

A FALLEN IDOL.

BY FRERIC ANSTEY.

THE PROLOGUE.

This was a very exclusive idol, and a visit from it was esteemed as an overwhelming distinction throughout Mysore; in fact, it only went out once a year to confer with an extremely well-connected idol of Vishnu at a mandapam, or sacred rest house, half way from their respective temples, but on this occasion Ram Chunga's influence had enabled the rule to be relaxed in Siva's honor.

Here it was accordingly, and a rich pavilion was put up at one end of the compound, within which the distinguished visitor was installed, and, this done, the Brahmans entered the temple and came out bearing the wonder-working image of Siva, while it was hailed with acclamations which it was being reverently deposited in the pavilion by the side of Brahma.

And then, as the gods would necessarily have many things to say to one another, the hangings were drawn, and the priests made a ring round the pavilion, and stood guarding it from vulgar curiosity.

At last the gods had had sufficient time to exchange views, and it was time to gratify them with the ministrations of the dancing girls, before the united idols were placed upon the chariot and carried home together in pomp.

So the tom-toms were rattled and thumped with fervor, and the torches made the compound light as day, as the dancing girls, in robes of purple and orange and green, edged with glittering silver tissue, prepared to go through their dreamy and deliberate evolutions, accompanied by chants like the cry of the midnight cat, and Ram Chunga gave the signal for the hangings to be drawn back.

A universal shriek marked their withdrawal, as the torchlight shed its fierce glare upon the interior. Ram Chunga grew green, and his teeth chattered, as well they might; even Acharya Chick, as he gazed from afar, could hardly trust his eyesight.

For the sacred idol of Brahma was broken into a dozen pieces; his arms were planted, with considerable taste and fancy, in various corners of the floor; and worse still, the hardly-won idol of Siva was in the same plight, its fragments arranged in a pyramid upon the principal throne, upon the very summit of which squatted, with a bland smile on its smug features, the despised image of Chalanka, the least and lowest of the Jain tirthankars.

The haughty Ram Chunga, savagely accepting his defeat, wrapped his shawl about him and made his way through the shivering dancing girls and awestruck villagers, out of the precincts of the temple where he had been so signally discomfited.

The Jains, realizing that their "ugly duckling" of an idol had proved more than a match for the chief personages of the Hindoo mythology, now ventured boldly forth and carried Chalanka's image with rejoicing into the idol chamber, where they were joined by Acharya Chick.

"Henceforth," cried Murli Dass, triumphantly, "our reverence is due to Chalanka alone; he has delivered us—he has shown himself mightier than the gods of old; mightier than the blessed tirthankars! Tell us, oh, Father, is it not so?"

Acharya Chick looked at the idol with an uncontrollable feeling of repulsion. "It is even so," he said, "and may he prove himself as benevolent as he is mighty."

From that hour the fame of Chalanka was established, and spreading further with every day. The other tirthankars were entirely discarded by the Jains of the locality, who transferred their entire homage to the last translated saint.

Thus, for some years, shrine and idol flourished, and the village found spiritual and commercial benefit from the circumstance, until the bad times came when Tippoo Sahib took it into his ill-regulated head to force the Mussulman faith indiscriminately upon all his subjects.

Temples of various denominations were wantonly destroyed, and the idols buried by their custodians until brighter days should dawn; and possibly some such fate as this befell the shrine of Chalanka, for no record of it is to be found later than the fall of Seringapatam and the annexation of Mysore by Great Britain.

Scene, London. Time, 19th Century.

CHAPTER I.
Selv-Restraint.

I love not less though less the show aspect; That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

There are parts of London which never seem to have been thoroughly assimilated. Any one who is at all familiar with the metropolis will be able to recall at least one neighborhood of this kind.

In one of the quietest and most unimpeachable roads in St. John's Wood there is a little two-storied house, or rather cottage, with an acacia in front, and at the back a long out-building, whose big north light proclaims its use.

It was, in fact, at the time of which I am writing, the studio of a young painter who was already beginning to be known in art circles, and who was at work there on the particular afternoon in early spring with which the narrative opens.

and attractiveness of its own, and his figure would have appeared to advantage in one of the becoming painting suits in which many less well-favored men indulge, but while he was not of the order of squalid geniuses, there were no more traces of an eye to effect in his dress than in his studio.

So much engrossed was he that he did not look around when the door which communicated with the house opened, and an elderly man with a cross-grained walnut-colored face made his appearance. "Mister Babcock to see you, sir," he announced, with a certain grim relish, as he stood at the top of the short flight of steps.

Campion muttered something which did not sound like delight. "Hang it, Bales, couldn't you tell him I was busy?" he said.

"Just precisely what I did tell him," said Bales, with an injured air; "but it wasn't no use; he's comin' in, he is—wants to see you on important business, 'cordin' to him."

As he spoke he stood aside to make way for the visitor, who seemed to have no misgivings as to his welcome. "Well, my dear fellow, how are you? Hard at it, as usual, I see. Never saw such a fellow," he began, in the tone of one who rallies another upon a rather ridiculous foible. "I thought I'd drop in and look you up—can't stop long. I wanted to see you about a little matter of mine."

And he glanced at the model with a meaning which Campion affected not to understand, for he continued to paint. "Well," he said, "you won't mind my going on? I can listen and work too."

"Oh, I'll wait till we are alone. I'm not in such a hurry as all that. I can take a look around till you're ready," said Babcock cheerfully.

He had come upon a large easel and canvas which had been rolled into a corner, and which he now wheeled out to the light. "I thought I recognized her," he cried. "Miss Elsworth, by Jove—little Sybil!"

"It is Miss Elsworth," said Campion, rather coldly. "What of it?"

"What astonishes me is that Sybil should never have breathed a word about it to me—we've always been such particular chums that it is odd—she always carries all her little troubles to me."

"Perhaps this was too big to carry," said Campion.

"Oh, ah," said Babcock, perfectly unabashed, "that reminds me, I pleased our dear Mrs. Staniland immensely the other day, brought a chela to see her I had met out at Bombay when I was over there. You know what a chela is? sort of budding Buddhist, sucking Mahatma. Calls himself Axel Nebelsen, Norwegian or Swede or something, I fancy. Went out to India on some scientific expedition, and turned Theosophist. Now he's over here, dining out and advertising the religion. It hasn't been started long, but it's pushing its way, don't you know. And the women run after him a good deal, queer-looking chap, talks till all's blue—ever meet him?"

"Never," said Campion, "What does he do?"

"Mild miracles—sort of parlor prophet, don't you know. Goes out to dinner and pecks a little rice all the time, and then has a trance upstairs over his teacup. Says he sees everybody with an aura about him, so have I—after dinner. And he's learning to manage his astral body, but he aren't let it outside the door yet. I think he's a bit of a humbug myself, but he amuses me."

So Babcock rattled on, not much caring whether he was listened to or not, until he ran down, and Campion hoped he was going in earnest.

Campion looked at him; he was not distinguished or impressive looking. He was short, with dark hair parted in the middle, a pale, rather flabby face, a loose mouth; he had done nothing so far except talk, and was never likely to do more; but for all that, Lionel Babcock was a personage in his way; if he bored most men, women found him both instructive and amusing; he was fluent and self-assured; he was particularly well off.

When he had gone Campion broke into a laugh, which was rather savage than amused. Then he went to the portrait and studied it. "Was that ass right?" he was thinking; "does that look on her face mean—boredom? Isn't there a touch of something like suffering on her lips? It didn't strike me so while I was painting her, and yet—and yet—confound Babcock!"

He wheeled the big easel back into the corner again, and returning to his classical picture touched in some details from the studies he had made for them, but after a while he stopped with an impatient sigh. "No good," he muttered, "I may as well stop work for to-day—the light's getting bad, too. I'll go and get some calling over; no, I'm hanged if I do, I'll turn into the park."

And presently he was crossing one of the canal bridges in the direction of the park.

CHAPTER II. A Remonstrance.

There's a present for you, sir! Yes, thanks to her thrift. My pet has been able to buy me a gift.

—London Lyrics.
Ronald Campion had indeed succeeded in winning Mrs. Staniland's niece Sybil, but the elder lady had not as yet been consulted, and it was by no means likely that the engagement would meet with her approval.

It had gone on for more than a month now, this most unsatisfactory of engagements. They saw one another but seldom—indeed for part of the time she had been away at Eastbourne. She wrote, and her letters were gay and affectionate; but when he met her again she gave no sign by her manner of greeting him that he was more to her than others were.

It is true there were others present at the time, and true that she contrived to reassure him before he left by some apparently careless speech, to which her eyes and voice gave a sweet and special meaning; but, for all that, the strain was telling on his self-respect, and he chafed under his false position more and more.

What he suffered under Babcock's reference to Sybil will after this explanation be readily imagined; and now that by a happy accident he had met her, he felt the time had come to speak plainly.

She was the first who spoke. "I thought this was one of the things we agreed we wouldn't do," she observed, though with no very great show of displeasure.

"I didn't know I should have the luck to meet you just now," he said, "and you must let me speak to you Sybil—there is something I want to say."

She arched her pretty eyebrows. "Something serious?" she inquired.

"Yes, rather."

"Then suppose we find a seat somewhere? I can be so much more serious sitting down."

They found a sheltered bench near the water's edge, where the wavelets were lapping half-heartedly. "Now tell me all about it," she said, looking distractedly lovely as she settled herself comfortably to listen.

"It's simply this, Sybil—I can't stand this secrecy any longer."

"Oh, Ronald! but why? where would be the fun if everybody knew?"

"After all, Sybil, one doesn't—at least I didn't—get engaged for the fun of the thing; and if I had, I've had very little of it."

"You might be serious without being disagreeable."

"Is it disagreeable to object to have to play an underhand part?"

"Very, because, don't you see, papa knows all about it—he must have had you letter a fortnight ago."

"But your aunt doesn't—you know how much she has done for me; I never ought to have kept this from her."

"Ah! but you couldn't help yourself, you see!" cried Sybil gayly; "it was my secret as well as yours, and you were bound to keep it as long as I wished it kept."

"And why were you so anxious to have it kept?"

She was looking at him with meditative eyes. "Will you have a lot of little reasons, or one big one?" she asked.

"I should very much prefer the real one," he said, rather grimly.

"Well," said Sybil, "the real one was; I'd set my heart on having my portrait at the Grosvenor this year."

"I don't see the connection; if all goes well, it must be there now. Sir C—has seen it, and I only want one more sitting to finish it."

"And we're coming for that to-morrow. Yes, but you foolish Ronald, if you had told Aunt Hillary when you wanted to, do you suppose you would ever have had the chance of finishing it in time? Why, I should never have been allowed to come near the studio, till we knew what papa thought of you—and perhaps not then—all these weeks quite wasted! So that by that little stratagem of mine (for you might have known, if you hadn't been a goose, I never meant all I said), just by that stratagem I've saved you a whole year of fame—because I have quite made up my mind that that portrait is going to make you famous. And, naturally," she added, with a little laugh at her own vanity, "I should like to be a little famous too!"

"If that is all," said Campion, "now the portrait is safe, you can't object to my speaking out."

"But I do!" she said; "don't tell Aunt Hillary yet, Ronald."

To be Continued.

A Tuckahoe.
A citizen of Douglas County brought to the office of an Awa paper what is said to be called by the Indians a tuckahoe. It was turned up by the plow. It is a singular vegetable substance, seldom found except in the southern lowlands of the United States. It grows under the ground and sometimes attains the size and somewhat the appearance of a loaf of bread and is often called "Indian loaf," or "Indian bread."

It is said that its methods of growth and reproduction are unknown. It having neither root, branch nor cellular structure, for which reason it has been considered as a secondary product, caused by the degeneration of the tissues of some flowering plant. It was eaten by the Indians and considered by them a very dainty dish.—From the Mount Vernon Fountain and Journal.



New York City.—In this day of over waists and of similar effects the gumpie makes an all important feature of the wardrobe. Here is one, that while it gives an exceedingly dainty effect, calls for the smallest possible quantity of all-over lace or other material of a similar sort and which allows a choice of plain or frilled sleeves, in elbow or full length. In the illustration it is made of lawn with the yoke of all over lace and the sleeves of lace edging to match, but tucking or lace edging

New Collar Pins.
Little jeweled pins and collar sets are now shown on the counters in endless profusion.

Every Day Blouses.
For shirtwaists and everyday blouses, cashmere, nun's veilings and fine cloth will be good.

Scarlet and Black.
Scarlet black hose have an ankle decoration of large red polka dots embroidered in groups of three. These are to radiate on feet in shiny black patent leather slippers finished with a big rosette of scarlet chiffon.

Ribbon as Trimming.
Ribbon always has been a popular trimming, and as it lends itself to such original ideas, it will no doubt be used in great quantities on hats this season. Apropos of ribbon, nothing is prettier than the new shaded Liberty silk ribbon which is twelve inches wide.

Plain Blouse or Gumpie.
The plain gumpie is a favorite one for heavy lace, embroidery and materials of the sort and this season is being made both with long and with short sleeves. This model is perfectly adapted to such material, while it can also be utilized for the blouse of silk and wool materials, in addition to all of which it serves the very practical purpose of making a satisfactory foundation for tucked lingerie materials and the like.

When used in this way the plain material can be elaborated to suit individual taste before cutting, and the plain pattern can be laid on so providing the necessary guide as to shape. In this instance, however, embroidered flannel net is used as a gumpie with long sleeves and the lining is omitted. The long sleeves are much liked just now for net and other thin materials and are very pretty beneath the short ones of heavier material, but the full three-quarter sleeves gathered into bands can be substituted whenever preferred and both are equally correct. The blouse consists of the fitted



joined one strip to another, or, indeed, any pretty material that may be liked can be used for the yoke with the sleeves of frills as illustrated or of the material lace edged, or made plain with cuffs. For the foundation, lawn and silk both are correct. The gumpie is made with front and backs. It is faced to form a yoke, which can be made on either round or square outline, and is finished at the lower edge with a basque portion which does away with fullness over

the hips. When frilled sleeves are used the frills are arranged over puff foundations and are finished with bands at their lower edges. The long sleeves, however, are made over fitted linings, which are faced to form the cuffs.

The quantity of material used for the medium size is three yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and one-half yards thirty-two or one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide with five-eight yard all-over lace, four and three-quarter yards of lace five inches wide for sleeve.

Trousseau Gowns.
"Trousseau gowns are lovelier than ever," says the fashion editor of The Woman's Home Companion, "but as they have increased in beauty, they have lessened in number. Very few brides of to-day, no matter how fashionable they may be, order a trousseau consisting of a great number of costumes. The reason for this is that fashions change so that it is necessary every little while to have a new-style gown if one is to keep pace with the capricious modes.

Velvet Embossed Ribbons.
Velvet embossed ribbons in wide widths are the best possible choice for rearranging a damaged gown, and give the speediest results, leaving no trace of the former costume.

Can't See the Stage.
United States Senator Nixon's opera house, which he presented to the city of Winnemucca, Nev., as a mark of appreciation of the friendship shown him by his former townpeople, must be practically reconstructed. Not until the building was completed recently was it discovered that the gallery is so built that the stage is invisible to more than half the audience. It must now be torn out and reconstructed, necessitating an additional expense of \$20,000.

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Australia Helps Quebec Park Plan.
Earl Grey, of Canada, received from Australia \$250 toward the Quebec battle-field park project.

One Thousand Foot Steamships.
The new one thousand foot steamship, the construction of which is to be commenced later in the year for the White Star Line, at Liverpool, England, will be named the Olympic. It is possible that two Leviathans of this size will be built for the Southern New York trade.

Prince a Village Priest.
At Hermannstadt, Hungary, Prince Carl Eugen of Hohenzollern has been called a pastor. His Highness was previously attached to the Papal Court in Rome as almoner.

Don't Grumble.
Beware of dogs.—Philippians 3:2. The Jews, as can be seen by numerous references in the Bible, did not like dogs. The ancient Greeks shared this abhorrence, though Homer is not unjust to these faithful companions of man, as can be seen in his exquisite picture of a dog's devotion to his absent master in the seventeenth book of the Odyssey.

St. Paul is pouring the vitrol of his sarcasm upon those who would reduce Christianity to the limits of an exclusive sect, and we are doing no violence to the thought of the apostle when we translate "Beware of dogs" to "Beware of grumblers." Are grumbling and growling our dominant characteristics?

If they are, then let us not be surprised if we find ourselves unpopular. Our friends are only obeying the sound advice of Paul. Grumblers are not unjust to these faithful companions of man, as can be seen in his exquisite picture of a dog's devotion to his absent master in the seventeenth book of the Odyssey.

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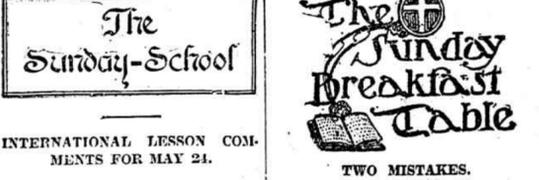
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INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 21.

Subject: Jesus' Death and Burial.
John 19:17-42—Golden Text, 1 Cor. 15:3—Commit Verses 39, 40—Commentary.

TIME.—Wednesday, between the evenings, April 5, A. D. 30. PLACE.—Golgotha.

EXPOSITION.—I. "It is Finished," 28-30. What was finished? (1) His own sufferings were finished. From the beginning of His ministry, the shadow of the cross darkened the Saviour's life. Now it was all over. The dread and horror of all those years was over at last. Thank God! (2) The mission upon which the Father had sent Him into this world was finished. The Father had given Him a certain work to accomplish (John 5:36). It was His very meat to finish this work of the Father (John 4:34). Now the death in which that work was to be completed was right at the door and in anticipation of it Jesus cried, "It is finished." (3) The prophecies concerning the sufferings of death of the Messiah (into which angels and the prophets themselves had desired to look, 1 Pet. 1:11-13) were finished. This is the immediate thought of the context (vs. 28, 29). The Old Testament prophecies, centuries before, had set forth step by step the sufferings the coming Messiah would meet in redeeming His people. One by one Jesus had fulfilled the details of the Old Testament prophecies. The last prediction of the long list of sufferings and dishonor which Jesus had doubtless often conned until they were indelibly printed upon His mind is fulfilled and with a cry of victory and relief He exclaims, "It is finished." (4) The work of atonement was finished. The curse of the broken law must be borne and Jesus had borne it (Gal. 3:13; 2 Cor. 5:21; 1 Pet. 2:24). It is finished. There is nothing left for you or me to do to atone for sin. It is all done. "It is finished." Would that we might all believe it and not try to add anything to the finished work of Christ. (5) The Mosaic law, as far as its claims on the believer are concerned, was finished (Rom. 10:4; Col. 2:14; Eph. 2:15, 16). Every claim of the Mosaic law was settled and the law itself done away by the death of Christ on the cross. (6) Satan's power was finished (Heb. 2:14, R. V.; Col. 2:15, R. V.; John 12:31). The death of Christ on the cross was the death-knell to Satan's power. It seemed the moment of Satan's mightiest protest; it was the moment of his utter defeat. "It is finished."

II. "A Bone of Him Shall Not Be Broken," 31-37. It was "the Preparation of the Passover," i. e., "the Preparation of the Passover," the day before the Passover began (v. 14; cf. ch. 18:28). The next day would be a Sabbath, not the weekly Sabbath, for the first day of the Passover was always a Sabbath with the Jews whatever day in the week it came (Lev. 23:7). This year it came on Thursday. The Passover Sabbath was a high day. The Jews would not endure the thought that their great day should be polluted by criminals hanging on a cross. They were not at all sensitive about its being polluted by their own hands being stained with the murder of the Son of God. Jesus was dead already and His legs were not broken. By this seeming chance the O. T. prophetic type of the Pascal Lamb was literally and minutely fulfilled (x. 36). But the soldiers will make sure that Jesus is dead indeed, so a spear is thrust into His side. Jesus is "pierced" according to Scripture (Zech. 12:10). And then a notable thing comes to pass; forth from that pierced side flows blood and water, not blood only, but blood and water. John is impressed by the fact and records it, though in the state of scientific knowledge then existing he could scarcely have understood its full significance. That water mingled with the blood shows that Jesus died of extravasation of the blood, i. e., of a broken heart (cf. Ps. 69:20). What broke that heart? Sin, your sin and mine. The record of the fact, which of course could not have been fabricated by one who did not know its significance, is one of the many incidental but conclusive proofs of the genuineness of the story and one of the numerous indications that the record here given is by an "eye-witness" of the facts recorded. Is there any spiritual significance in the blood and water coming out? Water came forth from the rock smitten by Moses, and we are told that "that rock was Christ" (1 Cor. 10:4). It is from the smitten rock, Christ, that the living water and atoning blood flow.

III. He Made His Grave With the Rich, 38-42. Another Old Testament prophecy is fulfilled in the place and manner of Jesus' burial (v. 38; cf. Matt. 25:57-60; 23:9). The death of Jesus transformed Joseph and Nicodemus from secret disciples into open ones. Their discipleship did not count for much until they became open disciples. They had made feeble protests but were soon silenced (chap. 7:50-52; Luke 23:50, 51). Unless they had come out openly the Lord would not have confessed them and they would not have been saved (Matt. 10:32, 33; Rom. 10:9, 10). They did their best for Jesus. They embalmed His body. But this was necessary, for God promised hundreds of years before that He would not suffer that body to see corruption (Ps. 16:10).

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TWO MISTAKES.

"Your way is dark," the angel said, "Because you downward gaze; Look up! the sun is overhead; I look up and learn to praise! I looked, I learned: Who looks above Will find in Heaven both Light and Love

"Why upward gaze?" the angel said; "Have you not learned to know And the Light of God shines overhead? That men may work below? I learned: Who only looks above May miss below the work of Love.

And thus I learned the lessons train: The heart whose treasure is above Will gladly turn to earth again. Because the heavens is Love. Yes, I've learned that the starry height Came down to earth and gave it Light. —The Bishop of Ripon.

Don't Grumble.
Beware of dogs.—Philippians 3:2. The Jews, as can be seen by numerous references in the Bible, did not like dogs. The ancient Greeks shared this abhorrence, though Homer is not unjust to these faithful companions of man, as can be seen in his exquisite picture of a dog's devotion to his absent master in the seventeenth book of the Odyssey.

St. Paul is pouring the vitrol of his sarcasm upon those who would reduce Christianity to the limits of an exclusive sect, and we are doing no violence to the thought of the apostle when we translate "Beware of dogs" to "Beware of grumblers." Are grumbling and growling our dominant characteristics?

If they are, then let us not be surprised if we find ourselves unpopular. Our friends are only obeying the sound advice of Paul. Grumblers are not unjust to these faithful companions of man, as can be seen in his exquisite picture of a dog's devotion to his absent master in the seventeenth book of the Odyssey.

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