













CHAPTER XXII. The sun had set before Frank Armathwaite reached Mercedes...

The bell was answered, not, as he had hoped, by the warm-hearted and trust-worthy Nanny...

From Branksome to The Crags was a walk of nearly seven miles, and it was nine o'clock before Frank reached the big red house...

"I thought," said Armathwaite, somewhat hesitatingly, "I took it into my head this afternoon that you did not look well, and might perhaps be threatened to-night with another attack like that one you had three weeks ago..."

When they reached the study Lord Kildonan opened a little cabinet which stood unlocked on a shelf in the wall. "You take whisky, doctor?" he said.

"You know where the butler keeps that bottle of whisky for his own drinking?" "Oh, yes, sir," answered the lad readily, and immediately, as possible, Armathwaite mixed two tumblerfuls...

weak, and having given the former to his host, took the latter for himself.

As soon as the curtain between the two rooms fell behind his host's retiring figure, Armathwaite seemed to become a different man.

The doctor retreated into the next room. It was now twenty-five minutes past ten. Faint night-noises, unnoted by day, but rendered startling in the silence of the dark hours, assailed the listening ear on all sides.

The door handle rattled and turned, and the door itself was pushed open so very slowly that Armathwaite had to battle with an impulse to take three strides forward, pull it towards him, and look round it at the intruder.

CHAPTER XXIII. Frank Armathwaite woke about eight o'clock and shortly afterward Lord Kildonan, in his dressing gown, came in from the study with a disturbed face.

"This she did, in fact, by her guileless husband's satisfaction, by telling him that she had been down in the morning room hunting for a book she had left there when he looked into her room."

tained while you whisper sweet nothings in my ear. Your patients must be waiting. I have come to see you off. Pray, let me have that pleasure.

As he was returning from his daily rounds, he came face to face with Lord Kildonan, walking rapidly. Frank was startled at his appearance.

"I wish to speak to you. It is true, I believe, that Dr. Peele put the greatest confidence in you?"

"Well, presumably by some person who believed in a prior right to the doctor's effects."

Armathwaite yielded them up without a word, and Lord Kildonan, with steps that for a moment tottered, passed, with a cold inclination to the lady, out of the house.

NUTRITIOUS NOT PALATABLE. Trials of an American at the Siege of Paris. An artist, in a recent description of life in the students' quarter in Paris, gave an amusing account of an odd American who has lived there for many years...

His health did not suffer, but he became at last so desperately sick of bread and oil that he could endure it no longer, and resolved upon a single-handed sortie in search of a "square meal."

"I am not in the mood for great efforts, doctor; neither am I in the mood to be dependent on any one."

CORN HUSKING TIME.

INSPIRATION DRAWN FROM THE TEEMING HARVEST.

Vivid Pen Picture of the Husking Bee—Death the Blessing of Blessings to the Good Man—The Chirp of the Frosts Followed by Gladness.

Talmage's Weekly Talk. This sermon by Dr. Talmage is peculiarly reasonable at the present time, when the teeming harvests all over the land are awaiting the husbandman.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked.

Husking the Corn. Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence, joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an evening, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most-corn shocks before sundown.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields, but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrews knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn-picked-up-out-of-ancient-crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio.

Death the Blessing of Blessings. It is high time that the king of terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings.

The God Fashioned Grain. You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion; by the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified backlogs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality, but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around.

"Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock. "Aha, aha?" So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations—the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes.

There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us is required health perhaps he will do in one fell blow at the last.

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they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres of a city cemetery. There they came up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras.

Some of them on earth were such agreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles in which you wished almost that they had been slain in some of the battles. Good, pious, consecrated, well-meaning disagreeables.

At the Gate of the Granary. Now, in heaven all their offenses have been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven is a great neighborhood reunion.

Yes, heaven, a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to the smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner.

No monopoly of religion. There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads, monopolistic telegraph companies and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people.

But, says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernatural society if I should reach it?" I think you would, I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned 200 acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but 30 acres of ground, and perhaps all covered by a mortgage.

All the shocks coming in their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon or having died too late or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Plowed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in your season.

Heavenly Recognition. In giving emphasis to the doctrine of heavenly recognition we observe, first, that in the resurrection each person will retain his full identity, and will live hereafter as a distinct existence as truly as he lived here. He will have his own distinct spiritual organism which will follow its own laws of life, and from this almost self-evident postulate may be deduced the idea of mutual recognition. I believe that families long separated will come together and exist in the joy of a blissful reunion.



