

THE FROZEN DEEP

A NOVEL BY
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CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

She closes her eyes faintly—she hears nothing but those words—feels nothing but his arm round her—forgets Mrs. Crayford's warning—forgets Richard Wardour himself—turns suddenly with a loving woman's disregard of everything but her love, nestles her head on his bosom, and answers him in that way at last!

He lifts the beautiful drooping head—their lips meet in their first kiss—they are both in heaven—it is Clara who brings them back to earth again with a start—it is Clara who says, "Oh! what have I done?"—as usual, when it is too late.

Frank answers the question: "You have made me happy, my angel. Now, when I come back, I come back to make you my wife."

Shudders. She remembers Richard Wardour again at those words. "Mind!" she says, "nobody is to know we are engaged till I permit you to mention it. Remember that!"

He promises to remember it. His arm tries to wind round her once more. No! She is mistress of herself; she can positively dismiss him now—after she has let him kiss her!

"Go!" she says. "I want to see Mrs. Crayford. Find her! Say I am here, waiting to speak to her. Go at once, Frank—for my sake!"

There is no alternative but to obey her. His eyes drink a last draught of her beauty. He hurries away on his errand—the happiest man in the room. Five minutes since, she was only his partner in the dance. He has spoken—and she has pledged herself to be his partner for life!

CHAPTER IV.

It was not easy to find Mrs. Crayford in the crowd. Searching here and searching there, Frank became conscious of a stranger, who appeared to be looking for somebody on his side. He was a dark, heavy-browed, strongly-built man; dressed in a shabby old naval officer's uniform. His manner—strikingly resolute and self-contained—was unmistakably the manner of a gentleman. He wound his way slowly through the crowd; stopping to look at every lady whom he passed, and then looking away again with a frown. Little by little he approached the conservatory—entered it, after a moment's reflection—detected the glimmer of a white dress in the distance, through the shrubs and flowers—advanced to get a nearer view of the lady—and burst into Clara's presence with a cry of delight.

She sprang to her feet. She stood before him speechless, motionless, struck to stone. All her life was in her eyes—the eyes which told her she was looking at Richard Wardour. He was the first to speak.

"I am sorry I startled you, my darling. I forgot everything but the happiness of seeing you again. We only reached our moorings two hours since. I was some time inquiring after you, and some time getting my ticket, when they told me you were at the ball. Wish me joy, Clara! I am promoted. I have come back to make you my wife."

A momentary change passed over the blank terror of her face. Her color rose faintly, her lips moved. She abruptly put a question to him: "Did you get my letter?"

He started. "A letter from you? I never received it."

The momentary animation died out of her face again. She drew back from him, and dropped into a chair. He advanced toward her, astonished and alarmed. She shrank in the chair—shrank, as if she was frightened of him.

"Clara! you have not even shaken hands with me! What does it mean?"

He paused, waiting, and watching her. She made no reply. A flash of the quick temper in him leaped up in his eyes. He repeated his last words in louder and sterner tones: "What does it mean?"

She replied this time. His tone had hurt her—his tone had roused her sinking courage. "It means, Mr. Wardour, that you have been mistaken from the first."

"How have I been mistaken?"

"You have been under a wrong impression, and you have given me no opportunity of setting you right."

"In what way have I been wrong?"

"You have been too hasty and too confident about yourself and about me. You have entirely misunderstood me. I am grieved to distress you, but for your sake I must speak plainly. I am your friend always, Mr. Wardour. I can never be your wife."

He mechanically repeated the last words. He seemed to doubt whether he had heard her aright. "You can never be my wife?"

"Never!"

"Why?"

There was no answer. She was incapable of telling him a falsehood. She was ashamed to tell him the truth.

He stooped over and suddenly pos-

essed himself of her hand. Holding her hand firmly, he stooped a little lower, searching for the signs which might answer him in her face. His own face darkened slowly while he looked. He was beginning to suspect her, and he acknowledged it in his next words.

"Something has changed you toward me, Clara. Somebody has influenced you against me. Is it—you force me to ask the question—is it some other man?"

"You have no right to ask me that."

He went on without noticing what she had said to him. "Has that other man come between you and me? I speak plainly on my side. Speak plainly on yours."

"I have spoken. I have nothing more to say."

There was a pause. She saw the warning light which told of the fire within him, growing brighter and brighter in his eyes. She felt his grasp strengthening on her hand. She heard him appeal to her for the last time.

"Reflect," he said, "reflect before it is too late. Your silence will not serve you. If you persist in not answering me, I shall take your silence as a confession. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you."

"Clara Burnham! I am not to be trifled with. Clara Burnham! I insist on the truth. Are you false to me?"

She resented that searching question with a woman's keen sense of the insult that is implied in doubting her to her face.

"Mr. Wardour! you forget yourself when you call me to account in that way. I never encouraged you. I never gave you promise or pledge."

He passionately interrupted her before she could say more: "You have engaged yourself in my absence. Your words own it; your looks own it! You have engaged yourself to another man!"

"If I have engaged myself, what right have you to complain of it?" she answered firmly. "What right have you to control my actions—"

The next words died away on her lips. He suddenly dropped her hand. A marked change appeared in the expression of his eyes—a change which told her of the terrible passions that she had let loose in him. She read, dimly read, something in his face which made her tremble—not for herself, but for Frank.

Little by little the dark color faded out of his face. His deep voice dropped suddenly to a low and quiet tone as he spoke the parting words: "Say no more, Miss Burnham—you have said enough. I am answered; I am dismissed." He paused, and stepping close up to her, laid his hand on her arm.

"The time may come," he said, "when I shall forgive you. But the man who has robbed me of you shall rue the day when you and he first met." He turned and left her.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Crayford, entering the conservatory, was met by one of the attendants at the ball. The man stopped as if he wished to speak to her.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I beg pardon, ma'am. Do you happen to have a smelling-bottle about you? There is a young lady in the conservatory who is taken faint."

CHAPTER V.

THE morning of the next day—the morning on which the ships were to sail—came bright and breezy. Mrs. Crayford having arranged to follow her husband to the water-side, and see the last of him before he embarked, entered Clara's room on her way out of the house, anxious to hear how her young friend had passed the night. To her astonishment, she found Clara had risen and was dressed, like herself, to go out.

"What does this mean, my dear? After what you suffered last night—after the shock of seeing that man—why don't you take my advice and rest in your bed?"

"I can't rest. I have not slept all night. Have you been out yet?"

"No."

"Have you seen or heard anything of Richard Wardour?"

"What an extraordinary question!"

"Answer my question! Don't trifle with me!"

"Compose yourself, Clara. I have neither seen nor heard anything of Richard Wardour. Take my word for it, he is far enough away by this time."

"No! He is here! He is near us! All night long the presentment has pursued me—Frank and Richard Wardour will meet."

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? They are total strangers to each other."

"Something will happen to bring them together. I feel it! I know it. They will meet; there will be a mortal quarrel between them, and I shall be to blame. Oh, Lucy! why didn't I take your advice? Why was I mad enough to let Frank know that I loved him? Are you going to the landing-stage?"

I am all ready; I must go with you." "You must not think of it, Clara. There will be crowding and confusion at the water-side. You are not strong enough to bear it. Wait—I won't be long away—wait till I come back."

"I must, and will, go with you! Crowd! He will be among the crowd! Confusion! In that confusion he will find his way to Frank! Don't ask me to wait. I shall go mad if I wait. I shall not know a moment's ease till I have seen Frank with my own eyes safe in the boat which takes him to his ship. You have got your bonnet on; what are we stopping here for? Come! or I shall go without you. Look at the clock! We have not a moment to lose!"

It was useless to contend with her. Mrs. Crayford yielded. The two women left the house together.

The landing-stage, as Mrs. Crayford had predicted, was thronged with spectators. Not only the relatives and friends of the Arctic voyagers, but strangers as well, had assembled in large numbers to see the ships sail. Clara's eyes wandered affrighted hither and thither among the strange faces in the crowd, searching for the one face that she dreaded to see, and not finding it. So completely were her nerves unstrung that she started with a cry of alarm on suddenly hearing Frank's voice behind her.

"The Sea-Mew's boats are waiting," he said. "I must go, darling. How pale you are looking, Clara! Are you ill?"

She never answered. She questioned him with wild eyes and trembling lips. "Has anything happened to you, Frank? Anything out of the common?"

Frank laughed at the strange question. "Anything out of the common?" he repeated. "Nothing that I know of, except sailing for the Arctic Seas. That's out of the common, I suppose; isn't it?"

"Has anybody spoken to you since last night? Has any stranger followed you in the street?"

Frank turned in blank amazement to Mrs. Crayford. "What on earth does she mean?"

Mrs. Crayford's lively invention supplied her with an answer on the spur of the moment.

"Do you believe in dreams, Frank? Of course you don't! Clara has been dreaming about you, and Clara is foolish enough to believe in dreams. That's all; it's not worth talking about. Hark! they are calling for you. Say good-bye, or you'll be too late for the boat."

Frank took Clara's hand. Long afterward—in the dark Arctic days, in the dreary Arctic nights—he remembered how coldly and how passively that hand lay in his.

"Courage, Clara!" he said gaily. "A sailor's sweetheart must accustom herself to partings. The time will soon pass. Good-bye, my darling. Good-bye, my wife!"

He kissed the cold hand; he looked his last—for many a long year perhaps—at the pale and beautiful face. How she loved me! he thought. How the parting distresses her! He still held her hand; he would have lingered longer, if Mrs. Crayford had not wisely waived all ceremony and pushed him away.

The two ladies followed him at a safe distance through the crowd, and saw him safely step into the boat. The oars struck the water; Frank waved his cap to Clara. In a moment more a vessel at anchor hid the boat from view. They had seen the last of him on his way to the Frozen Deep!

"No Richard Wardour in the boat," said Mrs. Crayford. "No Richard Wardour on the shore. Let this be a lesson to you, my dear. Never be foolish enough to believe in presentiments again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wanted It All in the Record.

"Now, your Honor," argued the attorney in the court of Justice Brown of Santa Rosa, "I move dismissal of this case on the ground that the corpus delicti has not been established."

Judge Brown rubbed his chin a perplexed way, fixed his gaze on the ceiling for a moment and then, clearing his throat, said:

"Of course, it is an old principle of law that the orator must correspond with the alligator, and in this case I am of the belief that the corpus is all right, but I don't know about the delicti."

"Your Honor, I want that to go into the record," demanded opposing counsel. "I want the record to show that your Honor said the corpus is all right, but you do not know about the delicti."

Judge Brown realized that he had blundered, and sat staring at the attorney for a moment. Then pulling himself together he said:

"All right, let that go into the record. But you fellows knew damned well I was only joking when I said it, and that will go into the record, too." —San Francisco Post.

The Church Porch.

The New York Sun, essaying in response to a request to give the ten best short poems in the English tongue, included in the number Thackeray's poem "The Church Porch," which is certainly a pleasing production, though scarcely entitled to such high rank as claimed for it. Thackeray had real poetic gifts, but he never cultivated them; and the slender volume which contains his verse is made up in large parts of burlesque.

Half His Medicine.

"You say your doctor prescribed cycling, but where is your wheel?" "Well, you see, I feel lazy this morning, so I'm taking just half my medicine by wearing this costume." —New York Journal.

FALMAGE'S SERMON.

"RUSTICITY IN A PALACE" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Preached from the Text: Genesis, Chapter XLV, Verse 28, as Follows: "I Will Go and See Him Before I Die." —Jacob's Great Years.

JACOB had long since passed the hundred year milestone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries after, persons lived to great age, Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine, that he lived to one hundred and forty years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness stand in England swore that he remembered an event one hundred and fifty years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth, and died at one hundred and forty years. Joseph Crele, of Pennsylvania, lived one hundred and forty years. In 1857 a book was printed containing the names of thirty-seven persons who lived one hundred and forty years, and the names of eleven persons who lived one hundred and fifty years.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception, but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of one hundred and forty years in their flight having alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down over his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see farther when they are closed than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the time when beautiful Rachel, his wife, was living, and his children shook the Oriental abode with their merriment.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph, instead of being dead, is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world! The news was too sudden and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look, and his staff falls out of his hand, and he would have dropped had not the sons caught him and led him to a lounge and put cold water on his face, and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you? My dear son who has been dead so long? You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him, and the news was confirmed, the tears began their winding way down the crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready, I warrant you. He put on his best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man; and when the wagon with the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt whether we had better laugh or cry, that we do both. So Jacob kept the resolution of the text—"I will go and see him before I die."

What a strong and unfailing thing is paternal attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heath; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvest reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on; but the love of Jacob for Joseph in his text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades. Though when the little child expired the parent may not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and now they are seventy-five, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh to-day, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at seventeen years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died fifty years before, and I said to my parents: "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were

brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated.

I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be children in heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy of seventeen years of age and the man in mid-life, his forehead developed with the great business of state; but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of heaven, whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health. O, parent, as you think of the darling pouting and white in membranous croup, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God!

Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raining splendors of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the fountains and the carved pillars, and oh! how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!" I visited at the farm house of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was president of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until 11 o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the White House. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the capitol. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime minister. It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide-open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old. The parents cannot stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed; but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again. You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus of illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask how they rested last night. Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindness. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombazine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you fifty times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and at what door sill they parted with you, giving you the final good-bye. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said: "Husbands, remember what you lately were, and remember what you are, and be thankful."

By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father Jacob. Joseph did not say, "I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs, and walking over these mosaics! Then, he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where that old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that, he might get sick on my hands, and he might be querulous, and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course, he must not suffer, and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions; but I can't take a man from Padanaaram and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection, and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the emperor, and provided for all the rest of his father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living; and when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his

father's remains to the family cemetery. Would God all children were as kind to their parents.

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs; but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear, "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years and not gone yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the drug store and get something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount which they never pay! I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pallbearers. I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

I rejoice to remember that though my father lived in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of a son who had achieved a fortune. There the octogenarian sat, and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses and plenty of carriages to convey him, and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dreaming over the past; and there was not a room in the house where he was not welcome, and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him; and when life had passed, the neighbors came out and expressed all honor possible, and carried him to the village Machpelah, and put him down beside the Rachel with whom he had lived more than half a century. Share your successes with the old people. The probability is, that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune. Give them a Christian percentage of kindly consideration. Let Joseph divide with Jacob the pasture fields of Goshen and the glories of the Egyptian court.

And here I would like to sing the praises of the sisterhood who remained unmarried that they might administer to aged parents. The brutal world calls these self-sacrificing ones peculiar or angular; but if you have had as many annoyances as they have had, Xantippe would have been an angel compared with you. It is easier to take care of five rollicking, romping children than of one childish old man. Among the best women of our land are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while they were caring for their parents. While other maidens were asleep, they were soaking the old man's feet, or tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in the cotillon, they were dancing attendance upon rheumatism and spreading plasters for the lame back of the septenarian, and heating catnip tea for insomnia.

In almost every circle of our kindred there has been some queen of self-sacrifice to whom jeweled hand after jeweled hand was offered in marriage, but who stayed on the old place because of the sense of filial obligation, until the health was gone and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Brutal society may call such a one by a nickname. God calls her daughter, and heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr. A half-dozen ordinary women have not as much nobility as could be found in the smallest joint of the little finger of her left hand. Although the world has stood six thousand years, this is the first apotheosis of maidenhood, although in the long line of those who have declined marriage that they might be qualified for some especial mission are the names of Anna Ross, and Margaret Breckinridge, and Mary Shelton, and Anna Etheridge, and Georgiana Willets, the angels of the battlefields of Fair Oaks and Lookout Mountain, and Chancellorsville, and Cooper Shop Hospital; and though single life has been honored by the fact that the three grandest men of the Bible—John and Paul and Christ—were celibates.

Let the ungrateful world sneer at the maiden aunt, but God has a throne burnished for her arrival, and on one side of that throne in heaven there is a vase containing two jewels, the one brighter than the Kohinoor of London Tower, and the other larger than any diamond ever found in the districts of Golconda—the one jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it to father;" the other jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it to mother."

"Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" is the exquisite ballad of Will Carleton, who found an old woman who had been turned off by her prosperous sons; but I thank God I may find in my text, "Over the hills to the palace."

A Big Job.

Nell—I don't suppose the girl who married Jack Rappidge will ever have another idle moment as long as she lives. Belle—Why, dear! Nell—She says she married him to reform him.