

A Tale.....
of the.....
Anglo-Indian
Secret Service

By.....
Henry.....
Seton.....
Merriman.

YOUNG MISTLEY

CHAPTER II. 2
Continued.

He, however, did not appear to notice her glance; he was looking at his program. "Yes," he said, presently, "I have had two with the Baroness; I should not be surprised if she dances beautifully. There is something about the way she holds herself which leads one to think so."

"I suppose she is very lovely," said Lena, smoothing her gloves.

"Yes, she is a beautiful woman," replied her mother, indifferently.

"Who is she?" asked Mistley, quietly.

It was an innocent little question, innocently asked, but it received no reply. Mrs. Wright shrugged her shoulders and sipped her coffee. Laurence Love slowly raised his head, and his solemn blue eyes rested inquiringly upon the young sailor's face. Lena continued to smooth her gloves. The question obviously possessed no interest for any of them, except Mistley, and his was only the passing thought of a young man upon the possible history of a beautiful woman.

CHAPTER III.
Comrades.

"By George, Mistley, this is splendid! Listen to this from the Cologne paper: 'We learn from our London correspondent that the Mayor of Dover, in his robes of office, awaited, yesterday, the arrival of the Calais boat, despite the heavy rain to which he was fully exposed on the pier, for the purpose of an address to Colonel Wright and his able adjutant, Mr. Winyard Mistley, fo deliver—' The translation here is somewhat literal. 'On the arrival of the boat it was, however, discovered that Colonel Wright and Mr. Mistley were not on board. They parted from the Indian passengers at Brindisi, and no one appears to have learned by what route they purposed returning to England. It will be remembered that these gentlemen have been engaged upon an arduous diplomatic service on the Indian frontier, and their daring firmness and resolute defense of the acknowledged rights of the country in the midst of treacherous friends and unscrupulous foes, etc.'

The speaker, or reader, was a tall, gray-haired man of military aspect. His mustache was almost white, and cut rather close to his lips. His features showed signs of having once been fine, but wrinkles and hardships had changed all that. His nose was long and aquiline, a true military feature, but it was peculiarly thin; and the skin, though brown, was transparent and entirely free from that suggestive ruddiness which is somewhat frequently found upon the features of elderly military men. He laid aside the German newspaper, and looked at his companion with a twinkle of amusement in his grey eyes.

"No, no," said the younger man, gayly. "Go on—let us have it all—I like it," and he returned gravely to the discussion of a piece of chocolate.

"And unscrupulous foes," continued Colonel Wright, reading from the paper as it lay, "unscrupulous foes—oh, yes; here it is—undoubtedly saved the Indian Empire endless trouble and strife upon the frontier, while a graver mishap has perhaps been averted, and the peace of Europe preserved by the prompt and consistent action of these two soldier-statesmen."

Winyard Mistley wagged his head very sapiently, and, addressing himself to the piece of chocolate in his hand, he observed:

"Oh, yes! Rather disappointing for the Mayor of Dover, eh, Colonel?"

"Rather," replied the old soldier, folding the newspaper.

"You will be pleased to remember this brilliant idea of dodging the Mayor of Dover and the rest of his kind emanated from my fertile brain."

This remark called for no reply, and for some time the two men were silent. They were seated opposite to each other in a first-class railway carriage, an airy, broad compartment lined with brown linen. A fine dust floated in the air and lay on every available space, for the train was rushing over the bare plains of the Netherlands.

Winyard Mistley was an eminently practical young man. He was an adept at mending his own clothes, cooking his own dinner, and grooming his own horse. Practical people, however, are not necessarily devoid of sentiment. They hide it—that is all. What dreaming they may indulge in is done in private.

His was a striking face, whether in animation or repose, with dark grey eyes of singular penetration; eyes that seldom smiled, despite the readiness of the lips, which smiled perhaps too easily. A great charm about him was his peculiar unaffectedness. Whatever he did or said was to all appearance perfectly spontaneous and without after-thought. Never at a loss in the most trying emergency, no one ever saw a look of embarrassment or self-consciousness on Winyard Mistley's face. He was simply without vanity, and therefore was fortunate enough to be unaffected by jealousy.

Colonel Wright was a diplomatist in one great and important matter, if in nothing else. He could, with unflinching discrimination, gather round him the men he required. At a glance he recognized the fighting man, a mere thoughtless creature of courage, whose ambition lay in the two letters "V. C.," whose soft heart was the most vulnerable portion of his anatomy, his head being the least so when hard knocks were flying. The thinker, also, could the colonel select from the crowded ranks of human workers. He had no need for, and took but small interest in, the slow and deliberate thinker of such material as produces essay writers

make your face express the very opposite!"

Mistley was intensely relieved at this moment to catch sight of the distant spires of Flushing, which enabled him to change the subject. Like many of his countrymen, he could not bear being thanked.

CHAPTER IV.
The Favorite Son.

Victoria Station is not a favorite resort of the fashionable world between the hours of seven and eight in the morning. In fact, that sweetest, freshest, most entrancing hour is rather apt, in London, to be dull and somewhat dismal; therefore best spent in bed. The early porters were busy sweeping up with long brushes the dust shaken from the feet of many a weary traveler, and sprinkling water in strange circular patterns upon the pavement of the station, when the first hansom cab of the day made its appearance with much clatter of hoofs.

From it there alighted a brisk little lady who instantly glanced up at the clock. Her movements were very quick without being in the least fussy. Many a man in passing that girlish form in the street had turned his head, to be met by a pair of calm grey eyes, with a shock of surprise that the pretty, energetic face was surmounted by a mass of silvery hair. Mrs. Mistley's white hair was an inherited peculiarity. Long, thick and silky, it was gray at the temples when she married Major Mistley. It did not change much for two years after that; but at the end of the third year, when she returned from India, a widow of twenty-two, it was white. She wore it piled up high upon her graceful head, after a fashion which vaguely suggested Madame de Lambelle, or some other gracious lady of the old French court.

Mrs. Mistley walked as far as the platform, and finding no one there, returned to the entrance of the station. Presently a small victoria arrived, and from it Mrs. Wright alighted, and both remembered later that that form of salutation had not passed between them since the caressing affectionate days of their girlhood. Mrs. Wright was somewhat pale, but she returned her friend's smile bravely, and they turned toward the platform indicated by the porter.

Presently they sat down upon a highly polished seat, and hidden in the folds of their dresses, their hands met and clasped each other.

"Do you remember," said Mrs. Mistley, with a pathetic little smile, "all the nonsense we talked in the old Melun days? How we were never going to cease corresponding; how, if we married, we were to be constant companions; how our children were to grow up together as brothers and sisters; how—our husbands were to be friends?"

"I am afraid," replied Mrs. Wright, "that we were very foolish and romantic in those days."

The brisk little lady stopped short. She was at a loss for something to say—a very rare occurrence. Mrs. Mistley had touched upon a page of her life which was close to her friend. Those three years of married life were as a sacred memory, and Mrs. Wright thought that the pages were better left unread.

"Who would have thought," said Mrs. Mistley, presently, "that we should have one day to be waiting here for your husband and my son—waiting together for them to arrive together? It almost seems as if Providence had heard our girlish vows; for we have come together again after all these years, and our children will be friends."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mistley, absently. "Yes, our children will be friends. Then they will be friends. It was only a moment ago, and she apparently she smiled with pride in her eyes. Her mother's mother mistook it for a sign of joy.

John O. the San Francisco letter that he is given for heroism. He treasured the coat of arms of the unknown. Regardless of the story, the son, when a certificate was made and forwarded to Lieutenant C. Tarbo, from the San Francisco, of drowning which he could be picked up by the ship. The act was reported to the Navy Department by Rear-Admiral Asa Walker, then a captain.—Baltimore Sun.

Saved Her Money.

Good Sir Squire Bancroft lately told a good story at the dinner of the Cadavers' Benevolent Association of London. A charming young lady, he said, took her aunt's advice and offered the cabman a shilling at the end of a journey. As she was running up the steps of the house the driver called after her: "One word, miss—are you married?" "No; why do you ask?" "Because, miss," was the reply, "when you do marry, whoever gets you will have a treasure. You makes a bob go further than any gal I know!"

Two Million Candle Power.

A searchlight, invented by E. Cuenod, is now being tested by the chief officers of the French and German armies. The experiments in conjunction with a twenty-four horse power motor are said to have provided a light of 100,000 candle power, rendering objects six and a half miles distant distinctly visible. It is anticipated that the new trials, for which a forty horse power motor will be used, will give a 12,000,000 candle power light.

One Dry Spot, Anyhow.

This is an editorial. It is written to conform with our streets. The streets are sloppy and the editorial may be sloppy, but there is one bright consolation—it ain't sloppy overhead.—Baker City Herald.

A Leading American Artist.

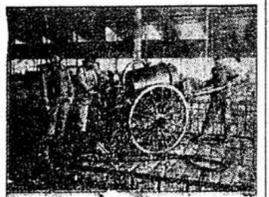


JOHN LA FARGE.

Scientific Slaughter-Houses.

Paris, with her genius for organization, probably leads the world in her scientifically conducted slaughter-houses. Almost perfect precautions for public safety are taken by means of the rigorous inspection of the meat by the police. There are two immense municipal abattoirs and the charge for slaughtering, known as the "slaughter-house tax," is two francs per hundred kilograms, or about \$4.22 per ton, which the city sets aside to defray the cost of maintaining and repairing the abattoirs. In round numbers the city receives \$760,000 a year.

The cattle market and the slaughter-houses occupy over 100 acres. The market consists of a branch line connecting with the railways running into Paris, stables, fountains, three large covered market buildings, and the cattle pens. "The inspection of live stock is carried out with great thoroughness by a large staff of veterinary surgeons, or their assistants, attached to the prefecture of police," says Frederic Leas in the London



French Method of Disinfecting Slaughter-Houses.

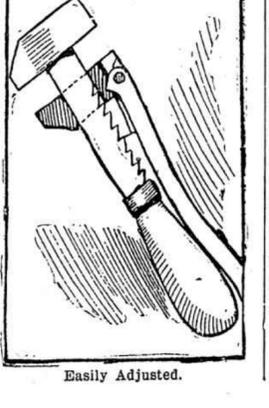
World's Work and Play. "The disinfection of the pens with a solution of eau de Javel goes on daily—I might almost say hourly.

"On the conclusion of a sale, the animals are generally at once transferred to the abattoirs. Here the buildings, some forty to fifty in number, consist of slaughter-houses, stables, singeing house, auction-room for the sale of small quantities of meat, oetrol building, administrative offices, electric-lighting station, ice manufactory, janitor's lodge, clock-tower, etc. The slaughter-houses, which are solidly built and arranged on a fan-shaped plan, are separated into equal groups by three perpendicular and three transversal streets which cross at right angles. Oxen are killed in open courtyards, and these, in addition to the echaudoirs, where animals are cut up and dressed ready for sale to butchers, are carefully cemented, the ground sloping toward a central trough which leads direct to the drains. There is a plentiful supply of water and the whole place is kept so scrupulously clean that, toward one o'clock in the afternoon, when killing is over for the day and buying commences, you would never imagine that it had so recently been the scene of the slaughter of thousands of animals.

"After each carcass has been dressed and suspended on the stands with stout iron pegs which can be seen both inside and outside each echaudoir, it is examined by one of the numerous inspectors of the prefecture of police, who, on finding it to be sound and of good quality, stamps it in violet ink with the letters PP (prefecture of police). Should he find that it is diseased, he immediately reports the matter to his superior officer; the special cart which collects unsound meat is sent around, and the carcass is removed, either to be rendered useless for sale

Time-Saving Wrench.

Every week some enterprising inventor brings out a new style monkey-wrench, but with all the various



Easily Adjusted.

as human food by sprinkling it with petroleum or to be given to the Jardin des Plantes for the use of the wild animals. In this way, not a single pound of meat is offered for sale in Paris without it having been examined. Before each carcass leaves the abattoirs the officials at the exit look to see that it is properly stamped, and at the same time that it is weighed."



New Wire Flower Holder.

A new flower holder for table use is described by Harper's Bazar. The holder consists of a wire frame standing in a water bowl. The wire, of course, becomes concealed by the flowers and foliage. One advantage this holder has is that the wires may be bent in any direction, so that a number of effects may be obtained with the same frame.

RUSSIA'S GRAND OLD MAN.



COUNT TOLSTOY.

designs submitted few are superior or as good as the wrench of every-day use. Naturally a novelty wrench, like the one shown in the illustration, immediately attracts attention. The patentee is a resident of Indian Territory. In this wrench the stationary jaw, the handle and the ratchet teeth are not different from the usual type, but the movable jaw is adjusted in a manner quite out of the ordinary. Pivoted on the movable jaw is a small lever. Extending from the lever is a catch which registers with the ratchet teeth. To adjust the jaws the lever is moved away from the handle far enough to bring the catch out of locking position. The movable jaw is then free to move in either direction. After determining the size of the nut the lever is sprung into its closed position. It will be obvious that the adjustment is very quickly and readily accomplished.—Philadelphia Record.

The sap of the birch tree is convertible into wine, spirits or vinegar.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR NOVEMBER 18.

Subject: Jesus Before Caiaphas, Matt. xxvi., 57-68—Golden Text, Isa. liii., 3—Memory Verses, 67, 68—Topic: Trial of Christ.

I. Jesus before the council (57, 58). 57. "They—led Him away." The band of soldiers led on by Judas (John 18: 3). "To the house of Caiaphas" (R. V.) In John 18: 13 we are told that He was taken to Annas first. It is supposed that Annas and Caiaphas occupied different apartments in the same palace. "The scribes," etc. Scribes, that is, rabbis learned in the literature of the church; and elders, who were chosen from among the most influential of the laity; and chief priests (v. 59), that is, the heads of the twenty-four priestly classes. "Were assembled." Annas sent Jesus bound to Caiaphas (John 18: 24), and Caiaphas with all haste summoned the Sanhedrin, the highest Jewish council, some time between 2 and 4 o'clock on Friday morning, but this was irregular and informal, because it was contrary to their law to carry on the trial by night.

58. "Peter followed Him." Peter loved Jesus; he could not help but follow Him; he was anxious "to see the end"—to know what they did with his Lord. But, alas! Peter followed "afar off." This was the cause of his downfall. "And went in." John also went with Peter and it probably was John who succeeded in getting Peter admitted into the court of the palace (John 18: 15, 16). "Sat with the servants." This was another great mistake. If he had stayed by the side of John he would not have denied his Master, for John had no such temptation.

II. Jesus witnessed against (vs. 59-62). 59. "All the council." The great Sanhedrin, composed of seventy or seventy-two members, and founded, it is supposed, by Moses (Num. 21), and was continued a long time after the days of our Lord on earth. "Sought false witness." They have a criminal without a crime. They dared not sentence Jesus to death without some satisfactory charge and thus they were obliged to search for witnesses.

60. "Found none." They had great difficulty in making up a case against Jesus. Out of the many false witnesses who came before the council it was impossible to find two who agreed (Mark 14: 56). "Came two." The testimony of these witnesses did not agree in all points, and this accusation if agreed upon would not be sufficient for a death sentence. Falsehoods seldom agree; only the truth is harmonious. "False witnesses." Their testimony was false because the facts were not correctly stated (see Mark 14: 58), and because Christ's words had been misapplied. This is still a very common way of injuring others. 62. "High priest—said." Their case had failed, and now the high priest arose and tried to force Jesus to criminate Himself. "Answerest Thou nothing?" There was nothing to say. The witnesses had contradicted themselves. Give the enemy time and opportunity and he will destroy his own cause.

III. Jesus declares Himself to be the Christ (vs. 63, 64). 63. "Held His peace." Thus fulfilling the prophecy in Isa. 53: 7. Jesus knew they were determined to put Him to death and a reply would have been useless. "I adjure Thee." The high priest puts a solemn oath to Him. The difficulty of this question consisted in this: If He confessed that He was the Son of God, they stood ready to condemn Him for blasphemy. He denied it, if they were prepped to condemn Him for being an impostor, and for deluding the people under pretense of being the Messiah.

64. "Thou hast said." A common form of expression for, "Yes, it is so." See Mark 14: 62. Christ felt no disposition to remain silent when questioned concerning a truth for which He was ready to die. He shed His blood for the witness to "Right hand of power." This is a reference to Dan. 7: 13, 14. The prophet is describing Christ's coming into the presence of His Father to be invested with all power.

IV. Jesus condemned and maltreated (vs. 65-68). 65. "Rent His clothes." An expression of violent grief (Gen. 37: 29, 34; Job 1: 20) and horror at what was introduced to be blasphemous or impious. The act was enjoined by the rabbinical rules. When the charge of blasphemy is proved the judges rend their garments and do not sew them up again. "Blasphemy." They considered it blasphemy for Jesus to say that He was the Christ (Mark 14: 61, 62). "Witnesses." Their witnesses had proved a failure to them and they had no more to bring. Jesus was condemned on His own testimony.

66. "What think ye?" The high priest had urged the case against Him and now he puts it to vote. "Guilty of death." "Worthy of death." R. V. The punishment for blasphemy was death (Lev. 24: 16). The irregular court now adjourned.

67. "Spit in His face," etc. There is an interval before the regular session of the Sanhedrin could convene. During this time the judges delivered Him into the hands of the mob. They spat in His face as a mark of contempt. "Buffeted." Smote with their fists.

68. "Who—smote Thee." They had blindfolded Him (Mark 14: 65). They made sport with Him as the Philistines did with Samson. No less than five forms of beating are referred to by the evangelists in describing this scene.

The Sunday Free Table
GOD OF THE DEW, GOD OF THE SUN.

God of the Dew,
In gentlest ministrations
As silently
Would I some soul refresh anew.

God of the Sun,
Far flaming heat and light,
Be my delight
On radiant errands swift to run.

God of the Star,
To its stern orbit true,
My soul imbue
With dread, lest I thus order mar.

God of the Sea,
Majestic, vast, profound,
Enlarge my bound—
Broader and deeper let me be.
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

"They Are Making Fun of You."

It was at morning prayers. The subject nearest the missionaries' hearts, naturally, was talked over the millions of evangelized; those who had fallen asleep in the past ages, without a ray of light or hope, awaiting the coming judgment; the open doors all over the world, the outstretched hand to Christianity and their opportunity to open their doors to dark lands with the "living bread," "treasures heaped" together for the last few days; Jesus leaving all to come to this lost world, where He was despised and rejected, and cast out, no place to rest His weary head, wanted by no one, and yet for heart broken by love, and His last commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," so unheeded and trampled under foot.

At my side sat a dear young boy, listening to every word, his eyes looking up into mine with such a questioning, as much as to say, "These things are true, we had scarcely heard in prayer, when from his youthful heart he began to talk of Jesus. It wasn't a fixed-up prayer, but just a little soul telling in his own way what was in his mind. He prayed:

"Oh, Jesus, this morning we have been hearing that you told people so long ago to go everywhere, all over the world with the news of salvation. It was the last time you told them before you went away, and over in the country called America, where people are Christians, they have heard so long about this, that you told them, and we cannot understand why they don't come over here and tell those who never heard, because they have known about it so long, and they have great big churches over there," and then there was pause as if he were thinking suddenly burst upon his mind, too great for utterance, and he continued, "but, Jesus, they are making fun of you; yes, they are making fun of you."

The little prayer was ended; but, like a swift arrow, the truth dropped into our hearts. "Work had been planned to occupy the day, but scarcely a thread was undertaken; instead, a great burden was laid upon our hearts, almost beyond endurance, for the home church to awake to this awful fact, that they were disobeying the very last and most important command of our Lord, and in so doing were "making fun of Him." What servant would we keep in our home a week that would not do what we told them, and yet Jesus in His long-suffering and love tenderly holds His wrath.—Mrs. Charles E. Cowman.

How Can They Escape?

Why should a man who would not rent an office or accept a sleeping chamber without first looking up the fire escape, enter upon habits of life and customs of society without a moment's thought of the risks involved? Are there not spiritual traps for the soul? The young and thoughtless blithely resort for the careless enjoyment of perilous pleasures? It requires no special genius to enter upon the prodigal's career; but how is one to be delivered from its consequences?

The special peril of our day is gambling. Unscrupulous dealers tempt little children and foolish boys with multitudinous devices, through which they can be introduced to the fascinations of chance games. For the sake of a few pennies great dallies lure reckless lads to follow cunningly suggested "tips." Elegant women in sumptuous drawing rooms offer costly "prizes" to stimulate excitement in an otherwise flagging game. But where is the fire escape? When the flames are all about you, and the danger is imminent, and it is a question of flight or death, is it easy to unlearn all these diabolical habits? Is it a simple matter to escape the fascinations which attach themselves to all forms of hazard and of chance? The wise man knows that it is easier to keep out than to get out.

Ringed about with flames, the unhappy victim of sin's fire traps plunges for a few tragic moments hither and thither, all in vain; and then, as we have so lately seen in the fashionable life of an Eastern city, in short despair leaps upon death and perishes "with all his imperfections on his head." Do not foolishly "take the chances" when they are too evidently all against you. Do not make any mode of life even your temporary home if from it you fall to find a plain and easy path that leads to a peaceful and secure life, a life hid with Christ in God.—The Instructor.

Daily Blessings.

Every day to every one of us brings its questions, its worries, and its tasks, brings its sufficiency of trouble. Thus we get our daily spiritual exercise. Every day we are blessed with new opportunities for the development of strength of soul.—George Hodges, D. D.

Be Not Ashamed.

Do not be ashamed of Him in a crooked and perverse generation.—Malactian

Largest Lace Mill in the World.

It is claimed for the lace mill under construction at the Twenty-second street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia, that it will be the largest lace manufacturing plant in the world. It will cost when completed nearly a million dollars, but the Lehigh Manufacturing Company, who are building it, are long established in the business and are well satisfied to make the investment.

A Good Hen.

A good hen will lay 500 eggs in her lifetime.