

LADY CAR;

OR—
THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XI. 13

"What do you mean?" said Janet, but her conscience was too much for her. She could not maintain a bold front. The recollection came burning to her cheeks, and brought a hot flood of tears to her eyes. "I only rode the pony. I meant no harm. I didn't know it was wrong. Oh, Tom! Tom! don't tell mother," she cried.

"You had better behave, then," said Tom, "and don't think you can crowd over me. I've done nothing at all. It's only those old saps that cannot bear to see a young fellow having his fun."

It was certainly a great contrast to the humiliated condition in which he came home to think of all the immense preparations that were being made to do the young scapegrace honor. Very far from pointing a moral to young men of Tom's tastes was the triumphant coming of age after the academical disgrace. No disgrace, however, can hinder a young man from attaining his twenty-first birthday, nor change the universal custom which makes that moment a period of congratulation and celebration, as if it were by any virtue of his that the boy became a man. It occurred to some of the family counsellors who had been summoned for the great occasion that, considering his past behavior, Tom's majority should be passed over with as little merrymaking as possible. But Beaufort was once more the young fellow's champion. He was not the sort of man to take lightly the stigma of the university, and therefore he was listened to with all the more attention. "I must repeat again," he said, "that there is nothing in all this to prevent Tom from doing well enough in his natural position. It might be ruin to some boys, but not to him. I never expected him to do anything at Oxford, and I am not surprised at what has happened. But everybody is not thinking of this as we are. A great many people will never have heard of it, nor would they attach any importance to it if they did hear. I have told you before, Carry, that the best of women are unjust to boys. It is very natural it should be so. Even now, however, there is nothing to prevent Tom from doing very well."

"The thing is that he seems to be getting a reward for his foolishness, instead of any punishment," said Edith Erskine, who was, as she thought, upholding her sister's view. As for Carry herself, she had said nothing. To discuss her boy's follies was more than she was capable of. She could not silence the others who spoke, but she only looked at them, she could not speak.

"He has been foolish at Oxford, and the authorities there have punished him; but we have no right to put back the clock in his life, and keep him out of his rights for anything he has done. I am sure that is what his mother thinks—"

"His mother has always been too indulgent, and this is what has come of it," said Lord Lindons, shaking his head. He would have sent Tom off to Africa or somewhere with an unfortunate if highly paid bear-leader from the University to keep him in order, if Tom would have submitted on the verge of his lawful freedom to any such bondage; but this his grandfather did not take into account. He shook his head over Carry's indulgence, and did not at all understand the look which she turned upon him and in which there were unspeakable things. "You may be angry, if you please, my dear, but I must tell you my opinion. The boy has been spoiled all along. He is not of a nature to stand it; he wanted a vigorous hand over him. You should have remembered the stock of which he came."

Lady Car looked at her father with a light in her mild eyes such as no one could remember to have seen there before. "Why was my boy of that stock?" she said, in a voice which was very low, but full of passion that could not be restrained. Her mother and sister started with one impulse to stop further utterance. "Carry!" they cried.

"What? What did she say?" cried Lord Lindons; but neither Carry nor any of the others repeated what she had said.

After this strange little scene there was, however, no more said about Tom's coming of age, which they could not have kept back if they would. But all kinds of preparations were made to make the celebration worthy, if not of Tom, yet of the position which he ought to take in the county so far as wealth went. His long minority, and the scrupulous care with which both his estate and his money had been managed, made Tom one of the richest commoners in Scotland, the very richest, perhaps, when income came from property alone, and not from trade; and though the county did not recollect his father with very particular regard, nor anticipate very much from himself—for everybody knew those unsatisfactory points in Tom's history which it was hoped had attracted no observation—yet Lady Car had gained all respect, and for her sake, and perhaps a little for their own amusement, the neighbors threw themselves readily into all the details of the feastings, and drank his health and wished him joy, with every appearance of friendliness and sincerity. And there were many ladies held to declare that a good wife would be the making of the young man. Perhaps this sentiment as much as respect for Lady Car made the county people warm in their sympathy.

There were a great many young ladies in the county; it might very well happen that one of these was destined by Providence to be the

making of the second Tom Torrance of the Towers. And the parents who thought, with a softened consideration of all the circumstances that had been against him, that a daughter of theirs might perhaps have that mission to fulfill, had certainly much less to tolerate and forgive than Lord Lindons had when he married his daughter to Tom's father. Therefore everybody accepted the invitations that were sent out, and for a week the house blazed with light and rang with festive sounds, and life stirred and quickened throughout the entire neighborhood. The long interregnum was over, and Tom had come into his kingdom.

Happily an event of this kind exercises a certain influence on all minds. Perhaps Lady Car allowed herself to be moved by her husband's optimism, and was able with very well to believe that Tom might do very well notwithstanding his youthful indiscretions; perhaps it was only that mild and indulgent despair, which had taken possession of her inmost soul, and which made it evident that nothing that could be done by her would affect her boy, and that all she was now good for was to tolerate and forgive; but at least she presided over all the rejoicings with apparent pleasure, sparing no fatigue, thinking of everything, resuming to a wonderful extent the more active habits of former years. And Beaufort played to perfection the role of the pere noble, the dignified, disinterested paternal guardian giving his support and countenance to the novice without ever interfering with his pretensions as the real master of the house. Indeed, Beaufort, with his fastidious superiority, had much greater influence over Tom than his mother had, and over-ruled him as no one else was capable of doing; so that everything went well during his great era, and the young Laird appeared to the best advantage, making those parents of daughters say to each other that really there was nothing that May or Beatrice need object to. Such birds of prey as hung about the horizon even in these moral regions perhaps sharpened their beaks—but that was out of sight. And the only one of the party who did not wear a guise of happiness was Janet, about whom there hung a nervous haze of suppressed feeling altogether alien to her character and which no one could fathom. Perhaps it would have been more comprehensible had any one heard the occasional word which now and then dropped from Tom, and which he repeated with a mischievous boy's pleasure in the trouble he could create. "Are you going on the pony to-day?" he would ask in Lady Car's presence, with a significant look and laugh. "Are you off for the Easton road?" No one but Janet knew what he meant. He threw these stones at her out of the very height of his own triumph. And Janet dared scarcely go out, even in the protection of her mother's company, lest she should see Charlie Blackmore turning reproachful eyes upon her. He did pass the carriage on one occasion and took off his hat, but the salutation was so universal that no one noted who the individual was, and Janet alone saw the look. Yet even for Janet nothing disagreeable happened during these eight days.

CHAPTER XII.

Lady Car had done too much, the doctor said. The last dinner had been given; the last guest had departed, and life at the Towers was about to begin under its new aspect—a changed aspect, and one which those of the spectators who were free from any personal feeling on the subject regarded, with some curiosity. How was Tom to assume his new position as head of the house in presence of his mother and stepfather? Were they to remain there as his guests? Were they to leave along with the other visitors? Tom himself had fully made up his mind on this subject. He was indeed a little nervous about what Beau would say, and kept his eyes steadily away from that gentleman when he made his little announcement, which was down at breakfast on the first morning after the family party was left alone. It must be premised that Tom's birthday was in the end of July, and that by this time August had begun.

"I say, mother," Tom said. He gave a glance round to make quite sure that the newspaper widely unfolded made a screen between himself and Beau. "I mean to go in for the grouse this year on the Patullo moor."

"I have always heard it was too small for such sport," said Lady Car.

"Ob, I don't know that. You never would let me try. The keepers have had it all to themselves, and I dare say they've made a good thing out of it. But this year I'm going to make a change. I've asked a lot of fellows for the 12th."

"You are losing no time, Tom. I am glad to find you are so hospitable," said his mother.

"Oh, hospitable be hanged! I want to have some fun," said the young master. "And I say, mother"—he gave another glance at the newspaper, which was still opened out in front of his stepfather. And Beau had done no remark. "Mother, I say, I don't want you to hurry you; but a lot of fellows together are sometimes a bit rowdy. I mean, you know, you mightn't perhaps like—You're so awfully quiet at Easton. I mean, you know—"

"That you want us to leave the Towers, Tom."

"Ob, I don't go so far as that. I only meant—Why, mother, don't you know? It's all different. It's not the same kind of thing—it's—"

"I understand," she said, in her quiet tone, and with her usual smile.

"We had taken thought for Edward, we had spoken of going—when was it?"

"To-morrow," said Beaufort, behind his paper. "That's all settled. I had meant to tell you this morning, Tom. No need to have been in such a hurry; you know your mother is not fond of the Towers."

"I didn't mean any hurry," cried Tom, very red.

"Perhaps not, my boy, but it looks like it. However, we're both of one mind, which is convenient. The only thing that is wanted is a Bradshaw, for we had not settled yet about the trains."

"To-morrow's awfully soon. I hope you won't go to-morrow, mother. I never thought you'd move before a week at the soonest. I say! I'll be left all alone here if you go to-morrow," Tom cried. But Beaufort took no notice of his remonstrance, and got his Bradshaw, and made out his plans as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. A few hours after, however, Lady Car, who had allowed that she was tired after the racket of the past week, was found to have fainted without giving any sign of such intentions. It was Janet who found her lying insensible on her sofa, and as the girl thought dead, Janet flew downstairs for help, and meeting her brother, cried, "You have killed mother!" as she darted past. And the alarm and horror of the household was great. Tom himself galloped off for the doctor at the most breakneck pace, and in great compunction and remorse. But the doctor was, on the whole, reassuring when he came. He pronounced the patient, who had by that time come to herself and just as usual, though a trifle paler, to be overdone, which was very well explained by all that she had been going through, and the unusual strain upon her—but pronounced her unfit for so long a journey so soon. When, however, Beaufort informed him that the Towers had never agreed with his wife—an intimation at which the doctor, who knew much better than Beaufort did what the Towers had been to poor Lady Car, nodded his head understandingly—he suggested breaking the journey. And this was how it happened that the family went to St. Andrew's, where many things were to happen which no one had foreseen. Tom, still compunctious, and as tender as it was possible for him to be, and unable to persuade himself that he was not to blame for his mother's illness, as well as much overwhelmed by the prospect of being left entirely to his own company for nearly a fortnight, accompanied the party to that place. He thought he would take a look at the golf, and at least would find it easier to get rid of a few days there than alone in his own house. To do him justice, he was a little anxious about his mother, too. To think that you have killed your mother or even had been instrumental in killing her, is not a pleasant thought.

Lady Car got quickly well amid the sea breezes. They got her home on the cliff, where from her sofa she could look out upon the sea, and all the lights and shades of the Forfar coast, and the shadows of the far distant ships like specks on the horizon, like hopes (she thought), always appearing afar, passing away, never near enough to be possible. She floated away from all acute pain as she lay recovering, and recovered, too, her beloved gift of verse, and made a very charming but sad little poem called "Sails on the Horizon," expressing this idea. Lady Car thought to herself, as she lay there, that her hopes had all been like that, far away, just within sight, passing without an approach, without a possibility of coming near. None of these ever changed their course or drew near St. Andrew's Bay, yet the white distant sail would hang upon the horizon line as if it might turn its helm at any moment and come. And hope had come only so to Carry—never to stay, only in the distance. In the quiet of convalescence and of that profound immeasurable despair which took the form of perfect peace, that renunciation of all that she had wished for on earth, it was a pleasure for her to put that conceit into words. It was only a conceit, she was aware.

To be Continued.

Use For Sunflower Seed.

F. D. Coburn is thinking of issuing a bulletin advising Kansas farmers to devote a little ground and a little time to the culture of the Russian sunflower. Mr. Coburn has found that there is a good market in England and other countries of Europe for the sunflower seeds, which when ground and crushed produce an oil that is used in manufacture of the finest toilet soaps. Mr. Coburn learned of this through a letter from H. A. W. Corfield, of London, who asked that the names of farmers who produce the sunflower seeds be sent him. Mr. Corfield is a grain importer. Mr. Coburn started in to learn all about the sunflower seeds, because if there was anything useful that could be made from them he wanted to know it and tell the Kansas farmer about it.—Kansas City Journal.

Teeth at Two Weeks Old.

Two weeks of age and with two fully developed teeth is the unique phenomenon of the babe of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. King, of 1230 Thirtieth street. At birth the child's gums were normal, but the teeth developed before the child was two weeks old. At this extreme young age the babe was compelled to undergo a dental operation for the removal of these malformations or forced growths.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

As Genius Affects Women.

A reviewer in one of the recent publications, calling attention to Mr. Gribble's book about George Sand, says that "we still believe that genius, however it may palliate the crimes of a man, aggravates the wickedness of a woman."

Husband's Testimonial.

A Burman witness, looking in the prime of condition, deposed quite complacently in a criminal case that he had no occupation. "My wife, a good, careful and hard working woman, supports me," he added.—Cuttack Statesman.

BEGGAR WHO USES HIS BRAINS.

He Thinks Out His Manner of Approach and Easily Nails His Man.

Little ingenuity beggars show as a rule; it is usually the same old story of not having had anything to eat for two days or two weeks; no originality, no evidence of effort to think of something new. But here was a beggar who at least had something different to say and who said it cheerfully.

The beggar approached a man whose head was thatched with gray standing one step up from the sidewalk in front of a building looking over an evening paper that he had just bought, and as he stood thus, his face obscured by the paper, he heard the voice of a man standing that one step down on the sidewalk in front of him, speaking to him and saying in a pleasant, even tone:

"Pop, I don't think you'd throw a man down for two cents, would you?"

Removing the paper from in front of his face and looking down the man on the step saw the man who had made that speech standing looking up at him coolly and smilingly. A young man, and so not yet too lazy to use his brains in his begging.

True, his effort here was represented mainly by an exhibition of nerve, of sheer cheek, but by his cheerful buoyancy, in fact his effulgent effrontery, was his cheek somewhat gilded, and at least he was making an effort; he had looked over his man and taken the trouble to think out a manner of approach that he thought would go with him, and then he had worked out this plan with care and attention to detail and his effort was not without its reward.—New York Sun.

Forms Bridge Over Gorge.

One of the most remarkable freaks of wind and erosion known in the West is to be found in one of the smaller canons of the Grand Canon of the Colorado River in Arizona.

In a narrow gorge, carved through centuries of flow of water and wind driven sand down the little valley, there lies a huge boulder, as big as the average house moving van seen on a city street. It is held up solely by friction on the sides of the gorge and is entirely free from any solid connection with the sides of the sandstone walls.

From the sandy bed of the little gorge to the rock is fully seventy-five feet. The Indians who once roamed over the Grand Canon country have, of course, legends to account for the location of the big round rock, but as a matter of fact it is believed to have rolled off the slope of a rocky and precipitous mountain about five miles distant from the canon and to have been plucked up in the path of some cloud-burst of years ago and rolled to its present resting place.

The stone hangs only by a small projection on each side, but it is so solid that it forms a convenient foot bridge across the gorge over which the pedestrian may take his way.—Kansas City Journal.

Australian Girls.

Many Australian girls live right up in the bush, or "stations," which are miles away from any town or village, and their time is largely occupied with riding and driving; they are as much at home on a horse as a duck is in the water, and think nothing of riding twenty miles or so to pay a visit, says a writer in Woman. Household duties claim a share of their time, however, and any day they are liable to be left without servants and with a house full of visitors, but are in no wise daunted by such an occurrence. Then the bush girl comes down to the capital for the season, and far from appearing a country bumpkin or a tomboy after her free and open-air life, she is as much at home in a ballroom as any town-bred girl, as neat and well dressed as if she had never ridden barebacked over wild tracts of country, with little thought of appearances.—Sydney Review.

Sincere Courtesy.

At a dance given by a certain set in Philadelphia society there was one participant, a man from Wilmington, who met with a mishap on the floor due to his lack of skill in dancing.

The Wilmington person observed to one guest, "Sir, you are the only gentleman in the room."

"Thanks," was the dry response. "May I inquire what motive has led to this complimentary outburst on your part?"

"Why," explained the out-of-towner, "when I tripped in the dance just now and fell sprawling to the floor, incidentally ripping off a large section of my charming partner's gown, you were the only one in the place who did not laugh."

The guest smiled grimly. "The explanation lies in the fact that the lady is my wife, and that I have paid for the gown."—Harper's Weekly.

Dickens Stories in China.

The Chinese, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, are rapidly taking up Western ideas and translations of English, French and American novels are now in increasing demand. Our romantic and sentimental treatment of love affairs, however, is a thing so foreign to Oriental ethics that the hero of the ordinary European novel appears to the Chinese mind as a person of perverted moral sense and doubtful sanity. Translations of Dickens, therefore, impress the Chinese reader less than they amaze him, and detective stories and tales of adventure command a more sympathetic audience.

Little Philosophies.

Man is the voice and woman the echo; but who answers back.

The only woman unloved is she whom man has never seen.

Sympathy was born of the first bruised heart.

If there were no fools, none would know there were wise men.

Assumption is the cloak of conscious inferiority.—A Woman.

Asbestos is found in the island of Cyprus, and a company organized in 1906, obtaining a concession on the island, began to open a mine early in 1907. Up to the end of that year 1000 tons of asbestos were mined.

RELIGIOUS READING

FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

HYMN.

I love the sunny hours, and seek Full measure of their joy to know; I welcome, gladly hold them then With equal gladness see them go.

For I must learn another love, Else life will prove too light and vain; These souls a deeper lesson now, The strange significance of pain.

And he who loves the God of joy, Exulting in His favoring grace, Must learn to recognize in turn The God of the averted face.

O God of shadows! teach my heart To worship at Thy lonely shrine; To linger when the lights grow dim, And own the darkness, too, as Thine.

Forever more the clearer heights Beyond the deeper valleys rise; And through the temple's darkened courts God leads the soul to paradise.—Rev. Pemberton H. Cressley, in Christian Register.

Beauty of a Life of Service.

No, indeed, there is no wonder that God loved the world. There is no wonder that Christ, the Son of God, at any sacrifice, undertook to save the world. The wonder would have been if God, sitting in His heaven—the wonder would have been if Jesus, ready to come here to the earth, and seeing how it was possible to save men from sin by suffering, had not suffered. Do you wonder at the mother when she gives her life without hesitation or a cry, for her child, counting it her privilege?

There is one word of Jesus which always comes back to me as about the noblest thing, that human lips have ever said upon our earth. When He was sitting with His disciples at the last supper, how He lifted up His voice and prayed, and in the midst of His prayer there came these wondrous words: "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified." The whole of human life is there. Shall a man cultivate himself? No, not primarily. Shall a man serve the world; strive to increase the kingdom of God in the world? Yes, indeed, he shall. How shall he do it? By cultivating himself, and instantly he is thrown back upon his own life. "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified." I am my best, not simply for myself, but for the world. That is the law of my existence.

You can help your fellow-men; you must help your fellow-men; but the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be. I watch the workman build upon the building which, by the by, is to soar into the skies, to toss its pinnacle up to the heavens, and I see him looking up and wondering where those pinnacles are to be, thinking how high they are to be, measuring the feet, wondering how they are to be built, and all the time he is cramming a rotten stone into the building just where he has set to work. Let him forget the pinnacles he is to build, and he will build only the rotten stone in his imagination for his inspiration, but the thing he must do is to put a brave, strong soul, an honest and substantial life, into the building just where he is now at work. Let yourselves free into your religion and be unselfish. Claim your freedom in service.—Phillips Brooks.

Prayer.

O Thou whose eye is over all the children of men, and who has called them, by Thy Peace, into the Kingdom of Thy world, send forth Thy Spirit speedily into the dark places of our guilt and woe, and arm it with the piercing power of Thy grace. May it reach the heart of every oppressor, and make arrogance dumb before Thee. Let it still the noise of our strife and the tumult of the people; put to shame the false idols of every mind; carry faith to the doubting; hope to the fearful; strength to the weak; light to the mourner; and more and more increase the pure in heart who see their God. Commit Thy word, O Lord, to the lips of faithful men or the free winds of Thine invisible Providence, that soon the knowledge of Thee may cover the earth, the waters cover the channels of the deep, and so let Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen.—James Martineau.

The Other Children.

The greatest thing, says one, a man can do for his heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his other children. I wonder who it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back—for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love.—Henry Drummond.

Thought-Stuff and Life-Stuff.

An imperial church conditioned by a holy church. Her imperial thought will depend for its virtue upon her personal life. Thought-stuff is made out of life-stuff. When the home church is alive, she will grasp the ends of the earth.—J. H. Jowett, M. A.

Count the Mercies.

A psalm which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often to read. If we were more grateful, both our joy and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in hearts which take the time to count up past mercies.—Charles E. Jefferson.

Cheerful People Refreshed.

You will find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—Lydia Maria Child.

How We Desire to be Classified.

We desire to be classified according to our exceptional virtues; we are apt to classify our neighbor according to his exceptional faults.—Henry Bates Diamond.

Patent Treaty With Germany.

Secretary Bacon and Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador, at Washington, D. C., signed a patent agreement between the two countries, negotiations for which have been under way for some time. It will be sent to the Senate for ratification. It is understood that the negotiations contemplated a provision making it unnecessary for inventors, in order to protect their patent rights, in the country of the other to erect factories in which to manufacture their inventions, as is required by the English law.

BITTER WAR ON IMPTEMPERANCE

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY CHEERED.

Jim Jenkins.

Jim Jenkins was born with a pinhead mentality. All through his life was too shiftless to think. But still by a kindly and lucky fatality He early became much addicted to drink. So he came about bar-rooms and sought the society Of low-minded persons of liberal views, And every one grieved at the man's inebriety. And he'd be great if it wasn't for booze.

He hadn't the sense of a yapping skye terrier. And sober or drunk he was always a fool. But drink was held up by his friends as the barrier That blocked his success when he flunked out at school.

His eye tank was addled by notions the flies had. His head had a sodden and meaningless blink. Yet people insisted that he'd be the mightiest Leader of men if he just didn't drink.

Jim Jenkins' prototypes swarm through humanity. All of them sodden, and hopeless and lost, But each clinging still to some remnants of vanity. Thinking what honor their habits have cost. And the fatuous world takes a serious view of them. Saying, "Ah! if they only had turned Until now and then an occasional few of them Still remain fools after sobering up!"—Chicago Examiner.

Arguments That Get Home.

Poor old John Barleycorn; what hard, hard days these are for him! What hard, hard knocks he is getting! Such effective blows as are being planted on him now we do not remember to have seen handed to him before. Indeed, the statistical information that gives them their strength is largely a product of modern and fairly recent investigation. Gough and the rum-fighters of his school were very effective. The "Woman's Christian Temperance Union and like organizations have not appealed strongly either in their reasoning or their methods to the neutral bystanders. But the new processes of attack reach many persons in whom the old processes merely raised a derisory antagonism. Such pieces as Dr. Williams has contributed to McClure's Magazine, such declarations as Dr. Frederick Lester made in his address last month at the Charities and Correction Conference, seem to us to be somewhat extreme, but put out as they are by medical men of considerable authority, they are very effective. To say, "You shouldn't have any rum!" is not of much use. To say, "Rum does you no good, is dangerous, and directly or indirectly has done you a lot of damage," counts for something, provided the person to whom it is said can be made to believe it. The reason why Mr. Taft has turned down his wineglasses—if he has—is doubtless because he has used for every ounce of energy and thinking capacity his machinery can generate, and nothing to spare for any amusement that is not a true recreation. He is probably convinced that alcohol in the long run is a hindrance to health and work, and feels unwilling to put up with any hindrances that he can avoid. His position, of course, is peculiar, for he is the strong man, fitting himself to run a hard race, and willing to take measures that another man, just as sane, but with easier times ahead of him, would not consider either necessary or expedient. We like to see such men as Dr. Munsterberg and Dr. Dana interpose their moderate counsels and protests against the sweeping condemnation of alcoholic beverages, for it would be a pity to see a strong and timely movement towards great and necessary reforms sweep on into extremes of opinion and action which justice could not countenance or moderation accept. For the rise against alcohol all over the world is the most interesting movement of social reformation in sight, and none of the energy enlisted in it should be wasted in excesses that will lead to reaction, or methods that are ill advised. The great weapons against alcohol are sound knowledge and persuasion. Compulsion is of little use, and restriction, to be salutary, must rest upon the consent and approval of the communities in which it operates.—Harper's Weekly.

Race Separation in Saloons.

"We have a new liquor law down in Louisiana, that has perhaps no duplicate in any State," said George M. Chester, a cotton planter of Baton Rouge.

"Under this statute the retail liquor places are closed to either white or negro saloons, and those of which colored men are proprietors are forbidden to sell drinks to white customers. The idea of the makers of the law was to keep a certain reputable element of both races from commingling in barrooms and hatching up schemes of an illegal nature while under the influence of intoxicants. In Baton Rouge there will be twelve saloons operated by blacks, and the effects of confining their business to negro patrons exclusively will be well worth studying."—Baltimore American.

New Movement in Canada.

A new movement among young men connected with various Christian churches, against the liquor evil, is taking shape in Toronto. It is in the form of organizations known as Anti-Bar-Room Leagues.

Legacy Cost of a Drink.

The will of Mrs. Marianna A. Ogden, who died at Lenox, Mass., and which disposes of nearly \$600,000 in cash, besides a large quantity of real estate, was filed recently in the Surrogate's office in New York City. Among other legacies was \$5000 to a nephew, John A. Raiton, on condition that he does not drink until he attains the age of twenty-one and an additional \$5000 should he abstain from drink and also from the use of tobacco until he is twenty-five.

A Depraved Business.

Temperance experts declare that every effort to regulate the traffic in license laws has been a failure; that while the law forbids any one to engage in the traffic who is not of good moral character, that there is that inherent in the traffic which inevitably subverts moral character, and as a result the business drifts into the hands of men who are morally depraved.

Church to Run a Theatre.

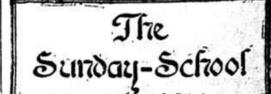
The Universalist, one of the largest churches of Atlanta, Ga., is making preparations on a large scale to have its own theatre, plays and actors. The movement was originated by the pastor, the Rev. E. Dean Ellenwood. The first play to be produced is "The Servant in the House." The lower floor of the church is being rapidly converted into a stage, with footlights, scenery, curtains and other properties.

Nitrate For 130 Years.

An expert study of the nitrate fields of Chile has been completed, and as a result, an estimate is made public that there is sufficient of this commodity in sight to last for 130 years at the present rate of consumption.

Favors Sea Level Canal.

In a paper read before the American Institute of Mining Engineers, in session in New Haven, Gustav H. Schwab, of the North German Lloyd line, made a vigorous argument in favor of a sea level canal at Panama.



INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 11.

Subject: Peter Delivered From Prison, Acts 12:1-11—Golden Text, Psalm 34:7—Exposition of the Lesson and Lesson Comments.

TIME.—A. D. 44. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPOSITION.—Peter in Prison and the Church Praying Unto God For Him, 1-5. The lull in the persecution was but temporary. It began again with great fierceness. James was killed and Peter arrested, put in prison and about to be killed. Peter seemed to be in a very perilous position—securely locked in a Roman prison, bound with two chains between two soldiers, guarded by sixteen soldiers, keepers before the door guarding the prison. Peter's enemies seemed to have taken every precaution, but they made one fatal mistake, they left God out of their calculations. There is "nothing too hard for the Lord," nor for the church that links itself on to God by prayer. God often withholds His deliverance and answers prayer at the last moment. What should the church do? There is but one thing to do—pray. They appealed the case from "Herod the king" to God, the King of kings. Peter seemed to have faith that he would be delivered, for he was calm and very soundly sleeping. Just as soon as he was thoroughly awake he said: "Now I know of a truth that the Lord did send forth His angel (just as he has been asking Him to) and delivered me." Verse 5 teaches us just how to pray. (1) "Unto God." Much so-called prayer is not unto God. There is no real coming into the presence of God and actually presenting our petition to Him. There are volumes in these two short words, "unto God." (2) "Without ceasing." The R. V. gives the thought, "but not the full thought." The Greek The Women's Christian Temperance Union and like organizations have not appealed strongly either in their reasoning or their methods to the neutral bystanders. But the new processes of attack reach many persons in whom the old processes merely raised a derisory antagonism. Such pieces as Dr. Williams has contributed to McClure's Magazine, such declarations as Dr. Frederick Lester made in his address last month at the Charities and Correction Conference, seem to us to be somewhat extreme, but put out as they are by medical men of considerable authority, they are very effective. To say, "You shouldn't have any rum!" is not of much use. To say, "Rum does you no good, is dangerous, and directly or indirectly has done you a lot of damage," counts for something, provided the person to whom it is said can be made to believe it. The reason why Mr. Taft has turned down his wineglasses—if he has—is doubtless because he has used for every ounce of energy and thinking capacity his machinery can generate, and nothing to spare for any amusement that is not a true recreation. He is probably convinced that alcohol in the long run is a hindrance to health and work, and feels unwilling to put up with any hindrances that he can avoid. His position, of course, is peculiar, for he is the strong man, fitting himself to run a hard race, and willing to take measures that another man, just as sane, but with easier times ahead of him, would not consider either necessary or expedient. We like to see such men as Dr. Munsterberg and Dr. Dana interpose their moderate counsels and protests against the sweeping condemnation of alcoholic beverages, for it would be a pity to see a strong and timely movement towards great and necessary reforms sweep on into extremes of opinion and action which justice could not countenance or moderation accept. For the rise against alcohol all over the world is the most interesting movement of social reformation in sight, and none of the energy enlisted in it should be wasted in excesses that will lead to reaction, or methods that are ill advised. The great weapons against alcohol are sound knowledge and persuasion. Compulsion is of little use, and restriction, to be salutary, must rest upon the consent and approval of the communities in which it operates.—Harper's Weekly.

II. Prayer