

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"A little, I confess. A strange acknowledgment, you will say for a man who has spent his seasons regularly in London for a number of years; but so it is. Circumstances alter cases, you know, and I have a fancy to see Miss Mabel and Miss Sylverton, and—"

"You cannot imagine anyone half so charming as I look in mine," said Miss Trevanion, with gay audacity; "in fact the other two you mentioned are 'no-where,' when I appear. And, if you don't believe this statement, you may judge for yourself the night after next. So that is why you are thinking a little about it—eh?"

"I would think a great deal about it if I dared. For instance, I would never cease dreaming of it from the moment until then, if you would only promise me the first waltz."

"But, at that rate, consider how stupidly ignorant you would be for the next two days. I would not have it on my conscience to be the means of reducing you to such a state of imbecility. And, beside, you don't deserve anything at my hands, as you have not told me the 'something else' you spoke of when we first met at the cottage."

"Perhaps if I told you you would be angry," he said.

"What should there be in your thoughts to cause me anger?" she answered—and just a degree of the light buoyancy that had been animating her voice ever since they began their walk faded out of it, and did not return.

"Well, then, as I stood at the cottage door before entering I heard Mrs. Dempsey tell you of a report she had heard—a report that gave you in marriage to Lord Lyndon. I was thinking of that when you first spoke to me, and wondering—"

"No," he said, "I am not angry. I am only surprised. I am afraid, after all, Milly, you found the ball a bore; and here have I been teasing you about it. Good-night."

deal worse than marry him," "the 'breed' declared, emphatically. "And how you could compare him for one moment with that insipid earl I cannot imagine—a creature who dreams of nothing, I do believe, from morning to night beyond his horses and the correct treatment of his pug. Now Denzil, on the contrary, though quite as much up in horseflesh as my lord is, has the good breeding to suppress his knowledge—in the drawing-room at all events."

"There, there—if it has come to 'breeding,' we won't follow up the subject," interrupted Miss Trevanion, impatiently. "I don't find it sufficient interesting to care to watch for daylight over it. Are you going to sit up until dawn, Mabel? Because I am not; and so I should advise you to look like a ghost in the morning."

"Yes-I don't know. It is cruel of me to keep you up like this," stammered Mabel, with a faint blush, starting to her feet as she spoke; "you are looking quite pale and wan. I am afraid, after all, Milly, you found the ball a bore; and here have I been teasing you about it. Good-night."

"Good-night, my darling," returned Miss Trevanion, suddenly, kissing her with rapid, unexpected warmth.

After this they separated for the night and got to bed, and dreamed their several dreams of joy or sorrow, as the case might be.

Sir George and his wife, in their room, at about the same time as the foregoing conversation had been held, were having a few words together on the same subject.

"Well, Carry," said Sir George, "you were wrong, I think, my love; I don't believe Denzil Younge is as much taken with Mabel as you gave me to understand, eh?"

"No, but he is dreadfully in love with Mabel," he wife said.

"Nothing could be worse, you mean," "Why?"

"Because she will refuse him."

"In the name of patience, for what?" demanded Sir George, explosively. "Is it because he is rich, handsome, and prosperous?"

"No; but simply because his father has sold cotton."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed Sir George, with great exasperation, and he strode up and down the room twice with rapid, hasty footsteps.

"Look here, Carry," he then said, "something must be done. My affairs altogether are in a very critical state; Bolton told me so in as many words the other day. He said that I could not weather the storm much longer—that I had not, in fact, a leg to stand on (these were his own words, I assure you)—that money must be got somehow, and so on. And where the deuce am I to get ready money, do you suppose? Every method of procuring it that I know of has been used up long ago. I see nothing but absolute ruin staring me in the face. And here is this willful girl actually throwing away fifty thousand pounds a year—every penny of it!"

By this time Sir George was greatly excited, and was pacing up the carpet and down again. Lady Caroline had subsided into silent weeping.

"Well, well, there is no use in anticipating evils," continued her husband, presently; "perhaps—your know—affairs may brighten."

"If she would even encourage Lord Lyndon," said Lady Caroline.

"Ah, just so," returned Sir George; "but how she could throw over Younge for such a heavy substitute as Lyndon passes my comprehension. Besides, Lyndon's rent-roll is barely twenty thousand a year—not even half the other's."

"Still, I think that would do very nicely," put in Lady Caroline, meekly. "If she could only be induced to look kindly on any one, I should be satisfied."

"So should I, so long as the 'some one' had Denzil's money," observed Sir George, and went back to his dressing-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Younges' visit was drawing to a close. Nearly a month had elapsed since their arrival, and Mrs. Younge began to speak seriously of the day that should see them depart. This she mentioned with regret—a regret audibly shared in by most of the young Trevanions, with whom the elder pair and Denzil were immense favorites.

Sir George, too, seemed sorry at the prospect of so soon losing his old schoolfellow, while Lady Caroline, glancing at the son-in-law whom she would so gladly have welcomed, sighed a disappointed sigh with all sincerity.

"We must give a ball, or something, before their departure," whispered Sir George to his wife; and, after much arguing, the "something," in the shape of tableaux vivants, with a dance afterward, won the day.

When at length the night arrived, King's Abbott was in a state of confusion impossible and hopeless to describe, the most remarkable feature in the whole case being that nobody seemed in a proper frame of mind, the spirits of all being either too high or too low to suit the part allotted them, so that a sensation of mingled terror and delight prevailed through every dressing room in the house.

CUT OFF HIS WOODEN FOOT.

Man Caught in Trap and No One to Help Him.

John McLeod, of Milford, Me., employed as a scaler on the lumbering operations in township 31, had a strange experience recently. He was caught in a bear trap, and was obliged to cut off his foot with a jackknife. Fortunately, he had a wooden leg, and the operation was not painful. He was going from one landing to another, and thought to cut out part of the distance by taking the bank of the Athabasca stream. And he got into a bear trap, which closed upon his wooden leg with a snap, and held him in such a way that he could not reach the springs to release himself.

The spot was far from the camps or logging roads, and John was in quite a predicament. But the situation was joyful even compared with what it might have been had he been blessed with two good legs, or even if he had been caught by the other. As it was, he whipped out his jackknife, and in a short time had whittled himself clear, leaving a considerable portion in the trap. This he got out without much difficulty, and, taking it under his arm, with the aid of a stout stick as a cane hobbled to the camp. But Mr. McLeod has bitter thoughts and is very angry with himself. After he had told the story to the crew the little French "cookee" observed: "Why you no take off your whole wood laig—ah? You get out my trap, and no spile you wood laig 'tall—ah?" It never occurred to John that he might have unstrapped his wooden limb, and when he thinks of it he grits his teeth and carves away the more vigorously upon the new leg he is making.

FUTURE SEAS SPEED.

Efficiency of Steam Power Afforded by the Turbine System.

Prof. Thurston, the greatest living authority on the steam engine, has recently given it forth as his opinion that the steam turbine of the Parsons or De Laval type combines within itself the greatest simplicity and the highest thermal efficiency of any form of steam power. Such a statement as this from an authority of the weight of Prof. Thurston must be somewhat disconcerting to Mr. Thorneycroft and others, who have staked their reputation on the inherent superiority of the reciprocating engine. When we add that the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine company has contracted for a river steamer 250 feet long for Clyde service, and that they are contemplating the construction of a large deep-sea boat, the prospect of the new means of marine propulsion exemplified in Turbina and the Viper would seem to have a brilliant future. But there is another side of the picture. Supposing that, in face of a multitude of current predictions, an oceanic turbine vessel would be so economical as to have room for cargo during her voyage, as well as coal, and be able to thrash her way across the Atlantic at the speed threatened us in the near future, would the rivets of the vessel stand the strain of the concussive force implied in forcing a vessel through seas at the rate of even thirty knots an hour? Experienced marine sages say that no vessel could be built that would hold together under such conditions.—London Express.

A woman who has no mind of her own to speak of is the first to give others a piece of it.

THE UPLIFTING POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

"Her Ways Are Ways of Pleasantness"—From the Book of Proverbs, Chapter III, Verse 17—The Sunshine of the Christian Life—Self Denial.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, April 14.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth religion as an exhilaration and urges all people to try its uplifting power; text, Proverbs III, 17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

You have all heard of God's only begotten Son. Have you heard of God's daughter? She was born in heaven. She came down over the hills of our world. She had queenly step. On her brow was celestial radiance. Her voice was music. Her name is Religion. My text introduces her. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But what is religion? The fact is that theological study has had a different effect upon me from the effect sometimes produced. Every year I tear out another leaf from my theology until I have only three or four leaves left—in other words, a very brief and plain statement of Christian belief.

An aged Christian minister said: "When I was a young man I knew everything. When I got to be 35 years of age, in my creed I had only a hundred doctrines of religion. When I got to be 40 years of age, I had only 50 doctrines of religion. When I got to be 60 years of age, I had only ten doctrines of religion, and now I am dying at 75 years of age, and there is only one thing I know and that is that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And so I have noticed in the study of God's word and in my contemplation of the character of God and of the eternal world that it is necessary for me to drop this part of my belief, non-essential, while I cling to the one great doctrine that man is a sinner and Christ is his Almighty and Divine Savior.

Now, I take these three or four leaves of my theology, and I find that in the first place and dominant above all others is the sunshine of religion. When I go into a room, I have a passion for throwing open all the shutters. That is what I want to do this morning. We are apt to throw so much of the sepulchral into our religion and to close the shutters and to pull down the blinds that it is only through here and there a crevice that the light streams. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of joy indescribable and unutterable. Wherever I can find a bell I mean to ring it.

If there are any in this house this morning who are disposed to hold on to their melancholy and gloom, let them now depart this service before the sun rises. Let them go to the most radiant being of all the universe—God's Son who has left the world but comes to God's daughter is here! Give her daughter of the Lord God Almighty! Come in and make this house thy throne room.

In setting forth this idea the dominant theory of religion is one of sunshine. I hardly know where to begin, for there are so many thoughts that rush upon my soul. A mother saw her little child seated on the floor in the sunshine and with a spoon in her hand. She said, "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied the child, "I am getting a spoonful of this sunshine." Would God that today I might present you with a gleaming chalice of this glorious, everlasting gospel sunshine!

Sunshine of Christianity.

First of all, I find a great deal of sunshine in Christian society. I do not know of anything more doleful than the companionship of the mere funmakers of the world—the Thomas Hoods, the Charles Lambs, the Charles Mathewses of the world—the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They make others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography or biography, you will find that down in their soul there was a terrific quietude. Laughter is no sign of happiness. The maniac laughs. The hyena laughs. The loon among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard, dashing his decanter against the wall, laughs.

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are cross the next day. They snap at you on exchange or they pass you, not recognizing you. Long ago I quit mere worldly society for the reason it was so insane and so stupid. My nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and for that reason I have crossed over into Christian society. I like their style of amusement better. They live longer. Christian people, sometimes notice, live on when by all natural law they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have been dead ten years. Every day of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology, but they had this supernatural vivacity of the gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive.

The Question of Self Denial.

I know there is a great deal of talk about the self-denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self denial the man of the world has a thousand self denials. The Christian is not commanded to surrender anything that is worth keeping. But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ? He denies himself pardon for sin, he denies himself peace of conscience, he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost, he denies himself a comfortable death pillow, he denies himself the glories of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self denials of the Christian life. Where there is one thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Well, now religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a business man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he lost his fortune there were 20 carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune all the carriages you could count on one finger. The week before financial trouble began people all took off their hats to him as he passed down the street. The week his financial prospects were under discussion people just touched their hats without anywise bending the rim. The week that he was pronounced insolvent people just jolted their heads as they passed, not tipping their hats at all, and the week the sheriff sold him out all his friends were looking in the store windows as they went down past him.

All is for the Best.

There are hundreds of people who are walking day by day in the sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their soul. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation is to me a mystery. What is that child gone forever? Are you never to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a maniac? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul it explains everything so far as it is best for you to understand. You look off in life, and your soul is full of thanksgiving to God that you are so much better off than you might be.

A man passed down the street without any shoes and said: "I have no shoes. Isn't it a hardship that I have no shoes? Other people have shoes. No shoes, no shoes!" until he learned a lesson. You ought to thank God for what he does instead of grumbling for what he does not. God arranges all the weather in this world—the spiritual weather, the moral weather, as well as the natural weather. "What kind of weather will it be today?" said someone to a farmer. The farmer replied, "It will be such weather as I like." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "Well," said the farmer, "it will be such weather as pleases the Lord, and what pleases the Lord pleases me."

Oh, the sunshine, the sunshine of Christian explanation! Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you be strew upon the tomb? Oh, no. The services read at the grave? Oh, no. The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! Resurrection sunshine!

A Place for Study.

And geology! What a place that will be to study geology when the world is being picked to pieces as easily as a school girl in botanical lessons pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones and the palaces and the cathedrals—St. Mark's and St. Paul's rookeries in comparison.

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the whole earth, going around as others have gone, but you have not the time, you have not the means. You will make the tour yet, during one musical pause in the eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfort of those people who are abridged in their opportunities, those people to whom life is humdrum, who toil and work and toil and work and aspire after knowledge, but have no time to get it and say, "If I had the opportunities which other people have, how I would fill my mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not discouraged, my friends. You are going to the university yet. Death will only matriculate you into the royal college of the universe.

What a sublime thing it was that Dr. Thornwell of South Carolina uttered in his last dying moments! As he looked up he said, "It opens; it expands; it expands!" Or as Mr. Top-lady, the author of "Rock of Ages," in his last moment or during his last hours looked up and said, as though he saw something supernatural, "Light!" and then as he came on nearer the dying moment, his countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" and at the very moment of his departure a lifted both hands, something supernatural in his countenance, as he cried, "Light!" Only another name for sunshine.

The Celestial Profession.

And then I stand at the gate of the celestial city to see the processions come out, and I see a long procession of little children, with their arms full of flowers, and then I see a procession of kings and priests moving in celestial pageantry—a long procession, but no black tasseled vehicle, no mourning group, and I say: "How strange it is! Where is your Greenwood? Where is your Laurel Hill? Where is your Westminster abbey?" And they shall cry, "There are no graves here." And then listen for the tolling of the old bellfries of heaven, the old bellfries of eternity. I listen to hear them toll for the dead, but they toll not for the dead. They only strike up a silvery chime, tower to tower, east gate to west gate, as they ring out, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them—nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Oh, unlove your eyes—

complained about anything. If all this is before us, who cares for anything but God and heaven, and eternal brotherhood? Take the crape off the doorbell. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land ambrosial. Come, Lowell Mason; come, Isaac Watts. Give us your best hymn about joy celestial.

What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now, and whosoever hath a harp, let her thrum it, and whosoever hath a trumpet, let him blow it, and whosoever hath an organ, let him give us a full diapason. They crowd down the air, spirits, blessed, moving in calvaude of triumph. Their chariot wheels whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come! Halt, armies of God! Halt, until we are ready to join the battalion of pleasures that never die!

Oh, my friends, it would take a sermon as long as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us. I just set open the sunny door. Come in, all ye disciples of the world who have found the world a mockery. Come in, all ye disciples of the dance, and see the bounding feet of this heavenly gladness. Come in, ye disciples of worldly amusement, and see the stage where the footlights and thrones the spectacular. Arise, ye dead in sin, for this is the morning of resurrection. The presence there is a fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

Blest are the saints beloved of God; Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine, Their glories splendid and sublime! My soul anticipates the day, Would stretch her wing and soar away; To aid the song, the palm to bear, And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

Oh, the sunshine, the glorious sunshine!

TO THE WINDS OF HEAVEN.

Louis Becker, an Explorer, Wishes His Dust Cast on Sea.

Louis Becker, of Brooklyn, N. Y., dying after half a century of traveling and exploring in many parts of the earth, asked that his body be cremated and that his ashes be strewn to the four winds upon the high seas, perhaps to rest in places on many lands. He had frequently said he wished his ashes to be kept on traveling after his death. In addition to his love of travel Mr. Becker was an enthusiast for cremation, and one of its first advocates. In death he was true to his two great passions. In his will Mr. Becker laid upon his twin brother, 86 years old, the obligation of strewing the ashes upon the Atlantic ocean. The body has already been cremated, and in a few weeks the brother and an old friend will scatter the ashes broadcast to the four winds. Mr. Becker died on February 24 at his home, No. 52 St. Felix street, Brooklyn. He left by his will \$35,000, but that, it is said, is but a tithe of the fortune he made in the chemical business years ago. Most of it was spent on expeditions to odd corners of the earth. Mr. Becker was born in Westphalia, Germany. In 1837 he started a chemical business in this city. After retirement he started to explore the world. His friends say he was one of the first white men to explore the Sandwich islands. He went through Africa, and over all countries, civilized and barbarous. For fifty years he went wherever his interest attracted. He was one of the first converts to the idea of cremation, and he helped to establish the first crematory in Germany, at Gotha.—E.

Photographing Jewelry.

Photographing jewelry as a means of its protection is likely to become popular now that the picture of a valuable diamond brooch led to its recognition and recovery. But it is doubtful if there is one woman among ten who owns costly jewelry that ever thought of taking this precaution. One photographer who takes many pictures of women of wealth in New York said the other day that few of them ever had themselves photographed wearing their jewelry, since it had become the style to wear less jewelry than formerly. He looked at random over half a dozen portraits made recently, and there was scarcely on any of their originals jewelry that amounted to more than a few hundred dollars in value. Yet the majority of these women own jewels worth thousands of dollars. In England the custom of wearing jewelry in photographs is much more prevalent than it is in New York. Pictures of English women of wealth and position usually display the entire contents of their jewelry boxes, and their tiaras, stomachers and necklaces are frequently conspicuous enough to be serviceable as a means of identification were they stolen, although thieves rarely dare to keep such things intact for even the briefest time. American women owning valuable jewelry are not likely to possess any photographs of it, unless they were especially taken. And that precaution has so far been observed in few cases.—New York Sun.

A Judge as an Inventor.

Judge Waltner of Wapakoneta, O., has distinguished himself by inventing a hydraulic disappearing safe operated on the principle of the disappearing gun. The safe, controlled by hydraulic power, is lowered into a fifteen-foot well at night. When it touches bottom clockwork mechanism starts it toward the top, which is reached about the time it is wanted for business the next morning. Judge Waltner does not think robbers could accomplish anything by tunneling to the safe. The judge has applied for a patent, but what if the machinery should be de-ranged some night and the safe left at the bottom of the well?

A new military law of Peru makes every citizen liable to compulsory service from 19 to 50 years. The army has five classes, the regular, supernu-

WISCONSIN SENATOR MAY BE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

Said to Be the Best Debater in Congress—Is Full of Fire, Wit, and Eloquence—A. Forcible and Independent Statesman.

(Washington Letter.) The eyes of some of the political prophets are on Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin. They think he is good presidential timber and has an excellent chance of succeeding McKinley. Spooner is an interesting figure. He is small of stature, quick and fiery in debate and one of the most independent men in the senate. He has been the ablest and most eloquent defender of the present administration in the great crisis of the last few years and at the same time has shown the most independence. He threw down the gauntlet to Senator Hanna and refused to regard the ship-splendid bill as a party measure.

A Powerful Debater.

Spooner is called the little giant of debate in the senate. He does not speak often. He is reserved for emergencies and when he speaks there is a full sense to hear him. He has all the attributes of the orator and, coupled with these, all the methods of a great lawyer. These combined make him the most invulnerable debater in the senate. He has the fire of Tillman and the culture of Jones, the quiet wit of Mason and the profundity of Hoar; the eloquence of Depew or Foraker and the exactness of statement of Platt or Connecticut, or Hale of Maine. In debate he combines all the qualities of all the other forcible men in the senate and with all these attributes he has more independence than most of them. When there are differences of opinion, he holds to his own.

An Unimpaired Article.

Spooner's one weakness as a presidential possibility is his unwillingness to be managed. Should he ever become a candidate for president his manager would have to possess rare tact, and allow him to think he was going his own sweet way when being most managed. If he discovered that he was not acting on his own judgment, or became suspicious that he was playing a part, he wouldn't play.

Spooner is an Indian by birth, but has been a resident of Wisconsin since 1859. He was educated there, enlisted in the Union army there, carried a musket in the ranks, and afterwards commanded a company in a Wisconsin regiment; was brevetted major at the close of service and became private and military secretary to Governor

Fairchild. He began his law practice in the Wisconsin woods, at Hudson, was elected to the legislature, and after that was known only as a promising lawyer until he was elected to the United States senate in 1885. He attracted attention in the senate as an orator in his eulogy in memory of the "Black Eagle of Illinois" when Senator John A. Logan died. That eulogy stamped Spooner as one of the men of rare excellence in the American congress, and he has not disappointed his admirers since, whether he spoke from the heart deep sentiments or took up the grave and intricate discussion of constitutional rights or international law. He has neither the commanding presence nor the full volume of voice given to other men who measure words with him in debate, but his speech commands by reason of the great thoughts clothed in graceful language, the sound logic, and the knowledge of law at his command.

Ruled by a Drummer.

When Spooner ran for governor of Wisconsin about a dozen years ago the party managers could not govern him. There was only one man who could travel with him in that campaign and make suggestions with the voice of authority. That man was an old commercial traveler—a big fellow who had for many years studied the art of selling plows and reapers to the farmers. He cared nothing for books and never bothered himself about the constitution or the principles of law, but he knew men, and he knew Spooner better than any of the political managers. He could take the great lawyer and statesman by the arm, lead him away from those who irritated him with suggestions, and tell him exactly what he should do and say to the particular crowd he was to meet that day, and Spooner would follow his directions, unconscious that he was being managed, or rather unconsciously surrendering the workings of his mental machinery to the direction of a man who represented the practical and earthy in the ordinary humdrum existence of every day life. The commercial traveler was the antithesis of Spooner in everything and he could manage Spooner. Another senator or great lawyer making such suggestions as he made would have invited discussion and Spooner's mental machinery would have antagonistically begun work on an analysis of each and every argument advanced. But here was a man who in no way suggested the antagonism or rivalry, who could be argued with on any point. There was no common ground for argument or reasoning. Spooner listened and obeyed.

The medical...

The medical...

The medical...



JOHN C. SPOONER.