."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOWNS.

Men Never Praise Even the Gowns of Women They Dislike.

Lilian Bell discusses "The Philosophy of Clothes" most interestingly in Ladies' Home Journal. She declares that "there is a hollowness about having a man praise your gowns when you know he doesn't know what he is talking about. When a man praises your clothes he is always praising you in them. You never will hear a man praise even the good dressing of a woman whom he dislikes. But girls who positively hate another girl often will add, 'But she certainly does know how to dress.'

"And so the experienced woman wears her expensive clothes for other women and produces her 'effects' for men. She wears scarlet on a cold or raw day, and the eyes of the men light up when they see her. It makes her look cheerful and bright and warm. She wears gray when she wants to look demure. Let a man beware of a woman in silvery gray. She looks so quiet and dovelike and gentle that she has disarmed him before she has spoken a word, and he will snuggle down beside her and let her turn his mind and his pocket wrong side out. A woman couldn't look designing in light gray if she tried. He dotes upon the girl in pale blue. Pale blue naturally suggests to his mind the sort of girl who can wear it, which is generally a blonde with soft fluffy hair, fair skin and blue eyes—appealing, trustful, baby-blue eyes."

A PAYING INVESTMENT.

Values of the Properties Enhanced by Village Improvement.

"The property owners of a village cannot make a better paying investment than in the maintenance of a well-organized Improvement Society," writes John Gilmer Speed in Ladies' Home Journal. "Through such a society the value of every piece of property in a village, and the neighborhood thereof, may be enhanced in value; village life may be made to take on new interests and new dignities; stagnation may be kindled into an exhilarating activity. Let the people become interested in a Village Improvement Society and they will soon begin to discuss plans and policies with a gratifying alertness. They will discuss how best to secure a public library; they will talk over the ways and means of getting running water into the town; they will argue over the best way of establishing a fire department; they will study drainage and sanitation; they will recognize the value of street lights when the moon is shining on another part of the world; and when they vote on these questions they will vote with entire intelligence, and they will go away from the meetings refreshed by what they have heard, and what they have done."

Mr. Chamberlain has again wired to Pretoria, complaining of President Kruger's delay in deciding as to his proposed visit to England.

Do not insult calamity; it is a barb'rous grossness to lay on the weight of scorn, where heavy misery too much already weighs men's fortunes down.

ROSE TO HIGH PLACE.

PRACTICAL LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOSEPH.

The World Honors Christian Character—The Result of Persecution is Elevation—Sin Will Surely Come to Exposure—The Propriety of Preparing for the Future.

Washington, April 19.—The sermon of Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day is full of stirring and practical lessons for all. Washington has many men who, like the hero of the texts, started from almost nothing and rose to high place. The texts chosen were: Genesis xxxvii, 28: "They drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver." Genesis xlv., 26: "He is governor over all the land of Egypt."

You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that though it cost Him a thousand worlds. You sometimes find men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You cannot write him up, and you cannot write him down. These facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph—how his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants trudging along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how by Joseph's integrity he raised himself to high position in the realm until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and confidence; how by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the realm, the Bismarck of his century; how in the time of famine Joseph had the control of a magnificent storehouse which he had filled during seven years of plenty; how when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with the beast of burden borne down under the heft of corn sacks; how the sin against their brother which had so long been hidden came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, the only revenge he took.

You see, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From his servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison, he soon was the heart of the keeper, and, though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and, released from close confinement, he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar or a prisoner in the penitentiary he became the first man everywhere and is an illustration of the truth I lay down—that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which the man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has bemeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the church, and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the church. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son of the Lord God Almighty. Of course we have no admiration for the sham of religion.

When Eudoxia, the empress, threatened Chrysostom with death, he made the reply, "Tell the empress I fear nothing but sin." Such a scene as that compels the admiration of the world. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for a thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of that unconquerable apostle. Paul did not cower before Felix. Felix cowered before Paul. The infidel and worldling are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian, firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin, alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and soul; Elizabeth Fry going to the profligacy of Newgate prison to shake its obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Phillippi, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chain, as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man said to me in the cars: "What is religion? Judging from the character of many professors of religion I do not admire religion." I said: "Now, suppose we went to an artist in the city of Rome and while in his gallery asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' Would he take us out in a low alley and show us a mere daub of a pretender at painting, or would he take us down into the corridors and show us the Rubens and the Raphaels and the Michael Angelos? When we asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' he would point to the works of these great masters and say, 'That is painting.' Now, you propose to find the mere caricature of religion, to seek after that which is the mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the splendid men and women whom this gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of divine grace if you want to know what religion is."

We learn also from this story of Joseph that the result of persecutions is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers and his false imprisonment, Joseph never would have become a governor. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to a worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high official positions through misrepresentation. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved. Many of those who are making great efforts for place and power will never succeed, just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of men—that is, of all generous and reasonable men—to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the faults of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back slanderers. Persecution is elevation. Helen Stirk, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice to-day. We have lived together many happy years. This is the happiest time of all our life. You see we are to be happy together forever. I will not say 'Good night!' to you, for we shall soon be in the kingdom of our Father together." Persecution shows the heroes and heroines. I go into another department, and I find that these great denominations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly.

No good man was ever more violently maltreated than John Wesley—belied and caricatured and slandered, until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said, "You were drunk last night," and John Wesley said, "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete! I have been charged with everything but that." His followers were hooted at and maligned and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapidly they spread, until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yes, I might go farther back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust charge, the ignominious death, when all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation. The State sometimes said to the Church, "Come, take my hand, and I will help you." What was the result? The Church went back and it lost its estate of holiness, and it became ineffective. At other times the State said to the Church, "I will crush you." What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury the Church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history, and you will find that true. The Church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in his hand, by the light of which the Church has marched to her present glorious position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the gospel chariot. The scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the Church mounted.

Learn also from our subject that sin will come to exposure. Long, long ago had those brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had made the old father believe that his favorite child was dead. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this long suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will blab out exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen, but when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, so he thought he would steal them. Nobody would know it. He drove those stolen sheep and oxen toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how he had executed his mission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confused Saul, "What means the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the bellowing of the cattle?" Ah, my hearers, you cannot keep an iniquity still. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without being stoned to death, nor Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests. These thieves, these burglars, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins, they all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down it would never come to resurrection, but there was some shoe that answered to the print in the soil, some false keys found in their possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the death, and the public indignation and the anathema of outraged law hurled them into the dungeon or hoisted them on the gallows.

Francis I., King of France, stood counseling with his officers how he could take his army into Italy, when Amerll, the fool of the court, leaped out from a corner of the room and said: "You had better be consulting how you will get your army back," and it was found that Francis I., and not Amerll, was the fool. Instead of consulting as to the best way of getting into siege you had better consult as to whether you will be able to get out of it. If the world does not expose you, you will tell it yourself. There is an awful power in an aroused conscience. A highwayman plunged out upon Whitefield as he rode along on horseback, a sack of money on the horse—money that he had raised for orphan asylums—and the highwayman put his hand on the gold, and Whitefield turned to him and said: "Touch that if you dare! That belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ." And the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience! Conscience! The ruffian had a pistol, but Whitefield shook at him the finger of doom. Do not think you can hide any great and protracted sin in your heart, my brother. In an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some action may for the moment set ajar this door that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with this transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days hinders the flames from bursting out by keeping down the hatches, yet at last in the judgment that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

Learn also from this subject that there is an inseparable connection between all events, however remote. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seemed fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and his rulership of Egypt, yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two into one plan. So the events are linked together. You who are aged men look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One undivided chain of events reaches from the garden of Eden to the cross of Calvary and thus up to the kingdom of heaven. There is a relationship between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne. God can trace a direct ancestral line from the blue jay that this spring will build its nest in the tree behind the house to some one of the flock of birds which, when Noah hoisted the ark's window, with a whirr and dash of bright wings went out to sing over Mount Ararat. The tulips that bloom in the garden this spring were nursed by the snowflakes. The farthest star on one side of the universe could not look toward the farthest star on the other side of the universe and say "You are no relation to me," for from that bright orb a voice of light would ring across the heavens, responding: "Yes, yes, we are sisters." Nothing in God's universe swings at loose ends. Accidents are only God's way of turning a leaf in the book of His eternal decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our losses may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeat and our victory are twin brothers.

The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you trifling, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little. God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He molds us and turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to him as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble. The most triumphant achievement does not lift Him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes out through the centuries, and nations rise and fall, and eras pass, and the world changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! I was years ago in New Orleans at the exposition rooms, when a telegram was sent to the President of the United States, at Washington, and we waited some 15 or 20 minutes, and then the President's answer came back, and then the presiding officer waved his handkerchief, and the signal was sent to Washington that we were ready to have the machinery of the exposition started, and the President put his finger on the electric button, and instantly the great Corliss wheel began to move—rumbling, rolling. It was overwhelming, and 15,000 people clapped and shouted. Just one finger at Washington started that vast machinery, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, and I thought then, as I think now, that men sometimes touch influences that respond in the far distance, 50 years from now, 50 years from now, 1,000 years from now—1,000,000 years from now—one touch sounding through the ages.

We also learn from this story the propriety of laying up for the future. During the seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom that any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During those seven years your business bears a rich harvest. You scarcely know where all the money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astonished with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how men can be content with a small business, gathering in only a few hundred dollars, while you reap your thousands. Those are seven years of plenty. Now Joseph has time to prepare for the threatened famine, for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick, you will be unfortunate, you will be defrauded, there will be hard times, you will be disappointed, and if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back you may be famine struck. We have no admiration for this denying oneself all personal comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up, this grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get, this always being poor because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can find another dollar, so that it can carry it home on its back. We have a contempt for all those things, but there is an intelligent and noble minded forecast which we love to see in men who have families and kindred depending upon them for the blessings of education and home. God sends us the insects for a lesson, which, while they do not stint themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to forecast the future "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Now there are two ways of laying up money. One of these is to put it in stock and deposit it in bank and invest it on bond and mortgage. The other way to lay up money is giving it away. He is the safest who makes both of these investments. There are in this house men who if they lose every dollar they have in the world would be millionaires for eternity. They made the spiritual investment, but the man who devotes no gains to the cause of Christ and looks only for his own comfort and luxury is not safe, I care not how the money is invested. He acts as the rose if it should say, "I will hold my breath, and none shall have a snatch of fragrance from me until next week; then I will set all the garden afloat with my aroma." Of course the rose, refusing to breathe, died. But above all lay up treasures in heaven. They never depreciate in value. They never are at a discount. They are always available. You may feel safe now with your $1,000 or $2,000 or $10,000 or $20,000 income, but what will such an income be worth after you are dead? Others will get it. Perhaps some of them will quarrel about it before you are buried. They will be so impatient to get hold of the will they will think you should be buried one day sooner than you are buried. They will be right glad when you are dead. They are only waiting for you to die. What then will all your earthly accumulations be worth? If you gathered it all in your bosom and walked up with it to heaven's gate, it would not purchase your admission, or if allowed to enter it could not buy you a crown or a robe, and the poorest saint in heaven would look down at you and say, "Where did the pauper come from?" May ... all have treasures in heaven Amen!

SECRETS OF BUDDHISM.

Adherents of the Belief Have Kept Them Many Years.

There can be little doubt but that the initiates of the higher mysteries of Buddhism possess secrets of a psychological nature which are absolutely unknown to the rest of the world, and which have never been divulged during a period which probably far antedates the rise of Buddhism itself. The secrets of hypnotism, thought transference, and many others on what may be called the occult side of nature, while they are mysteries to the Western world have been commonplaces to these people for ages, and they have never permitted the slightest inkling of their true nature to leak out, although their revelation might possibly revolutionize the world. The trade secrets of the Phoenicians were kept for centuries with marvelous fidelity. The chief of these was doubtless the location of and the method of reaching the tin mines of Cornwall, and the story is still extant of the captain of a Phoenician galley who, when pursued by a Roman trireme, which sought to follow him to his destination, deliberately ran his ship ashore and wrecked her, so that the great secret might remain undivulged.

His Thought.

A man who is sad or sorry is often approached best from the commonplace side. In the "History of the Town of Bedford" is a story of a misanthropic patient in a Washington hospital during the war. He had a compound fracture of the knee, and as he was in pain most of the time, could scarcely be expected to prove a jovial companion. Yet, although he steadily frowned down all efforts at conversation, one lady, who was staying in the hospital to nurse her husband, succeeded in getting into his life one little wedge of human kindliness. She writes:

He does not care to have me 'read' or speak to him; we call him 'South Carolina,' because he wishes to be 'let alone.'

One morning, as I took my usual walk down the aisle, his head was resting on his hands and he looked very solemn. I felt that he was homesick. I was determined to call him out of himself if I could. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I said:—

"A penny for your thoughts, sir!"

To my surprise he did not frown, as he had done before when I had spoken to him, but said quietly: "My thought is too foolish to tell."

"Perhaps not," I replied.

"Well" said he, "I was just wishing I could have some buttermilk biscuit for breakfast, like those the woman used to make with whom I boarded in New Hampshire."

He told me her name and where she lived, and then I could say that she was my husband's cousin. That made a beginning, and since then I have dared to "be neighborly."

Tiny Oxen.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimen of the species never exceeding thirty inches in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891 which is still living, and is believed to be somewhere near ten years of age, is only twenty-two inches high, and weighs but one hundred and nine and a half pounds. In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a two-hundred pound load of miscellaneous matter sixty to seventy miles a day. They keep up a constant singing trot or run, and have been known to travel one hundred miles in a day and night without either food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years.—Tit-Bits.

Too many people would like to follow Christ without having to give up the world.

The Christian is never so much in danger as when he tries to fight the devil in his own strength.

MONEY.

In the tenth century there were 38 mints in England.

The Lydians were the first to coin money, about 1000 B.C.

The first colonial coinage was minted in Massachusetts in 1652.

Homer mentions brass money as in use 1184 B.C. among the Greeks.

The American cents of 1787 bore the motto, "Mind Your Business."

Brass money was coined in Rome by Servius Tullius as early as 573 B.C.

Arabic coins have a sentence from the Koran and generally the caliph's name, but never an image.

During the reign of Victoria the Indian Government has coined £2,000,000 gold and £200,000,000 of silver.

The purchasing power of money in the days of the Roman emperors was about 10 times what it is at present.

When Leyden was besieged by the Spanish army in 1574, the city government issued credit notes on leather.

The plan of a decimal coinage for the United States was suggested by Jefferson in 1785 and adopted by congress.

During the 25 years ending 1890 India received and retained £442,000,000 of gold and silver, taking four times as much silver as gold.

The United States coins fixed by congress in 1786 were the gold eagle and half eagle, the silver dollar, half dollar, quarter, dime, and half dime.

From 1638 to 1652 musket balls were used as currency in New England at a valuation of a farthing apiece and were a legal tender up to a shilling.

Our half dollar is one-half the weight of the silver 5 franc piece of France, Belgium and Switzerland, of the 5 lire coin of Italy, of the 5 peseta of Spain, of the 5 drachma of Greece, and exactly the same as the florin of Austria.

The earliest American coinage was made for the Virginia company at the Bermudas. The coins were of brass, with a "hogge on one side, in memory of the abundance of hogges that were found on the islands at their first landing."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

1. Learn to govern yourselves, and to be gentle and patient.

2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer, penitence and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

3. Never speak or act until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.

4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is much more valuable.

4. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and which we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second that makes the quarrel.

7. Beware of the first disagreement.

8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers.

10. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

The sticky juice of the marshmallow root mixed with the finest chalk forms a cement for onyx, ground glass or pottery.

Owing to the fact that good butter is being mixed with oleomargarine in the West, the price of pure butter has rapidly advanced.

To prevent crockery glaze from cracking, place the crockery in a boiler of cold water and give it a good boiling. Let the crockery remain in the water till cold.

Chipped spots in parian may be filled with a paste of parian dust and oyster lime of the finest sort, mixed with the white of eggs and smoothed with the bowl of a spoon.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being banged when closed. Close the door as gently as possible. Nearly everyone opens it gently enough.

To remove claret stains from a tablecloth put salt on immediately and thickly over the spot. Rinse in cold water before washing. If not entirely removed apply lemon juice and dry in the sun.

THE OCULIST.

Select well printed books.

Do not read while lying down.

Avoid reading and study by poor light.

Take sufficient exercise in the open air.

Correct errors of refraction with proper glasses.

Reading and study should be done systematically.

Avoid bad hygienic conditions and the use of alcohol and tobacco.

Light should come from the side and not from the back or from the front.

Do not use the eyes too long at a time for near work, but give them occasional periods of rest.

Do not read or study while suffering great bodily fatigue or during recovery from illness.

During study avoid the stooping position or whatever tends to produce congestion of the head and face.

Let the physical keep pace with the mental culture, for asthenopia is most usually observed in those who are lacking in physical development.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

Backsliding begins when praise leaves the heart.

The man who has not a friend will often need one.

A golden opportunity never knocks at the same door twice.

The hardest wound to heal is the one inflicted by a friend.

Treasure laid up in heaven always enriches somebody on earth.

If good seed is put in good ground some of it will be sure to grow.

It is so much easier for some people to pray for the preacher than to contribute to his support.

The wider the bible is opened the less danger there will be of the preacher dying in the poor house.

Charity is a universal duty, which it is in every man's power sometimes to practise, since every degree of assistance given to another, upon proper motives, is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility as that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbor.

Life insurance is more popular in America than in any other country.

Three million 3-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States.

In France 67 per cent. of the people live on rye bread; only 33 per cent. on wheat bread.

In 1552 books on geometry and astronomy were destroyed in England as savoring of magic.

The world's herring catch every year is 390,000 tons, which is all consumed before the next season.

The registrar of the Paris morgue has the unique distinction of having written 300 popular songs and ballads.

In manufacturing occupations, the average life of soapboilers is the highest and that of grindstone makers the lowest.

Stop not unthinking, every friend you meet, to spin your wordy fabric in the street; while you are emptying your colloquial pack, the fiend Lumbago jumps upon your back.

When a girl's hair is straight these days, it means she didn't have time to comb it.

THE DOCTORS WERE WRONG

THEY SAID MR. REUBEN PETCH WAS PERMANENTLY DISABLED.

They Apparently Had Good Grounds for Their Report, and on the Strength of It He Was Paid a $1,500 Disability Insurance—Another Case in Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Brought Health After All Other Means Failed.

From the Meaford Monitor.

Mr. Reuben Petch is a resident of Griersville who has been known to the editor of the Monitor for a considerable number of years. For several years Mr. Petch has been in bad health, has been an intense sufferer and was declared incurable by a number of physicians, and was paid a disability insurance of $1,500. Lately, to the astonishment of those who had known that he was pronounced incurable, Mr. Petch has been brought back almost to his former health. This restoration he attributes to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and knowing that his story would interest the readers of the Monitor, a reporter was sent to interview him. The following is Mr. Petch's narrative as given the reporter:—

"I had been sick for some five years, consulted in that time with no less than six of the best physicians I could find, but none seemed to help me so far as medicine was concerned. My limbs and body were puffed or bloated so I could not get my clothes on. I had lost the use of

my limbs entirely. When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could not dress myself and had not dressed myself for two years previous. I could not even open my mouth enough to receive any solid food, and I had to be fed with a spoon. I seemed to have lockjaw. I could not get up or down the doorsteps, and if I fell down I had to lie there until I was helped up. I could not get around without a cane and a crutch. My flesh seemed to be dead.

"You might have made a pincushion of me and I would feel no hurt. The doctors told me I could never get better. They said I had palsy on one side, caused by spinal sclerosis, the effect of la grippe. You might roast me and I would not sweat. I was a member of the Mutual Aid Association of Toronto, and, as under their rules I was entitled to a disability insurance, I made application for it. I was examined by two doctors on behalf of the Association and pronounced permanently disabled, and was in due time paid my disability insurance of $1,500. This was about two years after I first took sick. Things went on in this way for a considerable period, and my helplessness was, if anything, on the increase. I was continually reading about the cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last determined to try them. After using four or five boxes there was a change. It first made itself manifest by my beginning to sweat freely. I made up my mind to give them a thorough trial and to my surprise I have gained in health and strength ever since. I take no other medicine except Pink Pills. I began taking them when all other medicines and the doctors failed to do me any good. I never expected to get better, but Pink Pills have rescued me from a living death, and now I am happy to say I can work and walk and get around finely. I eat heartily, sleep soundly, and feel like a new man, and I ascribe the cause entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can not say too much in their praise and recommend them highly to all similarly afflicted."

The above is Mr. Petch's ungarnished statement of his case, and we might add, we know him to be a respectable, reliable gentleman, who has no interest in making the statement only to do good to others who might become afflicted as he was.

This strong testimony proves the claim made that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail, and that they deserve to rank as the greatest discovery of modern medical science. The public should always be on their guard against imitations and substitutes which some unscrupulous dealers for the sake of extra profit urge upon purchasers. There is no other remedy "just the same as" or "just as good" as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the genuine always have the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box.

Ready Next Time.

There seems to be an occasional misunderstanding as to the nature of the aurora. Certain people have, indeed, regarded it as a fixed appearance, as regular in its course as the sun and moon. When a beautiful display took place, not long since, a certain lady was asked next morning if she had seen it.

"No," said she, in an aggrieved tone "Did you?"

"Oh, yes; we watched it for a long time."

"And I saw you that very afternoon, and you didn't tell me there was going to be one!"

Of a more cheerful and contented nature was another lady who was in Paris during a fine appearance of those "northern lights."

"Did you see the aurora last night?" asked a friend.

"No; I didn't know there was one."

"Oh, yes; it was perfectly beautiful. You ought to have been out watching it, as we were."

"Well, I'm sorry," quoth she, "but never mind. I'll see it to-night!"

Mutual Help.

Drummer—I've done a big day's work to-day—have taken orders for over $500 worth of goods.

Bill Collector—Who are the parties?

Drummer—All to Skinner & Slowpay.

Bill Collector—That means steady employment for me for ten months. Thanks; don't know what I should do if it weren't for you.

DIET AND DIGESTION.

Suet dumplings require about five hours for proper digestion, and with some people they never digest at all.

Beef soup is much harder of digestion than would be supposed. The time required is about four hours.

Barley soup is one of the lightest of diets. It is believed to be completely digested at the end of an hour and a half.

Fresh sausage, broiled, requires nearly three hours and a half for digestion. When fried, the time is indefinitely longer.

Raw cabbage will be digested at the end of two hours and a half; boiled cabbage demands at least four and a half hours.

No flesh is healthy too soon after the death of the animal. Meat should always be kept at least a day or two before using it.

The tendons and cartilages of meats are very much more difficult of digestion than the fiber, requiring from four to five hours.

Veal is one of the most indigestible of meats; when broiled it may be digested in four hours; when fried it requires nearly five.

Nearly four hours are required for the digestion of broiled chicken; a somewhat longer time is needed for the same when fried.