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Eight months have passed since the close of the last chapter, and things are much as they were. The love of occupation and the occupation of love you more about her some day. have combined to make the time pass very happily and very swiftly. About once a month I have visited Chiselfurst and stayed over Sunday. Edith, my Edith (of whom more presently), and I have learned to love each other Intensely, more so than any quantity of type can convey, and life without her now would be very dreary and not worth the living.

Of Miss Milne I have seen nothing. nothing of her.

One Monday evening I was sitting after dinner, reading the evening pa-per, when Ann came in with a note: a child was waiting in the hall, she think the wisest course to follow said, to take me somewhere. The note would be this: I will leave her—she was from the wife of our clergyman. was from the wife of our clergyman.

I opened it and read as follows: "Dear Dr. Rigby—I am sure that under the circumstances you will forgive me for troubling you. I have this morning been sent for to the most wretched house imaginable, and found assented, and on my road home I the bearer of this letter will show you the place. Believe me, very truly yours, E. N. CARPENTER."

As hurrfedly as I could, I collected little guide in the hall.

As we hurrled along the pavement I was going to see, but the girl knew ards, although they have a great by the side of this woman, and over the wretched and woe-begone specially and the writing of it. She had, she told me. Been halled by the lady while walking down Arlington street, and requested very glad to undertake the duty.

of that wretched quarter my guide as their rickety condition would al-

On landing at the very top I found the lady who had sent for me, "I am afraid," she said, "I have brought you to a very terrible place, but you must forgive me; I could do nothing else. But come; will you follow me?"

She led me into a room, the stench, the misery and the absolute squallor of which no one but those who have visited the slums of London can possibly imagine. I walked to the window, and from the broken panes pulled out the pieces of carpet, old linen and newspapers that did duty for glass. With the little light thus obtained I saw in one corner a mass of straw, and over and about it soiled under on the third day Mrs. Best did not an At four in the morning my bell clothing and old dresses. This was bear at all, I just caught sight of her rang, and in reply to my question evidently the bed, for under the clo as I entered the street; she was peepthing I could distinctly discern the ing round the corner of the door, the hoarse, unsteady, spirit-laden angular outlines of a woman's form, watching for my coming; the moment voice of a half-drunken woman, re-On the back of the door other dresses she saw me she withdrew her head questing me to come instantly to Miss were hung, but these were of a very and disappeared. I was waiting at the Milae's lodgings. I dressed hurriedly if not expensive, and carried a world I should do, when a woman who lived having gone on before. of meaning to me-I recognized by opposite came over to me. them not only the kind of room stood perfectly still during the few she is?"

Nest why? Do you know where seconds I had been taking close few she is?" was in, but also the knd of patient I sir?" she asked, seconds I had been taking stock of the place. "I think," she said, "we cught to be doing something," and her?" then added, significantly, "there are

two lives involved." "Two?" I asked. "Where's the

other?" She pointed to another bundle in the other corner of the room, and waiking over to it. I threw off a piece of sacking, and exposed to view an infant that, though but a few hours old, Sad the wrinkled skin, troubled ex-pression and monkey-like cast of features peculiar to some of the aged poor. Its limbs were about the thick fingers long and talon-like, and as the she's raving. I think you ought to see cold air from the broken window her awakened it, it began to emit the cry characteristic of its order, a far-away, piping, half-whistle kind of cry, that contrasts so markedly with the hearty shrick of a newly born healthy child. With natural tenderness Mrs. Carpenter covered up the poor little creature. to her. It was the first time I had ture of starvation, with an evidence of be. strength which astonished me, threw her head around and stared at me. If her body showed evidence of star-vation, her face did so in a thousandfold greater degree; her cheek bones and the angles of her lower jaw were man, were now perfectly startling in their size and brilliancy. It was only for a moment she stared at me, then

"Of course, you know I shall not go.

Miss Milne," for it was none other than she. "I shall not leave you until that nurse?"

f have seen you have some food and are made comfortable." "I'll take nothing you offer me." And then she groaned again, "Go. go, both of you, and leave us to die; that's

all we want, and why can't we have Mrs. Carpenter walked to the bod-

side, and taking in hers the thin hand of the patient, in the kindest tones implored of her not to talk like that. but to let us do what we could for

her.

"But I don't want you here: I didn't that woman, if I were you."

send for you. Why can't people mind their own business?"

"I wish I could, but you see I can't go near the house; but you must for and report anything you notice." I beckoned Mrs. Carpenter to join

"What is to be done?" she said.
"Do you know her, Dr. Righy?"
"I know her very well." I replied; in fact, I may almost say I owe my life to her. She nursed me through a long illness."

"Rut what has happened to her? Is she mad?"

"No. I don't think she is mad, and I

don't think she is sane. But I will tell cught to be seeing now what we can do for her—that is, if anything can be done; but you will find it exceedingly dfficult; bringing her food is a simple thing, but making her take it is a different one. I warn you that girl will She had called upon me with referherself and her infant. It's very unfortunate that I should have been sent for; of course you know I like to come, but I am certain you will do Her shop was closed the week after I nothing with her with me in the last saw her there, and although vari-ous reports have come to me of her my seeing her in this condition. Didn't terrible goings-on, I have myself seen you see how she drew away from

"Yes, I noticed it and wondered what it meant."

"If you will allow me to suggest, I at once as good a nurse as I can get about here, some food and wine from

there a girl in the most utter state of called upon the only woman I could tainable. But I called about the baby; poverty, and in need of your help. If think of as available. She was a just now it is being left each night in poverty, and in need of your help. If think of as available. She was a just now it is being left each night in you will come, and I am sure you will, widow, a Mrs. Best, who, although the care of the woman opposite, her-the bearer of this letter will show you better than the majority of her class. belonged to a very distinct and very low natural order. I must pause here a moment to say one word about this in my bag the few things I might order. I had christened them "the need, and putting on my coat—the vultures." They were very common night was bitterly cold—I joined my in every street in my district, and, I presume, in all parts of London; not and substitute something for the gin necessarily widows, though widows that will be less harmful." I tried to learn something of the case predominate; not necessarily drunk-

down Arlington street, and requested very glad to undertake the duty. It to bring me the letter and show me told her as much as but no more than the house.

Before the door of the most miserable of all the miserable tenements what I had told her was just enough added, significantly. to awaken her woman's curiosity, and stopped. "It's up them steps, sir." she on the basis of her surmises she built there was no sense of morality that I said, and up them I went as rapidly conjectures and theories that in after could awaken, and so I left her with the promise that I would send her days gave me much trouble.

"I want you, if you will," I said, "to take the entire charge of her; pay no gin, and I went home to put up some regard to any remonstrance or pro-test: get food for her, and make her take it. As to the child, it's a wretched specimen, but do what you can to shall be given to children; but in save it. I will meet you each day at 11 at the street door.'

neither eaten anything nor spoken to

"She's a rum woman." she said. "and I thing she's trying to kill her-self: but the child's all right."

The second day I learned that Miss Milne was in the same condition, and

"Is it Mrs. Best you wanted to sec,

moment since. Shall I run and fetch

I thanked her, and, although I knew that her only motive was her wretched curiosity, I was very glad of her help. for I was very anxious to hear some-thing of Miss Milne. In a few moments she returned, followed by Mrs. Best. The moment she appeared I saw why she had not kept her appointment, she was wearing one of Miss Milne's showy dresses, and the color of her cheeks showed the consciousness of her guilt,

"I couldn't come down before, sir. ness of an ordinary walking stick, its she said, "for the lady is not so well;

I thought a moment, and decided to commit her to the care of a medical friend of mine. It was utterly use-less for me to try and do anything for her. I had little difficulty in securing his help, and a promise to report in the evening as to her condition. In and I, walking over to the mother, the evening he came and told me that knelt down beside her bed and spoke although Miss Milne had no symptoms of illness that in other people would raised my voice above a whisper, and be serious, yet he was very doubtful as at the sound of it the inanimate pic- to what the result in her case would

> "You see," he said, "she's not like anybody else; she'll neither speak to

you nor take food."
"Has she taken no food?" I asked. "Well, as a matter of fact, she has now, but it was not until I had gone standing out in painful prominence, home and got the stomach pump and and her eyes, always larger than hu-actually opened her mouth with the object of forcing her, that she con-sented to swallow it. What a strange character she is! Do you know her

her face in the clothing.

"Who sent for you? who told you to come?" she asked, loudly. "Go," and then more loudly still "go at once, and leave me!"

"Wes, I know a good deal about her, and am much interested in her welfare, and anything you can do for her I shall take as a very great favor to myself."

"You may depend upon my doing everthing I can. But what about

"Oh, she's a brute; but then they all are." "But she's worse than any of them.

She's actually wearing the woman's dresses; she drinks all the brandy, and at 11 o'clock this morning the baby was neither washed nor dressed. When I remonstrated with her she said, 'Oh, he's all right; he's too well, I expect, to please his father.' 'Do you know the father?' I asked. She didn't reply, but gave me a very significant look. I'd keep my eye or

me, and report anything you notice."
I did not see my medical friend for about four days, and then he came in to tell me that the whole aspect of the case had altered; he found Miss Milne each morning sitting up in bed, taking

ting her into conversation."
"And," he added, "her conversation interests me immensely."

"In what way?" "I don't know; she's such an awful cynic. She believes in nothing, in neither man nor woman, churches nor chapels, hell nor heaven. I should think she must be pretty hard-hearted when she's well, from what I see of

"Perhaps," I replied; and then, to his astonishment, I added, "and yet, do you know that girl nursed me through my attack of typhoid with a devotion almost maternal?"

"Really! Well, she's a puzzle then."

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CHAPTER V. "I almost regret I ever saw her; 'tis strange, too, that one can regret do-ing good."

The speaker was Mrs. Carpenter.

ence to Miss Milne. "I don't see why you should regret

"Not when one is the means of re storing a girl only that she may go back to her career of vice? "Are you sure she has?"

"Yes, quite sure; and not only that, but she has enticed the nurse to join her; they are out every night, and all night, and the poor, wretched baby is left to the care of heartless neighbors at so much the hour."

"Have you seen her?" "Yes; yesterday afternoon I saw her, and tried to reason with her, but she is far too clever for me." "Was she deflant, or simply care less as to her future?"

Well, neither; she simply contend-To this suggestion Mrs. Carpenter ed that she was making the most of her life, getting the most pleasure obself a wretch, and it appears the child does not sleep, and the woman, to make it sleep, gives it gin. Now, the probability is that the child is ill, and I want you tonight, when they're gone, to run in and see it if you will." "I shall be very glad, and I'll try

> Half-past eleven found me standing by the side of this woman, and over the wretched and woe-begone speci "But it'll die if you continue to give it gin." I was saying.
> "And what matter? She doesn't

"And what matter? She doesn't want it to live, nor he either," she It was no use talking to the woman; something to take the place of the

thing from my own surgery. the profession that no narcotic drugs cases like that of the infant of whom I have just been writing, this law has constantly to be broken; but for them The first day that I met Mrs. Best constantly to be broken; but for them she told me that Miss Milne had the cruelty of mothers and foster mothers to sleepless infants would know no bounds. And, therefore, I unhesitatingly sought in the chloro-dyne bottle a substitute for the woman's gin, and, having written the necessary instructions, I sent it to the house and went to bed.

At four in the morning my bell down the speaking tube, there came bottom of the stairs, wondering what and made for the house, a messenger When I reached the room, a sight never to be forgotten presented itself.

On the bundle of stray that repre sented Miss Milne's bed lay the dead body of the infant; it had been "laid in the usual way, but was still clothed in the dirty rags in which I had last seen it. At the bedside and leaning over it stood Miss Milne. She had on all her war paint, her gaudy dress, many ribbons and much jewel-ry, but from her face there was a marked absence of that levity that one usually associates with such a costume. She was looking unutterably sad, and unless I am very much mistaken was reviewing her life, especially her life of late, and finding it want The death of the child had evidently awakened her older and better self—if permanently or only tempo-rarily, remained to be seen.

(To be Continued.)

Some Short Sermons.

Supreme.-Jesus was supreme in re ligion because he was supreme in love. He can take me nearer to my heavenly father than any other of whom I have ever heard. He can make me surer of heaven than any other.-Rev. Dr. Harrls, Universalist, Worcester, Mass.

The Guiding Hand.-Whoever reads history aright can not fail to see the guiding hand of God in all the great events that have occurred in this country. It is well that this directing power should ever be recognized.-Rev. Dr. Woods, Baptist, San Francisco, Cal.

Science.-The Christian should thankfully welcome all facts of science. But science attempts to tell the method of God's creation by eaons of evolution, but cannot rule God out of nature. He 203 Failing Building, 3d and Washbut indicates the way that God works. Rev. Dr. Babbitt, Episcopal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wisdom.-Wisdom in the Auglo-Saxon meant wise judgment. The mind must be trained to judge wisely. In one sense of the word education and wisdom are synonymous. The first point in the education of children is that they acquire knowledge.-Rev. G. S. Mucphy, Lutheran, Mount Vernon, O.

God's Love. - Some claim that preachers do not preach enough on God's love, and too much on punishment. The minister must show the love of God in all the ways he can; he must also show the terrors of hell. Some people need it to make them think .- Rev. J. W. Romich, Lutheran, Allegheny,

A Prophet's Mission.-A prophet's mission is forthtelling rather than fore telling. A prophet is a man sent into the world to utter great divine truths for the correction and guidance of human life. Christ was greater than all the prophets who had preceded him .her food freely and reading a French the prophets who had preceded him.—
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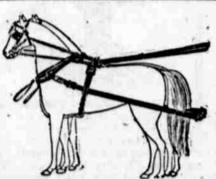
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