

# The Sealed Locket

## CHAPTER I.

The sun hung smiling in a cloudless sky, one flower-scented morning in early June, as Arthur Tremont proudly led Nellie Monteith to the altar, his chosen bride. Merrily rang the wedding bells. All nature seemed in tune. It always does, you know, to one who is about to marry his heart's idol, and some folk claim that the surest way Heaven could provide for man's happiness would be to have him always on the eve of being married to his lady-love, taking care, of course, that the ceremony was never actually performed. "Yes," remarks an acrid spinster, "but aren't the women entitled to some degree of happiness hereafter as well as the men?" Be that as it may, certain it is that "all went merry as a marriage bell" on this occasion, for "happy is the bride the sun shines on." It is likely that the old "saw" particularizes the bride in this instance, because the groom probably knows no better than to be happy even though the sun may not shine; or, because it is a settled conclusion that there is no happiness in store for him in any case even though the sky were as full of shining sun as it is of stars.

Yet, in the happy crowd that attended this wedding, was one dark but pallid face, full of sorrow and pain. The bitterness of selfish, passionate, consuming love, unrequited, gave to the features a look almost of boding revenge. To the bridal he came—an Angel of Woe—a Spirit of Darkness in this heaven of happiness.

Whether the sunshine was responsible for it or not will doubtless long remain a controvertible question, but certain it is that all went happily with Arthur Tremont and his young wife for the first four years of their wedded life in their pleasant home in the picturesque town of Briarton. Then came a day when sorrow, dark and heavy, laid its chastening hand upon the family of the prosperous doctor. A beautiful, bright-eyed boy of two years of age made the home ring with his joyous happy laughter, while his bright cunning ways filled their hearts with joy. Then the household was thrown into a state of agitation upon the arrival of a blue-eyed, golden-haired, sunny-cheeked daughter, and their cup of happiness seemed about to be filled to the fullest.

But at the noontide of joy a cloud drifted into the bright sky. This is it ever—just as our happiness seems nearing the zenith, across the horizon floats a shadow bidding us remember this is but earth whereon we live, and all its pleasure transient and fickle as the breath upon the pane; at best, but a mean foretaste of the joys of that life where the cloud comes not. And yet, for this vain bauble, this fleeting shadow-joy of earth, do men struggle, and toil, and fight, and die; and lose all else, to gain an empty mockery in life, and in death—an epitaph.

And now the blow fell on Arthur Tremont and his loved and loving family. Happy in the love of his beautiful young wife, and proud of his curly-haired, darling boy, his happiness seemed to be full and complete with the thoughts of his golden-crowned daughter; when, just as his heart was full, the death angel stooped low on his wings of night, and pressed his icy seal on the heart of Nellie, the loving wife and mother, and bade her follow him into that dark realm of mystery, from whose portals the hand of the living may never raise the curtain.

Thus sorrow, deep and bitter, came to the home of Dr. Tremont, for, in one short week after the baby came to them, Nellie Tremont yielded her life for the life she had given and left the helpless infant motherless and the father lonely and desolate.

During the last days of the mother's illness, upon the recommendation of the nurse, the baby had been given into the charge of a young woman living near who had a little daughter of her own about two months old, and who offered to take the little one to care for as she had to depend on her own efforts to obtain a living, having been left penniless and alone with this one little child. Nothing was known of her history further than that she called herself Mrs. Desmond, and had come to Briarton in widow's weeds about two months previous to the birth of her child. None knew whence she came, and the widow seemed not inclined to enlighten them, even preferring to keep silence amidst all the unkind things that a heartless community indulged in, suggesting about her history, and certain we may be that there were scandal-mongers in plenty who delighted in hinting at evil enough. It is a lamentable fact that many reputable women are more heartless towards the unfortunate sufferers of their own sex than the veriest heathen who kill and devour their own kin; and usually the more beautiful and attractive the victim, the more bitter their jealous calumny. They revel in their own self-extolled, un-

godlike virtues, and deem themselves superior beings because they have been posted on a pinnacle of spurious virtue safe from this temptation, which to them has never existed, and of which they are as ignorant as a cormorant is of saying grace, thanks to no efforts of their own acrid dispositions, but due simply to a freak of nature that has decreed that they shall eke out their sterile existence thus, their rapid blood unwarmed throughout the course of their unnatural lives. The spleen of their liquid hearts is productive of nothing but the denunciation of the vices of all humanity except themselves, and equally zealous enunciation of their own virtues. Soured out of all humility by the barrenness of their own cankered affections, their evil-gloating minds seek no virtue in any but themselves, and plead no excuse for the slips and shortcomings of any other. Ever seeking amid the dross which, God help us, is prevalent enough in us all, for something as low and mean as the unchaste thoughts that form the garbage of their own dwarfed souls, they deem that one the only great vice on earth; the one from which they have been preserved more by the disinclination of mankind to assist them in their ruin than by any virtuous tenacity of purpose on their part, and they bathe in a sea of egotistic sanctity, flushed by the glow of praise for this one virtue kept, and entirely oblivious of the dark shadows cast athwart their path by a thousand other transgressions. Let suffering humanity expect kindness and mercy from heathen brute or devils rather than from them, for their shrivelled hearts and stunted souls never breathed the warm breath of love and sympathy in their lives.

We never need look far for these self-exalted, apostate religionists; they are not of the modest retiring dispositions that await to be sought. Like the street vendor of shoddy goods, they flaunt their insipid virtues before us in the church, the Sunday School, the prayer-meeting, young people's societies, and temperance leagues; and in fact in every position under the shining heavens where they can hope that they may induce people to accept their religious cant in lieu of earnest Christian living.

So unkind, so unloving, so diametrically opposed to the loving manner in which Christ came to a sinning world are these bellowing vendors of religious effrontery, that the erring one as instinctively turns from them and their suppositious dogmas as a mad dog does from water. Their blatant dronings about the world's vices, to which they would apply their irritating balm of their perverted scripturisms, never yet were prolific of anything but disconsolate disappointment or open rebellion.

Humanity's laws punish the wilfully wicked and reward the noble and good; but God alone is capable of meeting out a just reward to those monstrosities, which is a task beyond the judgment of man.

But whatever the opinion of some of the meagre-minded residents of Briarton in regard to the life of Mrs. Desmond, at least none could breathe the least suspicion against her since she came to live among them, for the most exacting could not point to the slightest hint of a misdemeanor.

To Arthur Tremont, in his deep sorrow, there was a depth of tenderness and womanly sympathy in the dark sad eyes of the widow, that made him instinctively feel that she too had known sorrow, and that bade him trust her. Never strong in health and being considerably overcome by his recent affliction, he determined to travel for a few months, if he could satisfactorily arrange for the care of his little ones while he should be away. Accordingly, he called to see the young widow, and was pleased to find her quite anxious to accept the charge of his two children in consideration of what he was willing to pay for their care.

In his strange forward way he told her at once what he wished her to do for him, and named the price he was willing to pay, adding, with a slight blush of confusion: "The nurse who attended on my beloved wife assured me that you would be quite willing to accept the charge, as she said you were dependent upon your own individual efforts for the means of a living. I trust you will pardon me, Mrs. Desmond, for, believe me, I do not wish to wound you—but, would—would it be of any—any advantage to have part of the money in advance?"

The widow's dark eyes shone with a wealth of gratitude as she replied, "I sincerely thank you for your kind thoughtfulness, Dr. Tremont; I shall be glad to still keep the baby for you, and to take care of the little boy as well. It is true I must depend on my own exertions to provide the necessities of life for myself and my child, and my poor little girl is not very strong, and consequently needs good care; still, I am not in immediate need of money as I yet have a little left. But it is difficult to get much work from the people of Briarton so far, and your offer is most welcome indeed. I like children and shall much prefer taking care of them to earning my living by sewing; while, aside from all consideration of the liberal amount you offer to pay, it gives me true pleasure to hope that I may be of some little assistance to one upon whom sorrow has laid so heavy a hand."

While she had thus spoken, the doctor could not but notice that it all seemed to cause her a hidden pang of mortification, until she spoke of the joy of doing something for one in trouble, when her face beamed with an expression of kindest sympathy which touched his sorrowing heart at once. Then a look of cool dignity, almost of scorn, touched her features, and made her graceful figure heighten as she concluded,—

"But shall you be quite at ease about leaving your children with me? Briarton people, as a rule, seem to be somewhat suspicious of strangers."

Then, as her eyes met his and saw the look of tender pain in them which her words had caused as he thought how she perhaps was falsely accusing him with the rest in her heart, her

face fell, her eyes moistened, and deeply she regretted the hasty speech. She quickly turned her head away to hide the unbidden emotion that her quivering lip betrayed, while he rose from his seat, and, stepping to her side, extended his hand, as the pain of her words touched his heart.

"Mrs. Desmond," he said, a little huskily, as he pressed her hand, "I need not ask, for I read in your face that you too have known sorrow. Whatever its nature you have my sincerest sympathy, for I also know its pain, and moreover, you have my confidence, for I trust you fully. I ask no 'credentials,' feeling that my children, who are more than all else left to me now, are safe with you. I care not what Briarton may say. Of your life I know nothing, nor ask to know. Your face, your voice, your manner, all tell me you are a woman true and womanly, and I ask no more. In any trouble believe me always your true friend, ever ready to advise and help you, if possible. Half of the money we have agreed on for the six months' care of the children, I will pay you before I go, and the remainder as soon as you wish. I need not tell you how dear these little ones are to me, for you are a mother and can know a parent's heart; nor need I ask you to do by them as their mother would, I can ask no more than that."

"Dr. Tremont," she replied, her voice tremulous with emotion, while a deep sense of gratitude for his trust in her filled her eyes with mist as she looked into his honest, earnest face; "I cannot express my thanks to you for your confidence in a lone and unknown woman, but, as God is my witness, I will be to them what you ask and true to the trust you so honorably repose in me."

"Say no more, I know you will. I have decided to name the baby Nellie, after her mother; the boy's name is Carl; I will bring him over to-morrow so that I may get the house shut up and things ready to leave, as I shall be starting in about three or four days."

To be Continued.

## CHINESE JEWS.

### A Splendid Tabernacle in the Flowery Kingdom.

The Biblical prophecy that the Jews should be scattered abroad over the face of the earth is certainly a true one, for there is no country in the world which does not contain its portion of these thrifty people. Even in China they have long been known. Early in the seventeenth century, and shortly after the Italian missionaries had come to Peking, one of them, Matthew Ricci, received a morning call. His visitor wore the gorgeous Chinese dress, including the queue, but the figure and face were not Mongolian, and the smiling countenance was not in keeping with the dignified solemnity of a Chinaman. The gentleman's name was Niai, and he had heard of the arrival of some foreigners who worshipped one Lord of heaven and earth, and yet who were not Mohammedans, he belonged to the same religion, he explained, and had called to make their acquaintance. Now, Master Ngaimade it clear that he was an Israelite, a native of Kae-Fung-Foo, the capital of Honan. He had come to Peking to pass an examination for a mandarin degree and had been led by curiosity and brotherly feeling to call at the mission house.

In his native city, he said, there were 10 or 12 families of Israelites, and a synagogue, which they had recently restored at the expense of 10,000 crowns, and they had a roll of the law 400 or 500 years old. The missionary's letters described this synagogue. It occupied a space between 300 and 400 feet in length by about 150 feet in breadth, and was divided into four courts. It had borrowed some decorative splendor from China. The inscription in Hebrew, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord, blessed be the name of the glory of His kingdom for ever and ever," and the Ten Commandments were emblazoned in gold. Silk curtains inclosed the "Bethel" which enshrined the sacred books, and which only the rabbi might enter during the time of prayer. Every detail of this place, with its incense, its furniture and all its types of good things yet to come, is interesting. There, in the last century, the children of Israel at Kae-Fung-Foo, worshipped the God of their fathers with the rites that pointed to the Messiah, of whose advent, as far as it can be ascertained, they never heard of until the arrival of the Italian missionaries.

Learned men have entered into discussion as to whether these people were Jews or Israelites, whether they came to China from the Assyrian captivity or the Roman dispersion. They themselves say that their forefathers came from the West, and it is probable that the settlers arrived by way of Khorassan and Samarcand. They must have been numerous in the ninth century, for two Mohammedan travelers of that period describe a rebel, named Bae-Choo, taking Canton by storm in A. D. 877 and slaughtering 120,000 Jews, Mohammedans, Christians and Parsees. More than one Jew of Kae-Fung-Foo is known to have gained the right to wear the little round button on the top of his cap so dear to the ambition of a Chinaman. The Taiping rebellion dispersed the settlement, and the remnant who remain faithful to the memory of old traditions are chiefly poor and distressed.

The widow's weeds sometimes give way to the rake.

## THEY ARE GREAT SMOKERS.

### The Prince of Wales' Notable Collection and the Duke of York's Shabby Briar-Wood—Why King Humbert Gave Up Smoking.

There is as wide a gulf between the cigars with which the Austrian Emperor solaces himself and the costly brands affected by the Prince of Wales as between the city man's shilling Pargagas and the shag of the laborer. It is a mistake, however, says Tit-Bits, to imagine that the cigar is the favorite form of nicotine worship in royal circles. Most royal princes have a weakness for a briar pipe, which the weakness and not the pipe, they share with their most lowly subjects.

The Duke of York has among his treasures a shabby briar, burned almost half way down the bowl, which was his cherished companion as a "middy," and which has poured out its incense in almost every latitude.

Even now he regards a cigar as a luxury and his pipe as a solace, and the Duke and the Czar of all the Russias, alike in tastes as in appearance, have been seen together smoking a couple of briars with as much zest as a city clerk in the rapture of his morning pipe.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES,

too, is at least a pipe smoker, and his briar is more often his Sunday companion as he makes his tour of the Sandringham farm and stables than a cigar. The Prince is a great cigar smoker, although he rarely buys a cigar. His stock, which is the finest amateur collection in England, is replenished every year by large consignments from the Austrian Emperor and the Czar, and some of his most costly brands are valued at fifty guineas a hundred.

The Prince, too, is not superior to the cigarette, and it was with a box of exquisite Turkish cigarettes that he tempted the Middle Temple Benchers to relax their rule against smoking in Hall during the Prince's trusteeship of the Inn. The fragrance of those cigarettes, for they were circulated through both the messes, lingers yet in grateful memory among Middle Temple barristers—for to it they owe the revived privilege of producing even the seasoned briar when the cloths are removed.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg is as much addicted to the briar as to the cigar, and it is his constant companion on his fishing and shooting excursions.

King Humbert was for many years as inveterate a smoker as Bismarck; but the strong, green cigars which he affected played such havoc with his nerves that he was obliged to fore-swear them. Not so the Austrian Emperor, whose weakness was the same. He still smokes an incredible number of cigars which would be dear at 10s. a hundred, and they rarely leave his lips from his early morning ramble in the Palace Gardens to his final "good-night" to his favorite horses in the imperial stables.

Like most of the Austrian male royalties he occasionally

### SMOKES A PIPE;

and Prince Ferdinand, when he takes his long rambles incognito and hob-nobs with wayside innkeepers and stray travellers, is almost inseparable from his "cherrywood."

The Kaiser prefers cigars to a pipe for reasons not unconnected with nausea, and when on horseback often smokes cigarettes, which he throws away after a few whiffs, to be scrambled for by his loyal subjects if they are near.

The cigarette is in great favor among the royal ladies at most European courts, and even the Czarina's "re-scription" against smoking has done nothing to banish the cigarette except at her own court. Her imperial mother-in-law, the Dowager Czarina, and her sister, Princess Henry of Prussia, are inveterate smokers, and the Duchess of Cumberland follows their example.

The Empress of Austria used to banish her sorrows in cigarette smoke, and the Queen Regent of Spain finds them a solace in her trouble, while "Carmen Sylva," the gifted Roumanian Queen, writes her romances under their inspiration.

Some royal ladies even aspire to a cigar, and it is a matter of history that the former Queen of Naples fought lustily at the defence of Gaeta in regimentals with a cigar between her pretty lips.

### LUCCHENI'S TERRIBLE FATE.

The Neus Wiener Tagblatt states that the dungeo in which Luccheni, the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth, is now confined, has no windows, its walls are of cold, generally damp, stone, its floor of stone, its ceiling of stone; and that Luccheni will probably pay for his crime by the loss of his eyesight and his reason. Only once a fortnight is he permitted to walk in the prison courtyard for half an hour. He does not even see the attendants who bring him his daily rations at six o'clock every morning, and pass them through an opening over the iron door which closes the dungeo.

### THE BLOW OF A SEA-WAVE.

An instrument has been made in England to be sent to Japan. Its use is to measure the blow of a wave. A similar apparatus was used to measure the wave-blow off the Skerryvore Rock, Scotland. There the waves sweep in from the wide Atlantic. In summer a force of over 600 pounds to the square foot was recorded. In winter as high as a ton to the square foot was attained. This gives an idea of what ships, lighthouses and other similar structures have to contend.

## KHEDIVE IS OFFENSIVE.

### BRITAIN MAY FIND IT NECESSARY TO DEPOSE HIM.

#### He Forgets What England Has Done for Him—Owes His Throne Entirely to That Country.

The young Khedive is once more rendering himself to such a degree offensive to the British Government that there is a revival in political circles in London of the discussion of the advantage of deposing him.

Although the victory of Omdurman was followed by the arrival at Khar-toum of shoals of telegrams of congratulation, not only from Queen Victoria, but also from Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, from the King of Greece, and above all, from the Emperor of Germany, yet not a line of recognition did the Khedive see fit to send either to the commander-in-chief of his army, General Kitchener, or even to the Egyptian troops.

He seems to have been afraid that it might have offended the Sultan, and even since his return to Egypt from abroad has abstained from testifying in any public way the services which have been rendered by the Sirdar in thus restoring to the Khedivate all its former provinces of the Soudan.

### TO SLIGHT THE ENGLISH.

Moreover, it is known that he moved heaven and earth to induce the Kaiser to visit Egypt, taking it for granted that William would be induced by the very magnificence of his hospitality to treat him, the Khedive, as the sovereign of Egypt ignoring the English.

That Abbas looked upon the Kaiser's visit to Egypt as a means of slighting the English is apparent from the disappointment with which he as well as all enemies of England in the land of the Nile, the French first and foremost, have received the news of the Kaiser's abandonment of the Egyptian portion of his trip, all the more as it is known that William has acted thus in deference to English susceptibilities.

The Khedive, it must be remembered, owes his throne entirely to Great Britain, since it was the latter which alone stood in the way of the old Khedive Ismail's determination to transfer the succession from the father of the present Khedive to the late Tewfik's younger brother, Hussein, who had the advantage of being born the son of a princess instead of a peasant.

### KHEDIVE'S INGRATITUDE.

Ismail, moreover, was several times on the point of deliberately putting his eldest son out of the way, and was only prevented from doing so by an intimation on the part of the British Government that it would hold the old Khedive responsible for the life of Tewfik.

The present Khedive forgets all the services rendered by England to his father, as well as the latter's restoration to power by the English after the Arabic rebellion, and since he succeeded to the throne has persistently shown himself the foe of England in every possible way, even to the extent of giving the names of members of the British royal family, and of the chief English statesmen and dignitaries, to the most loathsome animals of his private menagerie in his suburban palace of Kubbah. Moreover, the Khedive's metropolitan palace at Abeein is the centre of all anti-British intrigues in Egypt.

Great Britain would never have tolerated on the part of any Indian Maharajah, or semi-independent, Hindoo prince, one quarter of the trouble, the petty insults and the manifestations of hostility of which the young Khedive has been guilty, and as just at present, neither Lord Salisbury, nor the English nation, are in a humour to be trifled with in connection with Egypt, no one need be astonished to learn at any moment that Abbas has been deposed, and that either his brother, Mahomet Ali, has been appointed in his stead, or else that Lord Cromer has been nominated Governor-General and the Khedivate abolished as useless and costly.

### SPEAKING CLOCK.

We speak of watches and clocks as telling the time, but we do not as a rule expect to be understood as saying that they do it in so many words. Now, however, we may make mention of clocks that literally tell the hour.

These phonograph clocks are being made in Switzerland, and are the very latest thing in the line of timepieces. When a button is pressed they pronounce the hour distinctly, thus saving the owner the trouble of looking for himself to see where the hands point.

The new invention has been utilized to awaken a sleeper in altogether a more natural manner than by the old system. A clock set to awaken its owner at six, calls out to the slumberer, "It is six o'clock, get up!" Some clocks, evidently intended for the use of obstinate sleepers, add, "Now don't go to sleep again!"

The form of warning can be chosen by the buyer, and may be more or less emphatic.

The application of the phonographic principle to watches and clocks is the work of a French watchmaker settled at Geneva. He introduced into the timepieces little slabs of vulcanized rubber, on which the desired words are traced in grooves corresponding to the hours and fractions of hours.