

that you are 'concerned' with the differences between our two great countries. It is supposed that you hold important military information, state secrets that might be got out of you, squeaked out of you, if they put you in a tight place. You may decline our offer. That is your own affair. But, sir, let me conjure you to carry a six shooter on all occasions. Go nowhere—well, to no strange or unusual places—alone."

"I trust it is not quite so bad as all that, Mr. Snuyzer. Still, I am grateful, and I shall certainly remember you if, if."

"You survive? Yes, sir, but do not leave it too late. You have been marked down, captain, and they will strike at you, somehow, soon; today, tomorrow, at any time. They contend that the McFaught millions were acquired by spoliation and sharp practice."

"Is there any truth in that?" I broke in hurriedly.

"Bully McFaught was a smart man, and struck some close things, but he was no more entitled to state prison than those he fought with on Wall street. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and your enemies will talk tall about surrendering in gotten gains, because it is a good shield. I do not think you need lie awake wondering whether you should make restitution to the widow and the fatherless—anyway, not till it's forced upon you, as it may be."

"And you can save me from that?"

"Or worse. We think you will be well advised to consider our offer. If we can be of any service to you, remember our telephone number is 287, 356, and I shall reply personally or by proxy at any time, day or night. You have also my address, 39 Norfolk street, Strand. I reside there, on the premises. I shall be proud to receive your instructions, and—if it is not too late—to come to your assistance on the shortest notice. Good day, captain. Think well of what I say."

How was I to take all this? Seriously? I had read in every schoolbook of the snares and pitfalls of great wealth, but had never dreamed—who could?—of dangers so strange and terrible as those that now menaced me. If I were to give credence to this extraordinary tale.

Some one hailed me as I passed down Piccadilly, and, turning, I recognized a man I knew, Lawford by name, a big, burly, fat voiced man, with jet black beard—so unmistakably dyed that it increased his years and gave an unwholesome tinge to his pallid complexion. He had greasy, fawning manners—an assumption of bonhomie that you instinctively distrust. I never cared for him much, but he always pretended to be a devilish fond of me.

I had met this Lawford on the other side of the Atlantic, in the South American city where I had spent some time in a recent mission. He gave it out that he was prospecting for gold in those parts, but many believed that he was a spy and secret agent of the American government. Then we came home together in the same steamer, and I was much thrown with him on board. He was on his way to England to make his bid and every one's fortune, mine included. I confess the fellow amused me, his schemes were so tremendous; he had such a profound belief in himself and in the simplicity of the British public.

"Yes, sir, I shall spoil them; stick them up and carry off a pile of plunder. You'll do well to cut in with me, captain. You'd strike it rich; yes, sir, I can dispose of 75,000 acres of real estate which is just honeycombed with gold. The greater part belongs to me, Rufus Lawford, but I won't part till your darning capitalists have unboughted. But they will that when they've seen my prospectuses and heard my witching tongue."

Lawford had not found the innocents of the city so easy to beguile. He passed through many phases of good and evil fortune in the months that followed his arrival. I saw him from time to time, now gorgeous, now looking like a sweep. Sometimes he was on the edge of pulling off some gigantic operation; at others he was in the depths of despair and borrowed a sovereign "on account" of the great fortune he meant some day to force on me. He evidently did not prosper in his schemes of promotion. But he still hung upon the frontiers of finance, in the neutral, debatable ground where every man's hand is against his fellows and frank brigandage is more or less the rule.

I was surprised to find him in the west end, and told him so, as he overtook me with the "fifth" Globe in his hand.

"Hello! Hello! I'm taking a holiday. Those galoots eastward won't bite, and I thought I'd give myself an airing in the park. Never expected to see you," which was a deliberate lie, for I had reason to know later that he had come out for that very purpose. "See your name in the papers. Presume it's you? They've got the whole story. Fine fortune, young sir; fine. Wish you joy."

I thanked him, not overcordially perhaps; for the man bored me, and I guessed that his was only an early attack upon my new found millions.

"Now, Captain Wood, I am delighted to have met you, for I may be able to give you a little advice. You will be assailed on all sides. You capitalists are the natural game of the promoters. Give them a wide berth. There's a mass of villainy about. Don't trust them—not a man of them. If you're in any difficulty, if you've got a few thousands to play with at any time, you come straight to me. I shall be delighted to serve you—for yourself, mind, and for the sake of old times, for I knew Bully McFaught well."

"Ah, indeed! Tell me about him. You knew him?" I was eager to hear more of the man from whom my strangely unexpected fortune had come.

"I knew old McFaught—knew him well and did business with him, but not so much as I could have liked—worse luck! If I could have got upon his shoulders, I should have walked into unbounded wealth. But you had to be with him, not against him. He made some men, but he ruined more—stock, lock and barrel, it don't matter to you anyhow whether he piled up the dollars on dead men's bones or robbed the saints. Guess you can freeze on to what he gathered."

I laughed a little uneasily; but, after all, who was this Lawford, and why should I care for what he said? It was probably untrue.

"Will you be going over to God's country any time soon, Captain Wood? Wish you'd take me with you. You'll want a sheep dog, and I guess I'm pretty fit."

"You're very good. I shall remember, but I doubt my going just at present. Now, I think I'll turn in here." We were passing the portals of my club, the Nelson and Wellington, commonly called the N. and W.

"This your shanty? Pretty smart place, I take it. Can they sling a Manhattan cocktail any?"

But the hint was lost on me. I had had enough of Mr. Lawford and wished to be well rid of him.

"Well, good day," he said. "If you change your mind about crossing the pond, be sure you send for me. But I suppose London's good enough for you. It's a pleasant place, I reckon, with the spondules to spend, and I guess you can have the best it holds now, if it's worth the buying. See you next time."

Could I? There was one thing I hungered for keenly, and was by no means certain of securing. Lawford's chance words brought it home to me with much emphasis. My chief object at this time was to try how far one fortune would favor me with another.

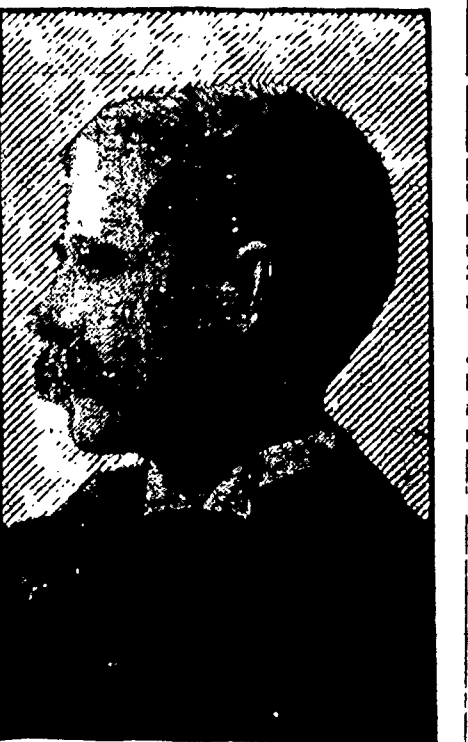
How would Frida Fairholme be affected by the news of my great good luck? I had been asking myself this momentous question ever since I had seen Mr. Quinlan. At one time I hoped for the best, next moment I was as greatly cast down. Now I leaned against the railings in the row, in my best hat and frock coat, with a brand new flower in my buttonhole, hoping she might see me and that I might get the chance of a word.

But she never came, and at last I left the park, disappointed and disconsolate, and returned to my rooms to dress for dinner. Here some one pushed past me just as I was letting myself in with my key; a man meanly dressed, one of the poor wails, as I thought, who so often infest street corners, ready for any job.

The incident made no particular impression on me at the time, but it was brought home to me as one link in a chain of singular events that were near at hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous Presbyterian Minister, Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, one of the members of the committee appointed.



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ed to revise the Westminster Confession of faith, of the Presbyterian church, is the famous poet and American authority on Tennyson and his work and is now professor of English literature in Princeton university.

#### The Sacred Heart.

Every drop of the precious blood of the sacred heart was shed for each individual child of Adam. What riches do we not lose for want of not knowing how to use them! Jesus Christ himself promised that all who asked favors through his heart should receive them abundantly. O Jesus, thy sacred side was pierced only to open for us an entrance into thy heart, and thy heart itself was opened only that we might dwell there in liberty and peace. Let us draw near to the heart of Jesus, that loving fountain of which he gives us gratuitously the saving waters, inviting us thereto himself, "Let him who thirsts come to me." Who is more worthy than thou, O Mary, to speak for us to the heart of Jesus Christ? Thou wilt speak to him, O sovereign, because all that thou askest of him thou wilt obtain, for is he not thy son?

#### Habitual Guilt.

And be the stern and sad truth spoken that the breach which habitual guilt has once made in the human soul is never in this mortal state wholly repaired. It may be watched and guarded, so that the enemy shall not force his way again into the citadel and might even in his subsequent assaults select some other avenue in preference to that where he had formerly succeeded. But there is still the ruined wall and hear the stealthy tread of the foe that would win over again his unrepented trespass.

## FOR SPRING WEAR!

SILVER WILL BE POPULAR FOR TRIMMINGS.

The Nelson Run Through the Smartest of New Gowns—Large Hats Not in Favor—Moderation is the Word—Sleeves Grow Larger.

There are no spring revolutions in fashion so that the woman who has serviceable left-overs from last summer may breathe a sigh of economical relief. Lace and spangles and flowing skirts, Eton jackets, flat sleeve-tops, crownless flaring hats, tucks and lace incrustations are all but the old familiar face of things sartorial. The only conspicuous change is in the undersleeves that have gradually banished last season's long close sleeves. Just at this moment the progress of the most vigorous shopper is obstructed by the interesting spring goods exhibited in every window, and the satin-striped cotton grenadines, the new French challoes and the embroidered muslins attract the women about them. Besides these irresistibles there are within on the counters piles of silk Madras for shirtings and bargains in lace that admit of no passing by.



Of Gray Tweed.

The lace bargains are on every hand and all the cotton gowns must be lace garnished. There is nothing strikingly novel in the application of the thread and drawn-work laces so freely utilized. A pretty silk-warp grenadine shows now insertions may be criss-crossed artistically over the front of a gown and introduce thereby an aspect of charming decoration when the pattern by which the dress is made is itself quite simple. The flat neck, broad tucked collar and elbow sleeves are the particularly modern details of this toilet.

A detail in the decoration of so many of the flimsy summer dresses is the application of almost infinitesimal crystal or white porcelain buttons flecked with gold. These are bullet or cabochon in shape and many of them are no larger than the smallest crocheted buttons that are sewed on infants' dresses. In groups and broken lines on sleeves and belts and bolero fronts they are most attractive, and far better at the washwoman's hands than the lace-covered prototypes. In colors that make a strong appeal the light wool grenadines and challoes invite at every turn. Challoes with open-work stripes are decided novelties and suggest foundation skirts of contrasting colors in taffeta. Smooth surfaced gray chevrot or tweed, belted, reversed, cuffed, lined and stitched in tan color will be a spring favorite. This popular combination is seen in a tweed as gray as dawn, speckled with a rosette cord now and then in its soft mesh. The skirt tucks are taken up with coarse tan-colored sewing silk, and the belted blouse jacket is finished with a good true shade of tan silk. A tan taffeta shirtwaist shows a bit of its bosom and a collar band embroidered in tan. The hat is of tan-colored plaited chiffon, over which a coarse gray silk net is drawn. Big pompons of tan chiffon and a gray quill complete the decoration.

When the combination is not in the severe tailor-made, we see extremely attractive challoes, a pure café au lait in color, satin striped in gray and trimmed with heavy gray Russian lace. Gray suede gloves in heavy and light weights predominate over the brown dog-skin that we have hitherto used almost exclusively for walking, and tan shoes and coats of tan covert will make their appearance at the very earliest moment after the spring snows.

With the springlike popularity of gray we now have silver as a happy accompaniment. Silver tissue, silver lace, silver warp cloth, silver-threaded chenille, silver ribbons and silk and silver belts sparkle at every turn. The note of silver, indeed, runs through the smartest of the new toilets and the women who have heedlessly invested in golden ornaments braid, lace and tissue feel as unhappy conspicuous as tinseled-hung Christmas trees after the celebration is over. Where silver, however, is a very boon is apparent in the renovation of hats. This is the season when the winter chapeau must borrow a note of spring, else make a decidedly shabby appearance, and hitherto violets have served as the refreshing touch to tide womankind over to the period when straw shapes can be appropriately worn, instead of the serviceable violets a big pompon of black or white chiffon, or colored silk muslin covered with silver gauze, is made by the astute milliner and exposed without any comment in her window. Women have seized the suggestion at a glance and have replaced the dusty knot of plumes, faded velvet roses, or ribbon bows from their various felt, cloth and silk shapes with sleek-of-silver rosettes.

The good old days when the woman who trimmed her own hats had but to purchase a becoming straw shape, some ribbon, some tulle, and some flowers, combine them more or less unskillfully and consider herself ready for the spring, are far and away in the past. She is not the only soul that is taking the subject of the new millinery hard. The new style of headgear is a riot of shirrings and flutings and ruffings, of chiffons and mousselines and malines, that redound to the glory of the milliner, but that sadden both the dealer in straw goods and the aforementioned woman with inclinations toward style and economy. Moderation is to be the word in the early spring in regard to size. The large hat is to disappear in favor of the medium-sized model. There will even be a tendency toward the hat that is slightly below the medium in size, while the small toque will take on an increase in height and breadth to bring it up to the same moderate category. For a time, wide brims will be the exception, though later in the season, when summer is at hand, there promises to be a change in this regard. The "pancake" hat will give place to a hat having a slight elevation in the centre of the crown, and while draperies and bows will continue to lie prone, flowers and plumes, if plumes there be, will lift themselves aloft, thus giving some height in the place of that fatness that has proved so popular with all the short women, who should have known better. Simplicity is an unknown word and regularity in outline an unknown quality. And every hat is more or less decidedly a law unto itself. There are hats with slanting brims and with crowns rising into mild little domes. There are hats with the brims beat down into the shape of the neck. But the shape of crown and the contour of brim are of little importance, since both are quite successfully hidden under the swathing bands of the much, much trimming. One thing that is of the utmost importance is that the hat, no matter what its style, shall have a large crown opening, so that it may fit well down on the head of its wearer.

Shapes with double brims are conspicuously numerous, and there the milliner further embellishes by wired drapings of textile tissues so arranged that each of the drapings juts out as an additional brim. Kilted leaves and chiffons are to be much used in trimming, while net and goosamer and tulle show every sign of popularity. A novelty is the tulle that is covered rather closely with square black spangles. In spite of all words and arguments about gold as trimming, including the one of commonplace, it still finds a place on the hats of the season. It must be handled with caution, so say the millinery experts, but as small spots of powdered gold or tulle, as an edging of fine gold cord, as a veining on foliage, or as the stems of flowers it creeps in. It will be the unwise individual who takes it in more than the most delicate touches. For the general opinion is that it will be dropped by the best trade before Easter. Gold and silver muslins have part in many of the new French models. But when gold gauze or net is used as a foundation, it is toned down and all but hidden by layers of white tulle.

The flower of the spring hat will be the rose in every natural or unnatural shade and of a size that nature cannot emulate. From the little crimson ramble to the American beauty every form of rose life has been copied. Saffron and deep pink will be favorite color for these flowers, and the flowers themselves will be preferably rather flat and widely blown. Faded roses and even faded and faded looking pansies will be popular in the early spring, and with them dead or autumn foliage will be worn. The note of



Different Styles of Hats.

warning is sounded about these faded effects, for unless properly handled they may be artistic, but at the same time impossible. One hat of a dull, dead slate hue has its flat crown completely covered with faded pansies. It is new, but it isn't inspiring. Flower hats promise to be springtime favorites. Many of the new artificial flowers are made of French crepe and silk gauze. Foliage is dyed to all sorts of hues. Some skeleton leaves are seen, but the great majority are made of velvet and muslin. The heavier ones are deeply veined in silver or in gold.

A little investigation and observation, indeed, goes to prove that there are just two kinds of undersleeves so far in existence, and one has the elbow with the puff or second sleeve extending from that point to the wrist, while the other is the old style bell-mounted arm covering with the second sleeve pouching below it upon the wrist. On these two types infinite variations are skillfully played. In one instance, the fulness of the upper portion is caught down close to the wrist by a little bracelet of black velvet ribbon, fastened with a jeweled clasp.

## THE STORY OF THE NAUGHTY SUNBEAM

Translated From the German.

The Sun had just got up. He stretched himself to peep over the tops of the highest mountains, while from underneath his golden mantle the Sunbeams, big and little, pushed their way, eager to begin their day's journey.

"Mind you are good," said the Sun, "and do your duty well. And as for you, you little rascal," he continued, turning to a little Sunbeam who was shuffling impatiently with his feet and could not wait the moment to begin activity, "don't do any of your naughty tricks, but try to have something nice to tell me about this evening."

"Yes, yes," shouted the little Sunbeam, and off he went.

Down in the valley stood a large house with all the shutters closed. It was a hotel, and the guests were all asleep. The little Sunbeam saw a large knot-hole in one of the shutters and peeped quickly through. He burst out laughing, for there on the bed lay a fat gentleman on his back with his mouth half open and snoring.

"Wait! I will wake you," thought the little Sunbeam, and then he began to dance about on the gentleman's face, now on his right eye and now on his left and then on his nose. The fat gentleman turned first on his right side and then on his left. He pulled the bedclothes over his face, but all in vain. The Sunbeam always found a gap. At last the gentleman sprang out of bed in a rage.

The little Sunbeam laughed and crept away.

At the kitchen hearth stood a fat cook stirring a pudding. The Sunbeam peeped into the pots and dishes trying to taste the good things, whereupon the cook groaned and complained that the Sun made the kitchen hotter than the fire. The Sunbeam beat upon the cook's back until the drops of perspiration ran down off his forehead into the soup.

"I must drink a glass of beer," he sighed and went into the cellar to fetch a bottle, but when he returned the pudding was burned, and the Sunbeam laughed heartily.

He danced out of the kitchen window into the courtyard and past the stables until he came to the barn, where he crept in to rest awhile, as he said. The hay harvest was just over, and part of the barn was full of the most beautiful sweet-scented hay. "That will make a good bed," said the Sunbeam and threw himself down on the haystack.

It was afternoon, and the farm laborers were just drinking their tea, when the groom said, "It smells of burning!" Everybody held their noses in the air and smelled it too. It grew stronger and stronger. They all got up and went out of doors, where the swineherd was shouting:

"The barn is burning! The hay has caught fire!"

But who could have done it? The naughty little Sunbeam had turned and twisted and wriggled about until the hay began to smolder.

They all rushed for the fire engine, and some ran to the next village to summon the fire brigade. Such a running and shouting and pushing and pulling as never was seen!

The Sunbeam, who had caused the whole misfortune, sat calmly on the ridge of the roof and watched the flames, which were even brighter than himself, as they burst through the roof.

"You can't hurt me!" he cried mockingly and made faces at them.

But the Sun up in the sky was very sad when he saw how naughty the little Sunbeam had been. He called a gray veil over his face and began to weep, and his tears fell down like the fire and helped to extinguish it, and so he partly made amends for the mischief which the Sunbeam had done.

When the Sunbeam saw the Sun weeping, he was frightened and at once understood how naughty he had been. He was terribly ashamed of himself and crept behind a gray cloud, where he remained until the fire had been put out.

Then he appeared once more very shyly and considered whether he could not do one good deed before the day was over.

## THE DOON

Translated From the German.

One evening on the moorland, where the wind was blowing from the north, a little rabbit was sitting on a log, looking at the stars.

"Look here, Mr. Doon," said the rabbit, "I have just heard that the moon is going to be very bright to-night. It is a rare sight, and you must not miss it."

"Young rabbit," began the moon, "I am not a little rabbit, but a big one. I am the moon, and I am very old. I have seen many things, and I have lived a long time."

"I never heard that my father was a rabbit," protested the moon.

"Well, you shall hear all about it," said the rabbit. "I know your father well. For ever since he had a burrow almost at the foot of the hollow tree in which I lived, almost every night we were out together. If the dogs got after me, he would take care of himself, and if a fox came around I was ready to pounce on him and protect your father. One afternoon when your father was out and he stuck a thorn in his foot, I pulled out with my teeth after he got home. I told him to keep quiet for a day or two and he'd be all right. That very night, when I was away from my tree, who should come hopping along but your father. I scolded him for being out, he said he was homesick, but that was a poor excuse. There were men and dogs about, and a lame rabbit had no business far away from his burrow."

"I think my father was wrong," said the rabbit.

"Of course he was. We had begun to talk when we heard a great hubbub in the cornfield near by. At once started for home. As you know, there was a fox. He got along at a snail's pace. The dogs were round our ears, and then I knew that we must run for our lives. Your father did the best he could, but the dogs began to gain on him, and the man behind them waved a lantern. I could have got away alone, but I saw a man with a gun, and I thought I would save my friends to the last. When I saw that we would be overtaken before we could get home, I told your father we would make for a big oak tree. I couldn't climb it, of course, but I was to take him up on my back."

"That was kind of you, I am sure," said the rabbit.

"Well, I didn't want to leave him eaten by the dogs, you know. I went along I told him to 'hang back and hang on as we can make it.' But did he do as I told him at all? Instead of clinging to my back he grabbed the tip of my ear with his teeth, and as I began to pull him up, he said, 'I can't pull him up. He's too heavy. I could only manage to pull him up to the top of the tree, but I was too tired to save him when he was through, and he fell down among the dogs and was quickly killed. I ran up into the tree and saved my own skin, but I never forgave your father."

"But what did he do?"

"Do? Do? Haven't I been telling you? He bit the end of my tail off for six months I was a hobnob. Yes, it took six months for the tail to grow out again, and during that time he laughed at even by the name of 'Doon'."

"Everybody called 'Doon' at me," said the rabbit.

"I should have known that," said the moon. "I should have known that you were a rabbit, and I should have known that you were a naughty rabbit."

"I am not a naughty rabbit," said the rabbit. "I am a good rabbit, and I am very old. I have seen many things, and I have lived a long time."

"Now I am quite warm again," said the rabbit. "Thank you, Mr. Doon, for the little Sunbeam. And she held up her doll toward him that he might warm it too."

And so he played with the doll and Chrisele until her mother came home and carried her little daughter into the house.

Just then the Sun called for the little Sunbeam to go to bed. He would have to wait a little longer, because he had a bad cold, and he had to be careful not to catch it.