[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

VE'S LABOUR WON:

AN EVENTFUL STORY.

BY JAMES GRANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF WAR," "THE BLACK WATCH," "RATHER THAN A PAGE," ETC., ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I TO III.—Melanie Talbot, daughter of an English officer who lost his life in the service of his country, is wooed by old Sir Briscoe Braybrooke, but his attentions are odious to her, as her young heart has been won by Captain Montague Lonsdale, a young and handsome officer from Calcutta. She has come on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Chillingham, during a London season, but she has, according to her aunt's idea, made the most of her opportunities, for she had refused the offer, twice made, of Sir Briscoe, and with it £20,000 a year. Her aunt is disgusted at Melanie's conduct, and returns to the home of her uncle Grimshaw, who is also anxious that she should make a brilliant marriage. Before leaving, however, she makes the acquaintance of Miss Hilda Tremaine, who boasts of a long acquaintance with Captain Lonsdale.

CHAPTERS IV. AND V.—Melanie, on her arrival at her uncle's home, is welcomed by her brothers, one of whom, Reggie, is a cripple. Amy Brandon, daughter of a living clergyman, also welcomes her. With Amy Reggie is evidently in love, but the thought of his crushed limb and his crutch makes him despair. Melanie's interview with her uncle is a bitter one, he is exasperated at her refusal of Sir Briscoe. He makes poor Melanie's life miserable, at the close of the conversation he tells her, "If within a given time you do not marry Sir Briscoe, and place your hands your brother Reggie, I will send you straight from here to a common hospital."

CHAPTER VI.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

The scarcely veiled bitter threat of her uncle's guardian, for Mr. Grimshaw was now becoming her brother Reggie, made Melanie grave and unhappy. It filled her with anxious thoughts. With her training in Birchin-lane, she felt to be a curious mixture of selfishness, and meanness, and that last-named element might prompt him to dare—would he be cruel enough to put such a threat in execution?

A servant and watchful, saw her agitation, and mistaking the cause,

"Miss Talbot takes so much pleasure here in walking, rides, water and dinner excursions, and———"

"Let me not in my way, Dick."

"Perhaps," said Dick, thinking of Captain Lonsdale.

"Mr. Grimshaw has just said something cruel to me."

"Don't think it in his nature to say what is kind," replied the boy; "I say that he did look wicked—like a—like a trapped weasel," he added, at a loss for a simile.

Meanwhile, Montague had gained a place. He had openly and honestly announced his engagement with Miss Talbot, while the baronet had made no secret as yet to ingratiate himself in her good graces, and had contented himself by ascribing his want of success to Mrs. Chillingham—which somewhat piqued Mr. Grimshaw's vanity.

Young enough as yet chiefly educated by her aunt for the sake of economy, was a country boy, as stated, in his manner, and by nature was a genuine lover of it. He knew the name, the habits of every bird, and where they dwelt, and where their eggs were to be found; he knew the trees, the wild flowers, the grasses, and where the best berries were to be found in the season; he knew the nooks in cool deep brooks and streams that overhung them; and every thing of the sweet true life in the woods was known to the happy and handsome boy, who, though his pockets were the mints of coppers, yet had no peer, would lie for hours on his back with Bingo for a companion, gazing at the flying clouds, in the shapes of castles fashioned all sorts of things, at the leaves overhead, and listening to the wind that sang, as music, in them.

Lingering thus, in the woods and fields for hours, and yet know not the time, though surly Uncle Grimshaw at the same age had been an apprentice in the city, asserted that he was the making of a gipsy—only a gipsy he had passed at Rose Cottage, where Melanie had not received a letter from Montague Lonsdale, who, she thought, must have written to her old admirer, she and her friend Amy, and Dick, set off for a quiet little ramble in the woods—a favourite resort of Dick, who was strong and sturdy for his years, alternately pushing and pulling the wheel-chair occupied by Amy, and the basket containing the luncheon, sherry, tea-set, and delicacies for their simple entertainment.

The afternoon—which was to bring more than the now merry quartette have anticipated—was hot; so hot that the wayside flowers lowered their thirsty petals beneath the rays of the cloudless sun as they streamed on them from a sky, blue and cloudless, while the dusty roads, the hedges and trees seemed to quiver and vibrate in the light.

Young Dick, who had already made himself master of all the new locality, discovered a cool, shaded and seemingly dry spot of grass that grew upon the margin of a perfectly unfrequented stream, where the rays of the sun failed to pierce, so thick were the interwoven branches of the oaks and elms overhead. The banks of the narrow way rose in grassy banks, studded with wild flowers, huge yellow-eyed daisies, while trailed marguerites, the bindweed and convolvulus, mingling with the meadow-sweet, and overhung by bushy hedges that seemed to have known the woodman's

Long and decayed gate barred further entrance into a deep and silent thicket beyond. A little rumel of clear water ran under the long leaved trees that grew thereby. It seemed just the place whereon to pitch their little tent, to light a fire to boil their little kettle, though a large white board, painted, standing vividly out amid the greenery, and nailed to a beech, in black letters, the ominous warning:

"This path. Trespassers in these woods will be prosecuted. All dogs found within enclosure will be shot."

"We are trespassers in this wild place," asked Amy Brendon, gazing upon the board.

"People such as us, of course," said Dick.

"Unpleasant notice," remarked Melanie, in the act of drawing the gloves off her white and slender hands.

"Oh, don't mind it, we are on the right side of that old gate yet," said Reginald Talbot.

"The keeper and proprietor are a couple of surly old beasts—Argus and Cerberus combined—regular cads!" said Dick, viciously, as he had already "come to grief," with them in his rambles.

"The cad is a man of title," said his brother.

"What of that? Even a king may be a cad," said Dick.

"And what is the name?" asked Melanie.

"Sir Brisco Braybrooke."

Melanie felt herself grow pale, while her heart palpitated, but not with pleasure certainly.

"And are these Ravensbourne woods?" she asked, after a pause.

"Yes."

"Heavens! Is our—is Rose Cottage so close to them?"

"Yes—a hedge only divides our lands from those of the aggressive baronet," said Dick, grandiously, as he deposited an armful of dry sticks, and proceeded to light a fire, deftly arranging a couple of stones whereon to poise the kettle, with a skill that Reginald said reminded him of his shipmates up the Nile; but ere Melanie could speak again, and while Amy, with busy little hands, was unpacking the luncheon basket and arranging the teacups—

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed Dick, as a sharp, vigorous, and joyous barking announced an accession to this party, and, as if defying the warning on the board, his terrier Bingo came dashing obstreperously down the lane towards them, and having secretly followed their footsteps through the woods, was driving before him in mad career to the holes in a bank, a couple of white tailed rabbits.

Now, Bingo was a faithful, bob-tailed and sagacious, but eccentric specimen of his breed, who accompanied Dick in all his botanical, ornithological and piscatorial rambles; and his presence on the confines of Ravensbourne woods was not desirable now, being dangerous, personally, to himself, as any moment might find him "covered" by the gun of that "old beast," the keeper, as Dick called him. Not many days before this, poor Bingo had come limping home, with part of a charge of No. 5 shot in his off hind leg, given him by the keeper in question, who resented his coming in quest of the rabbits and hares; hence, Dick's heart was full of vengeance against this long-gaitered official.

So busy were the two girls with their culinary operations, and so busy, too, was Dick in making his dog fast with a piece of cord to a wheel of Reggie's bath-chair, that none of the party perceived two gentlemen who had approached them unseen. Both were clad in light tweed suits, with caps to correspond. Each had a cigar in his mouth, and with their arms resting on the top of the low gate referred to, they were watching the group, one with the deepest interest and the other with something of amusement.

An exclamation escaped Amy, and then Melanie looked up.

"Montague—Captain Lonsdale—you here!" said she, in a low and startled voice.

"Lonsdale, by jingo!" cried Dick, with unmixed satisfaction.

"Mel—Miss Talbot—I did not know that Sir Brisco's residence was so near yours when I came here a couple of days ago, with my friend Musgrave—allow me to introduce him," said Lonsdale, unlatching the gate, and lifting his cap as he advanced.

Melsine's too evident confusion was now covered by Dick, whose terrier had got loose in a thicket, whence a shrill squeak was instantly heard.

"Oh, Melanie!" he exclaimed in consternation, "Bingo has pinned a rabbit or something, d—n it!"

"Dick!" she said, reprovingly.

"Well—what's the row?" asked Dick, tartly.

"The devil will get you if you use such words."

"Then he had better begin with Captain Lonsdale."

"Why?"

"I heard him say the same thing."

"When?"

"The last time he left Uncle Grimshaw," replied Dick, as in terror of the keeper he plunged into the thicket and quickly emerged therefrom, carrying a dead hare by the ear, while Bingo trotted in triumph behind him.

"I must hide this somewhere, or that beast of a baronet will be down on Bingo for poaching," said Dick, as he produced another piece of cord from that emporium, his trousers pocket, wherewith Reggie "hitched" the terrier, as he nautically termed it, securely to a wheel of his bath-chair.

And now to describe Montague Lonsdale, who courteously and warmly greeted the little party.

With close-shorn hair of the darkest brown, and eyes that were splendid, of a hazel so deep that they looked quite black at times, a fine, clearly cut, and slightly aquiline profile, a figure above the ordinary height and well set up, he looked the stereotyped style of a genuine English gentleman, "with his white hands and well-bred tranquility, hard, but polished as fine steel," to use the words of a recent writer; and with the expression in his features of one who had faced and overcome much in his time, though few would have thought so, from the serenity of his manner and the composure of his bearing, the result of habit, training, and society; and singling him out from among the many who admired and hovered around her, during her brief glimpse of life in London, Melanie had soon learned to love him; he was so gentle, and withal seemed to possess "that mingling of force and tenderness, with a reserve of both," which, we are told, "is most enthralling to womenkind."

While introductions and commonplaces were being exchanged between his friend, Horace Musgrave, of the Hussars, Miss Brendon and Reginald, the unfortunate tenant of the wheel-chair, he continued, in a low voice:

"I am on a visit to Horace's uncle, Sir Brisco Baybrooke, who took quite a fancy to me at his club. When I left town with them so abruptly I little thought that I was to have the joy of being so near you and your new home, darling; but I fear that I shall not be very welcome there."

"To Uncle Grinshaw—I fear not," murmured Melanie, as her dark eyes of grey-blue clouded for a moment, as she felt herself on the eve of troublesome and vexatious complications.

Under approaching footsteps, dry branches and fir cones were heard to crackle, and down the wooded path to the gate came a tall, stout figure in a rough grey Norfolk shooting jacket, long brown leather gaiters, a briar-root between his white-moustached lips, a wide-a-wake, garnished with hooks, flies and lines, and an expression of surprise twinkling in his eyes, under their shaggy grey brows.

"Oh, the devil—the baronet!" exclaimed Dick, scurrying about to conceal the hare under some long grass.

"My friend, Sir Brisco Braybrooke," said Montague Lonsdale; "Miss Talbot——"

"And I are old friends," said Sir Brisco, putting his pipe in his pocket, and ceremoniously lifting his old wide-a-wake, as he took her hand and retained it in his a trifle longer than courtesy required; and Melanie now found herself face to face with her accepted lover and the man she had refused. "What is this," asked the latter; "afternoon tea—al fresco? We are in luck, Lonsdale. Do you live in this neighbornood, Miss Talbot?"

"At Rose Cottage—yes."

"I heard that it had been lately let, but knew not to whom. This is a most unexpected pleasure!"

To Melanie it certainly was not.

"I fear we are trespassing," said she, at a loss for a remark.

"Trespassing—how can you say so?"

"This is jolly!" thought Dick; "I shall have the run of the woods and moor. He is not half a bad sort, this old baronet," he added aside to Lonsdale, who said:

"I have not forgotten my promise—you shall have that gun."

"And may I shoot here?" exclaimed Dick.

"When I give you permission—but not to have dogs in the covers," said Sir Briscoe.

What else could he say, with Melsnie's soft eyes upon him? The baronet was a strict preserver of his game, and had been for years the terror of any poacher in Oxfordshire; he had succeeded in impressing on all—his neighbours particularly—that he held his shootings for his own delectation, and had ordered his keepers to be merciless to all the wandering dogs—hence the charge of shot that had sent Bingo limping home.

"Meantime will you give us some tea?" said Sir Brisco, laughing as he saw the kettle was boiling vigorously now, under the superintendence of Amy Brendon and the Hussar, who was professing to assist her, while Dick acted efficiently as "stoker," in procuring dry branches for the fire.

The addition of these to the party, when cups and saucers had been provided for only four, caused much merriment, and took the "edge" off any awkwardness that might have been felt by Melanie and Sir Brisco, of whose secret—if secret it could be called—Lonsdale was as yet ignorant.

Melanie remembered the half-uttered hints of Miss Tremayne, and when Sir Brisco was lingering near her elder brother's chair, and talking to him in a kindly and sympathetic manner, she could not help asking her dance if he knew tha young lady.

"Know Hilda Tremayne? Of course I do," said he, laughing. "Half the fellows in the service know Hilda. I knew her in India."

"I met her at Chillington, and she spoke much of you."

"Flattering. She used my Christian name, I have no doubt."

"Quite appropriated you, in fact."

"Girls of Hilda Tremayne's kind adopt that style. She is now on a visit not far from here."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, she is at Oxford, with her uncle there, a professor at Trinity."

He knew of this. How and when did he come to know it? was Melanie's suspicious thought. She disdained to inquire; yet the circumstance, or fact, though openly acknowledged, annoyed and piqued her, for Miss Tremayne enjoyed the reputation of being dangerous.

Though apparently occupied with Reginald Talbot, when Sir Brisco saw Melanie with the young officer, though he knew nothing of their engagement, or had the faintest suspicion that they were more than ordinary acquaintances, he felt a little, but irrepressible emotion of envy and chagrin, as he thought of the gulf his own sixty years and more opened between himself and her.

It is Emerson who says that if we did not find the reflection of ourselves in the eyes of young people, we could not know, perhaps, that the century clock had struck seventy instead of twenty. Thus, though Sir Brisco felt himself old, especially by comparison, he was by no means disposed to flinch from the task—if task it was—of winning Melanie, who just then looked so charming in a well fitted light summer dress, which, being without shawl or jacket, displayed the outline of her shapely bust and shoulders; her hair, of the richest brown, shaded by a most piquante hat, while her long gloves being off, revealed the whiteness of her slender hands and tapering arms.

Considering what had passed between them before at the lawn-tennis party and elsewhere, there was something decidedly awkward in their meeting again, under any circumstances. Both felt this, but Melanie had all a woman's delicacy and tact, and the baronet's mature years enabled him to control his features and emotions better than a younger man might have done, and this imparted a certain coolness and confidence to the bearing of Melanie.

"So you have quite forgiven us for trespassing, notwithstanding that terrible board, with its threats about prosecution and being shot?" she said, with a playful laugh.

"You have the right to roam over and use at your pleasure every acre of Ravensbourne Hall," said he, gallantly.

"Thanks."

"Yes," he continued, in a low voice, "as Janins says—after all, the right divine of beauty is the only one a Briton ought to acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist."

Melanie laughed again—as she sipped her tea—but less easily; his compliments and love making were always old-fashioned, too direct, and somewhat on stilts.

And now, the Hussar having contrived to appropriate Amy Brendon, the poor occupant of the Bath-chair was left for a little time to himself.

Horace Musgrave was slender, straight, and certainly rather distinguished-looking, with a decided light cavalry air about him. In face he was regular-featured, deeply bronzed by the Egyptian sun, close-shaven, with a heavy, dark mustache shading a well cut mouth. Moreover, he had earnest, honest and handsome eyes, with not an atom of the fashionable and cultivated air of boredom, so often affected by the blase English "softy." Horace was too genuine a soldier for that, and contrived within a short space to say some very pleasing things to little Amy, occasioning a momentary lifting of her soft eyes of hazel-grey, which filled him with a natural desire to see them again; but now she dropped them, busy, apparently, with a bouquet at her breast.

"I do so love flowers," said she.

"What, or which, particularly?" he asked.

"Rosebuds and lilies of the valley."

Amy Brendon was seldom called beautiful, but there was a calm sweetness in her expressive face; and all who knew her loved her for the gentleness of her disposition, the goodness of her heart and the charm of her manner. Reginald Talbot doted on her, and more than doted, as we have indicated; he was so lonely and helpless, she so kind, gentle and sisterly, and, like Melanie, sympathized with all his serious thoughts and disappointed aspirations, and this helped him to endure an existence, of the hopeless monotony of which he was often well nigh weary.

Musgrave regarded her admiringly. She was graceful with a natural grace—having in every action of her petite figure the bearing and movement which are inborn and cannot be acquired, and which are really a combination of freedom and propriety—innocence and softness of disposition.

"Poor Reggie!" thought she suddenly, while attracted by an almost reproachful expression in his eyes, she again drew near him, followed by Musgrave, who held out a hand, and said abruptly and with a light smile:

"Don't you remember me?"

"Musgrave of the Hussars—of course, I do, now," said Reggie.

"And you—you are the Lieutenant of the Ibis gunboat."

"Whose life you saved at MacNeil's Zereba."

"Yes—a devil of a bit of mismanagement that; I wonder thta one of us left the place alive. Well—the world is a small place after all!" added Musgrave, as they shook hands, and a bright expression spread over the usually grave face of the invalid.

"Have a cigar," continued the Hussar, proffering a handsome silver case; "we are al fresco—the ladies cannot object. You'll know the brand—I get them straight from Havannah."

"Thanks—I was in the zereba, with the Naval Brigade," said young Talbot, sadly.

"And what occurred?" asked Sir Brisco.

"When the square was forced and the few mounted vedettes burst through it for shelter, there rolled behind them a human tide of yelling, howling and ferocious Arabs—a black mass, picked out here and there by their flashing weapons, accompanied by a strange sound, the crackling of the branches and brushwood through which they rushed upon us. Then came the wild stampede of baggage animals—horses, camels and mules. I was at the edge of the square, and many others were borne to the ground, while over us swept the Arabs, hewing like fiends or madmen, right and left; with their long cross-hilted swords, slashing at camels and men alike in that gery shamble, from which there went up a shout of agony and despair that might make a man wake in his sleep for years to come, and which I hope may haunt the useless bodies to whom we owed it all," continued Reginald, his eyes sparkling as he recalled that terrible scene. "The Arabs were among us and over us like wild-fire, hamstringing the baggage animals right and left—it was a mighty wave of kicking, biting and plunging brutes, amid the dying and the dead, struggling to escape. A camel was killed over me, and lying there helpless without a wound, I must have been butchered by the Arabs, had not Musgrave, whose horse was killed under him, rushed up, cut a passage through the press with his sword, and borne me into the Berkshire zereba, where the soldiers, taken by surprise, were fighting back to back in their shirt sleeves; and but for Musgrave I must have perished, for I was doubly helpless, my sword blade having been broken in my hand, in the first of the Arab rush."

"What a scene it must have been!" exclaimed Sir Brisco.

"Pandemonium broken loose would be a joke compared to it," said Musgrave, laughing.

"How shall I—how shall we even be able to thank you?" asked Melanie, as she laid her hands on Musgrave's arm, while looking at him with inexpressible sweetness in her eyes. "Reggie never told us of this terrible episode till now."

"He is a modest man, you see," replied Musgrave, smiling down at the speaker.

"I was very different then, Musgrave, from what I am now," said Talbot, somewhat mournfully.

"I heard of your case, and your being invalided home; but you will get over all this, old fellow, I hope."

"Never—never!" replied Reggie, and he shook his head sadly—so sadly that Melanie felt her heart wrung for him, and announced that now they must return home.

"Have I your permission to call at Rose Cottage?" asked Sir Brisco, in a low voice, and with diffidence and hesitation.

"I am at home in the afternoon, generally," replied Melanie, growing somewhat pale with annoyance, as she foresaw all that permission might include; "but," she added, "my uncle is in town just now."

"When he returns, then, I shall leave a card—we are neighbors, you know—though you deem me but a mere acquaintance—after all," he added in a lower tone, which made her grow paler still, while her eyes drooped.

"Come with Captain Lonsdale, he knows Uncle Grimshaw," said Melanie, feeling a little desperate. "And Reggie will, I am sure, always be glad to see you," she added to Musgrave; "You will have so much in common to talk about."

A covert glance full of sweetest meaning, was exchanged (unseen by others) between Melanie and Montague Lonsdale, and the parties separated, where the narrow wooded pathway joined the high road, the Hussar dragging the wheel chair of Reggie, Dick shoving behind, the Bingo in an ecstacy of barking by his side. To the Royal Hussar, there was certainly a novelty in this new work; but it had in it that which some one describes as "the delightful sense of doing or playing at something, which survives with most people from their childhood, and the indulgence whereof, seems, for a time, to bring that childhood back, with its inconsequence, enjoyment and free happiness." And when Uncle Grimshaw did return, he heard of the rencontre with pleasure, and rubbed his hands in the exuberance of his satisfaction. But to Melanie, the joy that Lonsdale was so near her, was overclouded by the knowledge of whose guest he was there.

[To Be Continued Next Week.]

INTER-STATE COMMERCE BILL.

Senator Cullom Says it May be Modified in Some Particulars.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 27.—Senator Cullom is in the city. He refuses to talk politics, but said in reference to his inter-state commerce bill: "Under the law the inter-state commission is charged with the duty of reporting suggestions and amendments to the act to the secretary of the interior, who will then report them to Congress. I anticipate that certain amendments will be suggested, as the practical working of the law has shown it to possess a few minor defects that was to be expected, as no matter how perfect a theory may be the moment it is put into practice there are certain to be some it will hurt. Now, the other day I had a talk with one of the biggest carriage and wagon men in the country, and he was very bitter against the bill because it shut off free passes. He said before the bill became a law railways furnished him blank passes, and when any of his customers wanted to come to Chicago all he had to do was to fill out a pass and the thing was settled. I replied to him that it was one of the beneficial features of the bill, as under the old system he was given an advantage over small fellows in his business they could not stand up against, and that eventually they would be crushed out and he would derive a benefit at their expense. Where the bill hurts it is objectionable, but, on the other hand, there are thousands who are benefited now. I think we will always have a bill of the kind on our book, but look for modification as circumstances require. Inter-state legislation has come to stay.

The Girls Know How to Get Along.

Chicago Journal.

Commenting on the growing disinclination toward matrimony among young society men an eastern writer says that the serious problem, "What shall we do with our girls?" has been forced on the attention of many parents. Well, the girls are solving the problem pretty fast by learning how to take care of themselves without the help of the young society men. The American girl has no idea of being a "dead-head."

HOME.

Woman Reigns a Queen in a Realm Limitless, She Rules the Nations of the World.

The Vote of the Christian Man Nullified by the Vote of the Sot and the Libertine.

Man Not Superior to Woman in Intellect nor Woman to Man in Affection—Woman's Opportunity.

Special to the Gazette.

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 28.—"Woman's Opportunity" was the subject of discourse by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., to day, and his text: "So God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him: male and female created He them."—Gen. i, 27. Following is the sermon in full:

In other words, God—who can make no mistake—made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres; man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the

EMPIRE MASCULINE

and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection: but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne the Scotchman, and John Summerfield the Methodist, and Henry Martin the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is that if a

WOMAN WANTS TO VOTE

she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with anyone's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brownthrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

There are women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote, nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you this morning that the best rights that women can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high, that all the thrones of

EARTH PILED ON TOP

of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the congressional assemblage and the legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christain mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station, who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christain man, come up to the ballot box and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine, or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christain demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety then is, not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. This morning I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home

AT NOON OR AT NIGHT,

and they tarry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up; prices down; losses, gains, misrepresentations, gougings, underselling, buyers depreciating, salesmen exaggerating, tenants seeking less rent, landlords demanding more, gold fidgetty, struggles about office, men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in; slips, tumbles, defalcations, panics, catastrophes. O woman! thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholster's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two-stories; four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighbood; and yet there is a man here this morning who would die on that threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under whose shelter their father rested and their mother sang, and their sister played. O, if you would gather up all

TENDER MEMORIES,

all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth, and length and breath of magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, HOME.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen of such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with inflamed flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bounds. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema, but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinningwheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which

SHE TOILED FOR YOU

so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—O, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of godlessness, and fashion, and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus! Going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested of the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.

O woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? O, give to God your heart; give to God your best energies; give to God

ALL YOUR CULTURE;

give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordon, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah! no. Jesus will come in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave of His hand, and midnight shall break into midnoon; and another wave of his hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed, and heaven-gilanted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics—although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than

ITALIAN SOFTNESS

filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When will they put on working-man's garb again, and delve in the mine, and swelter at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the sut , and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found

MANSIONS OF AMBER,

and ivory, and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree and said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here!" and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

Queer Use for the Darlings.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

A farmer named August Pirch, who lives near Garvanzo, is the happy possessor of a dozen fine, healthy children. These youngsters grow fast, eat three or four hearty meals a day, and the way they wear out clothes is enough to make a woolen factory think a cyclone had struck it. Mr. Pirch has been in hot water with his little fishes for years, and was about to give up in despair, when a bright idea struck him. He had a tract of land that could not be used for the want of water. But how to irrigate the land without spending a large sum of money was a mystery. A ditch would cost thousands of dollars, but corner lots have not been so plentiful in the Pirch family as the happy father could have wished, and his bank book showed a balance of a few hundred dollars instead of thousands. He figured on the cost of a well and found that he could stand a sixty foot well, a cheap pump and one of those great big family swings which are noticed at pleasure gardens and German picnic grounds. The well was bored, the pump set up and the swing was put in working order.

"Here, you little rascals," said the elder Pirch to his little fishes, "come out here and get in this swing. I'm going to give you something to play with." In five minutes the children were flying back and forth through the air. The pump worked up and down, making a merry tune, and a fourteen-inch stream of water flowed from the well. The children don't know that they are working, as the swing is some distance from the well, and is connected by an iron rod which works the pump as the swing vibrates back and forth. Mr. Pirch is positive that the youngsters will pump enough water during the day to irrigate a large tract of land.

A man at Creek Settlement, Mich., not long ago held the wires of his telephone line in his hands and had his sister, a couple of miles away, talk through his body to a third party on the other end of the wire. The result was a pleasant tingling shock in his fingers and arms. An intrepid neighbor who heard about it also tried the experiment, his mother-in-law doing the talking, and she was torn to atoms.

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