

Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"You don't seem altogether happy in here," a cheery voice calls out at this moment, as Shell's somewhat mocking face appears at the open window.

"Happy!" cries Ruby derisively. "Would you feel happy caged up with a couple of young bears? The children have been behaving shamefully."

"Have they?" returns Shell in a tone which denotes doubt, as she steps in over the low window ledge, and gently begins to stroke Meg's hair, which has become disheveled through her various emotions.

The child nestles up against her side, clasping her skirts firmly, as if for protection, while Bob indulges in a vigorous welcoming nod, for he knows he is not allowed to speak.

"Yes, they have given me quite a headache," pursues Ruby, pressing her hand to her brow. "I shall be fit for nothing the rest of the day if I can't get rid of it. I wish you would hear the children read for me."

"Why should I?" answers Shell bluntly. "As you know, I disapprove of their coming here; and I told you from the first to expect no help from me!"

Shell speaks in French, that the children may not understand; but Meg guesses with the quick instinct of childhood that she is refusing to take charge of them.

"You hear me read, Sell?" she lings with a look of almost piteous entreaty on her baby face. "Me will be good."

Shell looks down for a moment with unrelenting eyes—then she catches Meg up in her strong young arms, gives her a resounding kiss, and turning to Ruby, says—

"All right—if you are tired I don't mind looking after them till they are fetched—only I don't profess to be a good hand at teaching."

"I wish you wouldn't be so rough with them," says Ruby, rising from her chair with a sigh of intense relief.

"Now us is happy!" cries Bob, sliding down from his chair and stretching his small arms with delight as Ruby disappears.

"But us must go on with our lessons," says Shell gravely.

"All right," acquiesces Bob, as he begins to hunt for their reading book. "You sit down in the big chair and have Meg on your lap, like you did last time; and I can stand beside you."

"My dear children, isn't it rather hot for that kind of arrangement?" expostulates Shell, as Meg springs into her arms, whilst Bob installs himself with his arm around her neck.

But the children only know that they love her, and want to be as near her as possible; any such minor consideration as the state of the thermometer is a matter of supreme indifference to their inexperienced and consequently selfish little minds.

"That evening, as luck will have it, when the children come in to dessert, their father begins to question them as to their conduct."

"I hope you were both very good children this morning?" he says, helping each to a plentiful supply of strawberries.

"No, pa—us wasn't berry good," falters Meg, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks.

"Dear me—that is very sad, Meg!" says Robert Champey, with a laughing glance across the table at Ted. "How did you misbehave yourselves?"

"I didn't know tree times four," replies Meg, looking deeply abashed.

"That was extremely wicked of you," says her father smiling.

"And, now that Meg has made an open confession of her sins, we must hear your enormities, Mr. Bobby," laughs his uncle. "How did you offend Miss Wilden?"

Bob heaves a profound sigh. "I did somethink dreadful," he says in a low ashamed voice.

"Something dreadful?" repeats Ted, looking intensely amused. "Come—out with it."

"Papa, dear, don't be angry wid Bob—he didn't know," interposes Meg, suddenly, laying hold of her father's arm and hugging it vigorously.

"Dear me, this is getting alarming! What did you do, Bob?" asks Mr. Champey with real interest.

Bob takes a kind of gulp to swallow down his fear—and then he says in an awestruck voice—

you, and if I hear of your being rude again I shall punish you."

CHAPTER V.

This threat from his usually indulgent father has such a depressing effect on Bob's spirits that he makes up his mind to eschew temptation for the future.

"Miss Wilden won't love you if you don't behave like a gentleman," continues the father severely, as an appropriate ending to his reprimand.

"Us don't love Miss Wilden," her interrupts Meg with great dignity—"she is a nasty cross old ting."

"Nonsense, Meg!" says her father, placing his hand under her chin and smiling down into her eyes. "If you don't love Miss Wilden, I am afraid you must be a hardened little wretch, for—with a dreary sigh—"alas, she is only too devoted to you!"

Meg shakes her head in an uncomprehending way, and repeats, with a determined little pout—

"Us don't like her—us loves Sell." "Yes, us loves dear Shell," chimes in Bob eagerly. "She tells us lovely stories."

"My dear misguided children, your affection for Miss Shell is decidedly misplaced," here interrupts their uncle, returning from his post at the window. "She doesn't like boys and girls at all."

"Not like little boys and derls?" repeats Meg, quite taken aback by such an extraordinary statement.

"No, indeed—in fact she gave me to understand that she almost hated them," repeats Ted, much amused at the children's look of horror. "So I strongly advise you not to waste your young affections on such an unresponsive object."

The warning, being clothed in words beyond their understanding, makes no impression on the children's minds, but their strong preference for the younger sister strikes their father forcibly, and he catches himself murmuring more than once in a wondering tone—"Us loves Shell; us loves dear Shell!"

After that it often happens that Ruby, under some trifling pretext or other, shifts the burden of her self-imposed task on to Shell's young shoulders—she has a headache, or is busy, or has letters to write; and then Shell, taking pity on the poor children—who are sure to have a rough time of it if Ruby is disinclined for them—devotes her morning to their instruction and amusement.

She bribes them to be good at their lessons by the promise of a romp in the grounds when their task is completed; and so it happens that Robert Champey, chancing to drive over himself to fetch them one late June morning, comes upon an unexpected and to him a charming sight.

On a moss-grown mound at the front of a copper-beech sits Shell in a dark print gown, with her bright hair coiled around and around with daisy-chains, which the children's busy fingers have been weaving, whilst she tells them a wonderful tale from Fairyland.

So engrossed are all three that they do not become aware of the intruder's approach until he has descended from the trap and walked quietly to within a few paces of their resting place; then a shout of "Papa, papa!" from Meg rouses them all from their ideal world to a realistic one.

Shell starts from her lowly seat, crimson to the very roots of her hair, and puts on as forbidding a look as she can well assume.

"Oh, pa, it is so jolly; you come and listen, too!" cries Bob, eager that his father should participate in their enjoyment. "The princess is shut up in a dark room, because her wicked god-mother won't allow her ever to see the sunshine, and the prince is keeping guard outside her tower with a carriage and six, to carry her away to an island blazing with light if he gets the chance."

"Rather trying for her eyes, won't it be?" I should be inclined to recommend her a pair of spectacles till she gets used to the glare," laughs Robert Champey as he shakes hands with Shell.

But Shell has become fossilized. She shakes hands limply, puts on a stolid conventional expression, and, drawing her small figure up to its fullest height, tries to look exceedingly dignified. Her efforts are somewhat marred by the daisies so profusely twisted around her head; but, as she is happily forgetful of their presence, they do not trouble her.

"Sell, dear, she didn't have blue spectacles, did she?" cries Meg, shocked at such a very unromantic suggestion.

"I don't know, I am sure," responds Shell in a tone of cold indifference.

"But so does know," cries Meg, waxing impatient, and shaking Shell's skirts in her anxiety to have the doubt settled.

"I am afraid my children are wearying you, Miss Shell," says their father rather stiffly. "But I have just come over to carry them away."

"I find the easiest way to keep them quiet is to tell them stories," says Shell bluntly and ungraciously.

"I am very sorry that you should be put to so much trouble, particularly as you dislike children," remarks Mr. Champey, with a curious and rather

satirical glance at her flower-decked head.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" answers Shell condescendingly.

"Now then, young monkeys—if you are ready we may as well start," he says, pointing to the trap which is waiting in the avenue. "I am going to take you for a drive right around by the sea."

"Take Sell too, pa," pleads Meg, catching her father's hand and fairly jumping with delight.

"With pleasure, if she will only consent to go," is his ready answer, whilst he darts an amused glance at the girl's flushed vexed face.

"No, thanks—I hate driving," responds Shell curtly.

"You seem to have a great many de-stinations, Miss Shell," says the gentleman sarcastically.

"I have," is Shell's laconic answer.

"Well, then, since we can't persuade you to accompany us, we may as well start. Come children!"—and, making no effort to shake hands, he raises his hat politely.

A latent fear that she has been inhospitable assails Shell.

"Won't you go up to the house?" she asks almost eagerly.

"No, thank you—since I have been fortunate enough to meet with the children here. Good morning."

"Good morning," answers Shell stiffly, and quite ignoring the two little faces that are turned up to her for a good-bye kiss.

"Papa, is us naughty?" asks Meg as she trots over to the trap beside her father.

"I hope not. Why?" he demands absently.

"Cause Shell didn't kiss us," answers Meg in a wondering tone.

"Kiss you!" repeats her father, laughing. "She looked far more likely to bite."

But, all the same, as he makes the assertion a memory of Shell as he first came to her, with sparkling eyes and smiling lips, and the two children kneeling beside her, rises before his mental vision.

"Well, have you got rid of those little torments?" asks Ruby languidly, looking up from her book as Shell enters the room.

"Their father has just come for them," answers Shell shortly.

"Their father—oh, where is he?" cries Ruby, starting from her chair.

"I want to consult him about Bob's writing; and I must speak about the nurse; I am afraid she is not very careful—Meg's hands were quite dirty this morning. Where is he—where did you leave him?"

"He is down by the sea; I didn't leave him—he left me," answers Shell drily.

"Why did no one tell me he was here?" asks Ruby angrily.

"He didn't come to the house; I was in the drive with the children, and he picked them up there."

"How very strange! But it is all your fault, taking them out the foolish way you do. I suppose you were romping like a tom-boy when he came."

"I was telling them stories," says Ruby, with such an obviously scornful sneer that Shell instinctively glances across the room at her reflection in the mirror, then for the first time becoming aware of her profuse decorations. With a sudden access of wrath she tears the daisies from her hair, whilst tears of mortification rise to her eyes.

"I wouldn't have had him see me so for a hundred pounds," she says angrily.

"What nonsense! I don't suppose that he even noticed them," observes Ruby with cutting scorn.

"Ah, perhaps not!" murmurs Shell with a sigh of relief; and yet, thinking it over, she remembers clearly that twice or three times during their short interview she noticed an amused smile flicker over his face.

(To be Continued.)

LENGTH OF MEXICAN WAR.

Continued for Two Years Before Peace Was Declared.

The Mexican war is the best example and instruction in the time it takes to fight small wars. That took two years, and the present war is moving at express speed by its side, as might be expected after fifty-two years. Hostilities began March 18, 1846. General Mejia at Matamoros called out the Mexican troops. A month later, April 26, 1846, General Taylor called for 5,000 militia. A fortnight later, May 13, congress officially recognized the war and called for volunteers. Mexico declared war May 23, 1846. Mexico had no feet and no army on the frontier, except some deulatory levies. Monterey was not taken until four months later, Sept. 28, and Buena Vista was not fought until eight months after the war began, Feb. 22, 1847. After nearly one year of hostilities, in which our forces had been drilled and disciplined in camp and by months of campaigning, Gen. Scott called for Mexico and captured Vera Cruz, ten months after hostilities began—March 29, 1847. It took four and one-half months, to Sept. 14, 1847, before the City of Mexico was taken, sixteen months after hostilities opened. Peace only came in two years, in June, 1848. Yet the Mexican war is quoted as a great case of quick work in fighting.—Philadelphia Press.

What's in a Name? Letters: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlldanillioogoch appears in the British postoffice guide as the name of a post and telegraph office in the Island of Anglesey. It is said to mean, "The Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to the rapid whirlpool and to St. Ddillo's church near to a red cave."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WHERE WE CAME FROM" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT

Text, I. Timothy 6:20: "O Timothy, Keep That Which is Committed to Thy Trust, Avoiding Oppositions of Science Falsely So Called."

There is no contest between genuine science and revelation. The same God who by the hand of the prophet wrote on parchment, by the hand of the storm wrote on the rock. The best telescopes and microscopes and electric batteries and philosophical apparatus belong to Christian universities. Who gave us magnetic telegraphy? Professor Morse, a Christian. Who swung the lightning under the sea, cabling the continents together? Cyrus W. Field, the Christian. Who discovered the anæsthetic properties of chloroform, doing more for the relief of human pain than all the five hundred that ever lived, driving back nine-tenths of the horrors of surgery? James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, an eminent forerunner for science; on week days in the university lecturing on profound scientific subjects, and on Sabbaths preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the masses of Edinburgh. I saw the universities of that city draped in mourning for his death, and I heard his eulogy pronounced by the destitute populations of the Cowgate. Science and revelation are the bass and soprano of the same tune. The whole world will yet acknowledge the complete harmony. But between what my text describes as science falsely so-called, and revelation, there is an uncompromising war, and one or the other must go under.

At the present time the air is filled with social and platform and pulpit talk about evolution, and it is high time that the people who have not time to make investigation for themselves understand that evolution in the first place, is up and down, out-and-out infidelity; in the second place it is contrary to the facts of science, and in the third place, that it is brutalizing in its tendencies. I do not argue that this is a genuine book, I do not say that the Bible is worthy of any kind of credence—those are subjects for other Sabbaths—but I want you to understand that Thomas Paine and Hume and Voltaire no more thoroughly disbelieved the Holy Scriptures than do all the leading scientists who believe in evolution. And when I say scientists, of course, I do not mean literary men or theologians who in essay or in sermon, and without giving their life to scientific investigation look at the subject on this side or that. By scientists I mean those who have a specialty in that direction and who through zoological garden and aquarium and astronomical observatory, give their life to the study of the physical earth its plants and its animals, and the regions beyond so far as optical instruments have explored them.

I put upon the witness stand living and dead the leading evolutionists—Ernst Hæckel, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer. On the witness stand, ye men of science, living and dead, answer these questions: Do you believe the Holy Scriptures? No. And so they say all. Do you believe the Bible story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? No. And so they say all. Do you believe the miracles of the Old and New Testament? No. And so they say all. Do you believe that Jesus Christ died to save the nations? No. And so they say all. Do you believe in the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost? No. And so they say all. Do you believe that human supplication directed heavenward ever makes any difference? No. And so they say all.

Herbert Spencer, in the only address he made in this country, in his very first sentence ascribes his physical ailments to fate, and the authorized report of that address begins the word fate with a big "F." Professor Hæckel, in the very first page of his two great volumes sneers at the Bible as so-called revelation. Tyndall in his famous prayer test, defied the whole of Christendom to show that human supplication made any difference in the result of things. John Stuart Mill wrote elaborately against Christianity, and to show that his rejection of it was complete, ordered this epitaph for his tombstone: "Most unhappy." Huxley said that at the first reading of Darwin's book he was convinced of the fact that teleology had received its death blow at the hand of Mr. Darwin. All the leading scientists who believe in evolution, without one exception the world over, are infidel. I say nothing against infidelity, mind you. I only wish to define the belief and the meaning of the rejection.

Agassiz says: "The manner in which the evolution theory in zoology is treated would lead those who are not special zoologists to suppose that observations have been made by which it can be inferred that there is in nature such a thing as change among organized beings actually taking place. There is no such thing on record. It is shifting the ground of observation from one field of observation to another to make this statement, and when the assertions go so far as to exclude from the domain of science those who will not be dragged into this mire of mere assertion then it is time to protest."

With equal vehemence against the doctrine of evolution Hugh Miller, Faraday, Brewster, Dana, Dawson and hundreds of scientists in this country and other countries have made protest. I know that the few men who have adopted the theory make more noise than the thousands who have rejected it. The *Bothnia* of the Cunard line took five hundred passengers safely from New York to Liverpool. Not one of the five hundred made any excitement. But after we had been four

days out, one morning we found on deck a man's hat and coat and vest and boots, implying that some one had jumped overboard. Forthwith we all began to talk about that one man. There was more talk about that one man overboard than all the five hundred passengers that rode on in safety. "Why did he jump overboard?" "I wonder when he jumped overboard?" "I wonder if when he jumped overboard he would like to have jumped back again?" "I wonder if a fish caught him, or whether he went clear down to the bottom of the sea?" And for three or four days afterward we talked about that poor man.

Here is the glorious and magnificent theory that God by his omnipotent power made man, and by his omnipotent power made the brute creation, and by his omnipotent power made all worlds, and five hundred scientists have taken passage on board that magnificent theory, but ten or fifteen have jumped overboard. They make more talk than all the five hundred that did not jump. I am politely asked to jump with them. Thank you, gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you. I think I shall stick to the old Cunard. If you want to jump overboard, jump, and test for yourselves whether your hand was really a fish's fin, and whether you were web-footed originally, and whether your lungs are a swim bladder. And as in every experiment there must be a division of labor, some who experiment and some who observe, you make the experiment and I will observe!

There is one tenet of evolution which it is demanded we adopt, that which Darwin calls "Natural Selection," and that which Wallace calls the "Survival of the Fittest." By this they mean that the human race and the brute creation are all the time improving because the weak die and the strong live. Those who do not die survive because they are the fittest. They say the breed of sheep and cattle and dogs and men is all the time improving, naturally improving. No need of God, or any Bible, or any religion, but just natural progress.

You see the race started with "spontaneous generation," and then it goes right on until Darwin can take us up with his "natural selection," and Wallace with his "survival of the fittest," and so we go right on up forever. Beautiful! But do the fittest survive? Garfield died in September—Guiteau surviving until the following June. "Survival of the fittest?" Ah! no. The martyrs, religious and political, dying for their principles, their bloody persecutors living on to old age. "Survival of the fittest?" Five hundred thousand brave northern men marching out to meet five hundred thousand brave southern men, and die on the battlefield for a principle. Hundreds of thousands of them went down into the grave trenches. We stayed at home in comfortable quarters. Did they die because they were not as fit to live as we who survived? Ah! no; not the "survival of the fittest." Ellsworth and Nathaniel Lyon falling on the northern side. Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson falling on the southern side. Did they fall because they were not as fit to live as the soldiers and the generals who came back in safety? No. Bitten with the frosts of the second death he the tongue that dares utter it! It is not the "survival of the fittest!"

How has it been in the families of the world? How was it with the child physically the strongest, intellectually the brightest, in disposition the kindest? Did that child die because it was not as fit to live as those of your family that survived? Not "the survival of the fittest." In all communities some of the noblest, grandest men dying in youth, or in mid life, while some of the meanest and most contemptible live on to old age. Not "the survival of the fittest!"

But to show you that this doctrine is antagonistic to the Bible and to common sense I have only to prove to you that there has been no natural progress. Vast improvement from another source, but mind you, no natural progress. Where is the fine horse in any of our parks whose picture of eye and mane and nostril and neck and haunches is worthy of being compared to Job's picture of a horse as he thousands of years ago heard it paw and neigh and champ its bit for the battle? Pigeons of today not so wise as the carrier pigeons of 500 years ago—pigeons that carried the mails from army to army and from city to city; one of them flung into the sky at Rome or Venice landing without ship or railroad in London. Look at the great animals that walked the earth in olden times—animals compared with which in size our elephant is a cat—monsters of olden times that swam the deep, compared with which our whale is a minnow. Conies have learned nothing about hunting, and the ostrich nothing about climbing and the hounds nothing about hatching, and the condor nothing about flying, and the owl nothing about musical cadences for six thousand years. Not a particle of progress.

And as to the human race, so far as mere natural progress is concerned, now there were men ten feet high; now the average is about five feet six inches. It started with men living 200, 400, 800, 900 years, and now thirty years is more than the average of human life. Mighty progress we have made, haven't we? I went into the cathedral at York, England, and the best artists in England had just been painting a window in that cathedral, and right beside it was a window painted 400 years ago, and there is not a man on earth but would say that the modern painting of the window by the best artists of England is not worthy of being compared with the painting of 400 years ago right beside it. Vast improvement, as I shall show you in a minute or two, but no natural evolution.

I am not a pessimist but an optimist. I do not believe everything is going to

destruction; I believe everything is going on to redemption. But it will not be through the infidel doctrine of evolution, but through our glorious Christianity which has effected all the good that has ever been wrought and which is yet to reconstruct all the nations.

What is that in the offing? A ship gone on the rocks at Cape Hatteras. The hull is breaking up, crew and passengers are drowning. The storm is in full blast and the barometer is still sinking. What does that ship want? Development. Develop her broken masts. Develop her broken rudder. Develop her drowning crew. Develop her freezing passengers. Develop the whole ship? That is all it wants. Development, Oh, I make a mistake. What that ship wants is a lifeboat from the shore. Leap into it, you men of the life station. Pull away to the wreck. Steady there! Bring the women and children first to the shore. Now the stout men. Wrap them up in flannels, and between their chattering teeth you can pour restoration.

Well, my friends, our world is on the rocks. God launched it well enough, but through misplotage and the storms of six thousand years it has gone into the breakers. What does this old ship of a world want? Development? There is enough old evolution in the hull to evolve another mast and another rudder and to evolve all the passengers and eolve the ship out of the breakers. Development? Ah! no, my friends, what this old shipwreck of a world wants is a lifeboat from the shore. And it is coming. Cheer, my lads, cheer. It is coming from the shining shore of heaven, taking the crests of ten waves with one sweep of the shining paddles. Christ is in the lifeboat. Many wounds on hands and feet and side and brow, showing he has been long engaged in the work of rescue, but yet mighty to save—to save one, to save all, to save forever. My Lord and my God, get us into the lifeboat! Away with your rotten, deceptive, infidel and blasphemous evolution, and give us the Bible, salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound."

Fortunes in Mining Stocks.

In November, 1870, Crown Point Mine shares were a drug in the market at \$2 a share. Six months later they were eagerly bought at \$6,000. In the summer of 1870 a struggling Frisco tradesman accepted 100 of these shares in payment of a debt of \$25, and counted the transactions among his many unlucky ventures. He decided to hold the shares, however, and exactly a year later realized them for \$120,000, or the substantial return of \$4,800 for every pound of the original debt. Within a single year shares in the Consolidated Virginia and California mines rose from 2s 6d to £1,000 a share. A horse dealer, called Baldwin, of San Francisco, bought 900 of these shares at 6s each on the eve of a business voyage to Australia. On his return he had almost forgotten that he had the shares, when to his amazement he found that they had increased in value to \$3,500,000, or £700,000. Belcher stock went from 6s to £15 in a single week, and similar rises were experienced in scores of different shares. During these years enormous fortunes were lost through want of pluck or foresight. Comstock, the discover of the richest lode in the world, was so ignorant of the value of his discovery, that he sold his fourth share in it for £1,200, and counted himself a lucky man. In six months this lode produced gold of the value of \$3,000,000. In ten years two mines alone on the lode yielded over \$22,000,000, and in fourteen years the lode had produced \$26,500,000 in dividends to its lucky shareholders.

A Cuban Milkman

"How many cows there are about the streets!" somebody exclaims, and then he is calmly informed that the morning's milk is simply being delivered. A bunch of cattle and their driver stop before a house, and the portero comes out with a cup for the morning's supply. It is seen then that the cows are being milked from door to door by the dairymen, for this is the way the acute Cuban housewives have taken to assure for their tables a lacteal supply which is entirely fresh and absolutely pure. Otherwise the guile-loving vender might dilute the milk before delivering it to his customers, and craftily stir into the watery fluid the juice of the sweet potato to color it up to a duly rich and creamy cast. Even with the cows milked before the door one must continue to watch the milkman, for I have even heard of their having a rubber bag of water concealed under their loose frocks and connected with a rubber tube running down the inside of the sleeve, its tip being concealed in the hollow of the milking-hand. Only a gentle pressure upon the bag of water within is needed to thus cause both milk and water to flow into the cup at the same time. The milk-venders of Italy and India have also learned their trade to perfection, for they practice this identical trick.—Edward Page Gaston.

The Speed of the Blood.

It has been calculated that, assuming the human heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 207 yards in a minute, or seven miles a day, and 51,320 miles a year. If a man 84 years of age could have one single corpuscle floating in his blood all his life it would have traveled in that time over 5,160,000 miles.

Don't expose your ignorance by talking about things you don't understand.