

# THE PERIL OF RICHARD PARDON, OR A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

By B. L. FARJEON.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"When this reaches your hands I shall be dead, lying in a disheveled grave. By man I shall be condemned, and in man's eyes my name will be infamous; but the Supreme, I hope and believe, will forgive the sin it is my intention to commit. This contemplated sin will take the form of a confession, in which I shall declare myself to be guilty of the awful crime you committed. When you read these lines, you alone, of all men living, will know that I am innocent."

"It was an hour past midnight when I was awakened from my sleep by Mr. Wilmore's voice. Thinking he needed my services, I went into his room and found him in deep slumber talking to himself. He was talking of you and my honored and beloved mistress and daughter; and although, after I had convinced myself that I was not required, I did not stop to listen, I heard enough to suspect that, unless you bent yourself to Mr. Wilmore's commands, it was his purpose to ruin and beggar you. Sad at heart, I returned to my room and sought my bed, and presently fell asleep again. I must have slept about two hours, when I started up in bed with an impression that some person besides myself was in Mr. Wilmore's apartment. I arose, and was about to ascertain whether this was so, when the door between his room and mine was softly opened, and you came forth. I sprang out of sight, and could not help seeing that your face was white and convulsed, and that your limbs were trembling violently. Stepping very quietly, fearful of attracting notice, you left my room. Waiting a little while to give you time to get clear away, I once more entered Mr. Wilmore's apartment, and discovered, to my horror, that he had been murdered—by you!"

"What was I to do? To give the alarm and point to you as the murderer? In that case, indeed, your ruin and disgrace would be complete; and not alone yours, but that of the beloved mistress for whom I would cheerfully have laid down my life. Overwhelmed by this reflection, I devoted a few minutes to thought. To all outward evidence I was the only witness of your awful crime; my evidence, and only mine, would convict you. What a frightful repayment for all the angelic kindness I and my dead wife had received from my beloved mistress! To condemn the man she loved to the scaffold, and make all her future life and that of the daughter she loved so deeply a life of agonizing shame and sorrow! I saw them pointed at, shunned, or thrust aside in rage, begging for a crust. Could I not avert this terrible fate? I could."

"From symptoms which were unmistakable I knew that I had myself but a short time to live—perhaps not more than a few days. I was, happily, without a relative in the world to whom my death would bring a pang of sorrow. I could give up my life for yours. I could take you crime upon myself."

"My resolution was made. All that I desired to avoid was a shameful end upon the scaffold. Flight would fasten suspicion upon me. I might be able to conceal myself till I was convinced the end was near. Then I would give myself into the hands of justice, and make confession of the crime. Even if I were taken, I should in all probability die in prison. After all, the sacrifice would not be so great; a few days of suffering—that was all; and when we have done with mortal life it is by God—not by man—that we are judged. Doubtless you would keep your fearful secret, and my beloved mistress would never know that the hands of the husband who held her happiness and honor in his keeping were stained with blood."

"I fled, and for some time have successfully evaded pursuit; but I feel I am sinking fast. It is time for me to give myself up and make my false confession. From newspapers which I managed to obtain I learned all the surroundings of the crime. I read of the money being missing from the dispatch box, and of the stolen ring. It is by means of this information that I shall be able to make the confession so circumstantial that it cannot be doubted."

"You are free; your secret is safely hidden in my grave. What I have done and shall do is for my beloved mistress and her child. To you I say, repent. Endeavor by good deeds to atone for the crime which must weigh heavily upon your soul. Pray, and humble yourself before the Divine throne; and not only for this deed of blood, but for your guilty intimacy with Mile. Rosalie, my God pardon you! Destroy the last visible traces of your crime, and burn this paper. Farewell!"

"SAMUEL FLEETWOOD."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Stunned and bewildered, I sat gazing at the death warrant in my trembling hand. It was no less. This letter, made public, would seal my doom. I was, then, a murderer. In my sleep I had killed my uncle, and had afterward drawn the rope from his neck and the ring from his finger. In this way it was that those articles came into my possession. Mechanically my hand stole to the pocket in which they were concealed. Mile. Rosalie smiled, and in that smile I saw that she knew the meaning of the motion.

"I could not speak; I could not lift my head."  
"Well," said Mile. Rosalie, "have you nothing to say?"  
"What can I say?" I muttered.  
"How much higher than I was this base woman. Full of venom, malicious-

ness, and spite, as she was, her soul was free from blood-guiltiness."  
"You are guilty," she said.  
"I must be guilty," I said mechanically. "What do you propose to do?"  
"I propose," she replied, "in a voice of much sweetness, 'to save you.'"  
"To save me!" I exclaimed. "I am not fit to live."  
"Perhaps not," she said, dryly; "but you have a wife and daughter. What would your disgraceful death mean to them?"

"This reference to those dear innocent ones whose honor was my honor, whose shame was my shame, and who, were I brought to the bar of justice, would share my infamy, completely unmanned me. A sob of agony escaped from my lips."  
"Is it not worth while," said Mile. Rosalie, "to save yourself, so that they may be saved?"

"Yes, yes," I gasped, seizing her hand and looking imploringly into her face. "To save them from ignominy and from lifelong sorrow. O God! Is it possible that you will do this for me and them?"  
"I will. Hush! There is a knock at the door. Ask who's there."  
Her voice, as she spoke, did not rise above a whisper. I strove to utter the words she dictated, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth.

"It was my wife calling softly to me from without."  
"Open the door," whispered Mile. Rosalie. "I will hide behind there," pointing to screen. "She will not see me. Do not let her keep you long. When she is gone I will show you that you have nothing to fear."

She glided with noiseless footsteps behind the screen, and I moved to the door. I forgot for a moment that it was locked, and my wife called to me that the key was turned. I unlocked the door and admitted her; but I did not allow her to step into the middle of the room. She was in her night-dress, and I well remember that there was a piece of narrow red ribbon at her neck, which looked to me like blood. She told me that, waking and finding me absent from the bedroom, she grew anxious and came to seek me. I responded with wandering words and looks, and this appeared to render her more anxious. She tenderly asked whether I was not well. Oh, yes, I answered, I was well, but I was engaged upon a most important task. Why had she come to disturb me? I must be alone—alone! And still she lingered, and continued to speak in sweet and loving tones; and clasped me round the neck, and kissed me; but I pushed her from me, and bade her go to her room and sleep.

"You will come soon?" she asked, so-licitously.  
"I do not know, I do not know," I muttered. "I have much to do. Good God! Do you not see how you are distressing me!"

Shortly afterward she left me, but not before she made another effort to soothe me. She smoothed my forehead with a cambric handkerchief and put it into my hand, saying it was clean and cool and would refresh me. As she crossed the threshold I quickly locked the door upon her, and the handkerchief fell from my hand. Mile. Rosalie, gliding forward from her hiding place behind the screen, picked it up and toyed with it, and I made no attempt to take it from her. The vital issue at stake completely engrossed me.

"We are free now from intrusion," she said, "and our business will not take long."  
"Business?" I muttered. "What business?"

"The business of saving your life," she replied. "I have terms to propose."  
"Name them."

"First," she said, and now her voice had assumed a new form of malignity, "tell me what you think I was doing while I was hiding behind the screen."  
"Doing? Nothing!"  
"Not even listening?"  
"Ah, yes; you could not help doing that."

"Of course not. It is not to be supposed that I would play the part of eavesdropper unless I was compelled. Such an infamous woman as I am! That is what you called me a few minutes ago, I believe. I was a liar and a thief as well, was I not? I like to be correct. And but a few short hours before that you discharged me in a manner that would ruin the fair name of any lady, and informed me that I was not a fit associate for your wife and daughter. And yet I am going to save them; yes, indeed I am, and to save you, too! But I must tell you first what I was doing while your wife was here. I was taking down in shorthand every word that was spoken between you. You had no idea of the extent of my accomplishments, had you? I am really accomplished. Years ago I learned shorthand, and it used to bring me in a few shillings. Oh, what a hard life I have had! what a bitter, cruel life! But I am going to enjoy myself now that I have the chance. You see, with this handkerchief and this little piece of paper in my hand I can go to your wife and say: 'Not only is your husband a murderer, but between him and I there is—' Well, she can guess the rest when I prove to her, by relating what you said to each other just now, that I was in your room concealed while you were so anxiously trying to get rid of her. Proof positive, I tell you. And at such a time of night, too! Oh, she!"

"She did not speak rapidly; now and again she paused, to give me an opportunity of replying; but I could find

no words, so confounded was I by her altered manner. That I was more completely than ever in her power was evident to me in spite of my agony of bewilderment. Thief, murderer, adulterer—I was thus to be proclaimed to the world and to my wife and child. But the woman who held me in her toils had said she would save me! In what way? Not out of tenderness and pity, but out of hate and scorn. What course was to be dictated by these sentiments?

"You understand me?" she asked. "It is necessary that you should tell me that you understand me."  
"So far," I said, "I understand you."  
"I am about to dictate terms. My silence, my mercy, must be purchased. I have set a price and terms upon them."  
She forced me to reply, keeping silence till I spoke.

"Let me know what they are?"  
"That is sensibly spoken. In the murdered man's dispatch box there were five thousand pounds. I must have that money."  
"I have not got it."  
"Nonsense! I must have it."  
"I have not got it."  
"Swear by the living God."  
"I swear by the living God!"

She laughed mockingly. "But, my dear sir, my innocent, virtuous gentleman, money I must have. You drew from the bank to-day £1000. I must have that. It is in this room. Ah, there is a safe in the corner! You keep your precious things in it. Your eyes are wandering toward it now. And these two keys upon the table—why, as I am an honest woman, they must be the keys of the safe! I wonder, now, if I could unlock it!"

I allowed her to do as she would. She unlocked the safe, and drew therefrom two bags of gold, 500 sovereigns in each.  
"I sell you your life for the gold in these bags," she said. "Is it agreed?"  
I nodded vacantly. My senses were numbed. If I could have poured out my life's blood to save from sorrow and shame my darling wife and daughter, gladly would I have shed it. What, then, in comparison, were these bags of gold?

"It is fortunate," she said, "that you were paid in gold. I should have refused bank notes, and then you would have been on the straight road to the gallows. But there is another condition: Your life is not worth a moment's purchase if you decline it. You will go from this house to-night within the hour, and you will never set foot in it again. Where you go to I do not care; disappear, drown yourself, hang yourself; it will not matter to me. If you refuse to obey me, if ever you seek again the society of your wife and daughter, they and all the world shall be made acquainted with your crimes. That is my revenge; as sweet to me, ah, sweeter—than money. You would have driven me forth. I drive you forth. So long as you are in hiding in any part of the world you like you are safe. Do you agree?"

"I must agree."  
"Then there is nothing more to be said." She moved toward the door, opened it, and spoke to me from that spot. Every word of her hissing voice fell clear upon my senses, although she fell clear upon my senses, although she spoke in a tone so low that it could not travel to any other part of the house. "I shall watch that you keep your word. I hate you and yours! Violate the conditions I have imposed, and I will bring your lady wife and daughter to the gutters. I will hunt and pursue and expose them, so that they shall never know a moment's peace. You know what you have to expect. Good-night."

She was gone, and I was alone. Well did I know that she would put her threats into execution if I did not keep faith with her. And was it not better, apart from this, that I should disappear from the sight of those I loved and never see them again? Was it possible, knowing what I knew—knowing that I was a murderer—that I could ever allow them to place their innocent lips to my guilty ones, that I could ever gaze into their dear, innocent eyes without shuddering? True, I felt that I had sinned unconsciously, but the guilt was no less mine than if I had done the deed in the broad light of day, with all my senses about me.

Yes, I must go; from this home to which I had brought my young wife, in which my dear child had been born, in which we had enjoyed a heaven of happiness. I must go, and live henceforth a dead life.

To be continued.

### Mme. Loubet.

The mother of President Loubet, who died recently at the age of ninety-one years, was a woman of a type to be met with nowhere outside of France. She came of that country stock, to be perfectly candid, that peasant stock, which is the backbone of the republic, and she never pretended to be anything but what she was. Even after her son became President of France she could not be induced to pay a visit to Paris.

Of course she was proud of M. Loubet's success, but it is said that her first remark after she learned that her son was President was: "I shall see him less than ever now." In this, however, she was mistaken. M. Loubet continued to be a frequent visitor to the little farm at Marsanne where he was born, and which, after her son became successful man, Mme. Loubet looked after alone. She always refused to intrude into the management of the farm to anyone else, and remained vigorous in brain and body almost to her dying day. When her sons visited her she would help in the work. When Emile Loubet went to Marsanne soon after he had been elected President, her first words, after she had greeted him, were:

"Come on, Emile, I want you to do something. I am too old to knead the bread, but I never let anyone else bake it; you must help me in the job."  
The President thereupon took off his coat and went obediently to work.—New York Times.

The counsel of George Washington: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience," is a word of advice always worthy of thought.

"That man has a perfect right to dictate to his wife." "How so?" "Oh, he married his stenographer."—Princeton Tiger.

## THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ALBERT JONES LORD.

Subject: Sacrament of Service.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Albert Jones Lord, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Meriden, Conn., preached in Plymouth Church Sunday morning in exchange with the assistant pastor, the Rev. Willard F. Harmon. Mr. Lord had a good audience, and preached an excellent sermon. His subject was "The Sacrament of Service." The text was from Isaiah xlii: "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.'" Mr. Lord said:

We have been passing rapidly in the last half century from an individualistic to a social type of civilization. Paul's words were never more true than to-day, when he said, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man liveth wholly apart." All our forces and factors pertaining to human life—mechanical, social and religious—have been moving to such a degree toward each other that the twentieth century can say that the one word which will serve her best for a watchword is "Together; together."

In the industrial world the concentration of forces is most manifest. Dr. Josiah Strong calls to mind how that fifty years ago it was the age of homesteads. Families could meet all the needs of their households, spinning, weaving and the making of garments. The fields about the home supplied the necessities of life. Then it was that the main force was the brawny arm. But to-day manufacture has forsaken the home for the mill and the factory, and steam and electricity are the regnant forces. Division of labor has taken the place of the single hand. Then one man made many things; now many men make one thing.

But as industrially, so socially are we becoming more intimately related. A half century ago there were communities with the home supplied the necessities of life. Then it was that the main force was the brawny arm. But to-day manufacture has forsaken the home for the mill and the factory, and steam and electricity are the regnant forces. Division of labor has taken the place of the single hand. Then one man made many things; now many men make one thing.

This complex life has given rise to a great many social and fraternal organizations. Men have banded themselves together for mutual helpfulness. Fathers, working by the week and for small wages, having little ones depending upon them, have serious thoughts when they realize that sickness and short hours may be their lot. When the head of the family is sick and unable to work, the income ceases, and expenses increase. To meet all these possibilities the various benevolent societies and fraternal organizations have come into existence.

It is every man's duty to consider not only the present demands of the family, but its future welfare. It is a crime for a father to spend his money carelessly at the bar, or in dissipation, when he has not, either in the savings bank or in insurance, made secure the future welfare of his family. It is every man's duty to endow the future with as good a livelihood for his family as lies in his power.

We heartily sympathize with fraternities and societies in their sick benefits and care of widows and fatherless children. They have a mission in society. But, however commendable they may be, they must not take the place of the two divine institutions—the home and the church. There is but one place where God has set up the altar of domestic affection where conjugal relations are sanctified by the presence of children, and that is the home; and there is but one institution which the Son of God ordained while upon earth, and that is the Christian church. Fraternal organizations should be substitutes, but never attempt to be substitutes for the home or the church.

But we cannot say that because life is becoming more highly organized it can be lived more easily. On the other hand, we are inclined to say that the closer men's relations are the greater the friction and the more difficult to have every event work good to every person. This kind of life, I repeat, is far better but more difficult to live in all its relations. The tone of a three or five bank organ is much better, richer, more sympathetic and harmonious than the tone of a cabinet organ. In the one there are few notes; in the other there are hundreds. The master organist can play the other satisfactorily. So in these times of highly developed social and religious life it is difficult to live a full, rounded Christian life. A company of people spread over a large area can get along comfortably well, but crowded into a small enclosure they will suffer and be miserable. They will all be elbows, elbow, touching elbow to elbow, it is not so comfortable when men are cramped and their elbows touch one another under the arms. Our whole social life is, therefore, a question of elbows.

This leads us naturally to the question, How can life be lived so as to fulfill all these manifold relations? The answer is found in the words of the Humanist: "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.'" I wish these words might be placed over the doors of every church, inscribed upon the walls of every place of worship and selected as a watchword for every charitable organization. What a changed world this would be if the sentiment of this text should go into effect to-morrow morning. The words suggest to us two ways by which we may administer the sacrament of service. The circle of suffering and misfortune is all the while changing, but it never happens to be empty. In spite of the fact that we are a rich country and are living in times of plenty, there are children in every city in need of bread, and elderly people in need of support and comfort. It is no disgrace to be poor or to be sick if we have done all in our power to drive away the evil from the door, and have down the terms in our system. Jesus was poor, more so than the foxes and the birds; Paul was poor, having few or no possessions; but the cloak and the parchment Peter was poor, "Silver and gold have I none." Poverty is no disgrace, unless it be the dress of a wasted life. Wherever there is honored poverty there should be generous benevolence.

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is God-like.  
When Jesus was upon earth He said that every benefaction which was bestowed upon one of the least of the brethren in a loving spirit was accept-

ed. Inasmuch as a word which is full of significance to all charity workers. "All the beautiful sentiments in the world will weigh less than a single loving action." Many of the fraternal organizations might teach us to be generous in the church lessons in charity. A short time since I received in my mail by mistake a postal note by one member of a fraternal organization to another, asking him to call and assist a sick brother. How often does our fellowship prompt us to do this? Yet the Bible says, "Do good unto all men, especially unto those who are of the household of faith." No gift of means or might will ever fail to be your generosity if beneath the surface of it chances so to be; let the number of your benefactions be a secret if you will, but whether secret or public, crowd your life with endless benefactions and countless mercies.

Edwin Markham has a beautiful poem entitled "Inasmuch." He pictures a watchman, Ivan by name, on Moscow's castled height guarding the citadel. The driving snow was heaping itself against the citadel wall when a watchman ran and threw his own coat around the half frozen beggar, but that very night died himself from exposure.

But waking in that Better Land that lies Beyond the reaches of these cooling skies, Behold the Lord came out to greet him home.

Wearing the coat he gave at Moscow's dome— Wearing the heavy, hairy coat he gave By Moscow's tower before he left the grave.

"And where, dear Lord, found you this coat of mine. A thing unfit for glory such as Thine?" Then the Lord answered with a look of light: "My son, you gave to Me last night."

But there is another way to again offer the sacrament of service than in giving food to eat and raiment to put on: It is suggested by the last half of the text: "And every one said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.'" There are men and women in this world who need an encouraging word more than they need bread. Man does not live by bread alone. There are many who have been unfortunate in their lives. They are pessimistic and discouraged, and distrust all the world. There are others who are in some vocation which does not measure up to their ambition, and they need to have some one tap them on the shoulder and say, "Be of good courage." There are a good many men who become discouraged before they become drunkards. There are others who lose their hope in their own good name. There are many who need to be met at the door of the factory at the close of the day's work and led beyond the saloon to the doors of their homes, that they may be saved to themselves and to their families. They need words of strength. Their wills are weak and must be reinforced. They need to be inoculated with courage, and the power to resist evil.

Very few of us realize how much help there is in a handshake when given in a brotherly way. One of Wellington's officers when commanded to go on some perilous duty, lingered a moment, as if afraid, and then said: "Let me have one clasp of your all-conquering hand before I go, and then I can do it." The majority of the needy ones of earth ask not for our money, but for our sympathy, and our sympathy we ought to give. "Some one ought to do it, but why should I?" should be turned into the sacrificial sentiment, "Some one ought to do it, so why not I?" Frederick Douglass appreciated the uplift which Lincoln always gave him when they met, for Douglass said: "He is the only man who does not remind me that I am a negro." To say to a weak brother with all the meaning in your soul, "Be of good courage," will often make him a moral giant and suffer him to rise above his difficulties and his shortcomings. It does not need words of encouragement, who do not need to have some one say to them, "Be of good courage."

No one has ever been able to speak this word with such pathos as Jesus, and no hearts have ever been lifted into the presence of their best selves as those to whom He spoke. When the woman was brought to Him taken in her sin, it was "Go, sin no more." When others would condemn the woman who stole her way into the house of Simon the leper to anoint Jesus' feet He said: "She hath done what she could." When Mary and Martha were mourning the loss of a brother it was, "Thy brother shall rise again." When the thief on the cross threw himself upon Jesus' compassion, the Master said, "To-day thou shalt be next Me in Paradise."

Something Extra.  
It is not enough, according to Christianity, to be as good as the average, yet many seem to think so. It is hard to overcome the childish habit of comparing ourselves with others, and taking what comfort we can from the thought that we are not any worse than they.

Jesus said: "What do ye more than others? Christianity, if it is anything new at all, is something extra. It does not say that the old religions are altogether wrong. No, it says that they are inadequate. Christ came to fulfill, not to destroy. The bruised reed He does not break, the smoking flax He does not quench. The first He seeks to bind up, that it may become just as strong as possible; the second He fans into a flame. Christ says to all men: 'You become all that God intended you to be. Do not remain in the lowlands. Do not be contented with a common-place life. Come upon the mount with Me. Live the separated life. Be something extra.'—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

A Great Calling.  
"Be inspired by the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and groveling thing that we are to struggle through as we can; but an elevated and lofty destiny." There is inspiration in such a belief. It gives strength, courage, patience; it furnishes a firm foundation for faith; it encourages to high endeavor; it quickens the purpose of righteousness; it puts the dignity upon the striving; and long as we are men; since it establishes relations of divinity between the individual and the Eternal God; and it makes it possible for one to go forth with a song in his heart "doing the King's work all the dim day long."—Gladstone.

One Cannot Abide Alone.  
The love we have to God is realized in our love to men. It cannot abide alone. They who have thought to gain it by retirement and meditation have found it only a will-o'-the-wisp, save as it has issued in the love that seeks men and tries to do them good.—Herbert Packard De Forest.

The Soul a Beautifier.  
As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God.—Jacob.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR OCTOBER 1.

Subject: Daniel and Belshazzar. Dan. vi, 17-30. Daniel Text, Pa. xxiv, 16—Memory Verses, 27, 28—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. The handwriting on the wall. Belshazzar, only sixteen or seventeen years old, was the ruling king in the city of Babylon. Secure within his defenses, he felt confident of safety, and therefore engaged in revelry at a feast which he made to a thousand of his lords. In his drunken folly and wickedness he called for the golden and silver vessels which had been taken from the temple at Jerusalem, that he might drink from them as a token that his gods had given victory over the God of the Jews. During this profane revelry a banquet appeared and wrote upon the wall. This filled the king with fears, and he declared that the wisest man who should interpret the meaning should be clothed with scarlet and have a chain of gold, and be third ruler in the kingdom. When all had failed, the queen, mother of Belshazzar, came in and persuaded her son to send for Daniel, to whom, when he came, the king repeated his promise made to the wise men.

II. Daniel reproving the king (vs. 17-24). "Let thy gifts be given to the king, and thou shalt be rewarded this king can give, nor does he fear him."

18. "The most high God." Whom Daniel proclaimed as the only God, and whose power Nebuchadnezzar had recognized in the deliverance of the Hebrews out of the furnace. "Thy father," Grandfather. "Majesty." In the eyes of his subjects. "Glory." From his victories. "Honor." From the enlargement and decoration of the city.

19. Whom He could be seen in dispensing judgments, be condemned or acquitted at pleasure, and in dispensing rewards, be granted or denied preferences. 20. "Heart was lifted up." In pride and arrogance, willful and obstinate. "Deposed." This occurred not by the rebellion of his people, but by the direct visitation of God. He became insane.

21. "He was driven." The madness that fell upon him induced him to forsake society and to run to the woods and desert where he lived like a wild beast. 22. "Thou—hast not humbled." Thou hast sinned, not through ignorance, but through deliberate contempt of God, regardless of all warning. 23. "Against the Lord." As if thou hadst been equal or even superior to Him in wisdom and power. "Vessels of his house." From the temple of Bel, where they have been treasured up since the conqueror had carried them from Jerusalem. The thirty chargers and thirty vases of gold which had been made for the temple of Solomon, and had continued there till the captivity of Jehoiachin, and the thousand chargers and the four hundred basins of silver by which Zedekiah had supplied their place, and which were carried away in the final deportation. They profaned these vessels to show their contempt for Jehovah. It was an open insult to the Almighty. 24. "Hand sent from Him." From God. 25. Daniel interpreting the writing (vs. 25-28). "The writing." The words were Aramaic, with letters like the Hebrew. Why could not the wise men read them? Perhaps they could read the words, but were not able, or did not dare, to explain their meaning. 26. "Mene." This word is repeated to give emphasis. It comes from a word meaning to number, to count. The days of the empire were counted out in full. The soldiers of the conqueror were awaiting outside and would destroy it before morning. 27. "Tekel." Which means weighed (hence a shekel, which was originally a certain weight). It resembles a word which signifies "light," light of weight, like a counterfeit coin. The application is that Belshazzar had been weighed as to his moral character and actions, and had been found wanting, of light weight. He had not come up to the standard required. God had tested him and he had failed.

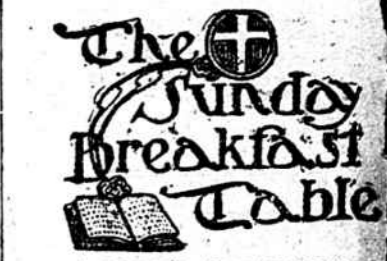
28. "Peres." This is the singular, while upsharin is the plural of the same word with "u," which means "and," prefixed. It is given in verse 25 in the plural, for emphasis, just as "mene" is doubled. It means divided, but has the same consonants as Persians, and suggests them. "Is divided." Not divided into two parts, but broken into pieces of the tower; the siege was a large country lying east of the Caspian Sea.

IV. "Daniel rewarded" (vs. 29, 29). "With scarlet," etc. These carried with them rank and power. "Third ruler." Next to Belshazzar, who was second, Nabonidus, the king, was first. V. The king slain (vs. 30). "In that night." It must be understood that the River Euphrates flowed through the midst of Babylon. It is some time had been planning to draw away the water of the river and enter the city through the bed of the river. When all was prepared he waited for the great feast. When it came all the leaders were reveling in the palace. Elsewhere the population was occupied with feasting and dancing (Jer. 51:39). Drunken riot and mad excitement held possession of the town; the siege works were forgotten; ordinary precautions, as the closing of the river gates (Isa. 45:1), were neglected. The undefended gateways were seized; a war shout was raised; the alarm was spread. The drunken revelers could make no resistance. The king, paralyzed with fear at the handwriting which had warned him of his peril, could do nothing to check the progress of the assault, who called to the soldiers to follow every where. Bursting into the palace a hand of Persians made their way into the presence of the king and slew him.

Two Hints by One Bullet.  
H. C. Bulley, a prominent resident of Cleveland, Ohio, and Robert N. Trenham, a bellboy at the Butterfield House, in Utica, N. Y., were injured in a Utica garage in a peculiar manner both being wounded by the same bullet, accidentally discharged from a revolver. Bulley took several parcels from his machine, handing them to the bellboy. As he drew a canvas case from under the forward seat the case dropped to the floor in such a manner as to cause two shots to be discharged from the pistol it contained. One of the bullets went through Bulley's leg and hit the bellboy in the hand.

Volcano in Nevada.  
A volcano throwing off molten lava has been discovered in Nevada by McClure, Wheeler and Sommers, cattle-men of Lovelock. The volcano is in Rye Patch, Humboldt County. Although that section has been traversed for years, the crater has just been found. The men were in search of cattle when they came on the strange lava, and tracing it to its source found the volcano. The rocks for some distance were so hot that they could not touch them with their bare hands.

Killed by a Wasp's Sting.  
West Strader, of Enterprise, twenty years old, died from the sting of a wasp's sting, which he had stung on the left leg.



A PRAYER IN DARKNESS.

This much, O heavens—if I should in my madness strike me dead, Heed you the grass that grows upon my grave.  
If I dare snarl between this sun and sod Whimper and clamor, give me grace own.  
In sun and rain and fruit in season show The chiding silence of the scorn of God.  
Thank God the stars are set beyond my power.  
If I must travel in a night of wrath Thank God my tears will never wet my mouth.  
Ner any curse of mine cut down a flower.  
Men say the sun was darkened; yet I heard Calvary.  
And I heard him upon the Torturing Tree Heard all the crickets singing, and I glad.  
—G. K. Chesterton, in "Occasional Papers."

Homecoming of a Good Man.  
And it came to pass, as they went on and talked, that behold, they appeared a chariot of fire and horse of fire, and parted them, both assuad and Elijah went by a whirlwind into heaven.—II Kings, ii, 11.  
There is something very suggestive about the homecoming of this good man. No one would suspect from his manner that he knew the change was so near. He was never more natural—never more calm. Was this because he was to go to such an easy and safe way? There is nothing to indicate that knew about the way. Why, then, was it?

One thing that did much for him was his record for faithfulness. The earliest view given of Elijah is in the presence of the hardest kind of a trial. He is called to stand before a wicked king and deliver a most unwelcome message. Other tasks equally hard and dangerous were given him, but never a more confidence will be given when the end comes. The record kept every day in one's own bosom is a record that always tells the truth. Doing has the largest kind of an influence upon being. It is the arm of a man who excels that grows a large muscle. It is the life well lived that brings its own character. The only way to get a good that comes from doing is to do. Repentance for duty slighted may prevent the memory of such failure bringing distress, but it cannot put a dignified ease in its place. The spot can erase from the blackboard the ample that is wrong, but it cannot the crayon's work and put there, that is right. Faithfulness is a good that saves. He who so does duty as to have no shame over what behind him need have no fear of what is before him. Right living makes a pleasing. Larger views of life may be a beautiful close to life was given. He had prepared the way for it. Never a question with Elijah as to what his next step was. He was very careful, therefore, to do all he could for those who were to come after him. He establishes schools, into which he gathered young men, whom he prepared for service. He called to his side one whom made ready to take up his work when he laid it down. When, then, came he knew he had done something that would last. And this knowledge gave a different look to his going. He was to leave something here, work for good when he goes is a sure, no matter how much attention may have excited or how much he may have received. The sad fact of life is not the fact that men often makes it so short in years, that we ourselves often make it short in influence.

God must have come also from the circumstances under which he had lived were such as made very dependent upon God. Time again when his heart was heavy, he went to Him for guidance. Strength. This gave him large influence in a realm which made it believe in a future. He knew that was a God because with his hands had come into personal touch. He knew that he had gotten what he was sure had come to him. Experience at one point became faith at another. The best way to remove doubts about a future is to live them away. If we live a life worthy to endure forever we find it easier to believe that we endure forever. The mystery of death cannot be gotten at, but it can be lived into a fact that we shall not be troubled. When the time comes to go, we have to go by a different way. Elijah, but it will be just as if we were to go by a different way. Pleasant Hunter, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, New York, New York.

Peace For the Unhappy.  
There are hearts to whom to promise peace, hopes to endure an incurable pain, there be peace for such unhappiness. To just such human hearts words spoken, "Peace I leave you, My peace I give unto you."

Request For Horse.  
The will of Robert D. McGovern, Pittsburg, Pa., has been probated \$30,000 in personality and realty. Among his bequests of money sufficient to maintain care for his favorite horse, which he directs shall never be driven except for necessary.

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