RETALIATION

A Short Story Concluded in This Issue.

Slowly the man of God proceeds, each word binding them closer. With increased solemnity came the words, "Wilt thou, forsaking all others, keep thee only to him, as long as both of ye shall live!"

What inspiration caused her to raise her eyes, glance over, seek and find a face amidst the many there, whose every feature spoke to her heart, and answered the oft-repeated inquiry! Yes, he had loved her ever, and now. But why his mysterious silence?

She heard no more. Lower drooped her beautiful head, paler grew the sweet lips. A strong, firm arm clasped and supported her trembling form.

A few more moments and friends are crowding around. With a powerful effort she arouses her almost paralyzed faculties, and gracefully receiving the many kind wishes, she smilingly bids adieu, and is led away—enters the carriage, and is soon on her way to New York, to take passage on the steamer about to sail for Europe.

Clara Dayton was a girl of pure principles and great depth of character. She immediately recognized the only path to find and secure peace and happiness.

It was now her duty, she knew, to fulfil the vows she had made—to love and honor the man she had consented cd to call her husband.

To this end she bent all her energies. By nature piously inclined, she sought and obtained guidance and assistance from the throne of Grace.

Time passed on; children gathered around her; little arms fondly caressing, rosy lips ever lisping words of love, filled the mother's heart to overflowing. There was no room for regrets.

Mother's love, so pure and holy, had chased all other thoughts away. It was no longer a task to learn to love her husband. It was perfectly natural to love him her little darlings clung around and called "papa."

Nothing had she ever heard of Everett Morse, except that he had returned about the time of her marriage, settled up his business, and then resigned his connection with the firm.

George Marbury was happier than he ever thought to be. The doubt which had clouded the early days of his marriage had entirely passed away. At times, when gazing on his wife's beautiful face, beaming with content and happiness, he would wonder if it were possible she had ever loved the man from whom he had won her. The means by which he had obtained this great blessing had never troubled his conscience at all.

When his, he lavished on her everything that wealth could purchase—maintaining her in a style of such elegance that many were the whispered predictions that such reckless extravagance could not last a great while.

As the years roll past, anxiety, grief and disappointment enter the home where content, joy and hope had dwelt so long.

Their eldest son, bright, intelligent youth of nineteen years, proved no longer a source of comfort and happiness.

Reared in a lap of luxury, cradled in idleness, subject to little, if any restraint, he followed the bent of his inclinations, and found pleasure among the youths of the wildest and most reckless habits.

Constantly were his parents' hearts wrung with the fear of coming evil.

At last it came, striking a terrible blow, particularly at the proud-hearted father.

With all his boy's faults he had never feared dishonesty. That was impossible for his son.

But so it was. Fate had decided that the brand of forgery should rest upon the hitherto spotless name of Marbury. For nearly a year this youth had occupied a position in a large importing house, and had won the confidence of his employers. Intrusted frequently to draw from the bank various sums of money, he became very familiar with the signature of the principal of the firm.

The dreadful infatuation of the gaming table had lured him from the paths of honor and honesty.

It grew worse and worse. Large sums were drawn to meet the emergencies till at last the day of reckoning came.

* * * * * * *

"Father, dear! do go up in Dayton's room and see what is the matter with him. He rushed in a few moments ago when I was arranging his room, and he is now packing his traveling bag. He will not tell me what is the matter or where he is going. He seems terrible agitated," exclaimed Georgette Marbury, rushing into the library where her father was sitting.

Before he could reach the door she cried out again:

"Haste, father, he is coming down; do stop him, here he is."

With hasty strides her father reaches the hall door in time to place his hand upon his son, and ask:

"Dayton, my son, what means this agitation, this haste? Where are you going, what is the matter?"

"Father, let me pass! Do not detain me—nor question! You will know soon. Let me go quick before it is too late. Open the door, or I will soon end my disgrace. Thank heaven, I have the means of escape!" and he placed his hand in his bosom.

A quick, light step was sounding through the hall, and soon the erring youth was caught and clasped tight in loving arms, the wildly throbbing head pillowed on the mother's devoted breast and with gentle, encouraging words she drew him into the room.

"Where would you, my boy, find surer help in this hour of need than from your parents. Come, my husband, let us stand by our boy. Tell him, though all the world condemn and desert him, we will do our best to save him. What is it? Speak, my child; do not fear, your mother's heart is strong enough to hear the worst, and brave enough to bear all for those she loves. Father, speak to your boy."

"My son, let us know the worst. You have your mother's promise of help. I will do all she wishes."

"Oh, you may save me from imprisonment, but the terrible shame for you to bear. Your name borne by a forger!" gasped forth the guilty youth.

"Old Truman will have no mercy. I heard him say that when he discovered the guilty one he would make an example of him," he continued.

Swiftly fled the thoughts of the father back to the time, long years ago, when another young man stood before him, writhing under his relentless hand. And comes back to him the long-forgotten words:

"Do you not fear you may need the mercy you now deny to me?"

At last he hoarsely whispered:

"The amount! tell me!"

"Five thousand dollars! Father, you can easily fix that, but the shame!" he answered, unconsciously probing still deeper and deeper the wounded man.

"My wife, you will have to suffer more than this disgrace. For years I have been living beyond my means. I cannot meet this but only by withdrawing from the firm. This property and everything else is no longer mine, nor has it been for three years past. I have tried to keep this from you, hoping I could manage those difficulties until Uncle Jacob's death. I feared that if the strange old man should know I was no longer prosperous he would destroy his will, and cut me entirely off. Now if he hears of this I fear the consequences.

"Oh! this is a severe blow."

A loud ring came from the hall door, and a girlish voice softly said:

"Papa! there is a gentleman in the next room, who wishes to see you, and he asked if Dayton was home."

"After me, I know! Father, let me go away. I have money enough to carry me out of the country," pleaded the boy.

"Remain with your mother. I will see this gentleman, and try to make terms with him."

"God bless you, my husband, do not think of me, think only of your son and your name."

"Mr. Marbury, I am here on very unpleasant business. I hope, however, to give you some comfort. Your son is with you, I hear; I was fearful he had fled. He has told you, I think, of his trouble," said the stranger.

"You are right, sir. The amount I can return, that is nothing; but Oh, God! the disgrace! Can I hope for any mercy? Can anything induce Mr. Truman to spare us that?"

"Mr. Marbury, I am a man of few words, and wish not to prolong your sufferings. I have pleaded with Mr. Truman for your son. He is a stern, rather hard man; but I think I have induced him to yield. He is under obligation to me, in fact, only my representative; the capital is mine. When he became aware of this unhappy business he immediately telegraphed for me, before he had ascertained the guilty one. This affair is known only to Mr. Truman, the bookkeeper and myself, and I am here this morning to pledge to you, sir, that this knowledge shall go no further. Relieve your mind, your son's and your wife's. The name of Marbury shall remain spotless."

"How can I ever thank you! On what terms is this mercy granted us? I will be ready to meet them immediately."

"I have made all the necessary arrangements. I know you are a proud man, therefore I will not release your son from the payment of this money. I must insist, however, that he shall pay it. Here are notes which he must sign. You will see I have made them in ten payments, yearly. This will be five hundred each year. I have an object in this, it will arouse him; give him something to work for, bring forth his self respect, and, more than all, will make a man of him. I am a queer fellow, you think, but I choose to try this experiment. For years past I have been making myself happy by doing little kindnesses for friends—people who loved me. This time I thought I would try how much happier I should be in doing good to him 'who hated and despitefully used me.'"

"What do you mean? Who are you? Why have you acted thus?" asked the astonished man.

"I feel a deep sympathy for your son, Mr. Marbury, because in years gone by I was tempted, and yielded. I plead with one for mercy, and it was granted me. You know at what cost. More than all, I could not suffer Clara Dayton's son should wear the brand of shame! Do you not know me, George Marbury? Has time and grey hairs altered me so much?"

"Everett Morse! Just heaven, how mysterious are thy ways! Yes, I spared you, but for a dreadful sacrifice. Forgive, Oh! forgive me! Oh! how prophetic were your words," burst from the lips of the humiliated man.

"I do forgive you—have, long, long years ago. I have known she was happy with you, and I was content. Will you some time, when you best can, let her know how it was I lost her? Is this asking too much?"

"How can I? This is a severe task, but be it as you wish."

The door opened, and Clara stood before them.

Going up to the bowed man, she raised his head, pressed her lips to the burning brow, and then holding out her hand to Everett Morse, she said:

"Nay, he need not tell me; I know all. I have heard from the next room. To you, of all the world, I would sooner be indebted for this great kindness. I know how good and noble you are, but I cannot find it in my heart to censure him, whose only faults was through his loving me so much."

Both men were answered—yes, satisfied. The look she bent on both toi to one her true appreciation and gratitude, to the other—that he alone she loved.

Little more remains to tell: many years have passed, and Dayton Marbury stands before the world beloved and respected by his fellow men. Many are the speculations concerning the great intimacy and devoted friendship between the old bachelor and this young man, but to few is known the true reason why they love each other thus.

SILK AND TAILORS.

The Fatter a Chinaman Gets the Better Pleased He Is.

The first person in all the world who raised silkworms for the purpose of robbing the cocoon of its soft covering was the Empress Si-Lung-Chee, who reigned in China 2,700 years B. C., says Lippincott's. She is now worshipped as goddess of the silkworm. Once each year a national festival is held in her honor. The reigning empress and her maidens resort to the temples of Si-Lung-Chee and pay her, in flowers and spirit money, an installment upon the debt which China owes to her; for did she not make the important discovery whereby the poor may earn life's necessities and the rich may rustle in shining garments?

Perhaps more people wear silk in China than in any other country; for plain raw silk is almost as inexpensive as cotton. Even for winter garments this material is made to serve, with layers of wadding placed between the outside and the lining. As their garments do not go out of style, it is not necessary to buy new ones until the old ones are well worn.

This is a great item of saving for every one but the tailors; but if the people followed the example of the tailors themselves there would be still less for that craft to do. Like the feet of "shoemakers' children," the Chinese tailors, while at their work, are as nearly bare as possible. When well fattened their uncovered bodies suggest the animals which Americans inclose in a sty. The more like a well-fed porker a Chinaman becomes the prouder he is of his looks, for a corpulent man is regarded by his almond-eyed brethren as a high type of humanity.

In the tailor's workroom, which is frequently open on all sides, the passer-by may see from five to ten men squatted around a low, matting-covered table. Each man is in undress uniform, consisting of his cue, a pair of slippers and pantaloons about six inches in length. They work both for shops and for individuals, receiving about $5 a month; yet somehow they manage to keep fat.

Character in the Chin.

If you have a protruding chin, you are of the "get there" type. Successful people always carry their chins in this way, with compressed lips.

A retreating chin shows a yielding nature, easily discouraged; unless its owner has other well-developed faculties to counteract the influence of this chin he is mentally, morally and physically weak.

A pleasure-loving person has a small, well-rounded chin, with a red cushion of flesh upon it. If dimpled it belongs to a coquette or one who loves to be petted and admired. Its owner should live to be a round old age.

Broad chins signify nobleness, square chins executive ability and a strong desire to hate; chins with circular lines about them denote drunkards. Slovenly folk have wrinkled chins.—Exchange.

Fashion Is the Dictator.

"Not only," said the mill agent, "do fashions change in a bewildering way and a most expensive way to us manufacturers, but they have a way of changing so radically that new goods may be wholly unsalable if they bear any resemblance to the dress goods in demand last year. Why? Simply because a woman who buys a new dress wants a pattern and a color wholly different from that of her last year's frock, in order that there may be no question as to its being a new frock. She not only wants a different design, but a very different one, so that he, or, more probably, she, who runs may see that it is a new dress."—Scribner's.

Brains Sleep in Sections.

Sir James Crichton Browne, the expert on brain diseases, holds that insomnia is not attended with such disastrous consequences as is commonly supposed. It is not as dangerous as the solicitude of the sufferer. He suggests that the brains of literary men, who are the most frequent victims, acquire the trick of the heart, which takes a dose of a fraction of a second after each beat and so manages to get six hours rest in twenty-four. Some brains, in cases of insomnia, sleep in sections, different brain centers going off duty in turn.—Phrenological Journal.

What He Bled For.

The Manager—It says here that he hit you in the nose, an' you bled freely. The Boxer—I guess not. I got one-third of the receipts.

NO TIDINGS OF THEM.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A MISSOURI COUPLE.

Friends and Detectives Have Scoured the Country, but Whereabouts of the Couple Remain a Deep Mystery—A Rural Church Scandal.

EN THOUSAND St. Louisans knew the Rev. William J. Lee, pastor of the McCausland Avenue Presbyterian church. He vanished in January, 1895. None have ever seen him since. His invalid wife, his daughter, his friends and parishioners, two sets of detectives and his brother have searched for eighteen months but have found no trace of him. Judge Selden Spencer, the postoffice department, the Presbytery of St. Louis and all the agencies of the police have been employed to locate the minister. Only one faint clue to even the direction of his flight has ever been discovered. He dropped off the earth, fled into oblivion on that bitter January day he left his home in Benton, Mo., carrying only a small bag of immediate necessities.

The same day Mae Richey of Benton bade farewell to friends she had been visiting in Louisville, Ky., and started on a journey to Alabama, where other friends expected her. Because she was never heard of again her father died of a broken heart. Her mother's face has been lined by deep wrinkles; her mother's hair is white as snow; the blinds of their Benton home are always closed, and neither her mother nor sisters go anywhere. Those who loved her have no part in the gayeties of the suburb—they are cloistered by their sorrow; they shrink from the tongue of gossip. Hundreds knew Mae Richey. All of Benton knew her. None have ever seen her since that January day. Detectives following steadily week after week forlorn hopes of investigation, have been unable to lift the least corner of the veil behind which she hides. Without skill in disguise, without cunning, without knowledge that would enable her to balk detectives, she boldly defeated them all. For months scandal had linked the names of Lee and Miss Richey. She was 19 years old, pleasant to look upon, slight of form, features delicately modeled and colored, expression toned by the thoughts of one devoted to religion, language primly chosen and conversation serious.

Preacher Lee's wife had been bedridden for years—until a Christian scientist calmly ordered her to arise and walk downstairs. She walked, but was frail as a shadow; she was as religious as a nun, uncompromisingly orthodox and a strict constructionist of all biblical commands. She was Lee's religious conscience. She kept him within the walls of orthodoxy and so he was known as the soundest of Presbyterian churchmen. Edited and expunged as he was, heresy was to him an impossibility, and so he came to

THE LEE COTTAGE.

love that game of heretic hunting. He denounced those Bentonians who, by co-operation, built a hall for theatricals and dancing. He denounced the entertainments they gave and was seen one evening embracing Miss Richey back of a parishioner's house. The parishioner saw this scene very clearly by means of a small telescope. She told the story and the story enlarged from mouth to mouth until a church meeting was called to inquire into the preacher's moral character. The accused preacher acted as moderator of that meeting. A majority of the church members voted confidence in him and he remained. Grace Lee dismissed a lover who had actively engaged in the attack on the preacher and Mae Richey went to Louisville, Ky., on a visit to friends. Mrs. Lee and her daughter went to Holden, Mo., where Lee had formerly preached. The preacher remained alone in his home a few days. Then he packed a small bag and disappeared.

When Miss Richey's disappearance was made known in Benton folks suddenly remembered they had not seen Lee for several days. Then as they questioned one another as to when they had seen Lee last nobody was quite sure. Some thought it was a week ago. Others believed it was only three or four days. Still others couldn't remember having laid eyes on the festive parson for two or three weeks. His wife and daughter were appealed to by mail. They could tell nothing. The husband and father had made known to them no intention of leaving Benton, and if he had gone they were wholly in the dark as to the time of his leaving and his objective point. There is but one known instance of Lee having communicated with parties in St. Louis since he went away. Early in February, 1895, a letter was received at St. Louis postoffice bearing the postmark of Metropolis, Ill., a small town on the Ohio river, about thirty-five miles above Cairo. The letter was written on the stationery of the Planters' hotel in St. Louis and was not signed. It contained the bare request of the postoffice officials that they would forward for a period of three or four weeks any mail for the Rev. W. J. Lee to Chicago, in care of his daughter. The name and address of a woman was given, but as it happened, no mail came for the Rev. W. J. Lee within the time specified.

Fourteen years ago, when the attention of English capitalists was first directed to the resources of the south, a British company established a big lumber mill in Cocke county, Tenn., sixty miles west of the North Carolina state line. John S. Lee, a younger brother of the minister, was superintendent of the mills, and he induced W. J. Lee to try the mountain climate of east Tennessee for the benefit of Mrs. Lee's health. W. J. Lee thereupon built a four-room frame cottage in Cocke county, four miles east of the postoffice now known as Bridgeport. He and his wife and daughter remained nearly three years in this cottage. On Sept. 2, 1887, they left it to go to Missouri. Two years ago when Lee and Miss Richey disappeared a theory was put forth that they might have fled to the retreat in the fastness of the Tennessee mountains. The place was comparatively out of the path of civilization. Few if any strangers ever found their way there, and hiding would be an easy matter. Those who knew the preacher best declared his Tennessee farm would be the last place he would go to, arguing that he was too sharp not to know he would be sought there among the first places if detectives were sent on his trail.

The McCausland Avenue church nevertheless sent a messenger secretly to Cocke county, and he reported that Lee had not been in that region since 1887.

THE MISSING PAIR.

A Martin Commits Suicide.

A few years ago the martins drove away the sparrows and took possession of the outside of the court house at Bellefontaine, Pa. Just before taking their Southern flight the martins assemble for a few days on the cross pieces from the spire in the tower to the lightning rod. This year they all but one disappeared, the one remaining on the cross piece all of one day and one night by itself, apparently waiting for the return of its mates. They not returning, the next morning the lone martin was seen to fly with full force against the ball that ornaments the top of the tower, from which it recoiled, and taking a longer flight, it again flew with increased force against the ball, fell to the roof, and rolled to the ground, dead, evidently having premeditately committed suicide.

And He Did.

A party of ladies picnicked in a grove near East Liverpool, O. At noon a rough looking tramp accosted Mrs. George Fawcett and grasping her arm, kissed her. The woman screamed and some of the men of the party held the tramp until the officer arrived.

The man said he came from Pittsburg. "I jes' thought I'd like to kiss 'er—and I did," he said. The picnic broke up.

A Miner's Wonderful Escape.

Mike Cunrod, a Hungarian, employed at the strippings at Silver Brook, was caught in a chute and covered with tons of coal. His companions rushed to his rescue and began removing the coal, but it was several hours before his body was recovered. He was still alive when reached and walked to his home.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI. SEPT. 12—ROMANS 12, 9—21.

Golden Text—Be Not Overcome of Evil, but Overcome Evil With Good—Rom. 12:21—The Christian Life and How to Live It.

Time and Place.—The Epistle to the Romans was probably sent in the early spring of A. D. 58, the fourth year of Nero's reign, from Corinth.

The Letter.—See note on The Epistle to the Romans, pages 214, 215. It contains an introduction (1, 1-15), a doctrinal argument under two topics; the salvation of Jews and Gentiles through faith in Christ (1, 16 to 8, 39), and the rejection of the Jewish nation (chapters 9-11); a practical exhortation (12, 1 to 15, 13); and a conclusion, consisting of personal greetings which would strengthen the links binding that apostle to his brethren in that imperial city which he had not yet seen.

Connecting Links.—After spending six months in Macedonia, Paul had come at length to Corinth. With him came Timothy, Tychicus, Gaius, Jason, Aristarchus, Secundus, Sopater, and others who had charge of the money contributed for the Christians in Jerusalem. With great joy Paul must have met again his dear friends, Titus, Luke, and the Corinthian Christians. The fact that it was winter prevented his setting sail for Palestine. So for three months he sojourned in Corinth. During this time he wrote the Epistle to the Galatians and that from which our lesson is taken.

Lesson Hymn—

O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part,
From him that dwells within!
A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.
—Charles Wesley.

We find in these verses six laws of Christian character.

I. The law of thoroughness. Verse 9. The Christian should be sincere, pronounced, decided. He should never pretend to a love which he does not possess; he should be "out-and-out" for Christ and against sin. In his associations, in his enjoyments, in his example, he will always be found strongly on the side of Christ and Christianity. He will keep as far as possible from the evil and will cleave as closely as possible to the good.

II. The law of fraternity. Verse 10. Men who wear the same badge of a college society, or a secret order, feel a peculiar interest in each other. The Christian belongs to the greatest brotherhood on the earth, the Church of Christ. He will love all who love Christ. He will help them; will regard them as his friends; and will count it a privilege to be of service to them.

III. The law of fidelity. Verses 11, 12. The Christian, though not of the world, lives in the world, and has his own secular as well as spiritual work to do. Let him be faithful in all his house, at once diligent in business and fervent in spirit; serving the Lord while earnest in his vocation. Said one, "A man ought to make a better pair of shoes because he has given his heart to Christ." IV. The law of sympathy. Verses 13-15. He should have a heart and hand open to the needy; a house open to guests in the Lord, a prayer for those who persecute him, and a tear to drop with those who weep. V. The law of humility. Verse 16. The world honors the proud, self-seeking, ambitious. Christ honors those who are lowly. The mighty may conquer the earth, but it is the meek who inherit it. It is better to underrate than to overrate ourselves. VI. The law of kindness. Verses 17-21. There are two ways to conquer an enemy—one way by war, the other and the better by love. An angel was once sent to destroy an iceberg. He set a thousand men at work with pickaxes and shovels, but made no impression on the mountain. He bade the north wind blow upon it, but it was in vain. Finally he called upon the sun to shine upon it and the warm Gulf stream to surround it, and lo! soon the iceberg melted away.

The verses in next Sunday's lesson (Acts 20-22-25) are as follows:

22. And now behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there:

23. Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me.

24. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

25. And now behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.

26. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.

27. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.

28. Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

29. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock.

30. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.

31. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.

32. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

33. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel.

34. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.

35. I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and

STRAIGHT TIPS.

Rashness is the pivot of injury.

A careless sentinel is a mark inviting a foe.

Who serves himself alone is a tyrant's slave.

Censure is a tax paid by man for prominence.

Danger expected long is always met not too late.

Kind thoughts are wings which bear us on to kinder deeds.

By forgetfulness of injuries we show ourselves superior to them.

You will never hear a rich man complain of Fortune's bad eyesight.

To owe gratitude is painful to a coarse nature, to receive it is painful to a fine one.

The graves of our conquered sins become grand earthworks behind which to fight the devil.

Providence may control our destiny, but we control our actions, and a bad job we often make of it.