ON THE SCENT;

OR, TRACED BY A DIVINING ROD.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XIX. 16

"I was quite sure that there was something very wrong," she said, turning deadly pale. "And now what can be done?"

"There is only one thing that can be done," he answered, quickly. "I shall start at once for Goucy."

"You? Oh, how can I let you do it?"

"Remember that I am on my way abroad already, and it matters very little to me where I go. All I want is thorough rest and change of air; and I could not rest until I solved this mystery."

"It frightens me," said Tola. "I do not know what to think. Oh! how I wish I could go also."

"To-morrow, then, I shall start," he said, "by the first train, and I promise you shall hear from me at once."

"You will keep nothing back? You will tell me all! I am very brave and very strong," said poor, little, quivering Tola.

"Yes," he answered. "There is no more cruel wrong than to keep back the truth. I will tell you everything, and will write every day; and now I must go. I must tell my mother, and there are a good many arrangements that must be made."

"How can I thank you?" cried Tola, looking at him with eyes full of overflowing gratitude.

He raised her hand to his lips; he could not help it, only saying, "I need no thanks. I would do anything for you or Arthur."

The next morning early he started for Goucy, determining to travel night and day. His mind was full of the gravest misgivings as to what might have become of the man who was not only his dear friend, but passionately loved brother.

Irvine reached Goucy with the least possible delay, and, desiring to be taken to the best inn in the place, was conveyed to "La Pie Blanche." He was a very good French scholar, fortunately, so had no difficulty in understanding all that was said to him; but the story that the voluble landlady poured out was so extraordinary and confused that he distrusted the evidence of his own ears.

"Monsieur has only to speak to Monsieur Tasset, our Mayor," said the landlady, tossing her head. "Though, as to incredulity, all the world knows the story of Jacques Aymar, and should not that which was true in the seventeenth century prove likewise true in the nineteenth—eh?"

Mr. Irvine had nothing to answer to this argument, but he followed her advice and asked for an interview with both the Mayor and the Cure, and they not only confirmed the good landlady's story, but told the whole thing with a clearness and force that left no room for doubt. Moreover, the story was now in every newspaper in France, and had created an extraordinary sensation.

The criminal had confessed his crime, and his confession, having been accepted as an extenuating circumstance, had escaped the extreme penalty of the law, and was condemned to the galleys for life.

"But where, then, is Mademoiselle Rigaud, and where is my friend?" cried Mr. Irvine, becoming more and more anxious.

"Mademoiselle Rigaud is still at Bordeaux," said Monsieur Tasset. "After her extraordinary mission was over she succumbed, as we all knew she must—being a young and delicate girl—to a very dangerous brain fever. We did all we could for her. Neither Monsieur le Cure, nor I myself, left Bordeaux until everything was arranged in the most satisfactory manner. Mademoiselle Rigaud was removed to a hospital where a separate department is assigned to the care of a good position. She is nursed there most assiduously by the good Sisters of the Holy Cross; and as for her poor, devoted fiance, he took a room at 'Le Lion d'Or,' and is ceaseless still there awaiting her recovery. Also his presence was required by the authorities, who intimated to him that he must not leave Bordeaux until the legal proceedings were over and his evidence had been given."

Mr. Irvine was struck by the epithet fiance.

"I was not aware that my friend and Mademoiselle Rigaud were affianced," he said.

Monsieur Tasset and the Cure both assured him it was a fact, and they dwelt on the extreme and unselfish devotion that Arthur had shown throughout, speaking of him with a warmth and admiration which Mr. Irvine treasured up for Tola's benefit.

That same evening he started by the night express for Bordeaux.

Mr. Irvine arrived at Bordeaux about 4 o'clock in the morning, drove straight to "Le Lion d'Or," and as it was too early to make inquiries or disturb Arthur that morning, he went to bed.

He was tired out from the rapidity of his late traveling, and he did not awake from his sleep till 10 o'clock. He rose, breakfasted in the coffee room, and asked for Arthur. He was told, to his disappointment, that he always left the hotel early, went to the Hospital of the Holy Cross, and very often did not return one before dusk.

Mr. Irvine thought it better not to go too early to the hospital, so he sat down and wrote a long journal-like letter to Tola, telling her all the events of each succeeding day.

It was only when actually writing it in black and white that he realized the strangeness of the story he had to tell.

Having finished his letter he took it out to post, and then made his way to the hospital and asked for Arthur Denstone.

He was shown into the visitors' room, where he found already groups of people waiting about in a large bare apartment resembling the waiting room of a railway station. Before he had been there five minutes, the door opened and Arthur Denstone came in. He came forward with the stiff, uncertain look upon his face of a man who does not know whom to expect, but at the sight of Mr. Irvine his whole face changed, he sprang forward with both hands outstretched, and with an emotion which for the moment rendered him speechless.

"My dear fellow," cried Mr. Irvine, "what a terrible time you have been through."

"It is over now, than God!" said Arthur. "But oh, what on earth brings you here? It is like a breath of fresh air from home. How is Tola? How are they all?"

"I came in search of you, Arthur," said Mr. Irvine, gravely. "Tola was breaking her heart about you."

"I have hardly had time to wonder why she did not write," said Arthur, passing his hand over his brow, "until the last few days."

"How could she write, not knowing where you were? There are several of your letters now at the Poste Restante at Goucy."

"But I wrote to her twice, both to her and my uncle in Liverpool. My letters to Tola told her everything. I do not understand it."

"What can have become of them? Poor Tola has not had one line from you. The suspense has been very great."

"And you came in search of me in consequence? How good you are, Irvine. I will make close inquiries about the letters. It is most extraordinary."

"Now, tell me first, Arthur, what is your position here?"

"We have been battling for life and death," said Arthur. "The struggle has been terrible, and we have had a terror of worse than death." He shuddered slightly. "But it is over now."

"Thank God!" said Irvine, earnestly. "Have you been allowed to be with her?"

"Yes. She is not in the hospital, but in private apartments, and under the charge, not only of the nursing sisters, but of Dr. Simon's wife, a good, kind woman, who has been like a mother to us both. Now she sits up; she is very weak, but is getting well, and I am allowed to be there frequently."

Mr. Irvine, looking more closely at his friend, saw in his face traces of long-continued fatigue. He had grown very thin, and looked white and tired.

"You have had a dreadful time of it," he repeated, and Arthur nodded.

"She will be too tired to see you just now," he said presently; "but to-morrow you must come. Meanwhile, we may as well go back to the hotel and make inquiries about the letters."

They made the closest investigation, and after a time the truth came out. Arthur had employed a boy from the hotel to post his letters who had long been suspected of petty dishonesty. He had regularly cut off the stamps, and posted the letters down a grating, where he thought they would never be discovered, and as no inquiries were made, and no trouble came of it, he went on doing so with impunity.

"I can scarcely regret it," said Arthur, "since the result has been such a proof of friendship as your coming out in search of me."

The next day he took his friend to visit Antoinette. They found her lying on a sofa in the apartment of the hospital that belonged to Dr. Simon's wife, and Mr. Irvine, when his eyes rested first upon her, thought that he had never seen a creature so fragile and so fair. Her face was still white, and so delicate that the pink color rose and died away at every movement. Her little hands seemed almost transparent, but the great, glorious, grey eyes, which followed Arthur's every movement with loving, clinging pride, showed him that love and life were strong within her.

The good, fat doctor's wife took him aside and said to him, with tears in her honest eyes: "Ah, Monsieur, it is only his love that has kept her alive; he has nursed her like a mother, and tries to fulfil every wish she has. May only my Victor turn out as good a young man as he is, and in all ways resemble him."

As Victor was a small youth, with a large shaven black head, and loosely hanging limbs, Mr. Irvine could not help thinking that the wish was decidedly sanguine.

That evening Arthur told his friend the substance of Paul Leduc's confession. His name was, of course, like all else, part of his imposture. He was a well known Paris sharper, on whose track the police of both London and Paris had long been. He had long had his eye on Monsieur Rigaud, whose transactions had resembled those of the ostrich, when hiding her head in a bush she imagines herself to be hidden from her enemies. With a view to watching his proceedings he had traveled with him and Arthur Denstone from London to Southampton, disguised in a grey wig and beard, and, but for Arthur's presence, he might even then have succeeded in his purpose, but an accidental turn of the conversation gave him just the clew he wanted, and it became comparatively easy to personate a nephew who had never existed. The supposed Paul Leduc almost pathetically protested that he never meant to murder the old man, but owing to his extraordinary passion for his diamonds he was obliged to do so in order to get possession of them. The deed was done in daylight, before the arrival of Mademoiselle Rigaud and Arthur Denstone; and in a carefully chosen moment, while the old servants were making their scanty meal, he had removed the treasure to a place long chosen and prepared for its reception, meaning to return when all was blown over to take it away with him. But before he had long left the place a strange terror came upon him, and he determined at once to fly to Bordeaux and remain there hidden till the hue and cry were passed, or rather till after the execution of old Battiste made it safe for him to return.

Arthur spoke with great indignation of the sentimental character of the trial, of how the so-called Paul Leduc drew tears of interest from his audience, when, with despairing gestures, he lamented the terrible necessity that had lain upon him of destroying two lives, and of the sympathy shown him after all was over.

Mr. Irvine asked about the diamonds, and Arthur told him that all had been done with regularity and order on Monsieur Tasset's return to Goucy. They had had considerable difficulty in finding the charcoal burner's hut again; but having done so, Tasset put an official seal upon the case containing the stones, and it had been removed to the bank, where it was to remain until Antoinette should be well enough to give directions as to its final destination.

"And she is getting better every day now," said Arthur, almost gaily, "though Dr. Simon warns me that for a long time she will need the greatest care."

Some days passed. Letters came from England, from Tola, both to Arthur and to Mr. Irvine. Tola did not know how to accept the extraordinary story that she had heard. It thrilled her with mingled interest and fear. While feeling the deepest compassion for Antoinette, she could not help showing her keen anxiety about her brother's future in every line of the letter.

In a few days more came the request that Mr. Irvine had been quietly expecting. Arthur and Antoinette wished to be married at once, and begged him to perform the ceremony. There was no reason for delay. Their position in Bordeaux was a strange and anomalous one. Arthur could not leave her in her delicate, nervous state, and yet it would hardly do for him to linger on forever thus. A quiet, speedy wedding seemed the only and best solution of the difficulty.

So the very day on which Janet and Colonel Curtis were married at Denstone Court, the little English Chapel at Bordeaux witnessed another and very different wedding scene. Mr. Irvine married Arthur and Antoinette, the only witnesses being the good doctor and his wife and the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who had nursed her through her long and dangerous illness, and now, with tears of emotion, dressed her for her bridal.

After the wedding Arthur took his wife to Biarritz for rest and change; and Mr. Irvine went onwards, with a feeling of sadness and loneliness, to try to forget home in wandering in Spain.

The diamonds, by Mr. Denstone's advice, were returned to England, and the whole fortune, under his able superintendence, realized and reinvested, the income, he wrote to his nephew, being about thirty thousand a year.

Arthur and Antoinette did not remain long at Biarritz. A telegram summoned him home to the deathbed of his father, and, though they traveled rapidly, they arrived too late. Antoinette bore the journey much better than Arthur had dared to hope; and, indeed, she rapidly regained health and strength and the happiness of her new life brought back the color to her cheeks, enhancing greatly her beauty.

The death of the old squire made a considerable change at Denstone Court. Reginald, happily married to his Mrs. Grimes, declared that he hated the place, and only wished to be rid of it, and Arthur forthwith purchased it. Janet and her husband and Reginald wondered what he meant to do; but he soon made it evident. He and Antoinette meant to make a home there with the poor widow and all the children.

Painters and upholsterers and carpenters were turned in, and in a short time the whole place was transformed, gardeners engaged, horses bought, all established on a new scale of comfort; and for the children sufficient attendants and a good governess were found.

One day Arthur found Tola standing idly at the window, with large tears rolling down her cheeks, and he put his arms around her.

"What is it, my little Cinders?" he said; "tell me about it."

"It is nothing, Arthur; I am very happy. As for your Antoinette, she is the dearest, sweetest creature in the world, and the children love her so; and mother watches her with all her soul in her eyes."

"Then what ails my little precious sister?"

"Idleness, Arthur. Nothing else. 'Othello's occupation gone.'"

That afternoon a visitor arrived and asked for Tola. She went downstairs with flushed cheeks and a little quivering smile. The interview did not last very long.

In a few moments she ran upstairs and threw herself straight into Antoinette's arms.

"Oh, Antoinette, he wants to marry me! Fancy me! It is not possible—a Cinderella such as I have always been!"

Arthur went downstairs to shake Mr. Irvine's hand and welcome him as a dear brother.

One only stipulation Tola made, and that was that she might carry off Letty with her. Mr. Irvine's new living, which he had accepted now, was in a large seaside place, and Tola felt sure that the sea air and the rest and quiet would cure her little sister.

The only individual who sorrowed long and deeply over the new disposition of the family fortunes was poor Aunt Betsy, who was defrauded of the nephew whom she had looked upon as all her own. She did her best to transfer her maternal feelings to Tommy, but she could not do it, and Arthur remained always her lost darling.

The fatal power that had nearly cost Antoinette her life and reason had altogether passed away; but she never summoned up courage enough to return to Mon Repos, and the small property was transferred by a deed of gift to the good Mayor of Goucy; and Antoinette was not satisfied till she had furnished the Church of Goucy with a splendid set of altar hangings of her own embroidery, which deeply gratified the Cure.

As for old Battiste and Nanon, they were well remembered, and the pension they received for life enabled them to keep a cow, pig and poultry of their own, and to repose from their labors altogether.

The past faded slowly, till it seemed at last only as some horrible dream, which might or might not be real.

The End.

Look to the Eyes.

Eye strain produces many physical ills that are not usually charged to the proper account. Strain of the eye often results in nervous exhaustion, indigestion, headache and backache. Authority for this statement is to be found in a recent article by Dr. Luther H. Gulick, director of physical training in the public schools of New York. It is this man's belief that a third of the children in the higher grades of school and a fourth of all educated persons are afflicted with some disability due to strain of the eye. The relation between vision and health is so close that if the former becomes deranged a variety of evil consequences may follow. The moral to be drawn from Dr. Gulick's article is that men should be careful of their eyes and on the first suspicion of derangement or irregularity submit themselves to professional examination and advice. No chances should be taken in optic disorders.—Washington Star.

In the Other's Shoes.

There is no such thing as working with another person unless we look at things from that other's standpoint. And we must recognize at the outset that his standpoint is not our own. Therefore the thing we most need to have in mind in any attempt at helpful, effective co-operation, is the necessity of thinking chiefly about the other fellow, making it our business to get into his shoes, so to speak, in order that we may at least be on common ground to begin with. In that may only have we any hope of bringing him to our way of thinking, if indeed that is the desirable goal. And we may find, when we see things as he sees them, that his ground is a better standing-place than our own. — Sunday School Times.

The Hardy Sex.

It is notorious that the female human animal is tougher than the male. Consider the way women dress. If you put a man into an open-work blouse on a cold day he would catch a chill and be dead in three days. If you sent a man out to a dance on a winter evening with nothing on his neck and shoulders and no sleeves to his arms he would probably die on the spot—of shock. —Weekly Dispatch.

Cuban Cabbages.

The soil of Cuba is very fruitful. Cabbages grow so large that heads weighing twenty pounds each are common. All vegetables do well. Radishes are ready for the table within from fourteen to eighteen days after sowing, lettuce in five weeks after sowing, while corn produces three crops each year.—New England Grocer.

COLLEGE NOT FATAL, ASSERTS CANNON

"Bright Young Man May Succeed in Spite of Handicap of Learning," He Writes to Yale.

"To a bright young man who has anything in him a college course is not necessarily fatal to success. That is my view of it," says Speaker Cannon in a discussion in the Yale News of the value of a college education. He continues:

"The common school system—the high school course—gives the average individual at least fair equipment for practical success in business or in the various callings that men follow who live by the sweat of their faces. That is about all that the average man will utilize.

"There is always a question as to whether the average student will survive the spoiling effects of a college course.

"But there are a great many students who accomplish something along the specialties, as there are a great many of them who accomplish something practical in business and politics, notwithstanding the burden of bearing a collegiate course.

"The human animal, on the average, is not worth his salt if he is incapable of making his own way.

"The greater reward comes in business, not in politics. A good business man is much better off than a poor politician. The business man has better chance for advancement and receives greater remuneration."

For the purpose of making the telephone booth really sound-proof, a German inventor lines it with tin. It seems that the lining is in every way most efficient. The result is that a German publication now advises all architects to either use tin or aluminium in the walls of houses generally to deaden sound.—Scientific American.

HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES

To Clean a Range Boiler.

Many people will be glad to know how to get rid of that nasty red water that is nearly always at the bottom of the boiler. First empty it and wipe it dry; next cement-wash it, just as you would whitewash anything, and then let it dry before you put water into it. By so doing you will have no more dirty red water.—Woman's Life.

Bed Room Slippers.

Bedroom slippers that are both comfortable and convenient can be made from mercerized cottin, using a crochet stitch. They are fashioned much on the order of woollen slippers, except that instead of being joined in the back, the sides are run off to a point.

Gray makes attractive looking slippers, and so does brown, especially when two tones or a contrasting color is employed, using each alternately.

The edge could be finished with a simple shell design.

It is said these cotton slippers keep their shape and are much more durable than those of wool.—New York Telegram.

Marking Bridal Silver.

There is a fancy just now in certain families to have wedding silver marked with the initials of the bridegroom rather than the bride. This is an English custom, which has never found favor over here, and the innovation arouses much discussion.

As the silver is given to the bride, often by her own family, the American form of marking is more appropriate and is much more used.

A rather new marking that is a revival from Colonial days is a compromise. Plain block letters are used. A single one at the top is the initial of the bridegroom's family name while directly under it is the initial of the first name of the bridegroom to the left and that of the bride to the right.

Where there is a crest in the family of the bride it is often used in marking the silver above the monogram or initials. Though sometimes done, it is not good taste to mark the wedding silver with the crest of the bridegroom's family, especially when the silver is given by the bride's people and friends.

It is in equally bad taste when a girl has been given old family silver that has come down through generations in her fiance's family to mark it with her own initials. Should there be no children such heirlooms naturally should go back to the man's family, though the bride may have a life interest in them.—New York Times.

Recipes.

Onion Salad—Take a couple of cold boiled Spanish onions, pull them into leaves after they are quite dry, place on lettuce leaves, dress them with very little oil and vinegar, salt, pepper.

Salad Dressing Sauce—Mix the yolks of 3 eggs, 1-2 teaspoon each mustard and salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, add 2 tablespoons butter, 3-4 cup of milk and very slowly 5 tablespoons vinegar. Cook over hot water until thick and smooth.

Hot Cheese Sandwiches—Slice white bread thin. Put a thick layer of grated cheese between slices, sprinkle with salt and a little red pepper and press slices together. Fry them to a nice brown in half lard and half butter, and serve hot.

Jumbled Tripe—To 1 egg add 1 tablespoon each of flour and corn meal, and a dash of pepper and salt. Beat thoroughly and add to one cup of pickled tripe, cut in half inch pieces. Put a teaspoon of butter and one of beef drippings in a hot spider and fry to a golden brown. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Viennese Chicken—Clean and cut a fat fowl into pieces, as for frying, simmer with bay leaf, parsley, lemon juice and seasoning until tender and let cool in stock. Drain well, egg and crumb each piece as for croquettes and fry in deep fat. Serve with sauce made from thickened stock, chopped mushrooms and parsley. Season with a little kitchen couquet and lemon juice.

Cream Cake—One cup of sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup of sweet milk, 2 cups of flour, 1 tablespoon of butter, 2 heaping teaspoons of baking powder, flavor to taste. Divide in three parts and bake in round shallow pans. Cream—Beat 1 egg and 1-2 cup sugar together, then add 1-2 cup flour, wet with a very little milk, and stir this mixture into 1-2 pint of boiling milk until thick, flavor to taste. Spread the cream when cool between the cakes, sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.

Neapolitaines—One cup of powdered sugar, 1-2 cup of butter, 2 tablespoons of lemon juice, 3 whole eggs and 3 yolks beaten separately, 3 cups sifted flour. Put this all together with 1-2 teaspoon of soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon of milk. If it is too stiff to roll out add just enough more milk. Roll it 1-4 inch thick and cut it out with any thin cutter. Place the cakes in a pan slightly greased and color the tops with beaten eggs and milk, with some chopped almonds over them. Bake in rather a quick oven.

Chicken Pudding—Cut up a young chicken and put in a saucepan with just enough water to cover it. Boil until tender and season with salt, pepper and celery salt. Place the chicken in a well-buttered pudding dish and two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley, two hard-boiled eggs sliced, a teaspoonful of onion juice and enough chicken broth to moisten. Pour over it the following batter: Two eggs beaten light and mixed with one cup of milk, a pinch of salt a tablespoonful of melted butter and one teaspoonful of baking powder, mixed with two cups of sifted flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR AUGUST 21.

Subject: Jesus Nearing Jerusalem, Matt. 20:17-34—Commit Verses 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT. — "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." Matt. 20:28.

TIME.—March, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—Near Jericho.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Self-Seeking Disciples, 17-28. Jesus foresees and foretells all the definite details of His coming suffering at Jerusalem. It was the third time He had told it to them since the transfiguration, but they were so occupied with their own petty ambitions that they had not heeded what He had been saying. At this most inopportune moment two of the best men in the apostolic company come to Him with a request that they be preferred above all others (v. 20; cf. Mk. 10:35). They presumed upon the fact that Jesus had already conferred upon them favors withheld from most of the apostolic company (Mk. 5:37; 9:2; 14:33). They may have also hoped something from the relationship existing between His family and their own. Jesus has often to say to us when we pray, as to them, "Ye know not what ye ask" (Rom. 8:26). There was a condition of sharing Christ's glory with Him of which His petitioners little dreamed (v. 22:26-39; cf. Mk. 14:36; Lu. 22:42; Jno. 18:11; Lu. 12:50; 2 Tim. 2:12; Rom. 8:17). James and John, full of self-confidence, unhesitatingly declared themselves able to drink the cup Christ drank and to be baptized with the baptism with which He was baptized. Many to-day with equal readiness and equal thoughtlessness declare themselves ready to follow wherever Christ leads the way. Jesus took them at their word. We best be careful about our professions, for Jesus may take us at our word. It lies with the Father to decide who shall have the place of honor in His kingdom. The ten who had made no such request as the two were nevertheless just as selfish as they (v. 24; cf. Mk. 9:33-36; Lu. 22:34). The method of Christ's kingdom was utterly at variance with the methods of the kingdoms of this earth (vs. 25-27). The Head of the kingdom is the supreme illustration of the principles that governs it: He came not to be ministered unto but to minister. His ministry cost Him all He had. He laid down His life as a ransom to purchase life for the wicked world that had forfeited it (cf. 2 Cor. 5:21; Gal. 3:13; Tit. 2:14; Isa. 53:5; 2 Cor. 8:9). He gave up the highest glory and descended to the deepest shame and thus attained to a name that is above every name (Phil. 2:6-9). The only greatness in God's kingdom is the greatness of service.

II. Blind by the Wayside Begging, 29-31. The three accounts of this miracle (cf. Mk. 10:46-52; Lu. 18:35-43) differ in details. This appears like contradiction, but it is not necessarily so. A very possible explanation is that Jesus healed one blind man as He entered Jericho and this one told two others, one of whom was Bartimeus (whom Mark for some reason regarded as worthy of special mention), and they waited for Jesus as He should depart from the city. These two beggars are a striking illustration of man as he is by nature: His home, Jericho (the city under a curse; Josh. 6:17, 26, type of this world); blind (2 Cor. 4:4; Rev. 3:17); a beggar clothed in rags (Isa. 64:6). They were sitting by the dusty wayside—not a pleasant place to be, but better far for them than some shady palm grove of Jericho—for Jesus was to pass that way, and the best place for needy, sinful men is where Jesus is (Lu. 10:39-42). Many a Bartimeus to-day needs simply to be told that Jesus is right at hand. As soon as they heard they began to cry out. That was not much to do, but it was enough (Rom. 10:13). The time to call is the time that they chose (Isa. 55:6). They addressed Jesus as "Thou Son of David," i. e., as the Messiah (Jer. 23:5; ch. 1:1-12, 23; 22:41, 42). They cried simply for mercy. The people were displeased to hear them cry for mercy and rebuked them. There are many people still, even religious people, who are irritated when they hear poor, sinful, afflicted people making a disturbance by crying aloud to Jesus for mercy. They thought it beneath the dignity of Jesus to be disturbed by the clamor of this poor blind wretch. Though they were poor, they were rich in faith, and the rebuke, so far from closing their mouths, only made them cry out the more. It was well that they improved this opportunity, for Jesus never passed that way again.

III. Receiving Sight and Following Jesus, 32-34. Jesus was on important business, the most important errand of His life, and yet "He stood still" to listen to the cry of the poor blind beggars and to relieve their need. Are we like Him? They were ready to go as soon as the call came (cf. Mk. 10:49, 50). Everything depends on what we really "will" that God do for us. Jesus knew what they wanted, but would hear it from their own lips (ch. 6:8). Jesus would have definite prayers. They believed in Jesus as the Messiah, and the prophecies marked the Messiah as the restorer of sight (Isa. 85:5; 42:1, 7; Lu. 4:17, 18). Jesus opened their eyes with a mere touch. The cure was instant and complete.

Unanswerable Logic.

If Jesus Christ is everything to me, I know He can be everything to any man, and because I know it, then woe is me if I do not do all that is in my power to let every man who does not know Jesus Christ share Him with me.

There is no escape from this logic. If I love Jesus Christ, which means if I am loyal to Him, which means if I keep His commandments, I am in touch with everybody to the ends of the earth who needs Him, and I cannot wash my hands and say that you must excuse me from this matter.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Mother (instructing little daughter to peel potatoes)—"Be careful to get the eyes out, Biddy. I once know'd of a sword-swallower as was choked wiv the eye of a tater."—Punch.

Consternation.

"I notice," remarked Mrs. Lapsing, "they're having a good deal of trouble in Washington now over the consternation of our natural resources."—Chicago Tribune.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

Topic — Duty Under Difficulties — 2 Tim. 2: 1-13.

Patience in dark days. Ex. 5: 19-23; 6: 1.
Duty rewarded. Josh. 14: 6-15.
A trying situation. Acts 26: 19-29.
Duty in peril. 2 Cor. 11: 23-33.
No surrender. Acts 4: 13-23.
Graces we need. Rom. 5: 1-5.

It will help us to endure hardness if we remember that we are soldiers of Jesus Christ, and that our Commander is enduring it with us (v. 3).

A soldier cannot be a banker at the same time. War is the most jealous of masters. The Christian soldier must always say "This one thing I do" (v. 4).

A mother will endure all privations for her loved ones, and in proportion as we love men we shall be glad to be worn in their service (v. 10).

The cross is made light by the vision of the crown, the rough road of life is made smooth by the sight of the golden streets glimmering ahead of us (v. 12).

Suggestions.

"Good things are hard," said Plato. We are to keep at them until they become easy.

There is a stimulus in difficulties to any manly mind. No one but a weakling would choose the sofa in preference to the phalanx.

Duty begins "under difficulties," but it does not remain under; it soon gets on top of them—and what a view there is from that height!

It is without significance that the one common rhyme for "duty" is "beauty." Duty is one of the most beautiful things on earth.

Illustrations.

Remember Mark Tapley in "Martin Chuzzlewit," the jolly young man who took no pleasure in being jolly except under difficulties, when there was "some credit in it."

There is a merry "catch" in which a series of obstacles are placed across a room and several are blindfolded and made to race over them. But the obstacles are quietly removed, and the spectators are amused by the valiant leaps of the racers—over nothing! Much like many of our fancied obstacles in the way of duty.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

God's Reasonable Expectation—Mic. 6: 8; Deut. 10: 12, 13; Gal. 5: 22-24.

I. "What does the Lord require of thee?" (Mic. 5: 8.)

1. "To do justiy." Common honesty demands that we do something in return for the special favor shown us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Not that we can make any compensation for what we have received; but having received the grace of God in redemption as a gift, justice as well as gratitude requires that we do his commandments. James exhorts us to show our faith by our works.

2. "To love mercy." The Scriptures are the best explanation of themselves. Read Prov. 3: 3, 4; Prov. 21: 21; Matt. 5: 7.

3. "To walk humbly with thy God." Bishop Goodsell once said, "Humility is the first virtue." A humble spirit is necessary in the learner. Peter says: "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." James says: "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and he shall lift you up." Paul says: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

II. "What doth the Lord require of thee?" (Deut. 10: 12, 13.)

1. To love him. Love is the motor power of the Christian life. There are some who seem to carry their cross as a burden. They attend services because duty demands, and strive to live right because they must. "When love shines in" the burden becomes a banner home gladly and triumphantly. "The love of Christ constraineth." We are to love with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength. With such an inspiration the yoke becomes easy and the burden light. Happy is the one who finds it so. Christian service is no longer a task but a delight.

2. "To keep his commandments." One thing ought not to be forgotten. The Ten Commandments have not been repealed. In these days of Sabbath-breaking and disregard of authority every Christian needs be loyal and true. A good soldier obeys his commander.

III. "What doth the Lord require of me?" (Gal. 5: 22-24.)

To bear fruit. The fruit of the spirit is joy, peace, gentleness, meekness, with a crucifixion of the flesh and affections. "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

"Dowager" Going Out.

The word "dowager" seems to be going quite out of fashion, and many who should so style themselves prefer to use instead their Christian names. Strictly speaking, the mother of a married peer or baronet is the dowager, but it has become the custom when two ladies bear the same title to call the elder one by her Christian name, the distinction dowager being dropped altogether.

At court, however, all widows of peers and baronets are styled dowager when the peer or baronet regnant is married. The Christian name was adopted some years ago in cases where there were more than two ladies bearing the same title, in order to make a distinction between the dowager and the wife of the holder of the title, and the innovation has become so popular that peeresses and baronets' wives who should style themselves dowager elect to be known by their Christian names. Thus the widow of the late Earl of Dudley is known as Georgiana Lady Dudley, but actually she is Dowager Lady Dudley.—London Court Journal.

Scientists of Europe have lately been conducting experiments in the art of breathing and as a result have discovered some interesting conclusions. The theory is advanced that by abnormal control of the breathing powers, the breath being held for an unusually long time, a person may "ascend into the astral realm" and commune with things higher up.

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