



CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Granny perceived that something was wrong directly they emerged into the light, for she noticed the gleam of the dining-room, and revealed the honey-brown black as night and the rosebud mouth unaccountably drawn down at the corners...

She had no eyes nor ears for him until after that laugh had brought her out of her mood; and Bellechen himself did not but have been conscious of the blinding radiance of the eyes which so continuously sought his...

"By love, she will be a beauty one of those days," he told himself. "By love, Master Raymond, you'll be a beauty one of those days, too."

The billiard-table was so atrociously bad that Capt. Bellechen, who was a noted player, found it necessary to have the extreme cover to have the ghost of an idea where his ball would go, nor what would be the effect of his fine strokes...

"At last, however, he could make a definite proposal, and it was one which we have said, Cecil found agreeable. He had not known that he was to be his own return to Inchmearu, but in the name of his host, he requested young Raymond's company at the party...

"I have you," cried Jerry, interposing with a frown. "Oh, no, granny. Oh how can you say that? Granny looked, as she felt surprised, for, as a rule, the said Archie Kinraigh will have to shoot her," rejoined Mrs. Campbell, who versed in moor etiquette.

"Oh, we don't want him," Jerry said, however. "He will only be a trouble later on, when there is nobody else. We don't want so many at our time."

"Do not know that the game, we said all teach you," and then as granny obediently rose, of destined Germaine to the stand, to the effect, being the examined their tips—the half of those were off-selected a very narrow one for herself, and a very broad one for granny, by way of creating a feeling of enviousness, and finally stood by Bellechen's side, the picture of happiness and pride.

All of this was diverting to people willing to be diverted, and benevolent, and then, behold, what should appear but that granny, who knew nothing about the requirements of billiard, took her cue, and hit a ball on the desired side, and not to overdo to her astonishment, when she went the way it showed her. She was in fact a far superior performer to the prancing Jerry, and the latter would have been mortified, as he was not expected a rival, had granny's proficiency not placed it beyond a doubt that for the remainder of the evening the old lady must stick to the cue for a partner, leaving the more accomplished Bellechen for herself.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: 'The Fire Worshipers.'

Text: "There came a man from the east to Jerusalem."—Matthew 23, 1.

There was more than the Passover or the so-called fire worshipers, and I found their precedents in India last October. Their heads were more than three feet high, and their bodies were more than six feet long, and while in this round the world tour, I saw many things that I can never forget to-day. I show you the least offensive.

The Bible of the Passover, or fire worshipers, as they are inaccurately called, is the Zoroastrian, a collection of the strange books that were written in India, and were originally twenty-two volumes, but Alexander the Great, in a drunken fit, set fire to a palace which contained some of them, and they went into ashes an forgotten.

Perhaps Bellechen was not quite of the same opinion. He perhaps he would have preferred a step and carriageless horse, and he had not a horse of his own. Certain it is that he experienced a momentary check, a feeling of surprise and doubt, and that his own manner was really too good to manage it, for his time was already mapped out for the autumn, but somehow he could not resist. In his heart he thought he knew whom he could trust, and he had a thousand urgencies, and her science was even more effectual than his.

"So did Cecil; for Jerry, with this new-born touch of modesty about her, would make no distinctions, but her eyes were fixed on the instant, and she was looking at him with a look that he could not resist. He came down with a rosebud in his mouth, and Bellechen had had listened with so much appreciation. The fishing was going on mightily."

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Do what she would, Jerry could not bring back her cue. Her instructor was good-natured it being, and he cheered and consoled, and with infinite skill repaired the damage done to a partner, leaving the more accomplished Bellechen for herself.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

EVERY man is as dead as the small-pox. A KICKING cow often gives good milk. THERE is no more foolish-fishness than worry.

The bread God gives is always fresh and sweet. God forgive sin, but He won't bless laziness. It doesn't make sin any whiter to call it a mistake.

EVERY lie is the assassin of some body's happiness. The thing that really damns men is their love for sin. The right kind of faith prefers God's will to its own will.

THERE is no use in talking any higher than you live. As long as you and bad company is a long step toward the pit. You can disappoint the devil in one way by keeping out of debt.

TRUE faith never hesitates about stepping where God directs. If some of us would praise God more we would blame our neighbors less. The only thing about some churches that points to Heaven is the steeple.

LIVE at peace with all men, and you will have the devil's war all your life. A HYPOCRITE only wears his mask while he thinks he is being watched. If there were no fools in the world the lawyers would all be out of work.

THE real duty is neglected when we step over one duty to perform another. TO HAVE to hoe the same row over every day soon takes the poetry out of life. TRYING to obtain happiness simply to have it, is nothing more than selfishness.

WHENEVER God enters upon a work of creation, the first thing He makes is light. The devil wins many a battle by getting God's troops to fire into each other.

HEAVEN is to be given to those who are trying to make a Heaven of this earth. The man who swears has something in his heart that the devil wants to stay there. If you say "Good morning" to the devil he will offer you his arm to take a walk.

DO NOT think about the storm being bleak. Remember that God gave it a rainbow. AS LONG as we look at men to find out what God is doing, we shall be disappointed. The man who breaks the golden rule does not keep any of the commandments.

GREAT BRITAIN HOLDS THE KEY.

The Owns 1,400,000 Square Miles in the Dark Continent.

The latest population of Africa territory gives Great Britain a larger broken line across the length of Africa from the Mediterranean and the Nile to the extreme point of the continent. In all, this territory, held in the various ways, from Cape Colony up to the occupation of Egypt, is in extent about 1,400,000 square miles, and has a population of 30,000,000.

It holds the key to the lakes of Central Africa, and the Nile valley in the north. The new treaty gives it a highland west of Lake Tanganyika, considerably higher and healthier than the eastern, in German hands. The conquests of the British South Africa Company and the great lake lands of the interior of sub-tropical Africa, in much of which white men live. Lastly, there is Cape Colony, the only vital European settlement in all Africa.

As it stands, this great highland holds two-thirds of all Africa in which Europeans can live and marry on efficient administration. It has the most fertile tract in the continent in Egypt, its healthiest in Cape Town, its greatest gold mines and the only region from which tropical Africa can be controlled. Still more important is its relation to African water courses. A steamer can start at Alexandria and run, when the mahdi's successor is cleared away, to a point on Albert Edward Nyanza, 125 miles from Lake Tanganyika. This runs to within 70 miles of Lake Nyassa. From this lake the Shire River, broken at Murchison Falls, descends to the Zambesi and the Indian Ocean. From a navigable point on Congo it is less than 100 miles to Lake Tanganyika. It is possible to start at the mouth of the Zambesi and reach the mouth of the Congo or Nile with less than 200 miles of land travel, and the key and center to this great system is now in English hands.

"Balmy on the Crumpeet." Nothing shows so clearly the wealth, and elasticity of our language as the immense number of elegant synonyms which we have for the same thing. The person whose intellect is "like sweet bells jangled," he is "wrought in his nut," "dotty in the fibber," "has a boe in his bonnet," "lack twopence in the shilling," "has a tile off," and many others. John Abraham was one of these. He was called "balmy on the crumpeet."

"What on earth does that mean?" asked his worship. "That," replied the accused, "signifies wrong in the upper story." It must be admitted that Abraham's conduct was calculated to give reasonable grounds for the supposition that by whatever name he was called, he was a bad man. He had a kind of cerebral disturbance. For an early hour on Saturday morning, while the only wealth he possessed was a number of pawn-tickets, he hired a cab in the neighborhood of Eaton square, and drove to the residence of some old man, and would have driven nobody knows where had not the cabman received private information from a colleague that one of Abraham's peculiarities was what is technically known as "a lady's finger." He drove to the residence of the old man, and received as an answer a considerable amount of abuse. He at once drove to a police station, and the interview there with the authorities led to the arrest of the crumpeet's appearance before Mr. de la Bouchette, a charge of disorderly conduct, says the London Daily Telegraph. As the eccentric personage squared the financial demands of the cabman, the magistrate agreed to let him go after binding him over to keep the peace and to be of good behavior.

The devil lays down his gun whenever he hears a preacher begin to apostrophize him, and he is not a soldier. The right kind of a prayer for the conversion of sinners, does all it can to get to them with the gospel. If the devil can persuade you to take one step, he will make it an unanswerable argument as to why you should take another.

There is no work so humble that faithfulness in it will not be noticed and rewarded. The poorest people in the world are those who are trying the hardest to keep all they get. The people who weigh the most in the church for God do not always sit in the "amen corner."

The devil never gets a chance to rest in the neighborhood of the man whom God pronounces perfect. The devil lays down his gun whenever he hears a preacher begin to apostrophize him, and he is not a soldier. The right kind of a prayer for the conversion of sinners, does all it can to get to them with the gospel. If the devil can persuade you to take one step, he will make it an unanswerable argument as to why you should take another.

The address lately made by the Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith of St. John's Church at the Boston Church Congress on the Sunday newspaper is pronounced by the Outlook to be one of the most brilliant and well-considered papers ever given on the floor of any religious gathering in this country. The Rev. Mr. Watson of Kingston, N. Y., who has carried ritualism in his church to the extent of swinging the censers, is in a fair way of losing all his parishioners. But he is obstinate and says: "I don't care how they swing their right hand and the moon on my left, they shall not prevail."

The Middle-Aged Woman. The fascinating middle-aged woman is not looking for flattery. Either she has had enough of it, or she knows that men bestow it easily on all women alike, and she avoids it as something unbecoming. This middle-aged woman's selfishness is, indeed, "adorable," and the observing young woman's views is distorted when to her it appears "sad." The woman of mature years is good-natured because she dars not be otherwise. She has learned a lesson that all observing young women would do well to learn, namely, that a gentle nature and sweet disposition are not only among woman's most potent charms, but that they keep the possessors young and lovable long after the years count up to that time call middle age.

THIRTY-THREE FEET AT A LEAP.

The Tremendous Leap Made by a Hungry Wildcat After His Breakfast.

The wonderful power of a wildcat in leaping is a fact which is well known to all. All of the cat tribe have immense power in their legs and they make up in the length of their spring their inability to make a continued chase. African leopards in captivity have been known to leap from the floor of the cages and strike the top twelve feet above. Tigers make tremendous leaps and strike down their prey with a blow of their powerful paws as they alight. But the wildcat, for its size, is probably the greatest wonderful jumper of all the felines. A hunter who is well known for his veracity recently told a Boston Journal man the following story of an adventure which illustrates this power: One day while hunting in the snow and came across the track of a wildcat, which I followed a long distance. Suddenly the tracks came to an end in a spot where the animal had crouched. I looked around to see what had become of the trail, and away ahead of me I saw a bush of blood and feathers. From that spot the track led off again into a swamp. The situation was susceptible to but one explanation. The wildcat had been hunting his dinner and had discovered a pheasant wandering about in the snow. The cat crept as close as he dared to the unsuspecting bird and gathered himself into an animated spiraling spring, such as all the cat tribe coil themselves into when preparing to spring, and, releasing a natural spring support from the landing on top of the victim before the hawk, as quick as pheasants usually are, could evade the stroke. The distance from where the cat crouched to where it caught the bird was just thirty-three feet. I naturally supposed that the length of the leap was the distance the young and in full activity, but after I trailed it to the swamp and shot it I discovered that it was old and almost toothless. The animal's hunger may have spurred him to the great jump. If not, and the leap was evidence of what a supernaturally wildcat can do, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that a young and active wildcat could clear at least twice the distance when pressed by necessity."

WRITING THAT PAYS.

Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars for Only Ten Words. In an Ohio town thirty years ago, lived an old fellow worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars, or so, who was given to writing "pieces for the papers." They were good, too, and the old gentleman felt a just pride in them, and often had them printed in the local papers of his town. One time he made a visit to Cincinnati, and took an extra good one along with him to see what the city papers would do with it. The first editor who read the article accepted it on the spot and wanted to pay him for it, though he had never seen him before, and didn't know him from Adam's off ox.

"What pay do you expect for this?" inquired the editor. "I don't know exactly," hesitated the old gentleman, thinking it was a pretty good job. "Have you ever been paid for any of your writings?" "Some," responded the applicant for literary honors, with a twinkle in his eyes as a new idea came to him. "How much?" "Well, on one occasion," smiled the old gentleman, "I received \$25,000 for ten words, not counting the signature." The editor almost fell out of his chair.

"What?" he exclaimed, dropping the article he was negotiating for. The visitor repeated his statement. "Great Caesar, man," asked the editor, "how did you get that much?" "Simply by writing: 'Pay to the order of John Hand \$25,000.'"

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