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THE SILENT SHORE.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

CHAPTER IX.

That night he did not go to bed at all, but paced his room or sat buried in his deep chair, wondering what the morrow would bring forth and how he should best meet the questions that would be put to him.

Smerdon was gone again to Occleve Chase, so he could take no counsel from him; and, in a way, he was almost glad that he had gone, for he knew what that advice would be—that he should pretend utter ignorance as to the reasons Cundall might have had for making him the inheritor of all his vast wealth, and on no account to acknowledge the brotherhood between them.

But he told himself that, even had Smerdon been there to give such advice, it would not have been acceptable; that he would not have followed it.

He had wavered for many days now as to what course he should take, had had impulses to speak out and acknowledge the secret of his and his brother's life, had been swayed by Smerdon's arguments and by the letter he had received at the hotel, but now there was to be no more wavering; all was to be told.

It was about midday that, as he was seated in his study writing a long letter to Smerdon, explaining exactly what he had now taken the determination of doing, the footman entered with two cards on which were the names of "Mr. Fordyce, Paper Buildings," and "Mr. A. Stuart."

They came in together, Mr. Fordyce introducing himself as the solicitor of the late Mr. Cundall, and Mr. Stuart bowing gravely.

Then Lord Penlyn motioned to them both to be seated.

"I received your letter last night," he said to the secretary, "and, although I may tell you at once that there were, perhaps, reasons why Mr. Cundall should have left me his property, I was still considerably astonished at hearing he had done so."

"Reasons, my lord!" Mr. Fordyce said, looking up from a bundle of papers which he had taken from his pocket and was beginning to untie. "Reasons! What reasons, may I ask?"

"The reason," he answered, looking straight at both of them, "is that he and I were brothers."

"Brothers!" they both exclaimed together, while Stuart fixed his eyes upon him with an incredulous look, though in it there was something else besides incredulity, a look of suspicion and dislike."

"This is a strange story, Lord Penlyn," the lawyer said after a moment.

"Yes," the other answered. "And you will perhaps think it still more strange when I tell you that I myself did not know of it until a week ago."

Then he told them, very faithfully, everything that had passed between him and Walter Cundall, from the night on which he had come to Black's Club, and they had had their first interview in the park, down to the letter that had been written on the night of the murder.

Nor did he omit to tell them it was only a month previous to Cundall's disclosing himself, that he and Philip Smerdon had made the strange discovery at Le Vocq that his father, to all appearances, had had a previous wife, and had, also, to all appearances, left an elder son behind him.

If there was anything he did not think it necessary to tell them it was the violence of his behavior to Cundall at the interview they had had in that very room, and the curse he had hurled after him when he was gone, and the wish that "he was dead."

That curse and that wish which had been fulfilled so terribly soon after their expression, had weighed heavily on his heart ever since the night of the murder; he could not repeat it now to these men.

"It is the strangest story I ever heard," Mr. Fordyce said. "The very strangest! And, as we have found no certificates of either his mother's marriage or his own birth, we must conclude that he destroyed them. But the letter that you have shown us, which he wrote to you, is sufficient proof of your relationship. Though, of course, as he has named you fully and perfectly in the will there would be no need of any proof of your relationship."

"The man," Stuart said quietly, "who murdered him, also stole his watch and pocketbook, probably with the idea of making it look like a common murder for robbery. The certificates were perhaps in that pocketbook!"

"Do you not think it was a common murder for robbery?" Lord Penlyn asked him.

"No, I do not," Stuart answered, looking him straight in the face. "There was a reason for it."

"What reason?"

"That, the murderer knows best."

It was impossible for Penlyn to disguise from himself the fact that this young man had formed the opinion in his mind that he was the murderer.

His manner, his utter tone of contempt when speaking to him, were all enough to show in what light he stood in Stuart's eyes.

"I understand you," he said, quietly.

Stuart took no notice of the remark, but he turned to Mr. Fordyce and said: "Did it not seem strange to you that Lord Penlyn should have been made the heir, when you drew the will?"

"I did not draw it," Mr. Fordyce said, "or I should in all probability have made some inquiries—though, as a matter of fact, it was no business of mine to whom he left his money. As I see there is one Spanish name as a witness, it was probably drawn by an English lawyer in Honduras, and executed there."

"Since it appears that I am his heir," Lord Penlyn said, "I should wish to see the will. Have you it with you?"

"Yes," Mr. Fordyce said, producing the will from his bundle of papers, and handing it to him, "it is here."

The young man took it from the lawyer, and spreading it out before him, read it carefully.

The perusal did not take long, for it was of the shortest possible description, simply stating that the whole of everything he possessed was given and bequeathed by him to "Gervase Courteney St. John Occleve, Viscount Penlyn, in the Peerage of Great Britain, of Occleve House, London, and Occleve Chase, Westshire."

With the exception that the bequest was enveloped in the usual phraseology of lawyers, it might have been drawn up by his brother's own hand, so clear and simple was it.

And it was perfectly regular, both in the signature of the testator and the witnesses.

The two men watched him as he bent over the will and read it, the lawyer looking at him from under his thick, bushy eyebrows, and Mr. Stuart with a fixed glance that he never took off his face; and as they so watched him they noticed that his eyes were filled with tears he could not repress.

He passed his hand across them once to wipe the tears away, but they came again; and, when he folded up the document and gave it back to Mr. Fordyce, they were welling over from his eyelids.

"I saw him once after I knew he was my brother," he said; "and I had very little acquaintance with him before then; but now that I have learnt how wholesouled and unselfish he was, and how he resigned everything that was dear to him for my sake, I cannot but lament his sad life and dreadful end. You must forgive my weakness."

"It does you honor, my lord," the lawyer said, speaking in a softer tone than he had yet used; "and he well deserved that you should mourn him. He had a very noble nature."

"If you really feel his loss, if you feel it as much as I do, who owed much to him," Stuart said, "you will join me in trying to track his murderer. That will be the most sincere mourning you can give him," and he, too, spoke now in a less bitter tone.

"I promised yesterday the woman whom we both loved that I would leave no stone unturned to find that man; I need take no fresh vows now. But what clew is there to show us who it was that killed him?"

For a moment neither of the others answered.

"Must everything be made public?" Penlyn asked.

"More or less," the lawyer answered. "One cannot suppress a will dealing with over two millions worth of property. Even though you were willing to destroy it and forfeit your inheritance it could not be done. If Mr. Stuart and I allowed such a thing as that we should become criminals."

"Well, so be it! the public must think what they like of me—at least until the murderer is discovered." Then he asked again: "But what clew is there to help us to find him?"

"None that we know of, as yet," Stuart said.

"I suppose," Mr. Fordyce said, with a speculative air, "those Spanish letters will not furnish any, when translated."

"What Spanish letters?" Penlyn asked. "If you have any, let me see them. I am acquainted with the language."

"Is Corot a man's or a woman's name?" Mr. Fordyce asked, as he again untied his bundle of papers.

"Neither that I know of," Penlyn answered. "It is more likely, I should think, to be a pet or nickname. Why do you ask?"

"I found these three letters amongst others in my desk," Stuart said, taking them from Mr. Fordyce and handing them to Lord Penlyn, "and I should not have had my attention attracted to them more than to any others out of the mass of foreign correspondence there was, had it not been for the marginal notes in Mr. Cundall's handwriting. Do you see them?"

"Yes," he answered. "Yes. I see written on one, 'Sent C 500 dols.,' on another, 'Sent 2,000 Escudos,' and on the third again, 'Sent C 500 dols.'"

"What do the letters say?" they both asked.

"I will read them."

He did so carefully, and then he turned around and said:

"They are all from some man signing himself Corot, and dating from Puerto Cortes, who seems to think he had, or perhaps really had, since money was sent, some claim upon him. In the first one he says none has been forthcoming in a long while, and that, though he does not want for himself, some woman, whom he calls Juanna, is ill and requires luxuries. He finishes his letters with, 'Yours ever devotedly.' In the second he writes more strongly, says that Juanna is dying, and that, as she has committed no fault, he insists upon having money. After this the largest sum was sent."

"And the third?" they both asked.

"The third is more important. It says Juanna is dead, that he is going to England on business, and that, as he has heard Cundall is also about to set out for that country, he will see him there, as he cannot cross Honduras to do so. And he finishes his letter by saying: 'Do not, however, think that her death relieves you from your liability to me. Justice and the vile injuries done to us make it imperative on you to provide for me forever out of your evilly acquired wealth. This justice I will have and you know I am one who will not hesitate to enforce my rights. Remember how I served Jose and beware.'"

"This is a faithful translation?" Stuart asked.

"Take it to an interpreter, as you doubt me," Penlyn said.

"I do not doubt you, Lord Penlyn," the other replied, "and I beg your pardon for this and any other suspicions I may have shown. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes," Penlyn said, and he held out his hand to the other, and Stuart took it.

"If this man is in England," Mr. Fordyce said, "and we could only find him out, and also discover what his movements have been, we should, perhaps be very near the murderer."

"Every detective in London shall be set to work to-night especially those who understand foreigners and their habits, to find him if he is here. And if he is, he will have to give a very full account of himself before he finds himself free," Stuart said.

CHAPTER X.

A few days later the rewards offered both by the Government and by "the friends of the late Mr. Cundall," had been announced, and the magnitude of them, especially of the latter, had caused much excitement in the public mind, and had tended to keep the general interest in the tragedy alive.

The detectives themselves, though they were careful not to say so, had really very little hope that they would ever succeed in tracing the assassin.

Meanwhile, Penlyn had nerved himself for another interview with Ida Raughton, an interview in which he was to tell her everything, and he went down to Belmont to do so.

He found her alone in her pretty drawing room, Sir Paul having gone to Windsor on some business matter, and Miss Norris being out for a walk.

She was still looking very pale, and her lover noticed that a paper was lying beside her in which was a column headed, "The Murder of Mr. Cundall."

Had she been reading that, he wondered, at the very time when he was on his way to tell her of the relationship that had existed between him and that other man who had loved her so dearly?

When he had kissed her, wondering as he did so if it was the last kiss she would ever let him press upon her lips after she knew of what he had kept back from her at their last interview, she said to him:

"And now tell me what you have done towards finding Mr. Cundall's murderer? What steps have you taken, whom have you employed to search for that man?"

"It is thought," he answered, "that there is some man, now in England, who may have done it. A man whose name is Corot, and who was continually obtaining money from him."

"How is this known?"

"By some letters that have been found amongst Cundall's papers. Letters asking for money, and, in one case, threatening him if some was not sent at once; and with notes in his handwriting saying that different sums had been sent when demanded."

"Corot," she said, repeating the name to herself in a whisper, "Corot." Then, after a pause, she said, "No! That man is not the assassin."

"Not the assassin, Ida!" Penlyn said. "Why do you think he is not?"

"Because I have never known him, because the form of the man who slew him in my dream was familiar to me, and this man's form cannot be so."

"My darling," he said, "you place too much importance on this dream. Remember what fantasies of the brain they are, and how few of them have ever any bearing on the actual events of life."

"This was no fantasy," she answered, "no fantasy. When the murderer is discovered—if he ever is—it will be seen that I have known him. I am as sure of it as that I am sitting here. But who was he? Who was he? I have gone over and over again every man whom I have ever known, and yet I cannot bring to my mind which of all those men it is that that shrouded figure resembles." She paused again, and then she asked: "Has it been discovered yet whether he had any relations?"

"Yes, Ida," he said, rising from his seat and standing before her, while he knew that the time had come now when everything must be told. "Yes, he had one relation."

"Who was he?" she asked, springing to her feet, while a strange luster shone in her eyes. "Who was he? Tell me that."

"Oh, Ida," he said, "there is so much to tell! Will you hear me patiently while I tell you all?"

"Tell me everything," she replied. "I will listen."

Then he told her, standing there face to face with her.

As he proceeded with his story, he could give no guess as to what effect it was having upon her, for she made no sign, but, from the seat into which she had sunk, gazed fixedly into his face.

Once she shuddered slightly, and drew her dress nearer to her when he confessed that he had refused to part from him in peace; and, when she had read the letter that he had written on the night of his death, she wept silently for a few moments.

(To be continued.)

A Bed in the Tyrol.

"Could I have a bed?" and when I asked the question the hostess stared at me. I could sit by the fire, she said, or perhaps lie down on a kind of settle covered with harsh American cloth, and not overclean, which she pointed out in the shaden of the further end.

"Have you no guest chamber?" I asked.

After much consideration and a word with her husband, she lighted a candle and led me carefully through an ante-room, piled up with thrashed-out maize stalks, to a door, which she unlocked, and so into a room where the heavy ears of Indian corn were laid in rows along the floor, while onions and apples were heaped in the corners, and bunches of small red and yellow tomatoes hung from the rafters.

There was a bedstead behind the door, and a chair, only one, stood by its side. The bed had not been used for years, she confessed—not since the opening of the railway. But she had sheets—clean sheets—at my service, adding, doubtfully, that perhaps, if she put a pan of hot coals between the feather-bed and the mattress it might not be so very damp after all by the time I had eaten my supper. Coffee? No, that was impossible, but a glass of real red Tyroler wine was at my command, as well as a share of the smoking dish of polenta, which stood on the table of the common room, flanked by a large loaf of black bread.

A Remarkable Theft.

A Parisian thief entered a cab without baggage, and directed the driver to convey him to an address some two miles distant. On the way hither he requested the driver to halt at the shop of a certain dealer in second-hand goods. The passenger entered the shop, bearing in his arms a large paper-covered parcel. He had ripped open the cushions, stolen the horse hair, and was ready to sell it. The cabby, however, followed him into the shop and caused his arrest.—London Times.

When the common earth worm is cut in two to the tail there grows a head and to the head there grows a tail, and two animals are formed. As the wound heals a small white button is formed, which afterward develops into rings and a perfect extremity.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion, peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet are not even sore.

—A man feels drowsy after a hearty dinner, because a large part of the blood in the system goes to the stomach to aid in digestion, and leaves the brain poorly supplied.

—In 1790 were made the first brooms in this country from broom corn grown on American soil. The brooms were made in Philadelphia, and the event was spoken of at the time as an illustration of the development of the country.

—Mr. Mallet investigated the depth of the center of shock in the case of the Calabrian earthquake of 1857 and found it to be nearly six miles, while Dr. Oldham ascertained that the center of the Cachar earthquake in 1859 was 30 miles below the surface.

—Compressed hot water is said to be a remarkably cheap motive power, and the New York Central authorities are thinking of running fast trains between New York and Albany by its means.

—The juice of a pineapple cuts the membrane from the throat of a diphtheria patient when nothing else will.

—Next October a scientific jubilee will be held in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the first application of ether in surgical operations.

THE FAMILY STORY

A BLESSED MORTGAGE

Mrs. Munroe was in ecstasies of delight. She had secured a new cook at the most ridiculous wages. Of course, she had not told the new girl, but it was quite true that she paid her not half what she had been compelled to pay the cook who had just left her. But when Almira Pollers, a fresh, pleasant-featured young country girl, had applied for the place and had accepted Mrs. Monroe's offer of $2 a week to start with, her new mistress did not think it necessary to mention that the proffered sum was very low indeed.

"Of course, you shall have more as you improve, Almira, but you know so little about fancy cooking I scarcely feel able to pay you more at the start," Mrs. Munroe had, smiling sweetly on Almira, who did not know that very little fancy cooking was ever done in that household. And so Almira took up her burden, and for the first time in nineteen years of her life began to earn wages.

The Pollers had always been farmers and owned their own place, but Almira's father had somehow managed to get behind and a mortgage had been fastened upon the farm. The man who held the mortgage was very well satisfied to receive a good interest every year and renew Peter Pollers' note, but it came to pass that it was hard to pay even the interest. This particular year the crops had mostly failed. It lacked but a few weeks until the interest was due, when Almira, the eldest of the flock—there were ten in all—made up her mind to go out "to service." Her determination created a great commotion in the family. None of the Pollers women had ever worked out, and the idea was very distasteful, but Almira eventually carried the day. Had her education been thorough enough she would gladly have taught school, but the little Pollers had appeared at such frequent intervals that Almira was obliged to stay at home most of the time to assist her mother, and her education was limited.

So, not without some inward struggles, she had decided that the only way she could help along would be by exercising her chief gift, cooking. Mrs. Munroe's advertisement in the Weekly Gazette had caught her eye, and she was very happy when she secured the situation. The wages were not large, but she could save all the money for her father, and there would be one less to feed at home. That counted for something.

Mrs. Munro's family consisted of herself and a brother. Mr. Monroe had died several years before and his widow was quite wealthy. Her home, situated in an aristocratic suburb of the city, although small, was handsome and well appointed, and she had sufficient income to keep it up well. Mrs. Munroe liked to call herself economical, and we cannot deny she was in some things. She dressed elegantly and gave largely to her church, but there never was a closer woman in some respects than she. The shop people dreaded to see her come in, for although she always purchased the best, she invariably haggled at the price until she got the goods for less than their marked price. At the groceries it was the same way, and woe to the servant who wasted a scrap of anything or presumed to eat more than the mistress thought necessary. After the first table Mrs. Munroe removed any delicacies she considered unnecessary for a servant's coarse appetite without the slightest compunction. Her brother Tom, who paid a handsome sum for the privilege of sharing her home, once saw this performance and remonstrated with her, but to no avail.

"It would be casting pearls before swine," she remarked to his intense disgust, as she replaced a dish of lemon jelly in the closet and substituted a saucer of molasses.

Tom Birney was one of those big hearted convivial fellows who, left with more money than they needed, succeeded in getting rid of it in different and unprofitable ways. He was not really bad, but he drank a good bit and never had done anything useful in his life. He had been put in his father's office, but he was extremely weak in his arithmetic, and succeeded in mixing up the figures so badly that it took an expert to untangle them. After that his father had not tried to make a business man of him, but said that as Tom had been cut out for a gentleman he should be one.

But this was exactly what poor Tom was not cut out to be—that is, if we agree to the accepted meaning of the word—a man of refined manners. He loved horses and enjoyed the society of horsemen; liked better to hear a robust German girl sing funny songs at the garden than to hear Patti at the Grand. If he ever yielded to his sister's importunities to accompany her to a dancing party he was sure to step on his partner's toes, to tear their dresses by his awkwardness, and drink too much champagne at supper. In fact Tom, although kind-hearted and honest, was very ill at ease and out of place at society, and at last, after making himself very conspicuous at a New York dance, his sister vowed she would never ask him to go with her again. She told him this very emphatically the morning after the ball, as she left him to eat his late breakfast alone.

Tom was feeling very badly and indulging in a severe case of "katzenjammer," the result of too frequent visits to the punch bowl, but looked up when Almira came in with his breakfast and noticed that she was looking pale.

"What is the matter, Almira?" he asked.

"Nothing, Mr. Tom," replied Almira moving toward the door quietly.

"I say there is something wrong out with it, Almira," continued Tom wishing to help her if she was in trouble of any kind. Almira made no reply and Tom sprang up and obstructed her way.

"Say, you're working too hard, and Sister Eleanor pays you beastly small wages, I'll be bound. Maybe it's a new gown or a bonnet you're grieving after—eh, Almira? Here, take this and get it." And before Almira could speak the impulsive Tom had plunged his hands into his pockets, brought out a lot of coin and pushed it into her hands.

"How dare you?" she demanded, so choked up she could scarcely articulate. "Have I ever given you any reason, Mr. Tom, to treat me with such disrespect?"

"Disrespect?" repeated Tom, very red and astonished. "Do you think I meant any disrespect to you, Almira? I swear I respect you more than any other woman I know; I only thought you were pining for some of the pretty things most girls like, and why shouldn't I do some good with my useless money?"

Almira saw that he was honest in his speech and was appeased, but when he asked anxiously, "If it isn't a gown or hat, what in heaven's name is it?" she burst into tears, and forgetting that she was Mrs. Munroe's servant-girl and that Mr. Tom was her brother and a rich man, forgetting all save the trouble that was wearing on her and making her pale and thin, she poured out her woes into his sympathizing ear.

She told him about the mortgage on their farm, how it had been renewed from year to year when the interest was paid. They had grown so accustomed to that they had never thought of losing the place until Mr. Pollers, on taking the interest so hardly earned and increased by Almira's savings, had been informed that his creditors needed the money and must have it on the farm.

The blow had fallen like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. The thought of leaving the old homestead was insupportable, and yet where could Peter Pollers expect to raise the money to cancel the mortgage?

Almira told her story, punctuated by sobs, and Tom listened attentively. When she had finished, he asked, "Is it a large sum, Almira?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Tom, $2,000!" she said, sadly.

"Hum!" said Tom, pulling his mustache and looking very hard out of the window. "Couldn't your father get some one to pay the man and take up the mortgage?

"Suppose—suppose—I take it up, Almira?" ventured Tom, still looking out of the window and getting very red again. Astonishment and rapture appeared on the girl's face at his words.

"Do you mean it, Mr. Tom? Oh, you are too good!" she cried.

"Bosh!" said Tom, brusquely. "It's simply a good investment. Don't accuse me of being good, Almira; I'm incorrigibly bad, I am. But" (hearing footsteps approaching), "run on. I'll drive out and see your father to-day and get the mortgage." And without giving her a moment to express her thanks, he hurried on.

Not long after this Almira noticed that Tom was drinking steadily. He took what meals he ate at home alone, Mrs. Munroe declaring she would not and could not lend him her countenance. The girl, as she waited on him, felt a great deal of pity for this man, who seemed so alone and was wasting health and fortune in dissipation, and at last one morning when he was looking unusually used up and his hands were trembling so that he could hardly hold his cup she again forgot the difference in their stations and spoke out.

"Mr. Tom," she said, "I'm sorry for you."

"What! Sorry for me? What do you mean, Almira? I'm having a jolly good time. A short life and a merry one—that's my motto.

Almira shook her head and looked at him steadily. "Do you never think how much good you might do instead of throwing yourself into little better than a beast?"

"Humph! That's pretty strong language, I must say," he growled.

"But it's true, Mr. Tom, if you keep on you'll sink lower and lower—oh, it's dreadful to think of it." Almira shuddered as she picked up her tray and left the table.

"Hold there," said Tom, "you don't understand it, Almira. It's got such a hold on me. How can I shake it off? I've got no one else to help me if I try," and, weakened and unnerved as he was, the tears started to his eyes. "Tell me what to do."

"You can get down and pray to God to help you," said Almira, solemnly, "and you can go to the cure. They say it's wonderful what they can do. Be a man, Mr. Tom, and try it," she urged.

Tom sat irresolute for a moment, then rose and grasped her hand. "I will try," he said, "and if I come out ahead it will all be owing to you. But it will be hard, Almira. I know, for I tried once, only I couldn't stick it out. But I'll try again, if only to show you——" He stopped abruptly and rung her hand and rushed out of the room.

If Mrs. Munroe had known that her brother set such value on Almira Pollers' good opinion she would have been horrified. She reported that brother Tom had gone to a sanitarium because she had lectured him into it, and was quite satisfied as the weeks lengthened into months and Tom still remained there.

In truth he was having a terrible fight with the demon who had so nearly claimed him as his own. But at last he "came out ahead," as he himself explained it.

When he returned home he walked straight through all the handsome rooms down to the kitchen, where Almira was alone at work. The look on his face even before he spoke, told her that he had conquered.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she faltered, putting her toil-worn hand into the one he held out. "I knew you could do it."

"You had faith in me, did you, Almira?" he asked, still holding her hand and looking curiously at her beaming face. Almira nodded assent.

"Well, I'm cured now—wouldn't touch a drop of it if there were gallons and gallons of the very finest flowing around me. But will it last? I can't tell, and I've got to have somebody to help me if that dreaded thirst comes on again. I've got to have a wife who will love and believe in me and keep me from falling. You're the only one who had faith in me, Almira, and you're the only one I want for a wife. Say yes, Almira."

"Oh, Mr. Tom," she cried, trying to draw her hand away, "you can't mean it—why—I'm—only your sister's cook."

"That has nothing to do with the case. You're the noblest girl I know, and I want you and only you. Can't you try to love me enough to marry me, Almira? I'll try to be a good husband, I swear."

"How can I help loving you," murmured Almira. "I've nearly worshiped you since you lifted that heavy load from my poor father's shoulders, and if you think I am good enough for you——"

"Put on your bonnet right away and we'll find a license and a parson. Mrs Munroe might say some things—unpleasant things—to Almira Pollers that she would not dare to say to Mrs. Tom Birney." And in spite of Almira's remonstrances she was marched off, and so expeditious was Tom that inside of an hour they were married.

Mrs. Munroe, when she was notified of the happy event, gave full sway to her rage in the privacy of her own room. When kind friends offered condolence she sighed and wiped a few imaginary tears with her handkerchief.

"Brother Tom was always the black sheep of the family," she said. "We never could make a gentleman of him. I suppose we should be thankful he's done no worse. The girl is really quite capable and may be able to keep him straight."

The usual order of things was reversed when Mrs. Tom Birney on her wedding day made her father a present, and it was nothing less than the mortgage on his farm. And Almira said, as they all drew around the fireplace and watched it turn to ashes, that it was a blessed mortgage after all, for it led indirectly to her Tom.—Toledo Blade.

Sand Sifting Machine.

An old flour-mill device, viz., a suspended sieve with crank motion, has been revived to meet the requirements of a modern foundry. It is well known that no two founders agree as to the right proportions and grading of the sand mixtures to suit different forms and sizes of castings, while it is sheer extravagance to allow the skilled molder to waste his time in riddling when a laborer can do it just as well. It is to meet this want that a new sand-sifting machine has been devised. It is claimed that with this machine one laborer can prepare all the facing required by thirty molders, and be done each day by dinner hour, and be able to fill in his time in the afternoon helping around the foundry. It is maintained that for the purposes of a jobbing foundry, where different grades of facing are necessary, a sand sifter is immeasurably superior to the best centrifugal sand mixer. The mixer breaks up and mixes in one grade only, sands, lumps of clay, nails, metal droppings, and everything that is passed into its throat, while the sifting machine not only mixes, but sifts all that is thrown in, leaving behind in the riddle box the lumps of clay, scrap, etc., which are not required in the facing. The machine is equipped with four sieves of sixteen, eight, four and two meshes respectively, which can be interchanged in a few seconds either for the purpose of sifting the finest facing or cleaning up the floor of the shop and saving the scrap for the cupola. The machine occupies a floor space of 6 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 6 inches. The riddle box is operated at a speed of 130 revolutions per minute, and sifts 5 cubic yards of moistened sand in forty-five minutes.

NEWLY INVENTED MATCH GUN.

Good Thing for Bicycle Riders in Lighting Lanterns in a Storm.

A bicycle lamp lighter or a match gun is one of the latest inventions. It

FOR LIGHTING BICYCLE LAMPS.

is worked on the same principle as an indelible pencil.

Tommy—Say, Mollie, I wish I had 10 cents to get some candy with. Mollie—Go and ask father who Socrates was and what is meant by the differential calculus. He's got company, and I shouldn't wonder if he gave you a quarter.—Boston Transcript.

On board steamship: Pitkin—Bruce up, old boy. Seasickness can be thrown off if you only think so. Simpson—Do you—see—gay one—throwing it off—faster than—I am?—Detroit Free Press.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "Shall We Have Another Chance?"

TEXT: "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." - Eccl. ii., 3.

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude of people that there will be an opportunity in the next world of correcting the mistakes of this; that however complete a shipwreck we may make of our earthly life, it will be on a beach up which we may walk to a palace; that as a defendant may lose his case in a Circuit Court and appeal it and have it go up to the Supreme Court or Court of Chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this world, but in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case set aside, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that such an expectation is chimerical. "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unfortunate man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation; but we have ten thousand instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly came upon them—did the disaster heal them? No, they went on. There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him: "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast life you are living, you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better; he begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business and takes the same round of grog shops where he got his morning dram and his evening dram and the drams between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. But now the sickness is more protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the digestive organs more rebellious. But still, under medical skill, he gets better, goes forth, commits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes he is destroying his family and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vows, and that that broken-hearted woman is so different from the roseate wife he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taunt of a father's drunkenness, and that his daughters are going out in life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestry. His nerves are all a jangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah! no. After awhile delirium tremens pours out upon his pillow a whole jungle of hissing reptiles. His screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of bed crying, "Take these things off of me!" He is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps their prospects for the life to come. Pale and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him, "Now, my good fellow, I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again you will die. I can't save you, and all the doctors in creation can't save you." The patient gets up, starts out, goes the same round of dissipation and is down again; but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. Death ends the scene. That process of inebriation and physical suffering and medical warning and dissolution is taking place within a stone's throw of where you sit and in every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Suffering does not cure. What is true in regard to one sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration.

Again, I wish you to further notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a lifetime of wickedness he can get it all right in the future? That would be the demoralization of society, that would be the demolition of the human race. There are now men who are kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we are bad and unforgiven here it will not be well for us in the next existence, is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into semi-barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from rushing back into extinction. Another chance in another world means the demolition of this world.

Furthermore, my friends—for I am preaching to myself as well as to you—we are on the same level, and though the platform is a little higher than the pew, it is only for convenience, and that we may the better speak to the people; we are all on the same platform, and I am talking to my soul while I talk to yours—my friends, why another chance in another world when we have declined so many chances in this? Suppose you spread a banquet and you invite a vast number of friends, and among others you send an invitation to a man who disregards it, or treats it in an obnoxious way. During twenty years you gave twenty banquets, a banquet a year, and you invite your friends, and every time you invite this man, who disregards your invitation or sends back some indignity. After a while you move into a larger house and amid more luxurious surroundings, and you invite your friends, but you do not invite that man to whom twenty times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blame? You would only make yourself absurd before God and man to send that man another invitation. For twenty years he has been declining your offers and sending insult for your kindness and courtesy, and can he blame you? Can he come up to your house on the night of the banquet? Looking up and seeing it is a finer house will he have any right to say: "Let me in. I have declined all those other offers, but this is a larger house, a more luxuriant abode. Let me in. Give me another chance."

God has spread a banquet of His grace before us. For three hundred and sixty-five days of every year, since we knew the difference between our right hand and our left, He has invited us by His Providence and by His Spirit. Suppose we decline all these offers of kindness. Now the banquet is spread in a large place, in the heavenly palace. Invitations are sent out, but no invitation is sent to us. Why? Because we declined all those other banquets. Will God be to blame? Will we have any right to rap on the door of heaven and say: "I ought not to be shut out of this place: give me another chance?" Twelve gates of salvation standing wide for free admission all our life and then when the twelve gates close we rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, saying: "Give me another chance." A ship is to sail for Hamburg. You want to go to Germany by that line. You see the advertisement of the steamer's sailing. You see it for two weeks. You see it in the morning papers and you see it in the evening papers; you see it placarded on the walls. Circulars are thrown into your office telling you all about that steamer. One day you come down on the wharf and the steamer has swung out into the stream. You say: "Oh, that isn't fair. Come back, swing up again to the docks. Throw the planks ashore that I may come on board. It isn't fair. I want to go to Germany by that steamer. Give me another chance." Here is a magnificent offer for heaven. It has been anchored within our sight year after year, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to go on board since it may sail at any moment.

Suppose we let that opportunity sail away, and then we look out and say: "Send back that opportunity; I want to take it; it isn't treating me fairly. Give me another chance." Why, my brother, you might as well go out and stand on the Highlands at the Navesink three days after the Majestic has gone out, and shout: "Captain, come back; I want to go to Liverpool on the Majestic. Come back over the sea and through the Narrows and up to the dock. Give me another chance." You might as well do that as, after the last opportunity of heaven has sped away, try to get it back again. Just think of it! It came on me yesterday in my study with overwhelming impressiveness. Just think of it. All heaven offered us as a gratuity for a whole lifetime, and yet we wanting to rush against God, saying: "Give me another chance!" There ought to be, there will be, no such thing as posthumous opportunity.

You see common-sense agrees with my text in saying that "if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." You see this idea lifts this world from an unimportant way-station to a platform of stupendous issues, and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. Oh, my soul! my soul! Only one trial, and all the preparation for that trial to be made in this world, or never made at all. Oh, my soul! my soul! You see this piles up all the emphasis and all the climaxes and all the destinies into this life. No other chance. Oh, how that intensifies the value and the importance of this chance.

Alexander and his army used to come around a city and they would kindle a great light, with the understanding that as long as that light was burning the city might surrender, and all would be well, but if they let that light go out, then the battering rams would swing against the walls and there would come disaster and demolition. Oh, my friends, all you and I need to do to prepare for eternal safety is just to surrender to the King and Conqueror, Christ. Surrender hearts, surrender life, surrender everything. The great light keeps burning, light kindled by the wood of the cross, light flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Oh, let us surrender before the light goes out, and with it our last opportunity of making our peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, my brother, talk about another chance; this is the supernal chance. In the time of Edward II., at the battle of Musselburgh, a private soldier saw the Earl of Huntley had lost his helmet. The private soldier took off his helmet and went up to the Earl of Huntley and put the helmet on his head. Now, the head of the private soldier uncovered, he was soon slain, while his commander rode in safety through and out of the battle. But it is different in our case. Instead of a private offering a helmet to an earl, it is the King of heaven and earth offering a crown to an unworthy subject, the King dying that we might live! Oh, tell it to the points of the compass, tell it to day and night, tell it to earth and heaven, tell it to all the centuries and all the millenniums that God has given us a magnificent chance in this world and that we need no other chance in another world.

A dream. I am in the burnisher judgment hall on the last day. The great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for His arrival I hear the immortals in conversation. "What are you waiting for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that went up from America. The latter responds: "I was in America forty years ago, and I heard the gospel preached, and I had plenty of Bibles in my house, and from the time that I knelt at my mother's knee in prayer until my last hour, I had great opportunities; but I did not improve them, and I am here to-day waiting for another chance. "Strange, strange," says the soul just come up from Madagascar. "Strange; why, I never heard the gospel call but once in all my life, and I accepted it, and I don't want another chance." "What are you waiting for?" says one who on earth had very feeble intellect to one who had great brain and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power. The latter replied: "I had great power on earth. I must admit, and I mastered languages and I mastered libraries, and colleges conferred upon me learned titles, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power; but somehow I neglected the matters of my soul and I must confess to you I am here to-day waiting for another chance." Now, the ground trembles with the advancing chariot. The great folding doors of the burnished hall of judgment are thrown open. "Stand back," cry the ushers, "and let the Judge of quick and dead pass through." He takes the throne. He looks off upon the throngs of nations come to the last judgment, come to the only judgment, and one flash from the throne reveals each man's history to himself, and reveals it to all the others. And then the Judge says: "Divide!" and the burnished walls echo it, "Divide!" and the guides angelic answer, "Divide!" and the immortals are rushing this way and that, until there if an aisle between them, a great aisle; and then a vacuum, widening and widening, until the Judge looks to one side of that vacuum, and addresses the throne and says: "Let him that is righteous be righteous still, and let him that is holy be holy still." And then turning to the throng on the other side of the vacuum, He says; "Let him that is unjust be unjust still, and let him that is filthy be filthy still." And then He stretches out both hands, one toward the throng on each side the vacuum, and says: "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be!" And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the Book of Judgment. The Judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The Hall of the last Assize is cleared and shut. The High Court of Eternity adjourned forever.

NAMED A WOMAN ELECTOR.

Wyoming Republicans Nominate Mrs. Malloy, Whose Husband is a Democrat.

The Wyoming Republican