

BOYHOOD DAYS.

Off in boyhood days I wandered
Round our bright and happy home;

Where the prairie dogs and gophers,
In the meadows, through the woodland,
It was my delight to roam.

I knew where the brightest flowers
Sent their fragrance through the air,
Where the squirrels were the thickest,
And the gray fox had his lair.

Where the bee its sweetest honey
In the hollow tree had stored,
Where the prairie dogs and gophers,
In the ground their holes had bored;

Where the sweetest berries ripened,
Just across the little rill,
Where to catch the trout and pick'rail
It required the greatest skill.

Then at night when play was over
Mother lulled me to my sleep,
And prayed God that ever o'er me
He would watchful vigil keep.

Prayed that He would keep her darling
Ever safe beneath His care—
That through life, its cares and trouble,
He might never have to share.

Years have flown, I now am aged,
Mother's voice is heard no more,
But I know she waits to greet me
When I reach the other shore.

Boyhood's days are long since over,
All their sorrows, all their joy,
But I'll ne'er forget the pleasure
That I had when but a boy.

—C. Benj. Hopkins, in Chicago News.

land, smiling. "They have no reason
to keep up an attitude towards their
neighbors, who still know them as
"Squire" so and so, "Colonel" this and
that, and the "judge"—owners of their
vast but crippled estates. They are not
ashamed of being poor, which is an
accident.

"But they are working, which is de-
liberation," interrupted Drummond.
"They are ashamed to mend their
fences themselves, now that they have
no slaves to do it for them."

"I doubt very much if some of them
know how to drive a nail, for the mat-
ter of that," said Courtland, still good
humoredly; "but that's the fault of a
system older than themselves, which
the founders of the republic retained.

We cannot give them experience in
their new condition in one day, and, in
fact, Drummond, I am very much afraid
that for our purposes—and I honestly
believe for their good—we must help
to keep them for the present as they are."

"Perhaps," said Drummond, sarca-
stically, "you would like to reinstate
slavery?"

"No. But I should like to reinstate
the master. And not for his sake alone,
but for freedom's sake and ours. To be
plain, since I have taken up this matter
for personal observation that the negro
—even more than his master—cannot
handle his new condition. He is ac-
customed to his old traditional task
master, and I doubt if he will work fairly
for any other—particularly for those
who don't understand him. Don't mis-
take me: I don't propose to go back to the
whip, to that brutal institution, the ir-
responsible overseer, to the buying and
selling, the separation of the family,
nor any of the old wrongs, but I pro-
pose to make the old master our over-
seer and responsible to us. He is not a
fool and has already learned that it is
more profitable to pay wages to his old
slaves and have the power of dismissal,
like any other employer, than be obliged,

under the old system of enforced labor
and life servitude, to undergo the cost
of maintaining incompetence and idleness.
The old sentiment of slave own-
ing has disappeared before natural com-
mon sense and selfishness. I am satis-
fied that by some such process as this
utilizing of the old master and the new
freedom we will be better able to cul-
tivate our lands than by buying up their
estates, and setting them adrift with a
little money in their pockets as an idle,
discontented class to revive old political
dogmas, and foment new issues, or per-
haps set up a dangerous position to us."

"You don't mean to say that those
infernal niggers would give the prefer-
ence to their old oppressors?"

"Dollar for dollar in wages—yes!

And why shouldn't they? Their old
masters understand them better and
treat them generally better. They
know our interest in them is only an
abstract sentiment, not a real liking.
We show it at every turn. But we are
nearing Redlands, and Maj. Reed will,
I have no doubt, corroborate my im-
pressions. He insists upon our staying
at his house, although the poor old fel-
low, I imagine, can ill afford to enter-



THE COOK GAZED ALSO.

tain company. But he will be offended
if we refuse."

"He is a friend of yours, then?" asked
Drummond.

"I fought against his division at
Stony creek," said Courtland, grimly.
"He never tires of talking of it to me,
so I suppose I am."

A few moments later the train glided
beside the Redlands platform. As the
two travelers descended a hand was
laid on Courtland's shoulder, and a
stout figure in the blackest and shiniest
of alpaca jackets and the whitest and
broadest of Panama hats welcomed
him. "Glad to see you, con'nel. I reck-
oned I'd waltz over and bring along the
boy," pointing to a grizzled negro ser-
vant of sixty who was bowing before
them, "to tote yo'r things over instead
of using a hack. I haven't run much
on horse flesh since the wah—ha! ha!
what I didn't use for remounts I reckon
yo'r commissary gobbled up with the
other live stock, eh?" He laughed
heartily as if the recollections were
purely humorous, and again clapped
Courtland on the back.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr.
Drummond, Maj. Reed," said Court-
land, smiling.

"Yo' were in the wah, sir?"

"No—I—" returned Drummond hesi-
tating, he knew not why, and angry at
his own embarrassment.

"Mr. Drummond, the vice president
of the company," interposed Courtland,
cheerfully, "was engaged in furnishing
to us the sinews of war."

Maj. Reed bowed a little more for-
mally. "Most of us heah, sir, were in
the wah some time or other, and if you
gentlemen will bonah me by joining in
a social glass at the hotel across the
way, I'll introduce you to Capt. Prender-
gast, who left a leg at Fair Oaks."

Drummond would have declined, but
a significant pressure at his arm from
Courtland changed his determination.
He followed them to the hotel and into

the presence of the one-legged warrior,
(who turned out to be the landlord and
barkeeper), to whom Courtland was
hilariously introduced by Maj. Reed as
"the man, sir, who had pounded my
division for three hours at Stony Creek!"

Maj. Reed's house was but a few min-
utes walk down the dusty lane, and was
presently heralded by the baying of three
or four fox hounds, and foreshadowed
by a dilapidated condition of picket
fence and stuccoed gate front. Beyond
it stretched the wooden doric columns
of the usual southern mansion, dimly
seen through the broad leaves of the
horse chestnut trees that shaded it.

There was the usual listless, black
shadows haunting the veranda and outer
offices—former slaves and still attached
house servants—arrested like lizards in
breathless attitudes at the approach of
strange footsteps, and still holding the
brush, broom, duster or home implements
they had been lazily using, in their fixed
hands. From the doorway of the de-
tached kitchen connected by a gallery
to the wing of the mansion, "Aunt
Martha," the cook, gazed also with a
saucy glance to her bosom and her
revolving hand with the scrubbing
cloth in it apparently stopped on a
"dead center."

Drummond, whose gorge had risen at
these evidences of hopeless incapacity
and utter shiftlessness, was not relieved
by the presence of Mrs. Reed—a soured,
disappointed woman of forty, who still
carried in her small dark eyes and thin
handsome lips something of the bitter-
ness and antagonism of the typical
southern rights woman—nor of her two
daughters, Octavia and Augusta—whose
languid attractions seemed a part
of the morning they still wore. The
optimistic gallantry and good fellow-
ship of the major appeared the more
remarkable by contrast with his cyprus-
shadowed family, and their venomous
possibilities. Perhaps there might have

been a vein of southern insincerity in
his good humor.

"Paw," said Miss Octavia with gloomy
confidence to Courtland but with a
pretty curl of the hereditary lip, "is about
the only 'reconstructed' one of the en-
tire family. We don't make 'em much
about yer. But I'd advise yo' friend,
Mr. Drummond—if he's coming here
carpet bagging, not to trust too much
to paw's 'reconstruction.' It won't
wash." But when Courtland hastened
to assure her that Drummond was not a
"carpet bagger,"—was not only free
from any of the political intrigue im-
plied under that baleful title, but was a
wealthy northern capitalist simply
seeking investment, the young lady
was scarcely more hopeful. "I suppose
he reckons to pay paw for those niggers
yo' stole?" she suggested, with gloomy
sarcasm.

"No," said Courtland, smiling, "but
what if he reckoned to pay those niggers
for working for your father and him?"

"If paw is going into the trading
business with him—if Maj. Reed, a
so't'n gentleman, is going to keep
shop he hain't such a fool as to believe
niggers will work when they ain't
obliged to. That's been tried over at
Mirandy Dows, not five miles from here,
and the niggers are half the time runnin'
round here takin' holiday. She put up
new quarters for 'em and tried to make
'em eat together at a long table like
those low-down folks up north, and did
away with their cabins and their melon
patches, and allowed it would get 'em
out of lying round too much and want-
ed 'em to work over time and get mo' pay.
And the result was that she and her
niece and a lot of poor whites, Irish
and Scotch, that she had to pick up
long the river, do all the work. And
her niece Sally was mo' than half union
woman during the wah and up to all
no't'n tricks and dodges and swearin'
by them, and yet for all that the thing
won't work."

"But isn't that partly the reason?
Isn't her failure a great deal due to this
lack of sympathy from her neighbors?
Discontent is easily sown and the negro
is still weighted down by superstition.
The Fifteenth amendment did not
quite knock off all his chains."

"Yes, but that is nothing to her. For
if there ever was a person in this world
who reckoned she was just born to
manage everything and everybody it is
Sally Dows!" repeated Courtland,
with a slight start.

"Yes, Sally Dows, of Pineville."

"You say she was half union, but did
she have any relations or—or—friends
in the war—on your side? Any who—
were killed in battle?"

"They were all killed, I reckon," re-
turned Miss Reed, darkly. "There was
her cousin, Jules Joffcourt, shot in the
cemetery with her beau—who they say
was Sally's, too; there was Chet Brooks
and Joyce Masterton, who were both
gone on her, and both killed, too; and
there was old Capt. Dows himself, who
never lifted his head again after Rich-
mond was taken—and drank himself to
death. It wasn't considered healthy to
be Miss Sally's relation in those times,
or to be even wastin' to be one."

Col. Courtland did not reply. The
face of the dead young officer coming
toward him out of the blue smoke rose
as vividly as on that memorable day.
The pictures and letters he had taken
from the dead man's breast, which he
had retained ever since; the romantic
and fruitless quest he had made for the
fair original in after days, and the
strange and fateful interest in her
which had grown up in his heart since
then, he now knew had only been
lulled to sleep in the busy preoccu-
pation of the last six months, for it
came back to him with redoubled force.
His present mission and its practical
object, his honest zeal in its pursuit
and the cautious skill and experience
had brought to it, all seemed to
be suddenly displaced by this ro-
mantic and unreal fantasy. Oddly
enough, it appeared now to be the only
reality in his life—the rest was an in-
coherent, purposeless dream.

"Is—Miss Sally married?" he
asked, collecting himself with an effort.

"Married? Yes, to that farm of her
aunt's! I reckon that's the only thing
she cares for."

Courtland looked up, recovering his
usual cheerful calm. "Well, I think
that after luncheon I'll pay my respects
to her husband! From what you have
just told me the farm is certainly an
experiment worth seeing. I suppose
your father will have no objection to
giving me a letter to Miss Dows."

CHAPTER II.

NEVERTHELESS
as Col. Court-
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late now to seek out Miss Sally Dow

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her a letter from an admirer who had
been dead three years, and whose mem-
ory she had probably buried. Neither
was it tactful to recall a sentiment
which might have been a weakness of
which she was ashamed. Yet, clear-
headed and logical as Courtland was
in his ordinary affairs, he was neverthe-
less not entirely free from that peculiar
superstition which surrounds every
man's romance. He believed there was

something more than a mere coinci-
dence in his unexpectedly finding him-
self in such favorable conditions for
making her acquaintance. For the
rest—if there was any rest—he would
simply trust to fate. And so, believing
himself a cool, sagacious reasoner, but
being actually, as far as Miss Dows was
concerned, as blind, fatuous and un-
reasoning as any of her previous ad-
mirers, he rode complacently forward
until he reached the lane that led to
the Dows plantation.

Here a better kept roadway and
fence, whose careful repair would have
delighted Drummond, seemed to augur
well for the new enterprise. Presently
even the old-fashioned local form of
the fence—a slanting zig-zag—gave way to
the more direct line of post and rail, in
the northern fashion. Beyond it, pre-
sently appeared a long, low frontage of
modern buildings which to Courtland's
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and design. There was no reminiscence
of the usual southern porticoed gable
or columns and veranda. Yet it was not
northern either. The factory-like out-
lines of facade were partly hidden in
Cherokee rose and jessamine. A long,
roofed gallery connected the buildings
and became a veranda to one. A broad,
well-rolled gravel drive led from the
open gate to the newest building which
seemed to be an edifice; a smaller path
diverged from it to the corner house,
which, despite its severe simplicity, had
a more residential appearance. Unlike
Reed's house there were no lounging
servants or field hands to be seen; they
were evidently attending to their re-
spective duties. Dismounting, Court-
land tied his horse to a post at the office
door and took the smaller path to the
corner house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Geyser Clock.
The most curious and unique clock
in the United States, or in the world
for that matter, was constructed by
Amos Lane, of Amedee, during the last
summer. Lane's curious clock—which
by the way, is all face, hands and lever
—is attached to a geyser which shoots
upward an immense column of hot
water every thirty-eight seconds exactly.
This spouting never varies a tenth of a
second in its time. Therefore a clock
properly harnessed to it cannot do other-
wise than keep correct time. The lever
mentioned above in connection
with the hands and face of the clock is
so placed as to be fairly hit by the
shooting column of water, and every
time the lever is struck it moves the
hands forward exactly thirty-eight sec-
onds. Lane's only trouble was to prop-
erly divide these thirty-eight second
strokes into hours. During the time
he was employed in constructing his
novelty it is said he often quierly
wished that old Dame Nature had geared
this particular geyser so as to spout
every half minute exactly.—St. Louis
Republic.

Entertaining the Butcher.
Do you remember the Irishwoman
who told her consumptive son to
"Cough for the lady, Jimmy?" One of
my nursemaids gave me a yarn to
match that. Baby Bob had been ailing,
fretful and wakeful for a few days, and
it occurred to me that, perhaps, if his
carriage was wheeled up and down the
path the sunshine and sweet summer
air might be the best antidotes for the
poor little chap. Sure enough when I
looked out at the end of half an hour
Baby Bob was rosy sound asleep, and
my heart rejoiced. A little later the
butcher's boy, coming in at the side
gate, stopped to gossip with Kathleen.
"A fine baby you have there!" said he.
"And if you think that when he's
asleep, it's awake and laughing you
should see him!" said she; and, to my
horror, she bent to give the baby a
brisk shake, crying joyfully: "Bobby,
dear! Wake up and laugh for the
butcher, Bobby!"—Boston Common-
wealth.

Paper Gas Pipes.
One of the many uses to which paper
is now put is that of making gas pipes.
Manilla paper is cut in strips equaling
in width the length of the pipe to be
made. These are passed through a ves-
sel filled with melted asphalt and then
wrapped firmly and uniformly round an
iron core until the required thickness is
attained. The pipe is then subjected to
powerful pressure, after which the out-
side is strewn over with sand and the
whole cooled in water. The core is then
removed and the outside of the pipe
coated with a waterproof composition.
These pipes are claimed to be perfectly
gas-tight and are said to be much
cheaper than iron pipes.—Liverpool
Mercury.

A Strong Affection.
Cabbage—I hear you have a deep af-
fection for Miss Brodakers.
Ellow—I have. I love the ground she
walks on.—Judge.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
International Lesson for May 25, 1893—
The Excellent Woman.—Prov. 31:10-31.
(Arranged from Peabody's Notes.)
GOLDEN TEXT.—Favor is deceitful, and
beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the
Lord, she shall be praised.—Prov. 31:30.
POSITION.—This chapter is the latest collec-
tion in the Book of Proverbs, a kind of ap-
pendix to the proverbs collected by Hezekiah.
ATTENTION.—The author is perhaps King Lem-
uel, reporting in the first portion his mother's
teachings, and in the second picturing his ideal
of woman. Whether Lemuel is a real or only
an imaginary person is unknown. Prof.
Cheyne thinks that vs. 11-31 are so unlike the
previous sections that they must have been by
another author.

LESSON COMMENTS.
The Home-Maker.—10. "A virtuous
woman." A woman of force, bodily
vigor, spiritualized to that of capacity,
ability; combined with fine manners
and culture. "Who can find?" Imply-
ing the difficulty of finding, as of find-
ing precious stones.
"For her price is far above rubies"
(or pearls). The poet thereby means to
say that such a wife is a more precious
possession than all earthly things which
are precious, and that he who finds such
an one has to speak of his rare fortune.

The Home.—11. "The heart of her
husband trusteth in her." She is his
natural confidante and counselor; her
advice is more valuable than that of
much cleverer people, because it is so
absolutely disinterested.
"He shall have no lack of gain;" The
A. V. has need of spoil; that is, profit,
gain of all kinds, though the word
originally meant spoil taken from an
enemy. With such a wife he is sure to
be prosperous. Thus, naturally, "she
doeth him good," and the good contin-
ues "all the days of her life."

Daily Duties and Cares.—"She seek-
eth wool and flax" (from which linen is
made), as materials for clothing and do-
mestic uses. "And worketh willingly;"
Cheerfully of her own accord. There
were no factories, and the clothing
must be woven at home.
14. "She is like the merchant ships;"
With an enterprising spirit she goes out
beyond the nearest circle; she desires
also important opportunities of advan-
tageous purchase and profitable ex-
change and brings in from a distance
what is necessary for the supply of her
house.

15. "She riseth also while it is yet
night." Before dawn. We are to con-
sider the different circumstances from
ours. There was not much variety of
work for evenings. Few books, no
newspapers, poor light, and hence early
sleep, which permitted early rising.
"And giveth meat." Food. She dis-
tributes from the warehouse the food
that will be wanted for the day. "And
their task to her maidens;" Sets them
to work.

Business Qualities.—16. "She consid-
ereth a field." She studies and knows
the value of the field, and then "buyeth
it," and makes "a vineyard" of it.
"With the fruit of her hands;" The
money she has earned by her industry.
17. "She girdeth her loins with
strength;" The phrase is metaphorically
expressive of the energy and force with
which she prepares herself for her
work.

18. "She perceiveth;" By experience
and by observation. She understands
her business. She is wise in business
methods. "Her lamp goeth not out by
night;" She works evenings as well as
daytimes, spinning at home (ver. 19),
when she cannot see to her fields and
merchandise.

The Home a Center of Benevolence.—
"She spreadeth out her hand to the
poor;" She extends her hands in sym-
pathy and readiness to help. With all
her industry, she is not narrow and selfish
and grasping, but of a large and loving
heart. It is this which saves industry
from worldliness.

Comfort and Beauty.—21. "She is not
afraid of the snow;" Occasionally seen
in Palestine (two winters out of three
in Jerusalem). She has no fears con-
cerning the comfort and health of her
family, even in the severest winter.
"For all her household are clothed with
scarlet;" with warm garments. Scarlet
was supposed, and rightly, to absorb
and retain heat, as white to repel it;
being made of wool, the garments
would be warm as well as stately in ap-
pearance.

22. "She maketh for herself;" Not
for her own bed, but she herself pre-
pares them for her family. "Carpets;"
Rather cushions, mattresses for the
beds. "Her clothing is fine linen;" Of
finest texture, white and costly. "And
purple;" The richest and most beauti-
ful colors.

23. "Her husband is known in the
gates;" where the business of the city
is transacted. "Among the elders;" The
chief men.
24. "She maketh linen garments;"
—"girdles;" Necessary with the flow-
ing robes of the east. "And selleth
them;" Her industry and business
qualities are again referred to.

25. "Strength and dignity are her
clothing;" Her character is worthy of
her position. "She laugheth at the
time to come;" She has no fears for
the future.
26. "She openeth her mouth with wis-
dom;" She has gained wisdom, she has
interested herself in affairs, so that
when she speaks it is not gossip,
or slander, or idle talk that she utters,
but sentences of prudence and sound
sense. "And the law of kindness is on
her tongue;" She is so kind; she is not
made hard and ungracious by her
duties and cares. She is full of sympathy
and love as well of wisdom.

27. "She looketh well to the ways of
her household;" She is a family woman,
training up her children in religion and
in virtue.
28. "Favor," graceful, lovely, ex-
ternal appearance "and beauty;"
These fade, these lose their attraction
if they exist alone. "But a woman that
feareth the Lord," with true religion,
moral beauty, the source of the virtues
mentioned above, and ever increasing
in power. So that the moral beauty
shall more than make up for the fading
of mere external attractions and trans-
figure even age into loveliness. A true
woman must be a religious woman.

31. "Her works praise her;" They
cannot but be seen in her family, in her
good works and in her character. "Si-
monium requirit, circumspectio."

HE STOOD AT THE OPEN WINDOW.

COURTLAND LOOKED UP RECOVERING HIS
USUAL CALM.

THE USUAL SOUTHERN MANSION.

THERE WERE THE USUAL LISTLESS BLACK
SHADOWS.

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poor little chap. Sure enough when I
looked out at the end of half an hour
Baby Bob was rosy sound asleep, and
my heart rejoiced. A little later the
butcher's boy, coming in at the side
gate, stopped to gossip with Kathleen.
"A fine baby you have there!" said he.
"And if you think that when he's
asleep, it's awake and laughing you
should see him!" said she; and, to my
horror, she bent to give the baby a
brisk shake, crying joyfully: "Bobby,
dear! Wake up and laugh for the
butcher, Bobby!"—Boston Common-
wealth.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
International Lesson for May 25, 1893—
The Excellent Woman.—Prov. 31:10-31.
(Arranged from Peabody's Notes.)
GOLDEN TEXT.—Favor is deceitful, and
beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the
Lord, she shall be praised.—Prov. 31:30.
POSITION.—This chapter is the latest collec-
tion in the Book of Proverbs, a kind of ap-
pendix to the proverbs collected by Hezekiah.
ATTENTION.—The author is perhaps King Lem-
uel, reporting in the first portion his mother's
teachings, and in the second picturing his ideal
of woman. Whether Lemuel is a real or only
an imaginary person is unknown. Prof.
Cheyne thinks that vs. 11-31 are so unlike the
previous sections that they must have been by
another author.

LESSON COMMENTS.
The Home-Maker.—10. "A virtuous
woman." A woman of force, bodily
vigor, spiritualized to that of capacity,
ability; combined with fine manners
and culture. "Who can find?" Imply-
ing the difficulty of finding, as of find-
ing precious stones.
"For her price is far above rubies"
(or pearls). The poet thereby means to
say that such a wife is a more precious
possession than all earthly things which
are precious, and that he who finds such
an one has to speak of his rare fortune.

The Home.—11. "The heart of her
husband trusteth in her." She is his
natural confidante and counselor; her
advice is more valuable than that of
much cleverer people, because it is so
absolutely disinterested.
"He shall have no lack of gain;" The
A. V. has need of spoil; that is, profit,
gain of all kinds, though the word
originally meant spoil taken from an
enemy. With such a wife he is sure to
be prosperous. Thus, naturally, "she
doeth him good," and the good contin-
ues "all the days of her life."

Daily Duties and Cares.—"She seek-
eth wool and flax" (from which linen is
made), as materials for clothing and do-
mestic uses. "And worketh willingly;"
Cheerfully of her own accord. There
were no factories, and the clothing
must be woven at home.
14. "She is like the merchant ships;"
With an enterprising spirit she goes out
beyond the nearest circle; she desires
also important opportunities of advan-
tageous purchase and profitable ex-
change and brings in from a distance
what is necessary for the supply of her
house.

15. "She riseth also while it is yet
night." Before dawn. We are to con-
sider the different circumstances from
ours. There was not much variety of
work for evenings. Few books, no
newspapers, poor light, and hence early
sleep, which permitted early rising.
"And giveth meat." Food. She dis-
tributes from the warehouse the food
that will be wanted for the day. "And
their task to her maidens;" Sets them
to work.

Business Qualities.—16. "She consid-
ereth a field." She studies and knows
the value of the field, and then "buyeth
it," and makes "a vineyard" of it.
"With the fruit of her hands;" The
money she has earned by her industry.
17. "She girdeth her loins with
strength;" The phrase is metaphorically
expressive of the energy and force with
which she prepares herself for her
work.

18. "She perceiveth;" By experience
and by observation. She understands
her business. She is wise in business
methods. "Her lamp goeth not out by
night;" She works evenings as well as
daytimes, spinning at home (ver. 19),
when she cannot see to her fields and
merchandise.

The Home a Center of Benevolence.—
"She spreadeth out her hand to the
poor;" She extends her hands in sym-
pathy and readiness to help. With all
her industry, she is not narrow and selfish
and grasping, but of a large and loving
heart. It is this which saves industry
from worldliness.

Comfort and Beauty.—21. "She is not