A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR SOCIAL THEORISTS TO ACI UPON.

CHAPTER XXXI, -Continued.

Suddenly-the unexpected change was a kind of rhetorical trick which often proved effective-the preacher ceased to denounce and threaten, and spoke of pardon and peace; he called upon them in softer voice, in accents full of tears and love, to break down their pride, to hear the voice that called them.... We know well enough what he said, only we do not know how he said it. Angela looked about the room. The Captain sat with his hands on his knees, and his face dutifully lifted to the angle which denotes attention; his expression was unmoved; evidently, the Captain was not open to conviction. As for the girls, they might be divided into classes. They had all listened to the threats and the warnings, though they had heard them often enough before; now, however, some of them seemed as if they were impatient, and as if with a little encouragement they could break into scoffing, But others were crying, and one or two were steadfastly regarding the speaker, as if he had mesmerized them. Among these was Nelly. Her eyes were fixed, her lips were parted, her breathing was quick, her cheek was pale.

Great and wonderful is the power of eloquence; there are few orators; this exprinter, this uneducated man of the ranks was, like his brother, born with the gift that is so rare. He should have been taken away and taught, and kept from danger, and properly fed and cared for. And now it is too late. They said of him in his Connection that he was blessed in the saving of souls! the most stubborn, the most hardened, when hey fell under the magic of his presence and his voice, were broken and subdued; what wonder that a weak girl should give way?

When he paused he looked round; he noted the faces of those whom he had mesmerized; he raised his arm; he pointed to Nelly and beckoned her, without a word, to this statement was so clear and precise. rise.

Then the girl stood up as if she could not choose but obey. She moved a step toward he knew exactly what became of all those him; in a moment she would have been at his feet, with sobs and tears, in the passion of self-abasement which is so dear to the been more exact and detailed. But what revivalist. But Angela broke the spell. She sprung toward her, caught her in her how could he prove that they were his own? own arms, and passed her hand before her

'Nelly!' she said, gently. 'Nelly dear.' The girl sunk back in her chair, and buried her face in her hands. But the moment was gone, and Captain Coppin had lost his recruit.

They all breathed a deep sigh. Those who had not been moved looked at each other and laughed; those who were dried their eyes and seemed ashamed.

'Thank you,' said Angela to the preacher. 'Yeu have preached very well, and I hope your words will help us on our way, even though it is not quite your way.'

'Then be of our way. Cease from scoff

She shook her head

'No, I do not scoff, but I can not join your way. Leave us now, Mr. Coppin. You and loyalty. But we will have no more true? sermons in this room. Good-night.'

She offered him her hand, but he would not take it, and with a final warning, addresssed to Angela in particular and the room in general, he went as he had come. without greeting or words of thanks.

'These Salvation people,' said Rebekah, 'are all mad. If people want the way of that his thoughts were always running on truth there's the chapel in Redman's Row, and father's always in it every Saturday.' 'What do you say, Captain Sorensen?

asked Angela.

'The Church of England,' said the captain, who had not been moved a whit, 'says that two sacraments are necessary. I find nothing about stools of repentance. Come, Nelly, my girl, remember that you are a Churchwoman.'

'Yet,' said Angela, 'what are we to say when a man is so brave and true, and when he lives the life? Nelly dear-girls all-I think that religion should not be a terror but a great calm and a trust. Let us love each other and do our work and take the simple happiness that God gives, and have faith. What more can we do? To night, I think, we can not dance or sing, but I will play to you.'

She played to them-grand and solemn music-so that the terror went out of their brains, and the hardening out of their hearts, and next day all was forgotten.

In this manner and this once did Tom cross it no more, because his work is over. If a man lives on less than the bare neceshat man when typhus seizes him?

He died, as he had lived, in glory, surrounded by Joyful Jane, Hallelnjah Jem, Happy Polly, Thankful Sarah, and the rest of them. His life has been narrated in the War Cry; 'it is specially recorded of him that he was always 'on the mountains,' which means, in their language, that he was a man of strong faith, free from doubt, and of emotional nature

The extremely wicked and hardened a dozen daughters, for whose soul's sake he starved himself, and thereby tell an easy prey to the disease, have nearly all found a refuge in the workhouse, and are as harden. ed as ever, though not so wicked, because some kinds of wickedness are not allowed in that place of virtue. Therefore it seems almost as if poor Tom's life has been fooled away. According to a philosophy which makes a great deal of noise just now, every life is but a shadow, a dream, a mockery, a catching at things impossible, and a waste of good material, ending with the last breath. Then, all our lives are fooled away, and why not Tom's as well as the rest But if the older way of thinking is, after all, right, then that life can hardly have been wasted which was freely given-even if the gift was not accepted-for the advantage of others. Because the memory and the example remain, and every example-if boys and girls could only be taught this copy-book truth-is like an inexhaustible horn, always filled with precious

CHAPTER XXXII.

BUNKER AT BAY,

Harry was thinking a good deal about the old man's strange story of the houses. There was, to be sure, little dependence to be placed in the rambling, disjointed statements made by so old a man. But, then There were so many children—there were so many houses (three for each child), and houses. If the story had been told by a himself. man in the prime of life, it could not have were the houses-where were they? And

What did Bunker get when he traded the child away? Harry had always been of the opinion that he got a sum of money down, and that he was now ashamed of the transaction, and would fain have it remain unknown. This solution accounted, or seemed to account, imagination to the past. As the old man for his great wrath and agitation when the subject was mentioned. Out of a mischievous delight in making his uncle angry, Harry frequently alluded to this point; but the story of the houses was a better solution still. It accounted for Mr. Bunker's agitation as well as his wrath. But his wrath and his terror appeared to Harry to corroborate very strongly the old man's story. And the longer he thought about it the more

strongly he believed it. opinion, if Mr. Maliphant made a stateare a brave man. Let us reverence courage ment, that statement was to be accepted as

> Mrs. Bormalack replied that as he never made any statement, except in reference to events long since things of the past, it. was impossible for her to say whether they were true or not; that his memory was clean gone for things of the present—so that of but rather as a gay and rollicking spirit who to-day and yesterday he knew nothing : the old days; and that when he could be heard right through, without dropping his voice at all, he sometimes told very interesting and curious things. His board and frequent pitfall and the crafty trap. The property, did you? Ho!-you're a nice sort lodgings were paid for him by his grandson, old man, thought Harry, must have been an a most respectable gentleman, and a dockmaster; and that as to the old man's busi ness he had none, and had had none for many years, being clean forgotten-although he did go every day to his yard, and stayed | Harry therefore surmised that the writer there all day long.

Harry thought he would pay him another visit. Perhaps something more would be remembered.

He went there again in the morning. The street, at the end of which was the yard, was as quiet as on the Sunday, the from port, and told what things he had seen children being at school and the men at and done, what he had consumed in ardent work. The great gates were closed and drink. The letters were brief which was well locked, but the small side door was unlocked. because if literary skill had been present to tell you what judges and lawyers and police When he opened it all the figureheads turn- dress up effectively the subjects treated, a people call this sort of conduct? ed quickly and anxiously to look at him, literary monument might have been erected. At least Harry declares they did, and the like of which the world has never seen. his face betraying his emotion. 'Where's Spiritualists will readily believe him. Was he, they asked, going to take one of them able circumstance that even in realistic Coppin cross Angela's path. Now he will away and stick it on the bow of a great ship, France the true course of the Prodigal has for those proofs.' and send it up and down upon the face of never been faithfully described. Now the the ocean to the four corners of the world? great advantage formerly possessed by the Now, young man, you have had your say, saries in order to give to others, if he does Ha! They were made for an active life. sailor—an advantage cruelly curtained by and you can go, Do you hear? You can the work of ten men, if he gives himself no They pined away in this inactivity. A fig the establishment of 'Homes,' and the in- go.' rest any day in the week, what happens to for the dangers of the deep! From Saucy troduction of temperance—was, that he

question in the same hope. Harry shook his head, and they sighed sadly and resumed their former positions; as they were, eyes front, waiting till night should fall and the old man should go, and they could talk with each other.

'This,' thought Harry, 'is a strange and ghostly place.'

You know the cold and creepy feeling eaused by the presence, albeit unseen, of ghosts. One may feel it anywhere and at all times-in church, at a theatre, in bed at night-by broad daylight-in darkness or in twilight. This was in the sunshine of a bright December day-the last days of the year '81 were singularly bright and gracious The place was no dark chamber or gloomy vault, but a broad and open yard, cheer family, consisting of an old woman and half fully decorated with carved figureheads. Yet even here Harry experienced the touch shipmate. -R. C.' of ghostliness. The place was so strange that it did not astonish him at all to see the old man suddenly appear in the door of his doll's house, waiving his hand and smiling guest. The salutations were not intended for Harry, because Mr. Maliphant was not looking at him.

Presently he ceased gestulating, became suddenly serious (as happens to one when ed), and returned to his seat by the fire.

him waiting to be recognized. The old man looked up at last, and nodded

his head.

Been entertaining your friends, Mr. Maliphant?' 'Bob was here, only Bob. You have just

missed Bob,' he replied. 'That's a pity-never mind. Can you, my ancient, carry your memory back some twenty years? You did it, you know, last Sunday for me.'

'Twenty years? Ay, ay—twenty years. I was only sixty-five or so then. It seems a long time until it is gone-twenty years ! Well, young man, twenty years-why, it is only yesterday!'

'I mean to the time when Caroline Coppin-you know your old friend Carolinewas married.'

'That was twenty years before, and more when William the Fourth died and Queen reign over us-' His voice sunk, and he continued the rest of his reminiscence to

'But Caroline Coppin?'

'I'm telling you about Caroline Coppin, only you won't listen.'

There was nothing more to be got out of him. His recent conversation with Bob's spirit had muddled him for the day, and he nixed up Caroline with her mother or grandmother. He relapsed into silence, and sat with his long pipe unfilled in his hand, looking into the fire-place, gone back in made no sign of conversation, but rather of a disposition to 'drop off,' for a few minutes, Harry began to look about the room. On the table lay a bundle of old letters. It was as if the living and the dead had been reading them together.

Harry took them up and turned them over, wondering what secrets of long ago their faded ink. The old man's eyes were waited. osed—he took no need of his visitor Harry asked his landlady whether, in her Harry, standing at the table, began shame

lessly to read the letters. They were mostly the letters of a young sailor addressed to one apparently a good deal older than himself-for they abounded in such appellations as 'my ancient,' 'venerable,' 'old salt,' and so forth. But the young man did not regard his correspondent with the awe which age should inspire, would sympathize with the high jinks of younger men, even if he no longer shared in them, and who was an old and still delighted treader of those flowery paths which are said by moralists to be planted with the did you? You thought you were entitled to was apt to learn.

Sometimes the letters were signed 'Bob,' sometimes 'R. Coppin,' sometimes 'R. C.' was no other than his own uncle Bob, whose ghost he had just missed.

Bob was an officer on board of an East Indianman, but he spoke not of such commonplace matters as the face of the ocean or the voice of the tempest. He only wrote

It is indeed a most curious and remark-Sal to Neptune they all asked the same could be and was a Prodigal at the end of mine?'

every cruise; while the vovage itself was an agreeable interval provided for recovery, recollection, and anticipation.

'Bob, Uncle Bob was a flyor,' said Harry. 'One should be proud of such an uncle-Builder I am indeed provided.'

There seemed nothing in the letters which bore upon the question of his mother's property, and he was going to put them down again when he lighted upon a torn fragment you hear? You may do your worst.' on which he saw in Bob's big handwriting the name of his cousin Josephus.

'Josephus, my cousin, that he will '-here a break in the continuity-' 'nd the safe the bundle'-another break-'for a lark. Josephus is a square toes. I hate a man who won't drink. He will'-another break - 'if he looks there. Your hearth and song,

He read these fragments two or three times over. What did it mean? Clearly right, and I'd do it again. Yes, I'd do it nothing to himself.

'Josephus is a square toes.' Very likely. cheerily, as one who speeds the parting The prodigal Bob was not. Quite the contrary-he was a young man of extremely mercural temperment. 'Josephus, my cousin, that he will-'nd the safe the bundle.' He put down the paper, and without waking the old man he softly lett the room and his friend's back is turned, or he has vanish- the place, shutting the door behind him; and then he forgot immediately the torn Harry softly followed, and stood before letter and its allusion to Josephus. He thought next that he would go to Bunker and put the question directly to him. The man might be terrified-might show confusion-might tell lies. That would matter little; but if he showed his hand too soon Bunker might be put upon his guard. Well, rather, to get at the truth than to recover looked as if he was about to swoon. his houses.

home, and engaged in his office drawing up is two thousand pounds. That's a large bills, 'I want a few words of serious talk sum to hand over; and then, there is the with you, my uncle.'

'I am busy; go away-I never want to talk to you. I hate the very sight of your

He looked indeed as if he did-if a flushing cheek and and an angry glare of the eyes are any sign.

'I am not going away until you have answered my questions. As to your hatred Victoria (then a young thing) came 'long to or your affection, that does not concern me at all. Now will you listen, or shall I wait? 'To get rid of you the sooner,' growled

> Bunker, 'I will listen now. If I was twenty years younger I'd kick you out.' 'If you were twenty years younger, there

> might, it is true, be a fight. Now then?' 'Well, get along-my time is valuable.'

'I have several times asked you what you got for me when you sold me. You have on those occasions allowed yourself to fall into a rage, which is really dangerous in so stout a man. I am not going to ask you that question any more.'

Mr. Bunker looked relieved. 'Because, you see, I know now what you

Mr. Bunker turned very pale. 'What do you know?'

'I know exactly what you got when I was taken away.'

Mr. Bunker said nothing; yet there was in his eyes a look as if a critical moment were contained in those yellow papers, with long expected had at last arrived, and he

'When my guardian, I was not left penniless.' 'It's a lie-you were!'

'If I had been, you would have handed me over to your brother-in-law Coppin, the builder; but I had property.'

'You had nothing.'

'I had three houses-one of those houses is, I believe, that which has been rented, from you, by Miss Kennedy. I do not know vet where the other two are: but I shall find out.'

'You are on a wrong track,' said his uncle; 'now I know why you wouldn't go away. You came here to ferret and fish, o' chap to have house property, ain't you? admirable guide to youth, and the disciple Ha! ho!' But his laughter was not mirth-

'Let me point out,' Harry went gravely on 'what it is you have done. The child whom you kept for a year or two was heir to a small estate, bringing in, I suppose, about eighty or a hundred pounds a year. We will say that you were entitled to keep that money in return for his support : but when that child was carried away and adopted you said nothing about the property. You kept it for yourself, and you have received the rents year after year, as if the houses belonged to you. Shall I go on, and Where's your proofs?' asked the other.

your proofs? 'I have none yet. I am going to search

'You can't find them-there are none.

'You deny, then, that the houses were

'If you'd come to me meek and lowlyas is your humble station in life-I would ha' told you the history of those houses. Yes, your mother had them, same as her brothers and her sister. Where are they With Bob and Bunker and the bankrupt now? I've got 'em-I've got 'em all. How did I get 'em? By lawful and honorable purchase-I bought 'em. Do you want proofs? You sha'n't have any proofs. Now you may go away and do your worst. Do

He shook his fist in Harry's face. His words were brave, but his voice was shaky and his lips were trembling.

'I don't believe you,' said Harry. 'I am quite certain that you did not buy my houses. There was no one left to care for my interests, and you took those houses.'

'This is the reward,' for nussin' of this for nigh upon three years. Who would take an orphan into his bosom? But it was again.'

'I don't doubt you,' the ungrateful nephew replied, 'especially if that other orphan had three substantial houses, and there was nobody but yourself to look after him.'

'As for your proofs, go and look for them. When you've found 'em, bring 'em to meyou and your proofs.'

Harry laughed.

'I shall find them,' he said; 'but I don't know where or when, Meantime you will go on as you do now-thinking continually that they may be found. You won't be able to sleep at night-you will dream of police courts. You will let your thoughts run on handcuffs-you will take to drink. You will hasten your end-you will-' Here he dethat mattered little-what Harry hoped was sisted ;for his unc'e, dropping into his chair,

'Remember, I shall find these proofs some 'I want,' he said, finding his uncle at day. A hundred a year, for twenty years, interest. Upon my word, my uncle, you will have to begin the world again.'

(To be Continued.)

MARRYING AT TWELVE.

Italian Marriages and Dowers in the Fifteenth Century.

As soon as an Italian girl had attained her twelfth year she was considered legally marriageable. The sumptuary laws of Genoa and Venice permitted her to wear gold. and silver brocade, rich velvets and silks. and to cover her person with jewels, the better to attract the attention of such young gentlemen as were admitted to her society. On her twelfth birthday, being magnificent. ly arrayed, she was led to the parish church on foot, under a canopy of white and crimson silk, by her parents, who, as may well be imagined, wore on so solemn an occasion their richest attires. A band of music marched in front, playing a lively tune, and all the neighborhood turned out eo see the sposina, who, after mass, on her return to her family palace, held a reception, in which, with a good deal of adroitness, eligible young gentlemen were paraded before her mother and herself. If she chanced to take the fancy of one of these youths it was etiquette for him to pass for a week or so at a determined hour every day, in front of her house, so that she could take a sly glance at him through the lattice, and even drop him a flower if she felt so inclined, and receive in return a sonnet. As the courtship progressed the young gentleman was allowed to serenade the girl, generally very late at night. He did not always sing himself, which was, perhaps, providential, but appeared with a band of hired musicians and singers, and if he were rich and liberal, he selected the best professional artists he could procure to make au enduring impression on the sposina.

About a week previous to the wedding the bride's parents gave a grand recevimento (reception) to all their friends, to introduce the sposo and the members of his family. This entertainment usually ended with a grand banquet, preceded by the signing of the legal documents connected with the wedding, of which, fortunately, thousands still exist.—Lippincott's.

Basic Steel for Ship Building.

A large part of the steel made in England and Germany is produced from low grade iron ores containing a large percentage of phosphorous by the use of the basic process. This steel has not been used in ship building to any great extent as its adaptability for this purpose has not been fully demonstrated. It is stated that an English company has been formed to construct a vessel altogether of this material, in order to prove its suitability for the building of ships. The vessel will be constructed to pass the usual Lloyd's tests.

The Park Commissioners of Buffalo, N. Y., have been compelled to kill eight peacocks whose harsh cries kept babies and nervous people awake.

The French soldiers have lately been engaged in an extensive series of experiments with bicycles. That machine has now taken its place as an appliance of war.