

# BY ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER XVIII.  
Marguerite Libourne and Mary Stelling had just over their breakfast in a private hotel.

It was April—a fair, sweet spring morning. All London was looking its very best, and the flower sellers adorned the streets with masses of pale primroses and dainty Lettice-Mary was reading a letter, Marguerite listening.

"And mother likes the house so much," said Mary, "and is longing for us to come down. She hopes we shall not stay in town more than a week. Can we get through everything in a week, Midge?"

"Oh, I think so. I am longing to see our new home."

"We are so delighted that darling Marguerite has decided to come to us," read Mary. "The society is so nice here, we have had all the best people calling already. I am sure you will both be pleased with the garden and tennis lawns. As to Marguerite's rooms, she must choose and furnish them herself. The father went over yesterday to look at Fernar's estate—such a noble place, he says—magnificent timber and plenty of game. The marriage is to be on the tenth of May. Mildred is everything that we could wish with—kind, but I can't help thinking now and then how nice it would have been if our Midge had been mistress of all that splendour."

"Poor mother!" said Mary, breaking in. "She will never forgive Bruno for letting you, Midge."

"It is a great pity," returned Marguerite. "I forgive him long ago."

"I know you did," said Mary; "but I don't know so, but, if it is true, why did you refuse that nice Mr. Lennox at Nice?"

"Which ward?" asked the porter. Marguerite could not tell.

"An accident," she tried to explain. "The gentleman was thrown out of a cab, and brought in yesterday."

A ray of intelligence illuminated the



"POOR MOTHER!" SAID MARY, BREAKING OFF.

ent life was this time last year—eh, Midge?"

"Oh, Mary, how different!"

"Would you like to go back to those times?"

"No," said Marguerite, emphatically. "I should like to go to the moon."

"What are you going to do this morning?" asked Mary, after a pause.

"There are the bridesmaids' dresses to try on."

"Yes; and to call on Mrs. Brown, and ask her if she will chaperone us for a few lectures."

"We must take a hansom to go and see her. We will leave that till this afternoon."

"Very well."

"I will and hunt out the address of this dressmaker of Mildred's," said Mary. "Our wogs will cost us a pretty penny, Midge."

"Suppose so," said Marguerite, rather absently, as Mary left the room, humming a lively air.

Marguerite remained seated, a far-distant thoughtful look in her eyes, as if her mind were dwelling upon some absent one.

"I cannot go to him," she said aloud, "and he will never come to me. He is in England, I wonder? Oh, where? Never once did we meet him, all through our travels, and now—now—there can be no such thing as a chance meeting, here in London."

With a restless sigh she took up the best society paper and glanced through the news. Very charming she looked, as she sat there. Her dress was tasteful—simple but costly. It set off her figure admirably.

Her face had gained in beauty since the autumn before, though it had somewhat lost its brilliant roundness, and for the present at least the fun and mirthful mockery were hidden away. Her winter in Florence—where she had mixed with the best society and given her an air of grace and distinction—had done her no harm. Her eyes were clear, and her hair was as soft as down.

Suddenly, as she read, the hand which held the paper began to tremble, her face brightened, her color rose. Her eyes were fixed upon a short paragraph.

"A gentleman was thrown from a hansom in the Strand last night, and seriously injured. He was taken to St. Charles Cross hospital, whence it is not considered prudent to remove him, unless friends on whom he can be relied on, Mr. Martineau, of the firm of Leroy and Martineau, solicitors, London."

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Now that her point was gained Marguerite was that she was shivering and trembling she followed her guide—now wishing from the bottom of her heart that she had not come to London—now away by the thought of seeing him again. She dared not ask the nurse any questions as to his condition—she could not trust her.

They reached the door of the private room he occupied.

"Now wait here a moment," said the nurse, as she passed inside.

Again she hesitated almost sickening. It seemed to Marguerite hours before the nurse returned.

"It's all right. You can go in," she said.

For the first time Marguerite wondered what she should do.

"How is he?" she asked of the nurse.

"Oh, no; he's perfectly sensible!" Marguerite had expected delirium—the nurse would know her, and now felt herself tremble until she called forth all her strength, physical and moral, and she went in readily and noiselessly into the room.

There was a slight movement as Valaine sank back upon his pillow.

"My wife," he said, in a rather low, but distinct voice—"I could not believe it. But it is you—really you."

The flowers fell from her hands. She made a step forward, and tried to speak, but could not, for the tears which overran her eyes and fell down upon her cheeks, and she took it, held it for her, and then she turned to him, and then she carried it to her lips.

"Valaine, gently. Do nothing you will regret afterward. You think I am dying, and I hoped I should tell you now that I am not. I have nothing that you wish to recall. You will live your life! Ah, how thankful I am!"

"Thank you," he echoed.

"Yes, thankful so thankful for everything. First, that you married me. Then, that you married me over again yesterday, and that I came here, with an air of confusion."

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# THE BEST OF IT.

And still lovely woman is clamoring for her rights.

Every man has his day, but thanks to his gallantry, woman has every day. If reasonably indulgent, she is mistress of her destiny. She has her finger in all sorts of business. Her page in the Boston Home Journal. Her sins are forgiven her. If she murders a man who has failed to treat her like a perfect lady, she is acquitted. If she is a petty thief, she is acquitted. If she is a petty thief, she is acquitted. If she is a petty thief, she is acquitted.

# BUSINESS LIFE, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

A Lecture in Common Language—"Not Stoical in Business; Foreast in Spirit; Serving the Lord"—Rom. 12:11.

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Industry, my dear friends, and Christian service, are commended together in the text. What is it possible that they should be conjoined? Oh, yes. There is no other being religion and business, but they are inseparable. They are two branches of the same tree. They are two wheels of the same axle. They are two sides of the same coin. They are two wings of the same bird. They are two feet of the same man. They are two eyes of the same face. They are two ears of the same head. They are two hands of the same body. They are two feet of the same man. They are two eyes of the same face. They are two ears of the same head. They are two hands of the same body.

# PREVENTING ELECTROLYSIS.

A Possible Method of Rendering Vagrant Electric Currents Harmless.

The amount of damage done to water and gas pipes by electric currents has escaped from trolley lines on its way back to the power house is almost incalculable. The evil is not so serious as it once was several years ago. Modern methods are now providing for the return of the current have lessened its vagrant disposition. Nevertheless the same conditions to some extent exist. A suggestion that has been made by the Engineering News of the insulating qualities of wood and of the proposition made last year that two or more feet of wood should be placed over the mains in every district where trouble was to be anticipated. Electricity will not enter a line of pipe if it is slightly frayed, but an obstacle which would prove effective at any given point along a system of metallic conductors would disperse a current of electricity from the pipe and prevent it from entering the joints. Hence, if the wooden plugs interfered with the conductivity of the pipes it is hard to see why they would not protect them from electrolysis. And if the currents would not attempt to travel along the pipe at all no electrolysis or corrosion would ensue.

# A STAMP BEGGAR.

How a Chicago Crook Makes an Easy Living.

Richard W. Smith, a Boston traveling salesman, who was at the Hotel Imperial in Chicago, has written the following story of a Chicago crook who is acquiring a well-to-do in a rather peculiar way. "I was chatting with a man in the lobby of the fashionable hotel in Chicago," said Smith, "when I noticed an old man peering out of the writing room. He was a little fellow, but he looked as if he were perfectly respectable. His kindly face wore a look of annoyance as he gazed at four letters which he held in his hand. As he approached me I saw that they were stamps and addressed, but had no stamps on them. Finally the old fellow stopped in front of me and said, 'They were left in one hand and a penny in the other, said: "I beg your pardon, but you four stamps that you can spare? When I had taken three or four, I thought I had a dime, but I find that it was a penny, and I am very anxious to get these letters off in the first place. I have bought some stamps, but a moment's hesitation, I handed four of them to the old man. He thanked me and went on his way. I turned to renew the conversation with my friend, and found him smiling and saying, 'You are the best of fellows. I have seen you in the white.' That is probably the most noted and most successful beggar in the city. He is well known at all of the larger hotels, and it is said that he makes from \$3 to \$6 a day by means of his little game."

# Fisherman's Paradise.

The record just published of a fishing expedition in Lapania showed that it was one of two rods, with follow-up. They fished for 22 days and secured a total of 282 salmon and 115 trout. The best day's catch for one rod was thirty-three salmon and twenty-two trout, or a total weight of 663 pounds. It was noted that the fishing party had to wait their opportunity, for when they arrived at their destination they were frozen, and when the thaw came they had to wait too much water for fishing—London Globe.

# A Chicago Rascal who Called himself "Hope"

secured from \$1 to \$10 a piece from poor people out of employment, and sold it for \$100 and got millions. As might have been expected, both Hope and money are lost.

ing in Fulton street prayer meeting last night. "The amount they paid me was less than the amount they gave me. You only happened so? You are unbelieving. God answered that man's prayer."

Oh, you want business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade are all very good in their place. But sometimes when you want something more than the usual, you give up. You want God. For the lack of Him some of you have known that a fine way of life is the one to treat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been hounded among sounders, and they have been hounded among sounders. Other men you have known have gone men here today, and they have been and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say: "Well, if there ever was a man who traded, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed upon the minds of the people. God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of that store door have not been removed. People say, "What is the reason for this? The store is closed." and you see written on the card of that window: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That is the reason for the closing of the store. There is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ send out their members to mourn their man's death. He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has made his last will, he has made his last testament. He has made his last will, he has made his last testament. He has made his last will, he has made his last testament.