LADY CAR;

—OR.—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII. 16

Continued.

"Yes," said Tom, "it's all over with me. Just come of age and lots of money to spend, and all the world before me, as you might say—but I'll never have the heart to make any stand again. To think that all I've got, and might have done so much with, is to go to a woman that never had sixpence in her life, and knows no more than a dog how to behave herself! As for hurting her, it wouldn't have hurt her, not a bit—and if she'd had the chance she would have done just as bad by me. Law," cried Tom, with bitter contempt, "what's the good of law when it can't protect a fellow before he's come to his full senses! To think I should have tied such a burden on my back, and for myself forever before I came of age. It's horrible," he cried, with the earnestness of conviction.

"Oh, Tom, per haps it will not be so bad," said Janet, putting her hand within his to show her sympathy. She was very doubtful what it was that made him so despairing, and she had been vaguely impressed with the fact that this time what Tom had done was something terrible; but neither her own trouble, nor any doubt about his conduct (which was so seldom blameless) could quench the sympathy with which she responded to his appeal.

"Oh, yes, it will be quite as bad and worse—and I'm a ruined man," cried Tom. "Done for! although it was only last week," he said, with a piteous quiver of the lip, which a half-grown mustache nearly shaded, "that I came of age."

Janet felt the pathos of this appeal go to the bottom of her heart. She did not know what to say to comfort him, and she could not keep her eyes from straying after Charlie, who after all had been very kind, who had gone away at her prayer like the most complete of gentlemen. She was very thankful to be released, yet her eyes followed him with something like pride in his docility, and in the vigor and strength and magnanimity of her first lover. Though she was much afraid of him, Janet forgave him kindly as soon as he was gone. The tears came into her eyes for Tom's distress, while yet, with a thought for the other, she watched him with a corner of her eye over Tom's bowed head. He turned round and took off his hat to her before he disappeared under the low arch, and Janet, in politeness and regret, made the faintest little bow and gave him a last glance. This made her pause before she answered Tom.

"It's all Beau's fault," said Tom, as if he had been talking of stolen apples. She would never have been any worse, nor mother either, if it hadn't been for Beau with his confounded law. And I don't believe it now," he said; "I won't believe it. Think, Jan—to be married and done for, and no way of getting out of it, before you're twenty-one!"

"But wasn't it—your own doing, Tom?"

Then Tom got up and gave vent to a great moral aphorism. "There is nothing in this world your own doing," he said; "you're put up to it, or you're led into it, and one tells you one thing and another another. But when you've been and done it after what's been told you, and every one has had a hand in it to lead you on, then they all go, and you have to bear it by yourself. And everybody says it's your own doing. And neither the law nor your friends will help you. And you're just ruined and done for—before you ever had begun at all."

"Oh, Tom," cried Janet, "come home—and perhaps it will not turn out so bad after all."

"It can't turn out anything but bad—and I'll just go and drown myself and be done with it all."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!"

He got up from her with his hands deep in his pockets and his gloomy head bent. "Leave me alone," he said, pushing her away with his shoulder, as in the old nursery days. "Where's dinner? But I'll dine at the club, you can tell Beau, if they'll have me there."

CHAPTER XIV.

There could be no doubt that Beaufort behaved throughout this business in the most admirable way. He made the best of it to Lady Car, who lay and listened to him as to the playing of a pleasant tune, sometimes closing her eyes to hear the better. She had got her death wound. Tom had never been the son she had dreamed. He was his father's son, not hers, and to see him succumb to the grosser temptations had been misery and torture to her. But the story of that fraud, so fully intended, made with such clear purpose, was one of those overwhelming revelations which go to the very heart. If a woman is unhappy in her married life, if she is tricked and cheated by fate in every other way, there is still always the natural justice to fall back upon, that the children will be left to her—her children in whom to live a new life; to see heaven unfolding again; to have some faint reflection of herself; some flower of her planting, some trace that she has been. And when she has to confess to herself that the child of her affections, the thing that has come from her, the climax of her own being, is, in fact, all unworthy, a creature of the dunghill, not only base, but incapable of comprehending what is good and true, that final disenchantment is too great for flesh and blood. Nature, merciful, sometimes blinds the woman's eyes, makes her incapable of judging, fills her with fond folly that sees no imperfection in her own—and that folly is blessed. But there are some who are not blinded by love, but made more keen and quick of sight. She lay silent and listened while Beaufort performed that melody in her ears, feeling a poignant sweetness in it, since at least it was the most beautiful thing for him to do, yet with every word feeling more and more the anguish of the failure, and the depth of the death wound which was in her heart.

"There are boys who torture cats and dogs and tear flies asunder, and yet are not evil natures," Beaufort said; "they have not the power of realizing the pain they cause. They want imagination. They know nothing of the animals they hurt, except that they are there in their power to be done what they please with. My love, Tom is like that—it is part of the dreadful cynicism that young men seem to originate somehow among themselves. They think they are the subjects of every kind of interested wile, and that such a thing as—this"—Beaufort was not philosopher enough to name Tom's act more distinctly—"is nothing more than a sort of balance on their side."

Lady Car opened her eyes, which were clear with fever and weakness, lucid like an evening sky, and looked at her husband with a piteous smile.

"My dearest," he said hastily, "I am saying only how they represent such things to themselves. They don't take time to think—they rush on to the wildest conclusions. The thing is done before they see or realize what it is. And then, as I tell you, they think themselves the prey, and those—those others the hunters!—and take their revenge—when they can."

But it was hard to go on with that argument with her eyes upon him. When she closed them he could speak. When they opened again in the midst of his plea, those eyes so clear with fever, so liquid, as if every film had been swept from them, and only an all-seeing, unquenchable vision, yet tender as the heavens, left behind—he stopped and faltered in his tale, and then he took refuge in that last resort of human feeling—what was to be done? The expedients by which a wrong can be made to appear as if it were right, and trouble and misery smoothed away, so that the world should believe that all was well?

The conclusion, which was not arrived at for some time, was that which old Lord Lindons took credit to himself for having suggested before, "and which might have put a stop to all this," he said, with a wave of his hand. It was Africa and big game for two or three years, during which "the young woman"—the family spoke of her as if she had no name—should be put under careful training. It had been ascertained, still by Beaufort, who conducted himself to everybody's admiration, that "the young woman" had no bad antecedents, and that so much hope as there could be in such a miserable business might be theirs. Tom was so thoroughly broken down by the discovery which humbled his clownish pride to the dust, and made him feel almost as poor a creature as he was, that he gave in with little resistance to the dictates of the family council. No unhappy university man, however, was beguiled into accompanying this unlikely pupil. He was given into the hands of a mighty sportsman, who treated him like a powder boy, and brought Tom, the lord of the Towers, the wealthiest commoner in the North, the experienced man of Oxford, into complete and abject subjection—which was the best thing that could have happened to him.

The "young woman" was less easily subdued. She wrote to her relations that it had been all a mistake, but that family reasons had made it impossible for her husband and herself to disclose the true state of affairs before. That, instead of being Mrs. Francis Lindons, she was Mrs. Thomas Francis Lindons Torrance, of the Towers, her dear husband being the son of Thomas Torrance, Esq., of the Towers, and of Lady Caroline Lindons, the daughter of the Earl of Lindons, from whom dear Tom took his second name, as they might see in any peerage; that her mother-in-law and all her new family were very nice to her, and that she was going off upon a visit with Lady Edith Erskine, who was her aunt, and dear grandmamma the Countess. And she ordered for herself at once new cards with "Mrs. T. F. Lindons Torrance" upon them, which she thought looked far more distinguished looking than the original name. But when Mrs. Tom became aware that dear grandmamma and her dear aunt meant to conduct her to an educational establishment, where she was to pass at least the next two years of her life, the young woman rebelled at once. She had never heard, she declared, of a married woman going to school; that her place was with her husband; that she had passed all the standards, and learnt to play the piano, and had taken lessons in French; that no woman, unless she were going to be a governess, wanted more; and, finally, that she flatly refused to go. It was more difficult, much more difficult, than with Tom, to convince the young woman by the logic of circumstances, for she was still more ignorant than Tom, and thought his giving in ridiculous, and did not see why, with him or without him, she should not go and take up her abode at the Towers "and look after things," which she felt must be in great want of some one to look after them. She was made to yield at last, but not without difficulty, declaring to the last moment that she could not be refused alimony, and that she would take her alimony and go and live independent at home till her husband came to claim her, rather than go to school at her age. But Beaufort managed this, too, to the admiration of everybody. He brought to bear upon the young woman pressure from her home, when her old mother, under his skilful manipulation, was brought to see the necessity of going to school, and declined to receive her rebellious daughter. This was at the cost of another allowance from Tom's estate, for it was not fit that Tom's mother-in-law should continue to earn her bread poorly without her daughter's assistance, in a poor little confectioner's shop. Beaufort managed all this without even betraying the income of this poor old woman, or where she lived, to the researches of the Lindons, for Lady Car was very tender of her boy's name, even now.

And she was taken home—to Easton, which she loved, and said she was much better, and was able to be out on her husband's arm, and sit on the lawn and watch the sun setting and the stars come out over the trees. But she had got her death wound. She lay on the sofa for months, for all one lingering winter after another, smiling upon all that was done, very anxious that Janet should go everywhere and enjoy everything, and that Beaufort should be pleased and happy. She asked nothing for herself, but gave them her whole heart of love and interest to everything that was done. She had her sofa placed where she could see them when they went out, and smiled when Beaufort said, always with a slight hesitation, for he thought it was not right to leave her, that he was going to ride over to the club, or to spend a day in town. "Do; and bring us back all the news," she said. And when Janet went away with compunction to go to balls with her grandmother, Lady Car was the one who explained away all objections. "Quite pleased to have you go—to have Beau to myself for a little," Lady Car said sometimes, even a little vexing her child; but, when Janet was gone, urging Beaufort to the pleasure he longed, but he did not like to take. "It is just what I wanted, that you should go to town, and you can bring me back news of my little Den." Sometimes they were even a little piqued that she wanted them so little—poor Lady Car!

And thus quite gently she faded away, loved—as other people love, not as she loved—cherished and revered, but not as she would have revered and cherished; with a husband who read the papers and went to his club, and got very gracefully through life, in which he was of no importance to any one, and her only son banished in Africa, shooting big game. Janet was a good child, very good, but her mother never knew how near this child was to her in the shadowy land where people may wander side by side, but without the intervention of words or some self-betrayal never find each other out. Perhaps had Janet found the courage to fling herself down at her mother's side, and say all that was in her heart, the grasp of a warm hand might have brought her back to life. But Janet had not the courage, and everything went on in its daily calm, and the woman whose every hope had faded into blank disappointment, and all her efforts ended in failure, faded away. The first summer Lady Car still went out to dine, and walked a little about the garden with her husband's arm; the next day she was carried out to her sofa on the lawn. All went so very gradually, so very softly, that no one noted. She was very delicate. When that gets to be fully recognized, there seems no reason why it should not go on forever; not so happy a state as perfect health, to be sure, but no reason why there should be any change.

One evening she was out of doors longer than usual—a soft, lingering summer night—so warm that even an invalid could get no harm out of doors. She loved to see the daylight gradually fade away, and the stars come out above, and over all the wide champaign below a twinkle of little human lights here and there. She took almost a childish pleasure in those lights, thinking as much of the villages and scattered houses—identifying their humanity low down among the billows of the wood or the sweep of the upland slopes, and by its little lights—as of the stars above. "The greater and the lesser lights," she said, and then murmured low to herself, "Compensations," under her breath.

"What do you mean by compensations, Carry?"

"I do not much believe in them," she said. "Nothing can compensate for what one loses. It is better not. Looking to the east, Edward, see there are no lights, but only that silvery, misty grayness, where any glory might lie hidden only we see it not. Now I have come so far as this, I think I like that best."

"So far as what, Carry?" Something cold and chill seemed to come over them like a cloud. "It is growing chilly; you ought to come indoors, my love."

"Yes, presently. I have always been fond of the lights—like a baby; but look the other way. You would say at first there was nothing to be seen at all; but there are all the shades of grayness from one tint to another, and everything lying still, putting out no self-assertion, content to be in God's hand. And so am I, Edward."

"Yes, my love."

"Quite content. I have had everything, and—and nothing. The heart of it has always been stolen from me, all the lights put out; but the dark is sweet, too; it is only dim, dim, not discernible—don't call it dark."

"Carry; whatever you please, dear."

"Edward, do you know what this means—the peace that passeth understanding?"

"Carry, my darling, you break my heart. No—how should I know?"

"I think I do," she said softly. "It lies upon your heart like the dew, yet nothing to bring it, no cause, a thing that is without reason, what you would call irrational altogether—that passeth understanding. Edward, if ever you think afterward, remember that I told you. I think that I have got it—I wanted other things, but they were not given me. I begin to think that this—is the best."

"My dearest, let me carry you in; it is getting quite dark and chilly."

"You are tired of my little sermon, Edward," she said, with the faint, tender smile which he divined rather than saw.

"I—tired? of anything you may say or do? But you must not be longer out in night air. Come, Carry, let me lift you."

Whether her mind had begun to wander, or if it was a prevision, or what moved her, no one could ever tell. She resisted a little, putting her hands on his arm. "You must not forget," she said, "to give my love to Tom."

Beaufort called loudly to her maid, who was waiting. "It is too late, too late for her to be out! Come and take the cushions," he said, in the sudden panic that had moved him.

"And my little Den," she said, "my little Den—they will perhaps as they get older—Edward, I am afraid I feel a little faint."

He took her in his arms, his heart sinking with a sudden panic and blind terror, as if the blackness of darkness was sweeping over him. But they succeeded in getting her to her room and her bed, when she said good-night and kissed him, and dropped sweetly asleep as they thought—but never woke again. They found her in the morning lying in the same attitude, with the same smile.

Thus Lady Car ended the tragedy which had been going on unseen, unknown to any one—the profound, unrivaled tragedy of her life. But so sweetly that no one ever knew the tragedy it had been. Her husband understood more or less the failure of her heart over her children—her son—but he never even questioned that it was he himself that had given the first and perhaps the deepest blow; though not the coup de grace, which had been left for Tom.

Poor little Janet was summoned home from the merry house to which she had gone, where there were many entertainments going on. She was roused out of her fatigue of pleasure, out of her morning sleep after the ball, to be told that her mother was dead. They thought the girl's heart would have burst. The cry of "Moyer, Moyer!" her old child's cry, sounded to those who heard it like something that no consolation could touch. But to be sure, her tears were dried, like all other tears, after awhile.

The End.

Map Making.

The earliest maps of which we have any knowledge were made in Egypt. They were wooden tablets, on which were traced land and sea, roads, rivers, highways, etc., Marinus, of Tyre, 150 A. D., was the first to attempt a map on scientific principles. The maps in use by the Greeks and Romans were fairly accurate, so far as they went, but those in use during the Middle Ages were alarmingly inaccurate. It is only within recent years, say, since the middle of the last century, that it was possible to make a complete and reliable map of the world; and even yet the best map is subject to slight changes.—New York American.

Costs of Office.

On the day after his election the chief magistrate of a certain town in the Midlands, who enjoys the reputation of being rather "near" in money matters, was asked for a subscription to the local football club.

"I really can't do it," he replied. "Just look at the outlay I've already been put to through accepting office!" And he produced a small ledger, inscribed on the cover, "Mayoralty Expenses." On the top line of the first inside page was the entry, "Dress suit, $10."—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Smallest Electric Motor.

A German mechanic has built the smallest motor in the world. It is used as a scarf pin and is run by a battery in his pocket. He keeps it in constant operation.

Rich Tobacco Lands.

There are tobacco lands in this country which are bringing their owners a yearly profit of $2000 an

A PET TERRIER.

There was a little Scotch terrier on the farm who was fond of the society of boys, and with whom we had a great deal of un. This dog had several peculiar merits. For instance, he could climb a tree. It must be admitted that in order for him to do this several conditions were necessary.

The tree must be an apple tree with branching limbs not far from the ground, and the trunk a good deal inclined; there must be a cat in one of the topmost branches, and there must be some boys to urge the shaggy little beast to his utmost endeavor. There were a good many such trees on the farm; there were always cats willing to sit in safety upon an upper branch and give a dog lessons in tree climbing; and we confidently believed that with continual practice the terrier would be able in time to emulate the squirrels.

But there was something this little dog could do better than tree climbing. Down by the river there were great meadows where the cows were pastured, and here the land lay so low that at high tide it would be overflowed were it not for high banks which were built along the river shore. These banks became the homes of a large number of muskrats who dug through them long holes and galleries, sometimes undermining and injuring the banks to such an extent that great gaps were broken in them by the rising tides, and the meadows were inundated.

Of course it was very desirable to kill as many muskrats as possible, and at this business the little terrier showed great ability. He was so small that by some scratching and pushing he could go into the muskrat holes and follow their windings for a long distance, and attack the enemy in his inmost strongholds.

Sometimes the little dog would be inside the bank and lost to sight for half an hour, and when at last he came out it was impossible for his admiring young friends who awaited him to put a limit to the number of muskrats he had killed when lost to our view. He never boasted, but we did that for him.—Frank R. Stockton.

HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES

Carrot Salad with Horseradish.

Cut boiled carrots in slices, then stamp into stars or hearts with one of the little vegetable cutters. Arrange on a bed of shredded lettuce. For the dressing, which should not be added until ready to serve, whip one-quarter cup cream to a froth, add gradually two tablespoonfuls vinegar, one-half teaspoonful salt, a few shakes of paprika and two tablespoonfuls freshly grated horseradish. Pour over the carrots and serve at once.—New York Telegram.

Pond Lily Salad.

This is one of the prettiest salads made, and takes 1 1-2 eggs for each person. Put the eggs on in cold water, boil gently one-half hour and drop into cold water to loosen the shells. When perfectly cold shell and cut the eggs in two lengthwise. Arrange lettuce leaves around each salad plate and press the yolks through a sieve into the centre of each plate to form the heart of the lily. Then slice the whites lengthwise, cutting seven or eight strips from each egg. Arrange these white slices around the yellow centres like the petals of a water lily. Pass the dressing in a separate bowl.—Boston Press.

Buying Scallops.

In buying scallops beware of the large, plump white ones which have been put through a bleaching process that affects their flavor and fills them so full of water that it is hard to fry them. The scallop, as it leaves its native heath in Peconic Bay, is of a yellowish cast and rather compact.

One of the nicest ways to cook scallops is to broil them, first brushing with melted butter, or olive oil, then serve with lemon and watercress.

Another nice way to serve them is with bacon. Parboil the scallops first, then string on a skewer, alternating with pieces of bacon. Broil over a clear fire and serve with sauce tartare or with maitre d'hotel sauce.

Tomato Salad.

Twelve medium sized tomatoes peeled and sliced, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 raw egg well beaten, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1-2 teaspoon of cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoonful of white sugar, 1 tablespoon of salad oil, 2 teaspoonfuls of made mustard, 1 teacup of vinegar. Rub the yolks to a smooth paste, adding by degrees the salt, pepper, sugar, mustard and oil. Beat the raw egg to a froth and stir in, lastly the vinegar. Peel the tomatoes, slice them a quarter of an inch thick, and set the dish on ice while the dressing is being made. After the dressing is mixed stir in lumps of ice till it is very cold, then take it out and pour it over the tomatoes. Set it on the ice till ready to serve.—Boston Post.

Fine Puff Paste.

Into 1 quart of sifted flour mix 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt; then sift again; measure out 1 teacupful of butter and 1 of lard, hard and cold; take the lard and rub into the flour until a very fine smooth paste, then put in just enough ice water, say half a cupful, containing a beaten egg, the white of the egg to mix a very stiff dough. Roll it out into a thin sheet, spread with one-fourth of the butter, sprinkle over with a little flour, then roll up closely in a long roll, double the ends towards the centre, flatten and reroll; then spread again with another quarter of the butter. Repeat this operation until the butter is used up, put it on an earthen dish, cover it with a cloth and set in a cold place in the icebox in summer; let it remain until cold, an hour or more, before making out the crust. You may roll this pastry in any direction, from you, towards you, sideways, any way, it matters not, but you must have nice flour, ice water and very little of it, and strength to roll it if you would succeed.—Boston Post.

Hints.

Place salt in the oven, under baking tins to prevent scorching.

Fruit jellies are improved in the opinion of some epicures by adding whipped cream to them just as they "set."

Some good cooks believe in blanching rhubard before cooking it. When so heated it does not require so much sugar.

The chantecler doll has come to rival the Teddy bear, and is shown in many sizes, the smaller ones being quite cute.

Use five full tablespoonfuls of olive oil to one quart of dry beans. They are delicious and more easily digested than when pork is used.

Walls inclined to be damp should be gone over with a varnish made of one part of shellac to two parts of naphtha and allowed to dry before papering.

To make flypaper melt equal parts of boiled linseed oil and resin and add honey. Soak the paper in a strong solution of alum, then dry and apply the above mixture.

If the cuticle about your nails seems tough and there is a tendency to "hang nails," rub in a little mutton tallow or vaseline every night before retiring. Soon you will see a marked improvement in the condition of the nails.

The soiled lace yoke of a dress need not generally be removed to be cleaned. A plan which usually restores its pristine freshness is to rub powdered starch into the lace, let it lie some hours and then brush it out. The starch absorbs both grease and dust.

If vegetables are cooked in a steamer over hot water (like you would cook a pudding), and sprinkled with salt when nearly done, then served in a very hot tureen, they will be found very much better, and also much more nutritious, than when boiled in the ordinary way.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

Tapic What Is It To Be a Christian? Acts 26: 24-29.—Union Meeting With the Juniors.

To follow Christ. Matt. 10: 37-42.
To die to sin. Rom. 6: 1-7, 12-14.
To live like Jesus. Phil. 1: 21.
To walk in the Spirit. Eph. 4: 1-6.
To be good citizens. Rom. 13: 1-10.
To fulfill common duties. Tit. 2: 1-9.

It does not harm us when an insane man thinks us to be insane. We need only regard the judgment of the sane (v. 24).

Christianity has never been in a corner, but almost from the start it has been the most conspicuous and thoroughly evidenced thing in the world (v. 26).

The study of the prophets, plus the study of the New Testament, will make any honest mind believe in Christ. Do we study the prophecies enough? (v. 27.)

Some superciliously say, "Oh, Christianity is well enough for the lower classes!" What reversals are in prospect in the world of clear seeing! (v. 28.)

Suggestions.

A Christian is a man that follows Christ. This involves belief in Christ, since no one can follow one in whom he does not believe.

A Christian is a man that believes in Christ. This involves following Christ, since no one can really believe in any one without following him.

Being Christians does not mean that we are good, but that we need Christ's goodness; or that we are strong and wise, but that we need Christ's strength and wisdom.

To be a Christian is to trust Christ implicitly. Therefore it is to be happy, as worry is the chief cause of misery.

Illustrations.

The word "Christian" has in it elements of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin. Christianity is a universal religion.

"Christian" is a name given in ridicule, and reminds us of the martyrdoms. How willing we should be to bear the lesser martyrdoms that may come with it!

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, MAY 22

A Measure for Prayer—Eph. 3: 14-20.

Every great Christian is great in prayer, for a great Christian is an unselfish Christian, and no prayer ever comes to greatness until it gets beyond begging for bounty on one's own account. Therefore, if you would know how to pray, learn the lesson from those who have proved by both prayer and deed that they were in intimate fellowship with God.

This player of our topic is a ladder of intercession. It begins where a man is bowed in devotion, and it reaches to the skies.

Verse 14. "I bow my knees." Paul begins on the sure ground of humility. Sometimes you hear of "eloquence in prayer," but there is no eloquence like that of the eager, ardent, absorbed petition of a humble and self-forgetful man. Some prayers are glib, wordy, fluent, but no prayer worthy of the name can come from an effort to be impressive. The average prayer at a great political convention is an example of the thing to be shunned.

Lounging listlessness is a foe to prayer, or an indication of the prayerless spirit. The bodily attitude is an index of the spiritual. And the very idea of prayer takes humility for granted.

Verse 16. This is a petition for a gift, not the claiming of a right. And the request is definite, and yet infinite, for it sets the measure of its asking at the ability of God. It is a prayer that God may give to the Ephesians inward strength, for defense and for offense, that they may do God's work. And the Spirit of God is named as the bringer of heaven's gifts to men.

Verse 17. The idea of Christ's indwelling is the temple idea made Christians. So Paul would have his spiritual children become temples for the dwelling-in of Christ, men and women seeking eagerly the companionship of Christ, and putting their lives under his leadership.

A HUMILIATED MONKEY.

The leading male of a troup of monkeys is the patriarch, commander-in-chief and effective fighting force. The natives of India call him Maharaja—and properly so, for he is the type of savage despotism. He uses his large canine teeth to maintain his power and to secure the lion's share of everything, and is easily moved to a paroxysm of rage. But the tyrant has his tragedies, one of which is described by Mr. J. L. Kipling, in his "Man and Beast in India."

One morning there came a monkey chieftain, weak and limping, having evidently been worsted in a severe fight with another of his own kind. One hand hung powerless, his face and eyes bore terrible traces of battle, and he hirpled slowly along with a pathetic air of suffering, supporting himself on the shoulder of a female—a wife, the only member of his clan that had remained faithful to him after his defeat.

We threw them bread and raisins, and the wounded warrior carefully stowed the greater part away in his cheek-pouch. The faithful wife, seeing her opportunity, holding fast his one sound hand and opening his mouth, deftly scooped out the store of raisins.

Then she sat and ate them very calmly at a safe distance, while he mowed and chattered in impotent rage.

He knew that without her help he could not reach home, and was fain to wait with what patience he might till the raisins were finished. This was probably her first chance of disobedience or of self-assertion in her whole life, and I am afraid she thoroughly enjoyed it. She led him away at last—possibly to teach him more salutary lessons of this sort.

DIDN'T STAND TO REASON.

Editor—"What! Another manuscript?"

Assistant—"Yes; 'Overheard at the Sewing Circle'—475 words."

Editor—"Nonsense! Return it at once! There must have been many more words than that."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 22.

Subject: The Death of John the Baptist, Matt. 14:1-12—Commit Verses 10, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Prov. 16:32.

TIME.—A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Machaerus.

EXPOSITION.—I. Herod Afraid of John Risen From the Dead, 1. 2. At last the report of Jesus' mighty deeds reaches the palace, and the court is agitated. The conscience-smitten king is struck with abject terror. His sins come out of their graves to haunt him. "This is John the Baptist," he cries, "he is risen from the dead." This had first been suggested by others (Luke 9:7), but Herod's guilty conscience had readily taken it up. There had been other explanations of Jesus' power quite as plausible (Luke 9:8) and Herod had been in deep perplexity and agitation about it, and longing to see Jesus, and have all the terrible uncertainty settled (Luke 9:9). But conscience asserted its sway and Herod settled down to this, "John whom I beheaded, he is risen" (Mark 6:14-16). John will indeed rise to accuse Herod, as will every sin that is not covered with the atoning blood, to accuse every sinner. The royal murderer was having a foretaste of hell. Herod's present agitation soon passed away (Luke 23:8), but the remorse to come will be endless (Mark 9:44, 46).

II. Herod Afraid of the Multitude, 3-5. John was a model court preacher. It mattered not to him that his hearer was a king. All he saw was a sinner. A sinner who wore a crown was to John not essentially different from any other sinner. John did not mince words, he will save the royal adulterer if he can; and pointing at Herodias he thundered, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." Brave, faithful servant of God. Such men are needed in every age. But John got the prison and the headsman's block for his earthly reward (cf. Matt. 5:11, 12; Luke 6:26). John lost his head, but he saved himself from the awful guilt and condemnation of the messenger of God who is recreant to his trust (Ez. 3:18). Herod had a wholesome fear of John. The latter had awakened that awe in the bosom of the former that righteous and holy men often inspire in the hearts of those who would do them harm (Mark 6:20; comp. 1 Kings 21:20). Herod was touched and listened to him gladly, but he did not give up his sin, and so there could be no doubt as to what the ultimate outcome would be. There is no hope for the man who is simply interested in the truth and listens to it gladly, but who does not forsake sin. The time soon came when Herod wished to silence this accusing voice that he was not willing to obey. But now he was restrained by a fear of the people. The man who is restrained from sin only by the fear of man will not be restrained long (v. 5). Fear seems to have been the ruling impulse in this man's life; first, fear of John, then fear of the people, then fear of "those which sat at meat with him," and then fear of John's ghost. About the unhappiest man on earth is the man who is governed by his fears.

III. Herod Afraid of Those Who Sat at Meat With Him, 6-12. The steps by which Herod walked to eternal infamy are an instructive illustration of the growth of sin. First, he took his brother's wife; second, he rejected a faithful warning; third, he imprisoned the faithful preacher; fourth, he gave a wine supper; fifth, he watched a beautiful dancer; sixth, he obeyed the promptings of an imagination excited by wine and lasciviousness, and made a rash vow; seventh, in fear of ridicule he kept his wicked oath; eighth, he murdered a holy man. There are few things that grow so rapidly as sin. He is not the last man who has got into trouble by giving a wine supper, nor the last who has plunged headlong into crime because of a beautiful dancer. Let it be borne in mind, too, that the dancer belonged to "the very best society" of the day, and the dancing was done before a very select company (Mark 6:21). Herodias appears in the story in even a worse light than Herod. Herod was entrapped. Herodias set the trap. It was all deliberately arranged. She had set herself against John and desired to kill him (Mark 6:19), but Herod stood in the way. Herodias waited her opportunity. She sent her daughter in to act the part of a shameless dancer. What is a daughter's modesty to a woman's pitiless hate? Herod was pleased and made his rash promise. The daughter hurried to her mother for instructions and hurried back with the infamous request for John the Baptist's head. The road that Herodias traveled to hell is full of warning. She entered an adulterous alliance, she rejected a faithful warning, she hated the faithful messenger, she plotted his death, she sacrificed her daughter's modesty upon the altar of her own hellish hate, she murdered God's faithful ambassador, she gloated over the head of the victim of her lust and hate and cruelty. Was not John's boldness a mistake? It cost his head, but brought him a crown hereafter and imperishable fame here (Matt. 5:11, 12; 2 Tim. 2:12; Rom. 8:18; 2 Cor. 4:17). John did not succeed in saving Herod by his fearless preaching, but he saved himself (Ez. 3:19). His corpse was laid in the tomb, but he entered into paradise. John the dead and seemingly conquered servant of God was happier that night than Herodias, the living and seemingly triumphant sinner. The disciples of John did the wisest thing there was to do. They "went and told Jesus." The death of John was a sad blow, but it took them to a far greater than John, to Him whom it was John's delight to paint his disciples (Jno. 1:35, 36, 37; 3:29, 30).

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company recently changed the form of brake used on its cars, adopting a "graduated-release, quick-recharge" type. In order to teach the motormen the best way of using the new brakes, an air-brake catechism has been issued, and lectures have been given on the subject. In the meantime a text-book is being prepared showing in detail how the brakes are arranged and how they should be used.—Scientific American.

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