

LOVE WORKS WONDERS.

We read a legend of a monk, who painted in an old convent cell in days by-gone. Pictures of martyrs and virgins sainted, And the sweet-faced Christ with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs! not fit to be a chapel's treasure! Full many a taunting word upon them fell; But the good abbot let him for his pleasure Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render Honor to Christ as other painters do, Were but my skill as great as is the tender Love that inspires me when His cross I view!

"But no—'tis vain I toll and strive in sorrow; What man so scorns still less can admire; My life's work is all valueless; to-morrow I'll cast my ill wrought pictures in the fire."

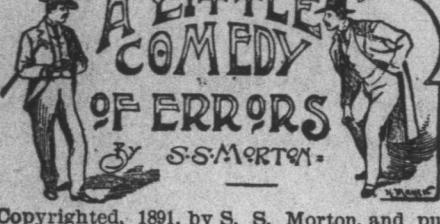
He raised his eyes, within his cell—O, wonder! There stood a visitor—thorn-crowned was He, And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder: "I'll scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent; With lights and colors to this world unknown; A perfect beauty and a hue transcendent That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in this strange old story— Let none dare judge his brother's worth or need;

The pure intent gives to the act its glory, The noblest purpose makes the noblest deed.

—The Christian Million.



[Copyrighted, 1891, by S. S. Morton, and published by special arrangement.]

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Don't try to make anything of me, my amiable friend," murmured North under his breath as he proceeded up the street, "and then you'll not have a crushing failure to stagger under. It is indeed a cruel fate which compels me to enter upon my career in X—with such damaging suspicions afloat concerning my sanity, or my moral character, they seem to be about equally involved in doubt. However, my triumphant vindication must come in the natural course of events. When the colonel had had full opportunity to observe the poetic beauty and innocence of my daily life, he will doubtless acknowledge that he has done me a cruel injustice. Let me see now, where am I? This is probably Main street; they usually bestow that name upon the most insignificant thoroughfare in the city. Ten blocks beyond the courthouse, that ought to be a good landmark. Why in the name of the city fathers don't they have the names of the streets on the lamp posts? Under the impression, no doubt, that everyone whose convenience is worth considering was born and brought up in X—, and, consequently, is well up in the geography of the place. No policemen, either, so far as I have been able to observe. How is a stranger to get anywhere, or to know it when he does get there? Verily, X—is the city of magnificent disadvantages!"

There was one thing that especially impressed North during his first public appearance in X—: his own unmistakable popularity. Almost everyone on the street seemed to know him, and he received the most enthusiastic greetings on every side. He responded to them all with a suppressed hilarity, the cause of which was known only to himself, entering with reckless enjoyment into the masquerade which evidently no one else suspected.

"Really, I have a host of friends in X—, a city in which I never set foot before! I wonder if this well-fitting mantle of ready-made popularity is warranted not to fade nor shrink?" he mused, as, having traversed the ten squares beyond the courthouse, he turned into a beautiful wide street at his left and then halted on the corner with the calm deliberation of one that views the landscape o'er.

"Well, here I am; but where? Ah, that is the question! I wonder, now, if that ragged little urchin whom I see approaching will recognize me? Oh, he's a newsboy; I might buy a paper from him, and then—"

"Paper sir?" inquired the diminutive tattered demon, drawing near and thrusting a large local sheet into North's face with unblushing confidence; then



"PAPER, SIR?"

as he scanned the gentleman's features more closely, he added with a grin of recognition: "Yer'll take a Times, won't yer, Mr. North? Yer alwers does!"

"By Jove!" thought North, "even the newsboys and ragamuffins are mine own familiar acquaintances! Who am I, that I should thus be public property?"

He mechanically accepted the paper that was thrust into his hand and addressed the urchin in a sweet persuasive tone:

"My boy, is this Delaplaine street?"

The newsboy stared at him in open-mouthed astonishment, and did not answer until the question had been repeated with a perceptible diminution of the persuasive sweetness and a corresponding accession of authoritative sharpness.

"Yes, sir, it's Delaplaine street," he then said, with a grin; and North, after bestowing a handful of nickels on his small interlocutor, turned away and started slowly in the direction that the

numbers on the houses indicated that he should take.

The newsboy gazed after him for a moment, fully expecting to see him reel along the pavement or run into one of the many shade trees or lamp posts. Disappointed in this cherished hope, as the gentleman continued calmly on his way with no perceptible indecision of step, no difficulty in maintaining his equilibrium, no misunderstanding with the surrounding inanimate objects, the boy pursued his way soliloquizing audibly:

"My eye! If that's Mr. North ain't a queer chap!"

"Very fine street," ran North's soliloquy, as he sauntered down the broad pavement of flagstones bounded by smoothly-cut grass and tall shade trees on one side and ornamental iron fences, small parterres and stately residences on the other. "My friend Mrs. Maynard is undoubtedly something of an aristocrat, judging from her surroundings. By the way, what does she want with me?"

He stopped short here, as the fact suddenly occurred to him that the lady in question did not want anything of him. He laughed aloud in his amusement at the thought.

"Could I become involved in serious consequences by this masquerading?" he presently asked himself.

"No, I don't believe I'm liable. How can I be? I might be charged with false pretenses; and yet, what false pretenses have I made? By all the traditions of my family I'm Allan North, and that is all that I've yet claimed to be. Peopple call me by my name as if they never doubted my right to be thus designated. If there is any man in X— or elsewhere who has a better right to that name than I have let him bring forward his claim, with vouchers thereof, without delay! True, I never was in X—, never saw one of these people before in my life, but what does all this amount to? I am driven back to my original resolutions. I will drift a little longer. I am sure to come out somewhere, if only on the rocks of destruction. Mrs. Maynard is my present hope. We shall see whether she will set matters straight or complicate them still further."

He walked on slowly for a few moments, glancing up at the numbers on the houses until he came to thirty-three.

Pausing with his gloved hand resting on the iron gate in front of the residence bearing that number, he swept a hasty but critical glance over the place.

It was a small detached villa, evidently the abode of wealth. The mansion, a picturesque structure of brown stone, with balconies and bay windows half buried in ivy, stood back with a stately exclusive air in the midst of towering elms. A straight, wide pavement of flagstones led directly from the gate to the terraced steps; on either side lay a velvety lawn ornamented with trees and shrubbery and fountains.

"'No. 33 Delaplaine street,' and here it is," reflected North, as he lingered unaccountably at the gate. "Let me see!" He drew out his watch and glanced hastily at it. "Two, exactly. I am punctual to the second. I wonder if such rare promptitude is one of the shining virtues of the individual whom I am so strangely personating?" Non-sense! I believe I am growing nervous. It will never do to show the white feather now. Having undertaken to make this call, I will persevere to the end!"

He had entered the gate, walked up the wide pavement, ascended the steps of terrace and veranda, and rung the bell by the time he had finished these reflections. He just had time to smooth his gloves and settle his snowy cuffs, adjust his coat, stroke his mustache affectionately and compose his features into an agreeable smile, when the door swung noiselessly open and a deferential old footman stood bowing low before him.

"Is Mrs. Maynard at home?" inquired North, with the calm, assured air of a friend of the family.

"She is, sir. Will you please walk in, sir?"

North walked in, as a matter of course. That was a recognized part of his programme. He was conducted through a dim, elegantly appointed hall, and ushered into a still more dim, elegantly appointed drawing-room, and there left to the tender mercies of the darkness and the furniture with the cheering information that Mrs. Maynard was expecting him and would be down soon.

"Confoundedly dark place!" grumbled North, as he groped his way to the nearest chair. "If daylight is too expensive a luxury here, why don't they light the gas? I've a great mind to suggest it to my friend, Mrs. Maynard, only I'm afraid she might not receive the suggestion in the same kindly spirit in which it was offered. Oh, I don't exactly enjoy this, after all! It looks like carrying the thing too far. I believe I'll conduct myself with a certain degree of eccentricity, so that in case of detection I can plead emotional insanity as my excuse. 'Singular Freak of an Insane Man.' 'Harmless Vagaries of a Lunatic.' That's the way the reporters would write up the affair. Height-ho! here she comes."

CHAPTER III.

Art S.— Known unto these, and to myself disguised! I'll say as they say,—and persevere so! And in this mist at all adventures go!

—Comedy of Errors.

The soft rustle of silk garments announced the approach of Mrs. Maynard. It drew nearer, and with noiseless step the lady herself swept into the drawing-room.

North, whose eyes had by this time become accustomed to the dim twilight, rose at once with a formal bow. To his surprise he found that his nerves were a little unsteady, his pulses beating a little more rapidly than usual. Could it be that he was excited? The critical moment had come. He knew that within the next few seconds his decision must be made. If he were to retreat from the reckless course that he had meditated, it must be in the very moment of greeting Mrs. Maynard; but, granting that he made this choice, what acceptable excuse could he offer for reading a note which he was morally

certain was not intended for his perusal, and accepting an invitation which it was equally certain had never been extended to him?

This question, which, strange to say, occurred to him now quite for the first time, produced a most paralyzing effect upon him, and for the moment deprived him of the power of speech or action. It might almost be argued in his defense that he was not responsible for what immediately followed, for as he stood there in this state of fascinated indecision Mrs. Maynard unconsciously turned the wavering scale, in which, nicely balanced, his line of action lay, by uttering his name in tones of welcome and holding out her hand to him cordially. It was a small white hand with a solitaire ring sparkling on one finger—he noticed that in a vague sort of way—and it rested in his hand as lightly as a snowflake.

North realized then that in his moment of hesitation he was lost; he therefore gave himself up to an interesting study of Mrs. Maynard and a panic-stricken wonder how best to adapt his manner and conversation to the peculiar situation in which he had placed himself.

The first consideration was easily disposed of. Accustomed to arriving swiftly at conclusions, he summed up Mrs. Maynard in one rapid glance. Age uncertain, something between twenty-five and thirty; height a little above the medium; figure graceful and willowy; hair pale golden, exquisitely fine and wavy; eyes large, dark and brilliant; features regular and delicately colorless; manner vivacious and slightly impudent. A little spoiled and willful, perhaps, but only delightfully so.

Her gown was of black silk, with a profusion of fine white lace about the corsage, which relieved the somber effect and seemed to give a peculiar brilliancy to her eyes. That faint exquisite perfume like hot house roses, which he had noticed when he read her note, hung about her like an intangible presence. There was an indescribable daintiness about her that gave a peculiar charm to her beauty; yet with all this softness and beauty one could not



"HOW VERY KIND IN YOU, MR. NORTH."

fail to perceive that she possessed some strong and decided points of character. Invincible pride and force of will—these two traits were plainly revealed beneath all the charm of a sweet and gracious exterior.

Had North been very susceptible to feminine attractions he might have lost his heart to Mrs. Maynard at first sight, as others had so often done. But a certain cold, flippant cynicism which he had been cultivating for the past few years, with considerable success, saved him from this fate. He had once loved a beautiful girl with all the strength and fervor of his soul, had believed in her with his whole heart, and had been trifled with—deceived. There was no danger that his heart would ever be captured again.

Still Mrs. Maynard interested him, under the circumstances, and he therefore subjected her to his unobtrusive but critical observation.

Their eyes met directly for an instant after their first salutations, and during that instant North fancied that he could perceive a swift and subtle change come over her. He could not have defined the change any more than he could have accounted for it. He only knew that a sudden little shadow flitted over her face, a sudden little chill came into her manner, a curious mingling of surprise, annoyance and perplexity took the place of the frank cordiality with which she at first greeted him. She seemed to lose her self-possession for a moment, and her first words, though evidently intended to be light and careless, were spoken with a nervous rapidity that quite betrayed her.

"How very kind in you, Mr. North, to be so punctual!" she exclaimed, as she sank gracefully into a low easy-chair and waved him back to his seat. "I really have not a moment this afternoon that I can call my own, but I thought I must see you if only to say two words. The ladies' guild, of which I am so unfortunate as to be president, is to meet with me for a special session of closed doors, and already several of the members have arrived, so you see I shall have just five minutes to devote to you—or rather, I shall detain you only for that time. You understand, of course, why I sent for you?" with a swift, questioning glance at him, a slight trace of anxiety in her manner.

North gravely assented and endeavored to look wise.

"Of course," he said to himself, with his usual facility for quieting his own conscience, "she sent for me because she wanted to see me. Isn't that clear enough? Anyone might understand that!"

"I mean," added Mrs. Maynard, with a curious effect of measuring her words with difficulty because of her usual habit of speaking impulsively and unguardedly, "you understand my anxiety?"

She hesitated again and seemed to be waiting for him to speak. As he could do nothing, however, but assent to her remarks with a wise, non-committal air, she resumed with sudden vivacity:

"Were you very much disappointed last evening, Mr. North? I was so provoked when Williams told me that you had called. What is that very im-

portant communication that you wished to make? I assure you I have been in a perfect flutter of curiosity ever since Williams gave me your message."

Here was swift retribution, truly! North frantically regretted that moment of indecision that had been his undoing. Everything danced before his eyes for an instant as he dizzy sought in the recesses of his mind for some plausible means of extricating himself from this embarrassing dilemma. He had gone altogether too far now to think of retreating precipitately and acknowledging the daring personation that he had attempted; there was positively no alternative but to face the situation coolly and make the best of it.

"Oh, really, Mrs. Maynard," he said, affecting great negligence, "Williams must have drawn upon his imagination a little, I think. To be sure, he may have fancied that my errand was very pressing, but, in fact don't you know, it is nothing of importance, after all. I am sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Maynard, but really, I gave Williams no special message at all."

"Oh! Indeed. Then he probably misunderstood," the lady rejoined, with a thoughtful air; but North nervously fancied that she was by no means satisfied in her own mind that he was telling her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"I was so confident," she went on presently, "that you had received some important word from New York. Have you really heard nothing, Mr. North?"

"Not one syllable," declared North, solemnly, thankful for the ability to keep at least within the letter of the truth without compromising his safety.

"That is very strange, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard; then, after a thoughtful little pause, lasting perhaps five seconds, she added, gayly:

"However, I shall not repine until I have greater cause than this. I am certainly learning all the bitterness of hope deferred; but what else can I expect, pray? You lawyers are such a tedious set, with your 'red tape' and 'legal process,' and strange and mysterious adjournments, and your thousand-and-one ingenious inventions to cause delay; really, to an uninitiated person like myself, it is simply marvelous how long a case can be dragged out after it once gets into the courts! No, Mr. North, don't begin an eloquent defense of your professional guild; they don't deserve it, and I have no time to listen, if they did. I had two distinct objects, aside from my natural curiosity about that very important communication which you now evince such a perverse determination to withhold from me, in asking you to call on me this afternoon. In the first place, I wish to remind you of the expediency of keeping from the major all knowledge of these new investigations that we are about to institute. You know the poor dear major's peculiarities?"

This with an inquiring elevation of the delicate brows, a deprecating curve of the delicate lips.

North assented with two or three grave and comprehending nods, as if to say: "This is between ourselves and is perfectly understood. No further words are necessary."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOKE THE SENTRY UP.

A Spaniel Which Refused to Recognize a Soldier in Civilian Attire.

"Speaking of queer dogs," said Mr. Lawrence, manager of the post trader's store at Snelling, to a Pioneer Pressman, "there was one at Fort Sully that aroused the interest and wonder of everybody in the post. He belonged to no one. He was not a bad-looking water spaniel, but appeared to know a thing or two. Every member of every company treated him royally, and he was continually around them. The minute any of his friends appeared in citizen's dress the dog refused to recognize him, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to make up. It was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

was often tried by the men for fun, but it

THE CURSE OF USURY.

It Will Impoverish and Enslave Any People With Whom It Comes Into Contact.

The widow's mite spoken of by our Saviour is supposed to have been a half-penny. If