

UNITED AT LAST

MISS M E BRADDO



CHAPTER XIV.

SIR CYPRIAN HAS HIS SUSPICIONS.

Sir Cyprian Davenant had not forgotten that dinner at Richmond given by Gilbert Sinclair a little while before his departure for Africa, at which he had met the handsome widow to whom Mr. Sinclair was then supposed to be engaged. The fact was brought more vividly back to his mind by a circumstance that came under his notice the evening after he had accepted Lord Clanyarde's invitation to Marchbrook.

He had been dining at his club with an old college friend, and had consented, somewhat unwillingly, to an adjournment to one of the theaters near the Strand, at which a popular burlesque was being played for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time. Sir Cyprian entertained a cordial detestation of this kind of entertainment, in which the low comedian of the company enacts a distressed damsel in short petticoats and a flaxen wig, while pretty actresses swagger in costumes of the cavalier period, and ape the manners of the music-hall swell. But it was 10 o'clock. The friends had recalled all the old Oxford follies in the days when they were under-graduates together in Tom Quad. They had exhausted these reminiscences and a magnum of Lafitte, and though Sir Cyprian would have gladly gone back to his chambers and his books, Jack Dunster, his friend, was of a livelier temperament, and wanted to finish the evening.

"Let's go and see 'Hercules and Omphale' at the Kaleidoscope," he said. "It's no end of fun. Jeem-on plays Omphale in a red wig, and Minnie Vavasour looks awfully fascinating in pink satin boots and lion-skin. We shall be just in time for the breakdown."

Sir Cyprian assented with a yawn. He had seen fifty such burlesques as "Hercules and Omphale" in the days when such things had their charm for him, too, when he could be pleased with a pretty girl in pink satin hosiery, or be moved to laughter by Jeemson's painted nose and falsetto scream.

They took a hansom and drove to the Kaleidoscope, a bandbox of a theater screwed into an awkward corner of one of the narrowest streets in London—a street at which well-bred carriage horses accustomed to the broad thoroughfares of Belgrave shied furiously. It was December, and there was no one worth speaking of in town; but the little Kaleidoscope was crowded, notwithstanding. There were just a trace of empty stalls in a draughty corner for Sir Cyprian and Mr. Dunster.

The breakdown was just on, the pretty little Hercules flourishing his club, and exhibiting a white round arm with a diamond bracelet above the elbow. Omphale was showing her ankles, to the delight of the groundlings; the violins were racing one another, and the flute squeaking its shrillest in a vulgar negro melody, accentuated by rhythmical bangs on the big drum. The audience were in raptures, and rewarded the exertions of band and dancers with a double rattle. Sir Cyprian stifled another yawn and looked around the house.

Among the vacuous countenances, all intent on the spectacle, there was one face which was out of the common, and which expressed a supreme weariness. A lady sitting alone in a stage box, with one rounded arm resting indolently on the velvet cushion—an arm that might have been carved in marble, bare to the elbow, its warm, human ivory relieved by the yellow hue of an old Spanish point ruff. Where had Cyprian Davenant seen that face before?

The lady had passed the first bloom of youth, but her beauty was of that character that does not fade with youth. She was of the Pauline Borgheese type, a woman worthy to be modeled by a new Canova.

"I remember," said Sir Cyprian to himself. "It was at that Richmond dinner that I met her. She is the lady Gilbert Sinclair was to have married."

He felt a curious interest in this woman, whose name even he had forgotten. Why had not Sinclair married her? She was strikingly handsome, with a bolder, grander beauty than Constance Clanyarde's fragile and poetic loveliness—a woman whom such a man as Sinclair might have naturally chosen. Just as such a man would choose a high-stepping chestnut horse, without being too nice as to fineness and delicacy of line.

"And I think from the little I saw that the lady was attached to him," mused Sir Cyprian.

He glanced at the stage-box several times before the end of the performance. The lady was quite alone, and sat in the same attitude, fanning herself languidly, and hardly looking at the stage. Just as the curtain fell, Sir Cyprian heard the click of the box door, and looking up saw that a gentleman had entered. The lady rose, and he came forward a little to assist in the rearrangement of her ermine-lined mantle.

"The gentleman was Gilbert Sinclair," "What do you think of it?" asked Jack Dunster, as they went out into the windy lobby, where people were crowded together waiting for their carriages.

"Abominable," murmured Sir Cyprian.

"Why, Minnie Vavasour is the prettiest actress in London, and Jeemson's almost equal to Toole."

"I beg your pardon. I was not thinking of the burlesque," answered Sir Cyprian, hastily.

Gilbert and his companion were just in front of them.

"Shall I go and look for your carriage?" asked Mr. Sinclair.

"If you like. But as you left me to sit out this dreary rubbish by myself all the evening, you might just as well have let me find my way to my carriage."

"Don't be angry with me for breaking my engagement. I was obliged to go out shooting with some fellows, and I didn't leave Marchbrook till nine o'clock. I think I paid you a considerable compliment in traveling thirty miles to hand you to your carriage. No other woman could expect so much from me."

"You are not going back to Davenant to-night."

"No; there is a supper on at the Albion. Lord Coleridge's trainer is to be there, and I expect to get a wrinkle or two from him. A simple matter of business, I assure you."

"Mrs. Walsingham's carriage?" roared the waterman.

"Mrs. Walsingham," thought Sir Cyprian, who was squeezed into a corner with his friend, walled up by opera-coated shoulders, and within ear-shot of Mr. Sinclair. "Yes, that's her name."

"That saves you all trouble," said Mrs. Walsingham. "Can I set you down anywhere?"

"No, thanks; the Albion's close by." Sir Cyprian struggled out of his corner just in time to see Gilbert shut the brougham door and walk off through the December drizzle.

"So that acquaintance is not a dropped one," he thought. "It augurs ill for Constance."

Three days later he was riding out

Barnet way, in a quiet country lane, as rural and remote in aspect as an accommodation road in the shires, when he passed a brougham with a lady in it—Mrs. Walsingham's carriage again, and again alone.

"This looks like fatality," he thought.

He had been riding Londonward, but turned his horse and followed the carriage. This solitary drive, on a dull, gray winter day, so far from London, struck him as curious. There might be nothing really suspicious in the fact. Mrs. Walsingham might have friends in this northern district. But after what he had seen at the Kaleidoscope, Sir Cyprian was inclined to suspect Mrs. Walsingham. That she still cared for Sinclair he was assured. He had seen her face light up when Gilbert entered the box; he had seen that suppressed anger which is the surest sign of a jealous, exacting love. Whether Gilbert still cared for her was another question. His meeting her at the theater might have been a concession to a dangerous woman rather than a spontaneous act of devotion.

Sir Cyprian followed the brougham into the sequestered village of Tottenham, where it drew up before the garden gate of a neat cottage with green blinds and a half-glass door—a cottage which looked like the abode of a spinster annuitant.

Here Mrs. Walsingham alighted and went in, opening the half-glass door with the air of a person accustomed to enter.

He rode a little way further, and then walked his horse gently back. The brougham was still standing before the garden gate, and Mrs. Walsingham was walking up and down a gravel path by the side of the house with a woman and a child—a child in a scarlet hood, just able to toddle along the path, sustained on each side by a supporting hand.

"Some poor relation's child, perhaps," thought Cyprian. "A friendly visit on the lady's part."

He had ridden further than he intended, and stopped at a little inn to give his horse a feed of corn and an hour's rest, while he strolled through the village and looked at the old-fashioned church-yard. The retired spot was not without its interest. Yonder was Copple Hall, the place Lord Melbourne once occupied, and which had, later, passed into the possession of the author of that splendid series of brilliant and various novels which reflect as in a magic mirror all the varieties of life from the age of Pliny to the eve of the Franco-Prussian war.

"Who lives in that small house with the green blinds?" asked Sir Cyprian, as he mounted his horse to ride home.

"It's been too long furnished, sir, by a lady from London for her nurse and baby."

"Do you know the lady's name?"

"I can't say that I do, sir. They have their beer from the brewer, and pays ready money for everything. But I see the lady's brougham go by not above half an hour ago."

"Curious," thought Sir Cyprian. "Mrs. Walsingham is not rising in my opinion."

CHAPTER XV.

"THEY LIVE TOO LONG WHO HAPPINESS OUTLIVE."

In accepting Lord Clanyarde's invitation, Cyprian Davenant had but one thought, one motive—to be near Constance. Not to see her. He knew that such a meeting could bring with it only bitterness for both. But he wanted to be near her, to ascertain at once and forever the whole unvarnished truth as to her domestic life, the extent of her unhappiness, if she was unhappy. Rumor might exaggerate. Even the practical solicitor James Wyatt might represent the state of affairs as worse than it was. The human mind leads to vivid coloring and bold dramatic effect. An ill-used wife and a tyrannical husband present one of those powerful pictures which society contemplates with interest. Society represented generally by Lord Dunderbary likes to pity just as it likes to wonder.

At Marchbrook Sir Cyprian was likely to learn the truth, and to Marchbrook he went, affecting an interest in pheasants, and in Lord Clanyarde's conversation, which was like a rambunctious and unvarnished edition of the "Crested Memoirs," varied with turtur reminiscences.

There was wonderfully fine weather in that second week of December—clear autumnal days, blue skies, and sunny mornings. The pheasants were

shy, and after the first day Sir Cyprian left them to their retirement, preferring long, lonely rides among the scenes of his boyhood, and half-hours of friendly chat with ancient gaffers and goodies who remembered his father and mother, and the days when Davenant had still held up its head in the occupation of the old race.

"This noo gentleman, he do spend a power o' money; but he'll never be looked up to like old Sir Cyprian," said the gray-haired village sage, leaning over his gate to talk to young Sir Cyprian.

In one of his rounds Cyprian Davenant looked in upon the abode of Martha Briggs, who was still at home. Her parents were in decent circumstances, and not eager to see their daughter "suited" with a new service.

Martha remembered Sir Cyprian as a friend of Mrs. Sinclair's before her marriage. She had seen them out walking together in the days when Constance Clanyarde was still in the nursery; for Lord Clanyarde's youngest daughter had known no middle stage between the nursery and her Majesty's drawing-room. Indeed, Martha had had her own ideas about Sir Cyprian, and had quite made up her mind that Miss Constance would marry him.

She was therefore disposed to be confidential, and with very slight encouragement told Sir Cyprian all about that sad time at Schoenesthal, how her mistress had nursed her through a fever, and how the sweetest child that ever lived had been drowned through that horrid French girl's carelessness.

"It's all very well to boast of jumping into the river to save the darling," exclaimed Martha; "but why did she go and take the precious pet into a dangerous place? When I heard her, I could see danger beforehand. I didn't want to be told that a hill was steep, or that grass was slippery. I never did like foreigners, and now I hate them like poison," cried Miss Briggs, as if under the impression that the whole continent of Europe was implicated in Baby Christabel's death.

"It must have been a great grief to Mrs. Sinclair," said Sir Cyprian.

"Ah, poor dear, she'll never hold up her head again," sighed Martha. "I saw her in church last Sunday, in the beautiful black bonnet, and if ever I saw anyone going to heaven, it's her."

And Mr. Sinclair will have a lot of company, and there are all the windows at Davenant blazing with light till past 12 o'clock every night—my cousin James is a pointsman on the South-eastern, and sees the house from the line—while that poor, sweet lady is breaking her heart."

"But surely Mr. Sinclair would defer to his wife in these things," suggested Sir Cyprian.

"Not he, sir. For the last twelve months that I was with my dear lady I seldom heard him say a kind word to her. Always snarling and sneering. I do believe he was jealous of that precious innocent because Mrs. Sinclair was so fond of her. I'm sure if it hadn't been for that dear baby my mistress would have been a miserable woman."

This was a bad hearing, and Sir Cyprian went back to Marchbrook that evening sorely depressed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITALIAN BANKS IN NEW YORK.

The Way the Italian Bankers Rob Depositors of Their Money.

The Italian banks, of New York, of which there are about 132, are patronized by the most ignorant Italian laborers. The bankers, who are of a little higher grade than the laborers, do a great variety of work, sending money to Italy, writing letters, acting as advisers and sometimes changing the office into an employment agency. Money is given to a banker by the laborers to be sent to Italy. If he chooses to send it right away, he does; if not, he waits till he gets ready, sometimes never sending it. All the customers' letters come to the banker and, as very few of the depositors can read, he reads to them whatever he wishes to.

The bankers are expected to work without compensation, and so they swindle the customers to obtain it. If a depositor wishes to go some place he has a banker buy his ticket and is overcharged by that person, who keeps the surplus for himself to pay him for his trouble. During the past eight months fourteen Italian bankers absconded in New York. The reason that so many got out is on account of the hard times. The depositors, being out of work, go to the bank to get their savings, but the banker, having probably been juggling with the money, is unable to meet the demands and is forced to run away. Of course all of the bankers are not dishonest. The fact that \$5,000,000 annually passes through their hands shows that the criminal element is not in control.

A Touching Demonstration.

Shortly after the surrender of the Southern army Gen. R. E. Lee was riding along one day through a rather dreary stretch of country in Virginia when he espied a plain old countryman, mounted on a sorry nag coming toward him. As they passed each other both bowed, as is the fashion when strangers meet in out-of-the-way places, but the old farmer in the home-spun suit stared hard at the soldierly figure as though not quite certain of recognition. He went his way a little further, then turning his horse around, cantered back and soon came up with the General again.

"I beg pardon, sir, but is not this Gen. Robert Lee?"

"Yes, I am Gen. Lee. Did I ever meet you before, my friend?"

Then the old Confederate grasped the chieftain's hand, and with the tears streaming down his face, said, "Gen. Lee, do you mind if I cheer you?" The General assured him that he didn't mind, and there, on that lone, some, pine-bordered highway, with no one else in sight, the old rebel veteran, with swiftness of hand, lifted up his voice in three ringing rounds of hurrahs for the man that the southland idolized. Then both went their way without another word being spoken. It was a display of affection which the General never forgot.

The name "Indian" was given to the inhabitants of America by Columbus, from his belief that the country which he had discovered was an extension of India, the country known to occupy the extreme of the Eastern hemisphere.

COUNT TOLSTOI maintains that a man cannot be both a Christian and a patriot.

HONOR to those whose words or deeds thus help us in our daily needs.

TALMAGE'ION.

PREACHER TALKS OF THE

ERS OF THE

From a Far Land He Sends

His Conception of Great

Gardener—Describes in a

Desert of Sin.

The Ro

Rev. Dr. Talmage

nearing Australia on a world

journey, has selected for

his sermon this week, "The Rye

text being taken from Gen. 1,

"I am come into it."

The world has many

beautiful gardeners added

to the glory by decreing that

the names of the planted

there. Henry IV., estab-

lished gardens of beauty

and luxuriance, at them

Aldine, Pyrenean plants.

One of the sweetest was

the garden of Spot.

His writings have im-

pression on the garden,

"The Leasowes," at. To

the natural advantage

was brought forth art.

Arbor and terraced

temple and reservoir

here had the Oak

and yew and had their

richest foliage. A life

more diligent, no mous

than that of Sheld that

diligence and go to the

adornment of the

spot. He sold it for

The garden

And yet I am teacher

garden than any. It

is the garden spot, the

garden of the church

to Christ, for me. He

bought it. He plants it,

and He shall have

in his outlay at the

fortune. And now

flowers of those garden

think or imagine

of that old man's. The

payment of the

him. But I have

Christ's life and

the outlay of this

of the church of

Oh, how many

and agonies

men who saw him, y

executions who let

Him down! Tell

that hid his rock

loved the church all

for it. If, then, the

belongs to Christ, has

a right to walk in, O

blessed Jesus, think

and down these

thou wilt of sweet

The church, in

appropriately

is a place of

Christ, and

That would be a

in which there were

where else, they

the borders of at the

most tasteful diet

it be the old fash

or, dahlia, or cor

larger means the

Mexican cactus, in

arbutation, and

clustering oleander

comes to his

there some of the

ever flowered

of them are

for such spirits to

do not see them

you find where they

brightening face

and the sprig of

great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Napoleons and Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one.

The Snowdrop of Christians.

In this garden of the church, which Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold looking, seemingly another phase of the winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears; they never get excited; they never say anything rashly; they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter; their nerves never twitch; their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be there. Snowdrops, always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion flower of the cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting, and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life, its breath is Heaven. Come O winds, from the North and winds from the South and winds from the East and winds from the West, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my Lord.

His worth, if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

Again, the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden.

The Choicest Fruits.

So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity—but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from, and your hospitals, and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them. He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, He laid the cornerstone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galle, He laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asylum that ever has been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," He laid the cornerstone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and ye visited me," He laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted, but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm eaten leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit that there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women holy, blessed, useful, consecrated, and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

A Well Watered Garden.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and barrenness, but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering. It is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God. Preaching the Bible is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place (Chatsworth) one day when strangers are not to be admitted, but by an inditement, which always seemed as applicable to an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, then I came from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down until sunlight and wave in gleams wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Every

thing comes from above—pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above. Oh, then, now God would turn on the waters of salvation that they might flow down through his heritage and that this day we might each find our places to be "Elms," with twelve wells of water and three-score and ten palm trees.

The Gardener Comes.

Hark, I hear the latch at the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming! I hear the voice of Christ, "I am come into my garden." I say, "Come in, O Jesus; we have been waiting for thee. Walk all through these paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit. Pluck that which thou wilt for thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and touches him and says, "Almost home, father. Not many more aches for thee. I will never leave thee. I will never forsake thee. Take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles, and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and he comes to a soul in trouble and says, "Peace: all is well! I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!" Then