



CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

She ceased her tirade, and stood gazing keenly at Marjorie, who sat still, listening in wonder. Despite her sharp tone and brusque manner, there was a tenderness in her tone that could not be mistaken. Then, all at once, with the abruptness peculiar to her, she changed her tone again, and broke into a low, chuckling laugh.

"And now I have preach'd my sermon," she said, with her grim smile, "have you had breakfast? Will you take some tea?"

But Marjorie had breakfasted before starting, and wanted nothing.

"Very well. Come and walk in the garden."

She led the way from the room, and Marjorie quietly followed.

Passing out by the rear of the house across a lonely courtyard, they reached a door in the high wall, and entered the garden—a wilderness of fruit trees, shrubs, and currant bushes, sadly in need of the gardener's hand. Tangled creepers and weeds grew over the grassy paths. Here and there were seats, and in one corner was an arbor almost buried in umbrage. It was a desolate, neglected place, but the sun was shining, and the air was bright and warm.

Miss Hetherington took her companion's arm and walked slowly from path to path.

"The garden's like its mistress," she said presently, "lonesome and neglected. Since Wattle Henderson died, I have never employed a regular gardener. But it's bonny in summer time, for a' that, and I like it, wild as it is. I should like weel to be buried here, right in the heart o' the auld place!"

She entered the neglected arbor and sat down wearily. Marjorie stood looking at her in timid sympathy, while she pursued the dreary current of her thought.

"Folk say I'm mean, and maybe I am; but it's no that! I'm the last o' the Hetheringtons, and it's right and fitting that the place should waste awa' like myself. But I mind the time weel—it's no sae lang syne—when it was gladsome and merry. Everything was in grand order then, and my father kept open house to the gentry. Now a' changed! Whiles I wonder what will become o' the auld house when I'm ta'en. Strangers will come, maybe, and turn it upside down. What would you dae, Marjorie Annan, if you were a rich leddy and mistress o' a place like this?"

The question came so abruptly at the end of the long string of lamentations, that Marjorie scarcely knew what to reply. She smiled awkwardly, and repeated the question.

"What would I do, Miss Hetherington?"

"Ay, come!"

"I cannot tell, but I don't think I could bear to live here all alone."

"Ay, indeed? Would you sell the Castle, and pooh the siller?"

"No, Miss Hetherington. I should like to keep what my forebears had owned."

The lady nodded her head approvingly.

"The lassie has sense after a'!" she exclaimed. "Ay ay, Marjorie, you're right! It's something to belong to the line o' the Hetheringtons, and the auld lairds o' the Moss would rise in their graves if they kenned that strangers were dwelling on the land."

CHAPTER X.

EARLY in the afternoon, after a dismal lunch, tete-a-tete with Miss Hetherington, Marjorie returned home across the fields.

The sun was just beginning to sink as she passed through the village and approached the manse. As she did so, she saw Mr. Lorraine standing inside the churchyard gate in quiet conversation with the French teacher.

She entered the churchyard and joined them, the Frenchman saluting her with lifted hat as she approached.

"Ah, Marjorie, my bairn," said the minister, "you are home early. Do you walk back? I thought you would have stayed later, and that Miss Hetherington would have sent you home in the carriage after gloaming."

Marjorie glanced at Caussidiere, and met his eyes.

"She did not wish me to stay," she answered, "and I was glad to escape. But I see you and Monsieur Caussidiere have made friends. I met him on the way, and he said he was coming here."

"So he has told me," said Mr. Lorraine. "I have just been showing him over the Kirk and through the graveyard, and now I have invited him to take pot-luck, as the English call it, this evening."

"But it is so late, monsieur," said Marjorie. "How will you get back to Dumfries?"

"Did you not know?" returned the Frenchman, smiling. "I am taking a holiday, like yourself! I have engaged a bed at the inn, and shall not return till the beginning of the week."

They entered the manse together, and Caussidiere joined them at their sitting room.

"What tea, monsieur?" they sat round the hearth, the minister lit his pipe and his guest began. They were chat-

ting pleasantly together, when Solomon Mucklebackit, who had been up to the village on some household errand, quietly entered.

"Johnnie Sutherland's at the door. Will you see him?"

Marjorie started, for she had an instinctive dread of a meeting between the two young men; but the minister at once replied:

"Show him in, Solomon," and as the sexton disappeared, he said to his guest, "A young friend of ours, and a school-fellow of my foster-daughter."

The next moment Sutherland appeared. A look of surprise passed over his face as he saw the stranger, who rose politely, but, recovering himself, he shook the minister warmly by the hand.

"Welcome, Johnnie," said Mr. Lorraine. "Take a seat. Do you know Monsieur Caussidiere? Then let me introduce you."

Sutherland nodded to the Frenchman, who bowed courteously. Their eyes met, and then both looked at Marjorie.

"Monsieur Caussidiere is my French teacher," she said smiling.

Sutherland looked somewhat puzzled, and sat down in silence. After an awkward pause, the minister began questioning him on his London experiences; he replied almost in monosyllables, and was altogether so bashful and constrained that Marjorie could not avoid drawing an unfavorable comparison in her own mind between him and the fluent Frenchman.

"An artist, monsieur?" said the latter, presently, having gathered the fact from some of Mr. Lorraine's questions. "I used to paint, when I was a boy, but, finding I could not excel, I abandoned the attempt. To succeed in your profession is the labor of a life, and, alas! so many fail."

"That's true enough," returned Sutherland, "and when I see the great pictures, I despair."

"He paints beautifully, monsieur," cried Marjorie, eager to praise her friend. "Does he not, Mr. Lorraine?"

The minister nodded benignly.

"Ah, indeed," said Caussidiere, with a slight yawn. "The landscape, monsieur, or the human figure?"

"I have tried both," replied Sutherland. "I think I like figure painting best."

"Then you shall not go far to find a subject," exclaimed Caussidiere, waving his hand toward Marjorie. "Ah, if I were an artist, I would like to paint mademoiselle. I have seen such a face, such eyes, and hair, in some of the Madonnas of the great Raphael."

Marjorie cast down her eyes, then raised them again, laughing.

He has painted me, and more than once; but I'm thinking he flattered the sitter. Miss Hetherington has one of the pictures up at the Castle."

Caussidiere fixed his eyes suspiciously upon Sutherland.

"Do you work for pleasure, monsieur, or for profit? Perhaps you are a man of fortune, and paint for amusement only?"

The question tickled the minister, who laughed merrily.

"I am only a poor man," answered Sutherland, "and paint for my bread."

"It is an honorable occupation," said Caussidiere, emphatically, though not without the suspicion of a covert sneer. "At one time the artist was neglected and despised; now he is honored for his occupation, and can make much money."

The conversation continued by fits and starts, but Sutherland's appearance seemed to have quite destroyed the gay freedom of the little party. At last Solomon reappeared and grimly announced that it was nine o'clock.

"We keep early hours," explained Mr. Lorraine, "and are all abed at ten o'clock."

"Then I will go," cried Caussidiere, rising, "but I shall call again. It is not often in Scotland, one finds such pleasant company."

Caussidiere shook the minister's hand cordially, and favored Marjorie with a warm and lingering pressure, which left her more disturbed than ever. Then the two men walked out of the house together.

Caussidiere and Sutherland walked up the village side by side in the light of the moon, which was then at the full.

"You are a native of this place, monsieur?" said the Frenchman, after a long silence.

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"A charming place! and the people still more charming! You have known our old friend a long, long time?"

"Ever since I can mind."

"And his daughter—his foster-daughter, I should say? I have heard her story; it is romantic, monsieur. It touches my heart. Do you think her pretty?"

Sutherland started at the question, which was made with apparent nonchalance, but in reality with eager suspicion. He was silent, and the other continued:

didn't like the turn the conversation was taking; "and she has many true friends."

"Yourself among the number, I am sure!" said Caussidiere quickly.

"You are right there, at any rate," returned Sutherland; and he added coldly, "I'll wish you good-night."

He stood before the gate of his father's cottage and held out his hand; the Frenchman, however, did not attempt to take it, but kept his own hands in his coat pockets as he returned a polite "Good-night."

CHAPTER XI.

HE next day was Sunday, the solemn, not to say sanctimonious Sabbath day of that people which, above all others, reverences the great work of creation.

In the brightest place in the church, with her carriage round her, sat Marjorie Annan; and three pairs of eyes at least were constantly fixed upon her. The first pair belonged to young Sutherland, the second to the French visitor, the third to the eccentric mistress of Hetherington Castle.

Of these three individuals Caussidiere was the most ill at ease. The sermon bored him, and he yawned again and again, finally going to sleep.

He was awakened by a loud noise and looking round him, he saw the congregation moving toward the door, and Solomon Mucklebackit, from the preacher's desk, glaring down at him in indignation. He rose languidly, and joined the stream of people issuing from the church.

Out in the churchyard the sun was shining golden on the graves. The glade several vehicles were waiting, including the brougham from Hetherington Castle.

As Caussidiere moved down the path, he saw before him a small group of persons conversing—the blind weaver and his wife, John Sutherland, Marjorie, and the lady of the Castle. He passed by them with lifted hat, and moved on to the gate, where he waited.

"Who's you?" asked Miss Hetherington, following him with her dark eyes.

"That is Monsieur Caussidiere," answered Marjorie, "my French teacher."

"Humph!" said the lady. "Come awa' and introduce me."

She walked slowly down the path, while Marjorie followed in astonishment, and coming right up to the Frenchman, she looked him deliberately over from head to foot. Not at all disconcerted, he took off his hat again, and bowed politely.

"Monsieur Caussidiere," said Marjorie, "this is Miss Hetherington, of the Castle."

Caussidiere bowed again with great respect.

"I am charmed to make madame's acquaintance."

To his astonishment, Miss Hetherington addressed him in his own tongue, which she spoke fluently, though with an unmistakable Scottish inflection.

"You speak English well, monsieur," she said. "Have you been long absent from your native land?"

"Ever since the crime of December," he returned, also in French. "But madame is almost a Frenchwoman—she speaks the language to admiration. Ah, it is a pleasure to me, an exile, to hear the beloved tongue of France so perfectly spoken! You know France? You have lived there, madame?"

"I know it, and know little good of it," cried the lady sharply. "Are you like the rest of your countrymen, light and treacherous, believing in nothing that is good, spending their lives in vanity and sensual pleasure?"

Better Left Unsaid.

Two giggling girls pushed their way into the crowded car. The one was pretty, and knew it; while the other wasn't, and didn't seem to know it. After a great deal of squeezing that almost took their breath away, they at last reached the front part of the car. They kept up their giggling until a man who was trying to read in the corner seat got up in disgust and went out on the front platform. Although they both wanted to sit down, neither wished to deprive the other of the seat.

"You take it, dear," said the pretty one.

"I wouldn't enjoy it at all if I knew you were standing," replied the other. Then they began giggling again.

At last, when another woman rushed up to take it, the pretty girl shoved her friend into the seat, saying: "The first thing we know we'll lose it. Besides, my dear, it's better for you to take it, because I'm more likely to have a seat offered me."

The homely girl stopped giggling and turned red in the face, and when her friend got out about a mile beyond she never saw much as bade her good-bye.

An Estimate.

Father—in asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek? Prospective Son-in-Law—Well—er—I hadn't figured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about \$500,000.—San Francisco Examiner.

Paper Declines.

Foreman—Why doesn't the editor finish his editorial on "Let America Dely the World"? It's only half done. Assistant—Oh, he got scared a while ago and ran out at the back door, and hasn't been back since. A mad subscriber came in.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text, Proverbs, Chapter 18, Verse 24, as Follows: "A Man That Hath Friends Must Show Himself Friendly."—Timely Advice.

About the sacred and divine art of making and keeping friends I speak—a subject on which I never heard of anyone preaching—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David, and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of haphazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all, but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the accretion and dispersion of friendships. They did not "just happen so" any more than the tides just happen to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art, a God-given regulation.

Tell me how friendly you are to others, and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies; indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies, if you get their enmity in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies, because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil; but this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you the better your coadjutors will think of you.

The best friends we have ever had appeared at some juncture when we were especially bombarded. There have been times in my life when unjust assault multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about fifty a minute. You are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent. Human nature was shipwrecked about fifty-nine centuries ago, the captain of that craft, one Adam, and his first mate running the famous cargo aground on a snag in the river Hiddelck; but there was at least one good trait of human nature that waded safely ashore from that shipwreck, and that is the disposition to take the part of those unfairly dealt with. When it is thoroughly demonstrated that some one is being persecuted, although at the start slanderous tongues were busy enough, defenders finally gather around as thick as honey bees on a trellis of bruised honeysuckle.

Before you begin to show yourself friendly you must be friendly. Get your heart right with God and man, and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a semblance of this virtue, but the grace of God can sublimely lift you into it. Sailing on the river Thames two vessels ran aground. The owners of one got one hundred horses, and pulled on the grounded ship, and pulled it to pieces. The owners of the other grounded vessel waited till the tides came in, and easily floated the ship out of all trouble. So we may pull and haul at our grounded human nature, and try to get into better condition, but there is nothing like the oceanic tides of God's uplifting grace. If, when under the flash of the Holy Ghost, we see our own foibles and defects and depravities, we will be very lenient, and very easy with others. We will look into their characters for things commensurate, and not damnatory. If you would rub your own eye a little more vigorously you would find a mote in it, the extraction of which would not have much time to shoulder your broadaxe and go forth to split up the beam in your neighbor's eye. In a Christian spirit keep on exploring the characters of those you meet, and I am sure you will find something in them fit for a foundation of friendliness.

You invite me to come to your country-seat and spend a few days. Thank you! I arrive about noon of a beautiful summer day. What do you do? As soon as I arrive you take me out under the shadow of the great elms. You take me down to the artificial lake, the spotted trout floating in and out among the white pillars of the pond-lilies. You take me to the stalls and kennels where you keep your fine stock, and here are the Durham cattle and the Gordon setters, and the high-stepping steeds, by pawing and neighing, the only language they can speak, asking for harness or saddle, and a short turn down the road. Then we go back to the house, and you get me in the right light, and show me the Kennetts and the Bierstadts on the wall, and take me into the music-room and show me the bird-cages, the canaries in the bay window answering the robins in the tree-tops. Thank you! I never enjoyed myself more in the same length of time. Now, why do we not do so with the characters of others, and show the bloom and the music and the bright fountains? No. We say, "Come along, and let me show you that man's character. Here is a green-scummed frog-pond, and there's a filthy cellar, and I guess under that hedge there must be a black snake. Come and let us for an hour or two regale ourselves with the nuisances."

Oh, my friends, better cover up the faults and extol the virtues, and this habit once established, of universal friendliness will become as easy as it is for a spring to flood the air with sweetness, as easy as it will be further on in the season for a quail to whistle

up from the gras. When we hear something bad about somebody whom we always supposed to be good, take out your lead pencil and say, "Let me see!" Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character I will take off from it twenty-five per cent for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off seventy-five per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining twenty-five per cent. Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it."

Now, supposing that you have, by a Divine regeneration, got right toward God and humanity, and you start out to practice my text, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Fulfill this by all forms of appropriate salutation. Have you noticed that the head is so poised that the easiest thing on earth is to give a nod of recognition? To swing the head from side to side, as when it is wagged in derision, is unnatural and unpleasant; to throw it back, invites vertigo; but to drop the chin in greeting is accompanied with so little exertion that all day long, and every day, you might practice it without the least semblance of fatigue. So, also, the structure of the hand indicates hand-shaking; the knuckles not made so that the fingers can turn out, but so made that the fingers can turn in, as in clasping hands, and the thumb divided from and set aloof from the fingers, so that while the fingers take your neighbor's hand on one side, the thumb takes it on the other and, pressed together, all the faculties of the hand give emphasis to the salutation. Five sermons in every healthy hand urge us to hand-shaking.

Besides this, every day when you start out, load yourself up with kind thoughts, kind words, kind expressions and kind greetings. When a man or woman does well, tell him so, tell her so. If you meet some one who is improved in health, and it is demonstrated in girth and color, say: "How well you look!" But if, on the other hand, under the wear and tear of life he appears pale and exhausted, do not introduce sanitary subjects, or say anything at all about physical condition. In the case of improved health, you have by your words given another impulse towards the robust and the joyous, while in the case of the failing health you have arrested the decline by your silence, by which he concludes: "If I were really so badly off he would have said something about it." We are all, especially those of a nervous temperament, susceptible to kind words and discouraging words. Form a conspiracy against us, and let ten men meet us at certain points on our way over to business, and let each one say, "How sick you look!" though we should start out well, after meeting the first and hearing his depressing salute, we would begin to examine our symptoms. After meeting the second gloomy accosting, we would conclude we did not feel quite as well as usual. After meeting the third our sensations would be dreadful, and after meeting the fourth, unless we suspected a conspiracy, we would go home and go to bed, and the other six pessimists would be a useless surplus of discouragement.

We want something like that spirit of sacrifice for others which was seen in the English channel, where in the storm a boat containing three men was upset and all three were in the water struggling for their lives. A boat came to their relief and a rope was thrown to one of them and he refused to take it, saying: "First fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down. I can last some time longer." A man like that, be he sailor or landsman, be he in upper ranks of society or lower ranks, will always have plenty of friends. What is true manward is true Godward. We must be the friends of God if we want him to be our friend. We cannot treat Christ badly all our lives and expect him to treat us lovingly. I was reading of a sea fight in which Lord Nelson captured a French officer, and when the French officer offered Lord Nelson his hand, Nelson replied, "First give me your sword and then give me your hand." Surrender of our resistance to God must precede God's proffer of pardon to us. Repentance before forgiveness. You must give up your rebellious sword before you can get a grasp of the divine hand.

Oh, what a glorious state of things to have the friendship of God! Why, we could afford to have all the world against us and all other worlds against us if we had God for us. He could in a minute blot out this universe, and in another minute make a better universe. I have no idea that God tried hard when he made all things. The most brilliant thing known to us is light, and for the creation of that he only used a word of command. As out of a flint a frontiersman strikes a spark, so out of one word God struck the noonday sun. For the making of the present universe I do not read that God lifted so much as a finger. The Bible frequently speaks of God's hand and God's arm and God's shoulder and God's foot; then suppose he should put hand and arm and shoulder and foot to utmost tension, what could he not make? And that God of such demonstrated and undemonstrated strength, you may have for your present and everlasting friend, not a stately and reticent friend, hard to get at, but as approachable as a country mansion on a summer day, when all the doors and windows are wide open. Christ said, "I am the door." And he is a wide door, a high door, a palace door, an always open door.

My four-year-old child got hurt and did not cry until hours after, when her mother came home, and then she burst into weeping, and some of the domestics, not understanding human nature, said to her, "Why did you not cry before?" She answered: "There was no one to cry to." Now, I have to tell you that while human sympathy may be absent, Divine sympathy is always accessible. Give God your love, and get his love; your service, and secure his pardon. God a friend? Why, that means all your wounds medicated, all your sorrows soothed, and if some sudden catastrophe should hurl you out of earth it would only hurl you into heaven.

If God is your friend, you cannot go out of the world too quickly or suddenly, so far as your own happiness is concerned. There were two Christians who entered heaven; the one was standing at a window in perfect health, watching a shower, and the lightning instantly slew him; but the lightning did not flash down the sky as swiftly as his spirit flashed upward. The Christian man who died on the same day next door had been for a year or two failing in health, and for the last three months had suffered from a disease that had made the nights sleepless and the days an anguish. Do you not really think that the case of the one who went instantly was more desirable than the one who entered the shining gate through a long lane of insomnia and congestion? In the one case it was like your standing wearily at a door, knocking and waiting, and wondering if it will ever open, and knocking and waiting again, while in the other case it was a swinging open of the door at the first touch of your knuckle. Give your friendship to God, and have God's friendship for you, and even the worst accident will be a victory.

How refreshing a human friendship; and true friends, what priceless treasures! When sickness comes, and trouble comes, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance in our doorway in any crisis is reinforcement, and when they have entered, we say: "Now it is all right!" Oh, what would we do without personal friends, business friends, family friends? But we want something mightier than human friendship in the great exigencies. When Jonathan Edwards, in his final hour, had given the last good-bye to all his earthly friends, he turned on his pillow and closed his eyes, confidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing Friend?" Yes, I admire human friendship as seen in the case of David and Jonathan, of Paul and Onesiphorus, of Herder and Goethe, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Cowley and Harvey, of Erasmus and Mendelssohn, of Lady Churchill and Princess Anne, of Orestes and Pylades, each requesting that himself might take the point of the dagger, so the other might be spared; of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, who locked their shields in battle, determined to die together; but the grandest, the mightiest, the tenderest friendship in all the universe is the friendship between Jesus Christ and a believing soul. Yet, after all I have said, I feel I have only done what James Marshall, the miner, did in 1848 in California, before his gold mines were known. He reached in and put upon the table of his employer, Captain Sutter, a thimbleful of gold dust. "Where did you get that?" said his employer. The reply was: "I got it this morning from a mill race from which the water had been drawn off." But that gold dust, which could have been taken up between the finger and the thumb, was the prophecy and specimen that revealed California's wealth to all nations. And today I have only put before you a specimen of the value of divine friendship, only a thimbleful of mines inexhaustible and infinite, though all time and all eternity go on with the exploration.

The Snipe as a Surgeon.

It has just been discovered that the snipe is able to repair injuries to his own person. Whenever the snipe is wounded about the body or his leg broken he does not necessarily crawl away to some quiet nook to die. Most other birds give themselves up as dead when such a misfortune befalls them, but the snipe does not seem to mind a little thing like that. He simply flies away to some quiet spot and tears feather after feather from his side or wing, or from any other part of his body than the wounded place. As soon as the snipe has obtained three or four loose feathers he quickly strips off the downy part and allows the hard quill to fall to the ground. The down he places over the injured part, and before an onlooking bird would have time to say "Jack Robinson" the snipe has stopped the flow of blood. His crisis being over, the snipe finishes his surgical operation more leisurely. This he does by finding some cast-off feathers lying about the grass, and after tearing out the quills he lays fold after fold of the new down over the wound. The blood acts as a sort of gum to the down, so that when the snipe has finished his work he is completely out of danger. When in a few weeks nature provides some new cuticle for the snipe's wound, the artificially applied feathers are dropped, little by little, until finally the snipe's breast looks every whit as well as it was before he was hurt. The person who discovered that snipes are their own surgeons is the famous ornithologist, Fatio, who announced his interesting discovery to the International Physical Society at their recent convention in Geneva. M. Fatio says snipes do not merely stop bleeding wounds on their bodies. He has had evidence showing that they are also capable of constructing a splint to nurse broken wings and broken legs.