18

servants. The two young men descende and entered, and went into the billion room, where eigars and soda water and similar things had been set out in readiness for them; and here Lord Musselburgh,

for them; and here Lord Musselburgh, lying back in a cane-bottomed chair, pro-ceeded to talk in a less random fashion about this project of his, until he had almost persuaded his companion that there was something reasonable and practicable in it, if only it could be properly initiated. "Anyhow," said he to his guest, as they were both retiring for the night, "it is some big movement like that, Vin, my lad, that you want to get identified with, if your sim is to make a position in English public life. You have advantages. You can speak well. You will have plenty of money. You are beginning with the proletariat—that is lay-ing a foundation of popularity. You have youth and henps of strength on your side. Then Grandison is known to be your friend. What more?" Vhat more?"

What more, indeed! The future seeme to smile on this young man; and if his dreams, waking or sleeping, had been of great achievements and public triumpha, who could have wondered? But curiously enough, just at this time, the forecasts that came to him in moments of quiet were apt to be somber. He dreaded he nardly knew what. And these vague forebodings of the day took a more definite shape in the far-reaching visions of the night; for sgain and reacting visions of the hight; for sgain and again there recurred to him that phantasmal picture that had suddenly startled him when old George. Bethune was talking of the possibilities that might be lying in store for his grandiaughter. Vin Harris had never seen Balloray-did not know where it was in fact; but night after night he beheld with a strange distinctores the big barontal building, and the black firs, and the gate with the otter's head in stone. Had that been all But as regularly there example forth the tall resume forth there came forth the tall young girl with the long flowing hair; and he was a poor wanderer, cowering away from recog-nition; and again she would ride by, along ite road, until she was lost in the dappled sun and shadow under the beeches. Then there was a song somewhere-perhaps it was the trembling leaves that whispered retrain-but it was all about separation, and loneliness, and the sadness of remem-brance and of loss. "Chante, rossignol, chante, toi qui as le cœur gai"-this was what be heard, or seemed to hear, away in that distant land, where he had been leit alone. * "J'ai perdu ma maitresse, sans Pavoir merite" * It was strange that no birds sang in these woods, that no lark hung quivering in these skies; all was silence— save for that continuous murmur of fare-well. * * * "Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime, jamais je ne t'oublieral." And sometimes the murmur rose into a larger monotone; the big gray building and the black firs, and the highway, and the beeches, disappeared; and behold in their stead was a great breadth of sea, desolate and rain-swept, and void of all sign of life. And was this the parrier now between him and her? Then the gray dawn would come; and he

would awake to the knowledge that he had been tortured by mere phastasies; and yet these le t something in his mind, even dur-ing the actual and practical daylight hours. He began to wish that there was some bond He began to wish that there was some bond —of what nature he had not determined— for it was all a vague longing and wistful desire—that could so bind Maisrie and him together that that great width of sea should not intervene. For it was a sorrowful kind of thing-even when the white hours of the daylight told him he had only seen it in a

But apart from all these dim anxieties and this haunting unrest, came the strictly matter-of-fact consideration that within an appreciable time old George Bethune and his granddaughter would be returning to the United States. That was no spectral ocean that would then he between Maisrie and him, but 3,000 miles of the Atlantic and who could tell when the two wanderers might ever see England again? Nay, had not he himself been implored to help in bringing about this separation? Maisrie egged of him to urge upon her grandfather the necessity of getting the American book done first, before setting out on the poetic pilgrimage through Scotland which was to yield iruit of another kind, and, of course, if the old man consented, the first step to be taken was a voyage to New York. Vincent had drawn many a fancy picture of a little group of three wandering away

Is it their fault that they have no friends that they are unknown, that they are poor To be wealthy is to be virtuous, of course; i banker' you have a long balance at your banker's you are above suspicion then; if you have house-boats, and four-in-hands, and gold as sensitive as ever on the trembling strings, he did not seem to pay much heed to the future. Perhaps it was but natural that one who had wandered so far and wide should welcome a little peace at last; and perhaps he intentionally blinded his eyes; plate, you're all right. I suppose said he, altering his tone, "that it was that very evening-the evening of her in-apection-that my aunt was kind enough to at all events the young people were allowed the utmost treedom of companionship—it was as if these three formed but one tamily. talk over those two triends of mine with you and tell you of all the portentous things she suspected of them. But I presume she did not repeat to you the very last words she used to me as she said good-night?" One night, as Vincent was about to leave, the old geatleman said to him— "About to-morrow evening: I presume we dine at Mentavisti's?" "About what?"

"About Miss Bethune," said Vincent-"Oh, yes, certainly; we've tried a good many places, and we can't do better than Mentaviati's," the young man answered—as if it mattered one brass farthing to him what though it cost him indescribable effort to

though it cost nim indescription entry to pronounce her name. "Well, I believe she did,""Lord Mussel-burgh said. "For she had just come away from hearing Miss Bethune sing some Canadian song or another; and she was very much struck; and she said she had admit-ied as much is not. Oh some that that sort o'a dinner there was, or where he got it, so long as Muisrie was at the same table! "Ah, very well. For this how I am situ-ated," said Mr. Bethune, gravely and ted as much to you. Oh, more than that-but I don't precisely remember the words. grandly, as befitted the seriousness of the theme. "I have an appointment in Jermyn street at 6 o'clock. I may be detained. Now

Anyhow, she was immensely pressed by the sincerity and s plicity of the girl's voice; the moment she was ready give up all her prejudices and doubts-far as Miss Bethune was concerned. can undertake to be at Mentavisti's resaurant at 7-and when the dinner hour is once fixed, to play shilly-shally with it seems to me abomiuable—but I am not so sure that I shall have time to return home first. It will be better, therefore, and every-way safer, for Maisrie to come down by her-sel in a cab-" really, Vin, when you come to think of it you must confess that there is not much guidance as to character, or to antecedents or anything else, in the mere singing of a song. Mrs. Ellison, who is always posing as a callous woman of the world, is really "But mayn't I call for her?" the young man suggested at once. "You know she would much rather walk down than drive." very sympathetic and generous, and warm "Oh, very well, very well, if you don't mind," said Mr. Bethune, with a lofty con-descension-or indifference; while Maisrie, instead of being in the least confused by heafted; and she was quite taken captive by the charm and symplicity of this Claire Fontaine—is that the name of it?—but at the same time I should not place too great a

"I quite sgree with you," the younger "I quite agree with you," the younger man said, interrupting without apology. "I place no more value on my aunt's ac-quittal and commendation than on her previous suspicions. And—and—if you don't mind, Musseiburgh, I would rather not have the question discussed further, nor Miss Bethune's name mentioned in any way whateners " way whatsoever." "Oh, but remember I said nothing agains

"Good evening," said she, quite placidly. "I will be with you in a moment, as soon as her," Lord Musselburgh finally added, periect good humor. "How could I? perfect good humor. "How could I? I hope your new friends are all you think have dried my fingers." She disappeared for a second, and rethem; and as for the young lady, it is diffi-cult to believe any harm of so refined and tarned. He hesitated before accompanying her to the door. sweet a face. But I hope you won't concern vourself too much with them. Vin: yop have other, and perhaps more serious, interests in life; and it seems to me that everything promises well for you. Why, at this mo-ment, man, don't you know what ought to be occupying all your attention?"

"What?" his companion asked-perhaps glad enough to get away from that delicate "At least I know what I should be think said he.

"At least 1 know what 1 should be turns-ing of if I were in your shoes," Musselburgh said. "I should be wondering how much space the editor of the Mendover Weekly Guardian was going to give me on Saturday norning next. It was another editor whom Vincent had

a his mind at that moment. As soon as he ot back to London he wrote and dispatched the following letter, which was addressed to "Hugh Austruther, Esq., Western Scotsman office, New York, U. S. A." "DEAR SIB-I hope you will be so kind as to consider the contents of this extent

s to consider the contents of this note as strictly private and confidential. In a recent conversation with Lord Musselburgh he informed me that it was you who had given a letter of introduction to him to Mr. George Bethune; and from Mr. Bethune himself I learn that he, Mr. Bethune, is

about to bring out a volume on the Scottis poets in America, as soon as he can cou-veniently get the materials together. But to this end it would appear that he must revisit the United States and Canada, to obtain particulars of the lives of the various poets and verse writers, and perhaps, also, examples of their work.

grossed in her companion, talking, smiling, replying to him without a shadow "Now, I wish to ask you, as a friend of Mr. Bethuue's, whether all this fatigue and travel might not be spared him, supposing of self-consciousness or restraint. To him this new relationship was an amazing kind there were some person or persons in this country willing to defray the cost of having of thing; she did not seem even to perceive it. To him it was an epoch in his life, to be those materials collected for him. forever remembered; to her-well, nearly every evening she walked out in similar fashion with her grandfather, and she did not appear to notice any difference; at least she showed no sign.

And in fact so sanguine was the young man about the success of this new scheme that, when the three of them were seated at a small table in Mentavisti's Restaurant, he ventured to hiut to old George Bethune his fond hope that he might be allowed to join in that prolonged excursion through Scot-land; and the old man at once acquiesced. "Yes, yes, why not?" he said; and then he went on, absently: "Yet, my nerve is not what it was. Sometimes I hesitate. It would grieve me more than Lean say if he had a small and faithful audience t listen to his rhapsodies about Scottish song and Scottish heroism, and so long as Maisrie's violin was in tune and her hand

PITTSBURG

THE

what it was. Sometimes I hesitate. It would grieve me more than I can say if Maisrie here were to be disappointed. It is a long time since I was in the country; per-haps I remember only the beautiful things; and it is only of those she has heard me talk. When Sturrock thinks of the old

DISPATCH.

home, the dappled hills shine for him-you remember Maisrie?-

Oh native landi Oh cherished home, Ive sailed across the sea, And, though my wandering footsteps roam, My beart still turns to thee! My thoughts and drawn

My thoughts and dreams are sweet and bright With dew which love distils; While every gleam of golden light Fails on the Scottish hills.

"He forgets the mists and the rain and the darkened days. And you, Maisrie, you have been brought ap under fair blue skies; you have never learnt how somber days and wild and driving clouds stir the imaginawild and driving clouds stir the imagina-tion; perhaps, if you stood in the very street where the 'bonnie Earl o' Moray came sounding through the town,' you would see only the wet pavements and the dull windows; and you might turn to me and say 'Is this what you have talked about to me, grand ather?' " Then all of a sudden he seemed to throw off his despondent fit as he a window efficient. "No. up?" said he is

he seemed to throw off his despondent fit as by a violent effort, "No, no!" said he, in quite a different tone. "I will not believe but that there are still yellow cornfields and silver lakes in bonnie Scotland, and the lark singing as high in the heavens as when Tannahill, or Hogg, or Motherwell paused to listen. I will show you the red rowans hanging from the mountain crag, and the golden bracken down by the side of the burn; and if we go still further away—to the lonely islands of the Western seas—then you must learn to forget the soft prettiness of the sunnier South, and to let the mystertous charm of isolation hold you. instead of being in the least conduced by this proposal, looked up with periectly frank and pleased eyes, apparently giving him a little message of thanks. Nor was she in the least embarrassed on the following evening, when he was ushered upstairs by the landlady's daughter. Maisrie was alone in the little parlor, ready-dressed except as regarded her gloves, and she was putting a final touch to the few flowers with

the mysterious charm of isolation hold you, and the majesty of the dark mountains, and the pathetic beauty of the wandering veils that bore me," he said, with a proud ring in his voice, "than believe that bonuic Scot-land had lost her glamor and wonder and

fascination. And you would be no holiday tourist. Maisrie: you belong by blood to the 'land of wild weather;' and imagination is part of the dowry of youth. No, no; I do not fear. I—I made a mistake when I said I was afraid—I am not a raid of you, Mais-rie-mot afraid of you-you have the form "Won't you give me one of those flowers?"

"Won't you give meone of those howers: said he, rather breathlessly. She seemed a little surprised. "Now that I think of it," she said, "I have never seen you wear a flower in your coat, as other gentlemen do. And I'm afraid there isn't one nearly fine enough-" rie-not afraid of you-you have the fine sympathy, the intelligence, the quick imagination that I can trust-I am not "If you were to give me a flower, I should not destroy it by wearing it in my coat?" afraid of you, Maisrie-"" "You need not be afraid, grandfather."

said he. "Oh, merely a flower," she asked. She went to the table. "Will this one do?" It was a white geranium that she handed him, simply enough; he took out his pocketthe girl said, gently-for she saw that he was somewhat disturbed. "Why should you be airaid, grandfather? I shall be lookbook, and carefully placed it between the leaves. For the briefest instant she regarded

ing with your eyes." But the curious thing was that despite all this talking about the projected pilgrimage, it never seemed to come any nearer. No mention of a date, or even of any approxihim as if in wonder that he should seek to preserve so worthless a thing; but she made no remark; and then nuconcernedly and cheerfully she led the way downstairs, and together they passed out into the open mate time, was ever made. In like manner, their return to America, though the old gentleman spoke of it now and again as a gentieman spoke of it now and again as a fixed and definite and necessary thing, kept receding backwards and backwards into a perfectly nebulous future. The present moment was everything to old George Bethune, whether he was engaged with a It was a marvelous and bewildering thing to think that he should be in sole and com-plete charge of her, here in the midst of the great and busy world of London. Did these hurrying people guess at his proud elation, his new found sense of guardianship and Betudie, whether he was engaged with a rec-deer cutlet at a restaurant in Regent street, or lighting his pipe and mixing his toddy on his return home, while he was descanting on Barbour and Drummond and Sir David Lindesay, or Ramsay, and Fer-guson, and Burns. People were beginning to leave town; Vincent Harris had received and dealined an invitation to be been here his new found sense of guardianship and responsibility, his anxiety that all things should be pleasant to ber; or had they hardly time even to notice this beautiful young creature, her step light as a fawn, fresh color in her fair checks, happiness radiant in her eyes? Perhaps they hered rediant in her eyes? Perhaps they heeded her and the tall and handsome youth by her side as little as she heeded them; for indeed she seemed to be entirely enand declined an invitation to join a big house party in the far wilds of Ross, notwithstanding that it was to the same house that Mrs. Ellison and Lord Musselburgh were going; but old George Bethune and his granddaughter appeared to pay no heed to the changing times and seasons; their placid, uneventful life seemed quite enough for them. And was it not enough for this young man also, who had been admitted to be their constant associate and friend? Why should he vex himself about literary schemes that were none of his de-vising? Day by day he waved a good morn-

COLORADO'SWONDERS Nature's Phenomena on the Way on level. From the Springs to Leadville. PEEP INTO THE ROYAL GORGE. Evening Scenes in the Big Sulphur Baths at Glenwood Springs.

SUNDAY. AUGUST

24

1890.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG COUPLE'S WOR

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

THOM ASVILLE. COL., August 20.-The trip from Col-The trip from Col-orado Springs to Leadville by rail is a varied one. Down the Fountain-qui-Boule to Pueblo, the arrival trail of the series of the trail of th Leadville by rail is

He was all blown with fatigue, the girl the agricultural assect of the foot hills merges into that of the sheep industry of the true plains, and a sort of hybridism of rural life pervades. The Fountain, as it is usually styled, while the water from the melting snows of Pike's Peak are constantly poured into its well-

marked channel, is one of those streams that has the peculiar trick of disappearing tor miles at a stretch-leaving a dry bed, and then coming up again. So agriculture is rather uncertain on its borders. From Pueblo, the ride is up the val-

ley of the Arkansas, where the cereals, in-cluding maize, rival those of the East, especially this year. Apple orchards of fair growth and proportions checker the broad ottoms, while small fruit bushes are seen in abundance. The train whistles, the brakeman mumbles Florence, and what is this? Tank and side track, steam pump and refinery everywhere abound! Why this is like Pennsylvanial We are in the oil re-gions of Colorado, and the pley, the pick and the corral have given place to

DERRICE AND DRILLA

A few minutes farther on and we are in Canyon City-famous for its rich gardens, its dusty streets, its hard coal, its mineral springs and its penitentiary. It enjoys the reputation also of being a fine winter resort for invalids. Judging from its temperature the day we passed through, I should think it might meet expectations. Now our train plunges into the canyon of the Arkansas,

There Are Lots of Them and They Tell the and in a few miles we are in the midst of what is considered the finest piece of rail-New York Sun.] road scenery in the world. The Royal Gorge, of which so much is It requires somewhat close observation to

written is, aside from that of the Colorado river, the deepest gorge in the world. Its sheer ruggedness is its greatest attraction. There is no great element of beauty, aside tote all the marks on a cigar box. On a box of imported eigars, for instance, there from grandeur, that enters into it. 'The eye from below fails to appreciate its great height. I do not know what its height is at present. Colorado is a growing State. There is no reason why its canyons should not grow with it. Ten years ago the depth was praced at a little over 2,300 feet. At Pueblo as we passed they had it 2,600 and the brakeman said as we were going thro that it was 2,800. At that rate it will stand econd to none soon.

AN AWFUL SIGHT.

without planing into the lid, but the brand of the quality and color can. Before the eigars are put in the box is further branded with the color, "claro," "colorado claro," "colorado," "colorado maduro," "maduro," or, as known to Americans, very mild, mild, medium, fairly strong, and strong. These are not enough grades to mark the various distinctions in The railroad people, it is said, talk of putting in an elevator at the Leon's Leap, the deepest place, so that patrons can go above and look down into the awful chasm. Years ago I drove around to the point just above the iron bridge and took this fearful above the iron bridge and took this fearful peep—the most awful sight, unassisted by any kind of motion or force that I ever be-heid. I have seen a lady take a peep, catch a glimpse of the silver thread of water be-low, place her hands over her eyes, and run away never to be induced to look again. I remember that I felt better as I looked, begrades to mark the various distinctions color and strength, but they are generally approximated. Some brands of colorado claro cigars are milder than the claro cigars of other brands, but the mildest ones are always put into the claro boxes. There has been some change in the strictness of markcause the rope I held on to was tied sec ing in recent years caused by the fact that the American trade prefers colorado claro to a strong pine tree some distance back. Conceive that you could take the blocks out between two of your parallel streets for half the American trade prefers colorado claro and claro to the madura and colorado madura

300,000. Fountains sparkle in the electric ONE ANSWER ONLY light, and during the sultry nichts for which this place is tamous, youth, beauty, middle-age, ill-shape and swkwardness don a bathing suit and meet here upon a com-To the Question of the Importance of At times the unipitiated attempt it in the the Body and Soul.

At times the uninitiated attempt it in the daytime. I saw a lithe young man and a burly, red-headed girl, of rather rothind proportions, that not reckoning on the Glen-wood sun, had plunged in at noon. Myl but it was hot. They had gotten into a denth that was beyond the girl's length. She could not swim a stroke, and he, by tiptoeing it, could just touch bottom. He sustained his fair burden with much effort. IT MATTERS LITTLE ABOUT ONE. But Ist Most People Live for It to the Neglect of the Other.

A CALL FOR WHITE HORSES. REV. MR. HODGES' WEEKLY SERMON. When I saw them last he had towed her

(in two senses) to the fountain, and the 140-pound maiden, with her shoulders burned as red as her hair, was lolling ungracefully

shout upon the sulphurous billow, and the youth looked as though he would not only

like to see a gray horse, but a whole team of them to help haul this girl out. Now

*

Et ATTACK

or the

1 III III

Bath House at Glenwood Springs.

STAMPS ON A CIGAR BOY

Wise Smoker a Great Deal.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Heaven and earth meet in every human eing. We are made in the image of Godwe have a soul; but we are also a kind of animal-we have a body. The Lord's questhe ountain spray blew this way and that, and it comes from the city water mans, that are red by a mountain stream, and its temperature and that of the pool is quite contention. tion, which is better, which shall we account more valuable, the soul or the body?

the treezing, and the dilemma was getting distressing, especially as there was a man on the bank with a detective camera in his hand. The natural delicacy of a newspaper answer seems often to be given. Some people appear to be of the opinion that between the body and the soul we should put the reporter came to me, so I snapped my body first; that he makes the most

of life who is able to live like of life who is able to live like a well-fed and well-sheltered animal. And we find people who seem to live like horses, eating, working, sleeping, respecta-bly stabled, content with their wages, and, so far as anybody can see, desirous of noth-ing higher. And we find people who ap-pear to live like squirrels, who, having a home of their own and a big pile of golden beechnuts hidden away in a hole they call a bank, are apparently therewith content. bank, are apparently therewith content. They seem to desire nothing more than a They seem to merely animal comfort. But this is only an emphatic contrast between the real and the ideal. Every buman animal has some-where in his heart the answer to the Lord's

CANNOT HAVE PEACE. abutter at the sad spectacle and left; but either the fog of the fountain sprav or the No man who lives selfishly, narrowly looking down and not up, following the baser aims of life, forgetting his divine soaship and the heavenly possibilities that are in him, paying no heed to that side of his nature which differences him from the animals, taking no thought for the eternal red rays reflected from the lassie's hair pre-vented aclinic action, for I got no picture. But I think it safe to state, without really being able to swear to it, that that young counie took their natatory exercises after this later in the day, further from the foun-tain and in the shallower water. JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

morrow, taking no care of his soul-no such man is satisfied with himself. In his heart he is uneasy, discontented, dissatisfied with himself. And when we come to such a one and say, in words hallowed by devout as-sociations and as true as truth: "Brother, there is a light within thee; resist it and thou art miserable, follow it and thon art happy," we speak straight to the heart of that man. He knows that that is so. And that irresistible response of every man's heart is a testimony to the preciousness of

The most precious thing anybody has is his soul. The body dies. This body is not that body which shall be, except, poten-tially, as a seed is a flower. God will give is branded the mark of the manufacturer. It is seldom that counterfeit brands are found on imported cigars, as the import stamp is a guarantee that the cigar each of us another body, as it shall please Him. We shall all be changed in body. has gone through the Custom House. This stamp is put on first. Each of the Havana You may wear out your eyes with late work or hard reading, but you will see factories has its stamp, the Garcia, the Clay. the Carolina, or whatever it may be, on the lid of the box. It may be hid afterward by with perfect clearness, when you come to look upon the face of Christ. You may not hear very well in this body, but that will all be changed—not a note will be lost from the orchestral hurmonies of heaven. You may month of this mostal life halt or maimed. the revenue stamp and lithographs, but the first thing done is to brand the name on The name of the factory cannot be taken off without planing into the lid, but the brand o out of this mortal life halt or maimed

but you will enter sound and whole into the life immortal. The body will be changed. THE SOUL DOESN'T CHANGE.

THE CREATOR'S LAW.

lose your sight. How? By not seeing, by

THE SIN OF OMISSION

So you may lose your soul. Do not think you must do some act of deadly sin or live

head? Can't a man starve himself to death?

soul. Do not pray do not think of religious things. Quick! think of something else when a sober thought begins to get the better

of you. God calls for volunteers in the hard fight

and improve or lose."

But that is not true of the soul. Death is physician for the soul. Out of this life into the next, passes the soul-unchanged. How it sobers one to think of that! On goes How it sobers one to think of that! On goes the undying and unchanging soul-the blind soul, blind still; the deaf soul, deaf still; he that is unjust, unjust still; he that is filthy, filthy still; he that is righteous, right-eous still. Draw a clear line, my brother, among the good things of life, between the temporary and the permanent. That which lasts is alone worth anything. That which is temporary is like the pleasure of wanted then, not gold.

and a soul full of faith and hope, which we will want one day more than all the world

to stand up bravely and say so. And yo to stand up bravely and say so. And you think for a moment that this year you will take that step—that this week or this day you will enroll yourself among those who want to live a higher II e. But wait. Con-sider a little. What is the hurry? Why won't next year do as well? Put away the halt-formed resolution. Live for your body; live for this life only; and as for your soul, let that such are of ited—and if your do let that take care of itsel -- and if you do not lose your soul, then fire will not burn your hand, and falling over a cliff will not bruise you, and all the other unchangeable laws of the universe of God will prove false. AN UNALTERABLE LAW

My friends, here is a law inevitable and universal. It is not in the Bible only; it is not in the words of the religious teacher only; it is just as plainly in the principle with which impartial science deals; it is just as visibly in the irresistible conclusions of our human reason that we are warned that we may lose our souls. If you are doing nothing for your soul, if you are neglecting prayer and worship and holy thinking and religious living, if you are not caring for the culture of all that part of would seem to be the easiest question in the world. There is only one answer to it. It answers itself. It is true that in the lives of men another answer seems often to be given. Some peop

yourself. Use your soul, or you will lose your soul. Now this soul of yours, this most precious

thing of all that you possess; this precious possession, so delicate and sensitive that if you do not care for it, it will die, like a

get somebody else to change places with him, if he could. And after years of that round of fiendish pleasure, which is described so vividly in the strange story of Dr. Faustus, and the equally strange story of Dr. Faustus, and the equally strange story of Dr. Jekvll, be did grow weary of his bargain, and he offered to take the place of anyhody who would take his place, and give his soul to the devil in his stead. He went to t e beggar, and offered wealth uncountable; to the con-demned murderer and offered life and liberty; to the sick, distressed, tortured, dying, and offered health and happiness if they would only sell their souls. But nobody would do it. No human creature could he find who, for

any promise whatsoever, would barter hi PAWNING THEIR SOULS.

Yet men and women do sell their souls for next to nothing; even give away their souls for nothing at all. Yes; but never directly, never driving any conscious bargain with the devil; never saying: "Give me so much money, so much sin'ul pleasure, so much careless case, and take my soul." The old legends were not quite true to life when they painted people trading away their souls. They would have drawn closer to the miserable truth had they represented Satar Satan as a merchant keeping store at the sign of the three gilded balls, and men and women coming and not selling their soulsnot that-but putting them in pawn, and

nortal soul.

feeling very sure that after they had used up so many dollars, or so many sins, or so many thoughtless years, they could redeem them. People are every day pawning their souls. They just let the devil take care of their souls for a little while. If you are not taking care of your soul the devil is taking care of it for you, he has it in his pawnshop, and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? The day will come when all that goes to make life pleasant, all that seems desirable in it, will appear in comparison with our

soul, as worthless as bags of gold in a sinking ship in comparison with loaves of bread. You remember how two boats got parted as a ship was going down, and by some acci-dent one had all the gold on board and the other all the bread. And as the distance widened between them a man stood up in one boat, holding in his hand a bag of bullion, and shouted, "Fifty thousand dol-lars for a loaf of bread!" It was bread he It is the possession of a good conscience and the remembrance of a religious life

through the rich-bued autumn days, by "lone St. Mary's silent lake," or by the through banks of the silver Tweed; but now all that was to be sacrificed; and he himself was to man back to America and with him. Then there would of the evening; no more of the pleasant little dinners in this or that restaurant; no more of those wondertul twilights in the little parlor, with their enchantments of music and happy converse. London, with Maisrie Bethune 3,000 miles away; that would be a strange thing-that he even now hardly imagine to himself. could

Nay, it was a thing that he looked forto with such an unreasoning dread and dismay that he began to construct all sorts of mad schemes for defeating any such possibility; and at last he hit upon one that eemed more or less practicable e, while it would in the meantime virtually absolve him from his promise to Maisrie. On the morning after the meeting of the Mendover Liberal Association, the two young men were returning to town by train; and Vincent suid to hi

nt said to his companion-"You were telling me the other night of the Scotch newspaper man whom you got to know in New York; what did you say his

"Oh, you mean Hugh Anstruther? I hope I spoke no ill of him; for an enthusiastic patriotism such as his is really something to admire in these days. A capital ellow, Hugh; until I fell across him in New York I did not know that I had one virtue transcending all the other virtues, and that was simply my being a brother Scot." "What did you say was the name of the

paper he edits?" "The Western Scotsman."

"And it was he who gave Mr. Bethune a

letter of introduction to you?" But here Musselburgh's manner instantly changed; be had been answering these ques-tions in a careless way, looking out of the carriage window most of the time; now he turned to his companion, and regarded him with some scrutiny. "Why do you ask, Vin?" he said. "Do

you want to find out something further about the old man?" Wincent's forehead flushed; and his eyes

gloomed dark. "I do not," he made answer, in distinct

tones. "I thank goodness my nature is not so suspicious. It seems to me extraordinary that two human beings who have done noth-ing in the world to deserve it should be regarded by a constant mistrust and doubt. Why? Do you suspect everybody else in the same wav?

"Oh, don't say that I suspect them," Musselburgh exclaimed at once, for he was an exceedingly good-natured young man and had no wish to offend. "I don't know

the younger man's retort. "Mrs. Ellison is naturally anxious about

anything that concerns your future, Vin-or seems likely to concern it," Lord Mussel-burgh said. "And you should be the last

to object." "But I do object," he said, stiffly. !'I object altogether to her canvassing the charac-ter of any friends of mine; and to her putting her doubts and suspicions and hints about them into any third person's imagination. Oh, yes, I could make out quite clearly what she had been saying. That night at Henley she came on a visit of inspection; it was per ecily obvious. And what is more, she came with the hope of baving her suspicions confirmed; and I suppose she was horribly disappointed that Maisrie Bethune did not drop her h's, and that Mr. Bethune did not beg the loan of a sovereign from

"Why so passionate, Vin-why so indignant?" said his companion, glancing at him curiously. "Because I savit is a shame-a monstron

shame," the young mun said, with flamic" ayes, "that anyone should be insulted sol

authors in question, along with specimens of their work, which could be sent over here to Mr. Bethune, for him to put into shape and issue in book form. Mr. Bethune, do what he could toward sending the old man back to America and Maisrie with him. Then there would be no over he has in mind a leisurely ramble more of the long, quiet days of through Scotland which, while also leading study, made happy by anticipations to literary results, would involve much less fatigue than a voyage to the United States and Canada. I should be greatly obliged if you would tell me whether you consider it practicable to collect those materials by deputy; also, if you know of any one capa-ble of undertaking the tisk; and what re-

muneration he would probably require. "I lear that the idea of collaboration would not be welcome to Mr. Bethune; so it might be better (if possible at all) that the materials for the book should be get together by some one with no literary pretentions whatever, leaving the real ant of the volume exclusively in Mr. Bethune's hands. I presume that mechanical work of that kind could be done by a clerk—especially if he had your authority to write to the various gentlemen and ask them for copies of such thing as they happened to have published: but of course you must be a better judge of such a ques-tion than I; and I shall be entirely guided

by your advice, is you will be good enough to grant it me. to grant it me. "I beg you to forgive me, a stranger, for thus appealing to you; but I know you will not grudge a little trouble for the sake of a friend and a fellow Scotchman.

"Yours faithfully and obediently, "VINCENT HARRIS."

After sending off that letter the young man's spirits lightened considerably; he saw there was still a chance that Maisrie

Bethune, her grandfather and himself should together set out on that coveled perambulation of the legend-haunted districts of the North. And now he and they had returned to their ordinary mode of life-which perhaps pleased him better than the ostentations festivities of Henley. Here was no staring crowd, here were no suspi cious friends, to break in upon their close and constant companionship. He rejoiced in this isolation; he wished for no tourth

person at the quiet little dinners in the res-taurants; he had no desire that anyone should share the privacy of the husbed small parlor where old George Bethune lostily dis-

coursed of poetry and philosophy, of ancient customs and modern manners, and where Maisrie played pathetic Scotch airs on the violin, or sang in her low clear voice of le pont d'Avignon or perhaps of Marian-son, dame jolie. Moreover, he could not fail to perceive, and that with an ever-increasing delight, that her old expression of sad and wistful resignation was gradually

being banished from her eyes; and not only that, but a quite fresh color was come into her cheeks, so that the pale sun-tinge was less perceptible. Perhaps it was the comthem well enough—don't know anything at shl about them, in fact.", "You told me yourself that my aunt and you had been talking them over; and I gathered enough from what you said," was

touch of gratitude, sometimes with simple gladness, as if his mere presence was some thing that pleased her. When she was watering the flowers in the little balcony, and caught sight of him over the way, she nodded

and smiled: he wondered whether it was that faint sun-tinge of the complexion that made her teeth seem so clearly white. He began to forget those dreams of a wide intervening sea: this present existence was so peaceable, and contented, and happy. And in spite of Maisrie's injunction, those dreams of Scotland would recur: he saw three newly arrived strangers walk-ing along Princes street, Edinburgh, in the silver start of the morning; and the middle silver glare of the morning; and the middle one of the three-looking away up to the dusky shadows of the Castle rock-was no

dusky shadows of the Castle rock—was no other than Maisrie Bethune herself, with light and gladness shining in her eyes. And what had old George Bethune to say to this constant association and this fast friendship between the two young people? Well, old George Bethune had an admira-

ble capacity for enjoying the present mo-ment; and so long in the dinner was lairly cooked and the claret to his taste, so long as

ner; and that was when he, in the lightness of his heart, informed her that there was still a chance of their setting out on that long contemplated pilgrimage to the various poetic shrines of Scotland. "Mr. Harris," she said, proudly, "you

made me a promise

which she had adorned the table,

"Yes, I know I did," he said; "but things have changed, and I'm going to explain to you; and I think you'll find everything satsiactory. But first of all, before I begin, I wish you wouldn't call me 'Mr. Harris.' It sounds detestable. You who are so natural and straightforward in all your ways-why don't you call me Vincent?

"Don't you think that Mr. Vincent might be a fair compromise?" she asked gently, and with her eyes lowered. "I've called you Maisrie once or twice, by accident, and you didn't seem to mind," he

pointed out. "I am sure I did not notice," she made answer at once. "How should I? I am

used to nothing else." "Then I am to be allowed to call you

Maisrie," said he, clutching engerly at this new-found privilege. "And you will call me Vincent-when you find Mr. Vincent "Yes, it is-Mr. Vincent-if you like," said she with a smile. "But why do you

make it so very serious?" "Because," said he gravely, "when any solemn bargain is completed people shake hands to make it secure."

"Not in the middle of Oxford street," she mid. "We will postpone the ceremony, if you

prefer it; and now I will begin and tell you how it is still possible we may have that long ramble through Scotland together. You were anxious that before anything of the kind were attempted your grandfather should go back to the United States to get materials for his book on the Scottish poets in America. Well, now, it seems a pity to make such a long voyage if it can be done without; and so I have taken the liberty of sending over to New York to see if there isn't some handy young fellow there—some clerk or reporter-who would undertake to collect all necessary materials, and send them over here for your grandfather to work up. Then we could go to Scotland all the same-that is, if you will let me accompany you."

"Someone to collect the materials and send them over?" she repeated; and then she said: "But would that be fair, Mr. Harris-Mr. Vincent?-would that be hon-est? Surely not! The book would not be my grandtather's book at all; properly it would belong to the young man in New

York," "I beg your pardon," said he, with de-cision. "He only supplies the bricks; he does not build the house. When a Chancellor of the Exchequer produces his budget, of course he claims it as his own; but he has got his facts from the heads of depart-ments, and most likely his quotations have been hunt d out for him by his private secretary. It would be your grandiather's book, solely and wholly."

"But the cost?" she said, after a second. "Supposing it were practicable, the expense

"Oh, never mind about that," said he, lightly. "It will be next to nothing-you needs't mind about that. Our deputy in New York will find very little difficulty in getting the memoranda that he wants. Then is no sort of unnecessary modesty about minor poets; they will be glad enough to give him specimens of their work, as soon as it is known what he aims at. And in as it is known what he aims at. And in Scotland," he continued, grown suddenly bold, "don't you see how it would work? Your grandfather must have an occasional morning to give to his MSS.; then you and I could leave him in absolute peace and quiet; and we might go away for a stroll up to Arthur's Seat, or round the ramparts of Stirling Castle, and return to him by lunch time. Wouldn't that be an excellent ar-rangement?"

"Yes, that would be very nice indeed," "Yes, that would be very nice indeed," said she, with a pleased look; she seemed to look forward to this close and constant companionship as the most natural thing in the ing to Maisrie as she came to water her flow-ers, and an answer came from her smiling eyes; sometimes he walked out into the parks in the afternoon, with her grand-father and herself, and even he rejoiced to see that the fine peach-bloom on her check was surmounting the sun-tinge that had been left there by travel; then in the even-ing they had all London to choose from, as to where they should dine with a quiet mile, if Pittsburg has them, that could stand the notch up on end and look down into it, and you may get some idea of this depth. No photographs either from above or below can do it justice. Your corespondent attempted it above the heads of

the wild throng on the observation car, but it was a failure-a few wondering faces-a wall of rugged rocks, but no grasp of its grandeur. Soon the canyon flares and anon expands

to where they should dine, with a quiet stroll homeward thereafter, to music, and dominoes, and careless talk. What more? dominoes, and careless talk. What more? The great outer world might go on its way, camp, and the little town of Salida-busy But Master Vin was about to be startled and interesting-the creature of the railroa and the mines-claims your interest. Here

out of this dreamful ease. At last there came an answer to the communication he had sent to the editor of the Western Scotsthe present route to Utah leads over the famous Marshall pass, but our route still leads up the Arkansas to Leadville. The man, with many apologies for unavoidable Marshall and his brass buttons was at the delay; Mr. Anstruther, it appeared, had been in Canada, taking his annual holiday depot when we arrived, but he must have gone over his pass, for a drunken brawl beamong his klusmen and countrymen there. "I must say your letter has astonished me neath my window went unquelled night. Perhaps he was at home a candi-

beyond mea ure," the writer went on, "and I would us believe that there is some great date for re-election. aistake somewhere, which is capable of ex-

The remainder of the ride is uninteresting, planation. It is quite true that when I gave my venerable iriend, Mr. Bethune, a note of introduction to Lord Musselburgh, save the peculiar boldness of Mounts Princ-ton, Yale and Harvard, the passage through Buena Vista-iamous for its mines and I was sware that he had in view various literary projects—in fact, his brain teems with them as if he were a young man of fivemixed population, and some famous hay ranches just below Leadville, which in the

and-twenty-the perfervidum ingenium Scotorum in his case has taken hold of his imagination; but I cannot understand how he could have included in these the publica-tion of a volume on the Scottish poets in America, for the simple reason that he must have known that such a work was not only in progress here, but that it was near com-pletion. Why, I myself showed Mr. Be-thune proofs of the early sheets of this volume; for the author is a particular friend of mine; and as it was being set up, he used to send me the sheets as they were printed; and Mr. Bethune being in the habit of calling at my office, I not only showed them to him, but I fancy I let him take some of them away, that he might read them at his leisure. How he should now propose to bring out a similar work-and bespeak Lord Musselburgh's patronage for it, as I presume he did-passes my com-prehension, except that, being an old man, he may have suffered from some temporary attack of mental aberration and forget ininess, I would rather believe this than that a man whom I had taken for a thorough Scot,

loyal and true to the backbone, and proud of his country as his own name and lineage, should be endeavoring to supplant another worker who is already in possession of the field. However, no actual harm can be done, or the publication I speak of is on the eve of publication, and no doubt it will be issued simultaneously in England. That is all I have to say on a subject which at present seems to me to have something of a ainful aspect-though I hope a satisfactory explanation may be forthcoming. In con-clusion may I beg you to keep this letter private? The facts are as I have stated, but I would rather Mr. Bethune did not know

you had them from me. "Yours faithfully,

"HUGH ANSTRUTHER."

For some time Vincent Harris sat with this letter in his hand, in a sort of stupefaction. Curiously enough his first question to himself was-What if Mrs. Ellison should get to know?-would she not triumphantly declare that her worst suspicions had been confirmed? That was but a first thought. There must be some explanation; He had not associated so continually with old George Bethune—he had not heard his voice thrill with proud emotion as he spoke of Scot-land's hills and dales—he had not seen his eyes fill with unbidden tears as be talked of his granddaughter and the loneliness that might be in store for her—all for nothing; not at once could he be convinced that this

CLUCES HELLIN

which is temporary is like the pleasure of the prodigal. It is delightful for a time When the box has been marked in this but the end is satiety and disgust and reway it is filled and the final tacks are put in. The manufacturer usually then pastes gret and remorse. You can have succes and pleasure, plenty of it, if you put the body first. You can enjoy yourself like a humas animal. But you will be conscious some advertisements on it in order that the box may not be opened and other cigars substituted without its being evident to the purchaser. Manufacturers have labels unceasingly that that sort of thing cannot go on foreve which they paste over the seams, which contain advertisements and notices of You will find yourself in moments of de-

pression, in seasons of reflection, thinking about the future. The crucial question various kinds. It arrives with tens of thousands of other which tests all that is temporary in human life is in two words-"and then?" You

boxes and is examined by an inspector. He pastes over it the import stamp, so that the will be rich, yes-and then? You will have a good time, and surround yourself with box cannot be opened without destroying the stamp. When filled up the stamp shows pleasure-well, and then? You will retire not only that the cigars went through the Custom House, but the steamer in which from work and live in comfort-and then? Your of the dim background of the heart comes forward, step by step, into the light as the years pass, this irresustible interrogation with warning and questioning finger, askthey came, the port at which they were en-tered, the date at which they were received and stamped, and the name of the inspector who stamped them. This is an unfailing ing at first jaintly, and then louder and louder, always this inevitable-and then? certificate of the length of time the cigar and then?

has been in this country. When the import stamp has been posted on the box, the internal revenue stamp is die. And then what? You and I must be brought low some day and die. And then, put on before the cigars can be sold. The internal revenue stamp is a cheaper affair who has made the most of lite? Then, which is of more value, soul or body. Then, what has a man profited, though he has gained the whole world, if he has to lose on bluish green paper. It is canceled at the same time that it is put on, and with a stamp which, if it were plain, might show the date; but this stamping is done much more hastily and does not aid in the history his own soul?

of the cigar. A cigar box with an internal revenue stamp on it and no import stamp does not once in 50,000 times contain imported cigars, smuggled or otherwise. Some of the ficti ious smugglers who go around among lowntown offices and peddle eigare which tions they say are imported, produce them in boxes with only the internal revenue stamp on. Smuggled cigars have no stamps what

HUNTING THE MARKHAR.

The Sportsman Who Gets a Shot -Nowadays Is in Luck.

litustrated News of the World.] The "markhar," or wild mountain goat, of the Western Himalayas, is one of the animals most difficult for the huntsman to stalk. Unlike the iber, he starts off at the first shot; and, unless he has been severely wounded, is not likely to be seen again. Captain B. R. James' experiences are thus related in some extracts from his shooting diary:

"From April 26 to May 6 I saw a markhar now and again, but never fired off my rifle, except at a brown bear, who came close to my tent one morning when I was at breakfast. On May 6, at 4:30 A. M., I started with Wali Mohammed in the evening I made out a markhar, on a point of rock, standing out from a steep khud, about 600 standing out from a steep knid, about 600 yards off. A ter a long round we got above him, and looking over a rock, with the shikaree holding on to me to prevent my going over, I saw the markhar still in the same place. It was an awkward shot, straight down; but I fired, and saw him half imme half foll off the moint of the you must do some act of deadly sin or live persistently in open and flagrant wicked-ness in order to lose your soul. Is there no way of committing suicide except by cut-ting one's threat or shooting oneself in the head? Can't among the shooting oneself in the half jump, half fall, off the point of the rock.

"After another long climb, we found him, with his horns smushed to pieces, about 800 feet below where he had fallen from. It was too late to get back, so I slopt in my That takes a longer time, it is true; but isn't a man just as effectually dead at the end of it as if he had blown himsel; up with was too fate to get mack, so I stept in my felt bag, and got home to camp and to an easy day with a novel next morning. I got one more markhar, not a good one, for the district is nearly shot out, and picked up a end of it as if he had blown himsel: up with dynamite? Neglect your soul. Refuse to listen to its voice till it grows dumb. Turn sway, whenever, as in a sermon, the voice of God would speak to it; do not let the voice of God get the hearing of your soul till it grows deaf. Keep good thoughts out of your soul, and helpful deeds out o your life and holv books out of your sight-starve your soul. Do not pray: do not think of religious splendid head, with horns nearly 40 inches long, while looking about near my tent one morning. On May 20 I start d for Baugus for bears, of which I bagged five, and on July 4 set off for Baltistan, to look for ibex

in the Shigar nullabs."

Hunting the Orchid.

Orchid hunters go to the Phillipine Islands year after year, travel far into the virgin forests of the interior, and emerge Virgin torests of the interior, and emerge again after months of absence, if fever and the Tagalos spare them, with a few baskets full or strange flowers which they carry home with infinite precaution and sell for a king's ransom. One collector recently sold a blant for 2500.

be everything, and all else as nothing. On into the other life will pass the soul just as it is, the undying and unchanging soul, and what that other life shall be will depend upon the soul alone. GEORGE HODGES

A NEW GOLIATH.

The Strong Man From Westphalls and Stories of Lord Arthur Cecil.

Pall Mall Budget.]

Herr Sandow, who, lit will be remembered deteated Samson in a conquest at the Aquar-ium, has uncarthed in Westphalia, and prought to London for exhibition purbrought to London for exhibition pur-poses, a gentl-man who is hence orth to be known as "Goliath." This prodigy is said to possess the following peculiarities: One of his hands will easily cover a shoulder of mutton; the ring he wears on his forefiner is then? Well, then what? You will After all is told, what then? I must in circumference the size of half-a-crown; he can span a foot from thumb to third finger; he can easily lift 800 nounds at once: he ha has never been defeated as a wrestler; and, finally, he is stated to have, in a contest with a mad cow, easily turned it on its back and held it there. "With reference to the statement that the

new Westphalian strong man, 'Goliath,' once laid a cow upon its back by its horns, it may interest yous readers," writes a cor-respondent, "to know that Lord Arthur Cecil, a balf-brother of Lord Salisbury, once For here comes in another thought. This soul of yours, this infinitely most precious of all the possessions that you have-you may love it. You may love your soul. On told me a similar incident in connection with himself. Lord Arthur, though a short goes the soul into the other life unchanged. Alone of all that you have and are to-day, that will remain. That is why the next life depends so absoman, is of giant physique and euormous strength. He was one day walking through a field on his farm at Innerleithen, when a young bull rushed at him. Instead of turnlutely on this-because the soul passes on unchanged. All the possibilities of future ing tail, Lord Arthur coolly seized the ani-mal by his horns and pushed him back, misery grow straight out of that truth. For wriggling and struggling inch by inch, till he got him into his stall, where he left him

the punishments of God are not penalties, but consequences. Punishment will follow nowering and trembling all over." It was Lord Arthur who on one ocea sin, not as in our world of human justice, but as in God's world of nature. Punishment sion, when traveling by rail, bade his new man-servant get the tickets, which the will follow sin, as result :ollows cause. The fire does not burn you, because God is angry. When you fall, you do not break your arm because God is angry. And God does not make that persistent question—and then?— fearful and unanswerable by you, because mau did procuring two first-class tickets, and seating himself in the same carriage with his master. Lord Arthur said nothing at the moment, but the next time he bought the tickets himself, one first-class, one third, and, giving the man the first-class God is angry. No; you may lose your soul, but it will be absolutely your own act. God's wise and loving law governing all things in heaven and earth, simply declares -i' you do this, that will follow. ticket, he traveled third himself. On the next occasion the servant, being again entrusted with the taak, took two third-class tickets. Take it in the natural world. You may

STATESMEN'S ATTITUDES.

If English Papers Are to be Trusted the M. P.'s Are Not Very Dignifind.

lose your sight. How? By not seeing, by shutting your eyes, by keeping away rom the light. You may lose the use of your arm. Let it hang by your side six months and then try to litt with it. You may lose your mind—by not using it. You may lose your body—by not feeding it, or by giving it wrong food, or by otherwise not using or missing it. It is one of the great universal, inevitable laws of God that we must "use and improve or lose." Below is an illustration taken from the Pall Mall Budget showing the parliamentary attitude of Sir George Campbell. The paper

Dillibra Willing the Hillinghal mann

may be a little prejudiced against Mr Campbell, but if the attitude is correct, w can well stand a comparison of Congre

old freighting days before the railroads came made their owners rich. Plenty of hay a \$150 to \$200 per ton was equal to carbonat in camp. Leadville, in most senses is still a mining camp-easily the first in the world. It still shows and will long continue to show its temporary construction. Its rich mines will long perpetuate its existence, but

against its growth as a city, there are heavy odds. Its great altitude renders it habitable by only the strongest, and while its output is very large, little of it outside of the is very large, little of it outside of the necessary expenses, is expended here. The dividends go East as each exported, at least as far as Denver. Many of the fine residences and blocks of that city are the result of "striking it in Leadville." The class of people who reside here, while many are highly cultured, are not calculated to give Leadville a permanent and cultured society. They are not there for society. Said the wile of a prominent physician there: "I'm on my way to lower ground, it does not agree with me here. My husband has a large practice. As soon as he accumulates something we will go else-

he accumulates something we will go else-where. It is largely the way with others. Yes, I think there is one brick residence in Leadville. Oh, I will come back now and then, but I can't stay long."

BATHING IN THE SPRINGS.

Glenwood Springs has had its boom. While it is now in the reactionary state it gives evidences of much enterprise. Its population is perhaps 2,500, and its chief noi at once could he be convinced that this old man was a mere charlatan, a thief, a beg-ging-letter impostor. But he had been tartled, and when he reached his lodgings in that small thoroughfare, he hardly dared look across the way; he knew not what to think. [To be Continued Next Sunday.] THIS week, a first look at new fall dress goods, English suitings, plaids, cheviots,etc. TTASU HUGUS & HAOKE

200 ever.

that



WHERE HAY COSTS MONEY.