

THE FROZEN DEEP

A NOVEL BY
WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"Nonsense, child! When you are married you will know that the easiest of all secrets to keep is a secret from your husband. I give you my promise. Now begin!"

Clara hesitated painfully. "I don't know how to begin!" she exclaimed with a burst of despair. "The words won't come to me."

"Then I must help you. Do you feel ill tonight? Do you feel as you felt that day when you were with my sister and me in the garden?"

"Oh, no."

"You are not ill, you are not really affected by the heat—and yet you turn as pale as ashes, and you are obliged to leave the quadrille! There must be some reason for this."

"There is a reason. Captain Holding—"

"Captain Holding! What in the name of wonder has the Captain to do with it?"

"He told you something about the Atalanta. He said the Atalanta was expected back from Africa immediately."

"Well, what of that? Is there anybody in whom you are interested coming home in the ship?"

"Somebody whom I am afraid of is coming home in the ship."

Mrs. Crayford's magnificent black eyes opened wide in amazement. "My dear Clara! do you mean what you say?"

"Wait a little, Lucy, and you shall judge for yourself. We must go back—if I am to make you understand me—to the year before we knew each other; to the last year of my father's life. Did I ever tell you that my father moved southward, for the sake of his health, to a house in Kent that was lent to him by a friend?"

"No, my dear. I don't remember ever hearing of the house in Kent. Tell me about it."

"There is nothing to tell except this. The new house was near a fine country seat standing in its own park. The owner of the place was a gentleman named Wardour. He, too, was one of my father's Kentish friends. He had an only son."

She paused, and played nervously with her fan. Mrs. Crayford looked at her attentively. Clara's eyes remained fixed on her fan—Clara said no more. "What was the son's name?" asked Mrs. Crayford, quietly.

"Richard."

"Am I right, Clara, in suspecting that Mr. Richard Wardour admired you?"

"The question produced its intended effect. The question helped Clara to go on. "I hardly knew at first," she said, "whether he admired me or not. He was very strange in his ways—headstrong, terribly headstrong and passionate; but generous and affectionate in spite of his faults of temper. Can you understand such a character?"

"Such characters exist by thousands. I like my faults of temper. I begin to like Richard already. Go on."

"The days went by, Lucy, and the weeks went by. We were thrown very much together. I began, little by little, to have some suspicion of the truth."

"And Richard helped to confirm your suspicions, of course?"

"No. He was not—unhappily for me—he was not that sort of man. He never spoke of the feeling with which he regarded me. It was I who saw it. I couldn't help seeing it. I did all I could to show that I was willing to be a sister to him, and that I could never be anything else. He did not understand me, or he would not—I can't say which."

"Would not it be the most likely, my dear, to go on?"

"It might have been as you say. There was a strange rough bashfulness about him. He confused and puzzled me. He never spoke out. He seemed to treat me as if our future lives had been provided for while we were children. What could I do, Lucy?"

"Do? You could have asked your father to end the difficulty for you."

"Impossible! You forget what I have just told you. My father was suffering at the time under the illness which afterward caused his death. He was quite unfit to interfere."

"Was there no one else who could help you?"

"No one."

"No lady in whom you could confide?"

"I had no acquaintances among the ladies in the neighborhood. I had no friends."

"What did you do, then?"

"Nothing. I hesitated; I put off coming to an explanation with him—unfortunately until it was too late."

"What do you mean by too late?"

"You shall hear. I ought to have told you that Richard Wardour is in the navy."

"Indeed? I am more interested in him than ever. Well?"

"One spring day Richard came to the house to take leave of us before he joined his ship. I thought he was gone, and I went into the next room. It was my own sitting-room, and it opened on to the garden."

"Richard must have been watching me. He suddenly appeared in the garden. Without waiting for me to in-

planation easy to both sides, take care that you make it in the character of a free woman."

She laid a strong emphasis on the last three words, and looked pointedly at Francis Aldersley as she pronounced them. "I won't keep you from your partner any longer, Clara," she resumed, and led the way back to the ball-room.

CHAPTER III.

HE burden of Clara's mind weighs on it more heavily than ever after what Mrs. Crayford has said to her. She is too unhappy to feel the inspiring influence of the dance. After a turn round the room she complains of fatigue. Mr. Francis Aldersley locks at the conservatory (still as invitingly cool and empty as ever), leads her back to it, and places her on a seat among the shrubs. She tries—very feebly—to dismiss him.

"Don't let me keep you from dancing, Mr. Aldersley."

He seats himself by her side, and feasts his eyes on the lovely downcast face that dares not turn toward him. He whispers to her: "Call me Frank."

She longs to call him Frank—she loves him with all her heart. But Mrs. Crayford's warning words are still in her mind. She never opens her lips. Her lover moves a little closer, and asks another favor. Men are all alike on these occasions. Silence invariably encourages them to try again.

"Clara! have you forgotten what I said at the concert yesterday? May I say it again?"

"No!"

"We shall sail tomorrow for the Arctic Seas. I may not return for years. Don't send me away without hope! Think of the long, lonely time in the dark North! Make it a happy time for me."

Though he speaks with the fervor of a man, he is little more than a lad; he is only twenty years old—and he is going to risk his young life on the frozen deep! Clara pities him as she never pitied any human creature before. He gently takes her hand. She tries to release it.

"What! Not even that little favor on the last night?"

Her faithful heart takes his part, in spite of her. Her hand remains in his and feels its soft, persuasive pressure. She is a lost woman. It is only a question of time now!

"Clara! do you love me?"

There is a pause. She shrinks from looking at him—she trembles with strange contradictory sensations of pleasure and pain. His arm steals round her; he repeats his question in a whisper; his lips almost touch her little rosy ear and he says it again. "Do you love me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIFTY-SIX A DANGER POINT.

Beware How You Live to This Age If You Have Genius!

Fifty-six years seems to be a fatal age for people of genius, says the New York Times. Among those who have died at that age may be mentioned Dante, the Italian poet; Hugh Capet, king of France; Henry VIII., king of England; Henry IV., emperor of Germany; Paganini, Italian violinist; Alexander Pope, English poet; George Sala, English orientalist; Marcus Aurelius, emperor of Rome; Frederick I., king of Prussia; John Hancock, American statesman; Marie Louise, empress of France; Philip Massenger, English dramatist; Saladin, the great sultan of Egypt; Robert Stephenson, English engineer; Scipio Africanus, Roman general; Helvitiis, French philosopher and author; Henry II., the first of the Plantagenet line; the elder Pliny, Roman naturalist and author; Julius Caesar, Charles Kingsley, English author; Juan Prim, Spanish general and statesman; Henry Knox, American revolutionary general; Thomas Milfin, American patriot; Von Tromp, Dutch admiral; Abraham Lincoln, Marryat, the novelist; George Whitefield, English founder of the Calvinistic methodism; Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, favorite of Queen Elizabeth; Johann Gaspar Spurzheim, German physician and phrenologist, and Frederick II., emperor of Germany.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Making the Most of Life.

To make every day count, one must have faith in the every-day possibilities of life. One of the reasons for the long torpid seasons which afflict so many lives is the prevalence of the idea that the supply of active life dealt out to each man is too small to cover the allotted period, and that, therefore, one must be content merely to breathe a good part of the time. To many a man life is faithfully represented by the old-fashioned corn-mill on the little mountain stream, with a wheel so large and a water supply so small that, after grinding a few hours, it must be shut down for an indefinite period to wait for more power. Nothing could be farther from the Scriptural idea. If we would do our best every day, it is not necessary for us to believe that one day may be as fruitful as another; but we ought to believe that in the days which have been allotted to us there are no blanks.—Sunday School Times.

The millers are greatly annoyed by worms which appear in the flour from time to time and then mysteriously disappear, without impairing the value of the flour.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A MOMENTOUS QUESTION."
LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, James IV. 14:
What Is Your Life?—Yes, Life Is Worth Living if People Will Only Live for God.



If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt

about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments, says it is not. "Vanity," " vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide the matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. (If the wind blows from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him he will say, "No.") How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow, and misfortune, and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissor grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he was made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and

live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmanned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting, fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hog-head above hog-head, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the anathemas, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged, and strangled, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men today struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men today as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society, whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantuamaker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife—"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years ago by, and the two oldest boys went a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, and preaches righteousness, judgment, and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening Senates and makes a plea for the downtrodden and

the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters: when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fort-tress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her, he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon—the forenoon having been devoted to her household—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying, "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying, "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed to the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my little mother,"—major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds of you today. You say, "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within?

VICISSITUDE.

The "Original Marks." Once a Judge, in Poverty in Chicago.

The original of "My name is Marks, I'm a lawyer, shake," is living in poor circumstances in Chicago at the age of eighty-three. His name is Abraham Marks. He says that Mrs. Stowe wished to localize "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and some one told her he was the only attorney in the vicinity. Judge Marks—he was made a probate judge by Sam Houston—has had a checkered career. Graduating from Union College in 1832, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and went to New Orleans. From there he went to Monroe, La., where he established the Standard. His conduct of that paper drew him into several duels and he was indicted half a dozen times for libel. In 1837 he met a fire-eater named Alexander on "the field of honor," and escaped with a bullet through his coat. After this duel he started for Texas on horseback. At Houston he met the famous Sam Houston, then president of the Texas Republic. Houston made him judge of the Probate Court at San Antonio. He remained in Texas a number of years and then returned to Arkansas. All his life Judge Marks has been an active politician. He was at first a Whig, but afterwards became a Republican, to which party he has belonged since it was born, in 1856. He says that when he was a very small child his parents, who lived at Pensacola, were intimate with Gen. Jackson's family, and that he remembers seeing Mr. Jackson sit in the chimney corner and smoke a pipe. He asserts that Henry Ward Beecher once told him confidentially that if he could see the manuscript of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he would see that he (Beecher) had written a large part of the book.

A scientific Dane did not a sleeping plant exposed for some time to the fumes of chloroform or ether is aroused into activity, the effect of an anesthetic on a plant being the reverse of what it is on an animal.