

# A FALLEN IDOL.

BY FREDERIC ANSTEE.

## CHAPTER VII.

Continued.

"That is enough," said Sybil. She was drawing off a ring from her finger. "You must take this back," she continued, holding it out to him. "Yes, I wish it, and there are other things to be sent to you. And my letters, if—if they are not burnt you will return them?"

"To-night," he said, "with your present—the idol you gave me once."

"I don't want it," she said. "I want you to keep it. You promised to keep it always. Don't part with it now—it is the last thing I shall ask of you. If you see it now and then, and it reminds you of this—I don't think you deserve to forget it too soon."

"I shall want no reminder," he said. "But I won't part with it, if that is your wish. And now—good-bye, Sybil."

As he went out the page gave him a sealed envelope, which, being in no mood to read letters just then, he put unread in his pocket as he strode across the park.

Sybil heard the door close upon him; her heart seemed to shut at the same moment, as she stood for some time stunned by the new loneliness which had come upon her.

How could he have done it? What had she done that he could humiliate her like that? And then to persist that he was innocent!

He did not remember Mrs. Stanland's letter until he was at home, and then he opened it with an uneasy curiosity; from a lady of her benevolence it was slightly vindictive in its sentiments.

In case, she wrote, "you are thinking of destroying all traces of your ill deed before the gallery opens to the public, I write to inform you that I shall permit no such thing. The picture is mine, and I forbid you to touch it or interfere with it in any way; and if you have a spark of gentlemanly feeling left in you, you will respect my wishes whether you are strictly bound to or not. I understand that the portrait could not in any case be removed without a royal order, but however this is, it is my wish that it remains where it is. It is too absurdly unlike my niece to injure her, whilst the insult to myself, when explained, may serve to show the danger of intrusting you with similar commissions, and the ingratitude which is ever the portion of those who try to serve others. I inclose a check, though I should be quite justified in throwing the portrait on your hands after what you have done."

As will be observed the fact which had chiefly impressed Mrs. Stanland was the wanton introduction of that fatal idol; the misrepresentation of Sybil was a minor offense in comparison, though she was not sorry that her niece should think otherwise.

Campion cursed his ill luck as he read this prohibition and tore the check which accompanied it into pieces.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Reopened Wounds.

Self-sawed our feelings ebb and swell; Thou lovest us more!—Farewell! Farewell!—Arnold.

May was a fortnight old before Babcock had succeeded in inducing Mrs. Stanland to keep a long-standing promise to visit his new studio; an end which he attained by mentioning casually that he would ask Nebelsen, the German Chela, to meet her.

When the time came he began to entertain misgivings that she would keep the appointment without thinking it advisable to bring Sybil, and he saw them both enter with intense thankfulness.

He was radiant with satisfaction. "Delighted to welcome you to my little workshop," he said, as he took her hand. "Do you approve?"

"Very magnificent, indeed, Lionel," she said.

It was a sumptuous studio, with a good deal of old armor and tapestry, skins and fan palms, amongst which an easel with all the latest improvements was doing penance, possibly for lateness, in a corner.

At a Moorish arch, where he drew aside the portiere, was a little octagon boudoir with stained windows, beneath which a person of somewhat unusual appearance was seated on a divan, with a patience which struck the mean between dignity and humility.

Axel Nebelsen was a Norwegian by birth, but had been brought up in Germany. He had been educated for the medical profession, but, having accompanied a scientific expedition to India, had there been led to abandon science for theosophy, to which his temperament—dreamy and abnormally developed in some directions—found itself powerfully attracted.

Since then he was understood to have passed much of his time in seclusion, endeavoring to prepare himself for the further ordeals necessary to complete initiation, and he was now in England for purposes of the nature of which no one, himself not accepted, clearly understood.

He was a striking looking figure as he sat there in the dim yellow and green light. His age might have been anything between thirty and forty; his long biscuit-colored hair was parted in the middle, and fell in spiral curls to mingle inextricably with his beard; he had pale-blue visionary eyes, with a ring of opal light round each iris, a broad innocent nose, and a mouth which no amount of hair could invest with decision.

He extended his peculiarity even to his dress, which was a long, close-fitting sort of caftan, round which a broad red sash was knotted. He took the precaution to use a less conventional garb for outdoor wear; but, even as it was, he always left a little crowd of his own collection on the doorstep of any house he entered.

He started as from a vision when the others entered, but he neither rose nor offered his hand, and only sat smiling with a vague sweetness.

"Here he is, you see," said Babcock, as if he was exhibiting him. "All alone in here."

"Not alone—most of the time," said the Chela, "and not here." He spoke English with an amount of fluency that rendered him occasionally unintelligible.

Mrs. Stanland, according to her wont, took complete possession of him. "Ah!" she said, with infinite relish. "That's how I like to hear you talk; now go on, don't let's waste time in trivialities. Be interesting. We never finished our delightful little chat about Karma and Nirvana. Do you know I find theosophy most enlarging for the ideas? And, positively, if I hadn't been brought up to be quite so orthodox, I should be very much tempted to adopt your doctrines. But I suppose I'm too old!"

"Yes," said the Chela, with refreshing candor; "it is late now to begin."

"Still," pursued Mrs. Stanland, "I like to keep up with all the new movements, and when I find one that deserves a little encouragement, I'm only too glad to do anything for it."

"Mama," said the Chela, stiffly, "theosophy is not at all in need to be, as you say, upon the back smacked."

During the conversation Sybil's attention had slightly wandered. This studio recalled by force of contrast another which was not magnificent; and a strong, manly face, with the keen quizzical eyes that could be so tender at a word from her, rose before her. Suppose Ronald were to come to her and beg forgiveness, suppose he insisted masterfully that he had only read her a well-needed lesson—would she have firmness enough to maintain her ground? If she could only believe that he had not intended to gain his freedom, if he could but persuade her of that, she might—well, after all, there was no danger of losing her dignity as a justly offended woman—he never would come now!

"What are you looking so serious about?" asked Babcock, crossing to her side.

"Am I serious? I think I am wondering why you have a grand piano. I never heard you play."

"Oh, yes," he said, in a weary, high-pitched tone, "I strum a little; it is one of my few pleasures." "If so, it was at least a simple one, for he restricted himself to one finger."

"Won't you come and try it?"

She rose and passed in to the studio with him.

"I may not do all I might, but then I have no one to inspire me, to urge me on, to care what work I produce."

"No," she agreed sympathetically. "And it's too bad to expect you to do anything till you find somebody who will do all that for you— isn't it?"

"You turn everything into ridicule," he said impatiently, "and yet I could show you a picture if I chose, that will prove to you that I can work when I take the trouble."

"Then please do."

"Once I looked forward to showing it to you—but that is all over. I cannot show it—least of all to you."

"And why?"

"Because it has been ruined."

"I thought an oil painting was never hopeless! At least you could show it to me. Who knows, I might encourage you—it is probably much better than you think, and surely you need not dread my opinion."

"Sybil," he said, "it is best that you should not see it—this time, perhaps, you will take my warning!"

Sybil laughed mischievously. "You shall not escape like that. If you refuse me, you will not refuse Aunt Hilary, or if you do, I shall know what to think."

And she went back to the octagon room, in time to hear her aunt, after questioning Herr Nebelsen closely upon the precise hue of her aura, observe, "How really; a sort of purplish mauve—how truly hideous; the very last color I should care to be seen in! Do tell me now, have anything I can do to change it?" Sybil's appeal, coming at that moment, was not amply received.

"If Lionel has any hesitation in showing you his picture," she replied, "depend upon it, he has excellent reasons. I'm surprised you should condescend to press him!"

"Don't be hard on a fellow, Mrs. Stanland," said Babcock. "I shall be very happy to show the canvas to you, and leave you to say whether I am not right."

"This is getting mysterious," said Sybil; "so there really is a picture! Do go, auntie."

Mrs. Stanland was struck by something in Babcock's manner, and followed him into a room beyond the studio, leaving her niece to entertain the Chela.

Sybil eyed him rather apprehensively as he sat there—he looked very mystic and uneasy. Presently he fixed his pale eyes upon her and said in his deep guttural tones, "You are not much interested in occultism—you do not even perhaps believe that such things can be?"

"It's no good saying pretty things to him if he really can read thoughts," she considered, and decided upon perfect candor.

"It is a good deal to believe all at once, you know," she said. "I don't pretend to understand it, but I should have thought if you had all these marvelous powers you might make some use of them."

"How use of them?" he demanded. "It isn't such a happy world surely," he said, "that there is no one in it to be saved from danger, or temptation, or misery of some sort. If you can read the future, and see forces at work that we can't see, you might do so much to warn or help people, if you chose!"

To her relief her aunt called her, to come at once to the room where Babcock's picture was to be seen, and she obeyed with some curiosity.

Quite rigid of Lionel to consider your feelings, my dear," said Mrs. Stanland, who was standing before an easel on which the canvas had just been placed, "but I knew you were too sensible to mind seeing it, and I thought it as well that you should."

"I like the landscape part, Lionel," said Sybil, after examining it; "you are not quite as lazy as I accused you of being—only," and she drew her eyebrows together, "what does that extraordinary figure mean in the middle of it—and what is it sitting on?"

"Ah, my dear!" said Mrs. Stanland, with a sigh of portentous meaning, "that is the point!"

"That's just the thing," said Babcock. "That I'm not responsible for."

"It was like this, my dear," explained Mrs. Stanland. "Lionel has been telling me all about it. He'd painted the landscape, and Siedloff wanted it for his gallery in Bond Street, only he thought it ought to have a figure in the foreground. Well, and so Lionel took it to a friend of his who was a good figure painter; Lionel has never gone in for figure painting, and he told him what an opportunity this was for him, and asked him to do it, and he said he would. And this is what he chose to do—a horrid figure which is too ridiculously absurd, hanging in the air, and out of all proportion and keeping besides! And Lionel is afraid Siedloff won't take it now, and if he does, he can't sell it, and he doesn't try to scrape it out or paint it over for fear of making it worse. It was a piece of jealousy and deliberate spite on the friend's part."

"What a hateful, mean wretch he must be!" cried Sybil. "But why," and then she stopped. "Do I know him? Oh, don't say it was he. Aunt Hilary, you might, yes, you might have spared me this!" And her short upper lip quivered indignantly.

"I thought it necessary it should not be hidden from you, my dear," said the old lady, calmly.

"Then please understand, both of you, as you are kind enough to discuss my affairs together," said Sybil, laughingly, "that it was not necessary at all. I wanted no warning to tell me that Mr. Campion is a treacherous friend; whatever he chooses to do now does not concern me in the least, and you insult me when you think it can!"

And she turned away with the gesture of an offended princess. She was very angry indeed—all the anger because she had needed the warning only too well.

When Babcock returned to his own flat after seeing his visitors off he found Nebelsen standing before his picture. "Like it?" he said.

"No—not at all," replied the Chela. "Why have you painted a yogi performing his japa in the yoga posture?"

"I thought you would say that. Poor little Miss Slisworth couldn't stand that yogi either; it upset her most awfully!"

"Why, then, do you paint so as to upset people awfully?" demanded the Chela. "You have learned that in India—yes?"

"If you must know, Nebelsen, that idiotic Hindoo isn't my work at all; it was done, for some low purpose of his own, by a scoundrel named Campion."

"But it upset that so charming Mees Elsvort!"

"Yes—that's a long story. But the upshot of it is that he had almost trapped her into consenting to marry him, till he played very much the same trick upon her that he did on me."

"I see—I see well," muttered the Chela. "It was that, then, which she to forget desired. Tell me, where does this Campion live? I want to look him up and rebroach him!"

"You shall have the address, old boy!" said Babcock, with much heartiness, and he gave it to the Chela, who departed with all the exaltation of a great mission.

### To be Continued.

### A Wonderful Clock.

The czar recently received at Peterhof Palace a peasant named Franz Karass, who presented an extraordinary masterpiece of clockwork of his own invention. The clock registers the time, the months and days' duration, day and night, the hour of sunrise and sunset, and the phases of the moon, as well as the movement of the earth around the sun.

The hour plate and mirror glass are covered with black enamel and are more than a yard high by a yard wide. The mechanism is of copper and the working is quite noiseless. The clock weighs 720 pounds. It needs winding once in 400 days. Karass has been working on the invention for twenty-two years in making the design and spent six years in constructing the works.—St. Petersburg Correspondence of the New York Sun.

### An Easy Matter.

The man was playing euchre with the latest belle of the Mountain House, while his bride of three months was trying to busy her mind as well as her fingers with a piece of embroidery.

Suddenly the husband turned toward his wife with a patronizing air. "Pardon me," he exclaimed; "I hadn't noticed that I was between you and the light."

"Oh, pray, don't move!" the little woman replied. "I can see through you perfectly well!"—Lippincott's.

### The Universal Solvent.

A "burglar proof" safe was robbed by a boy in New Jersey the other day. He opened the safe with a hairpin. This leads to the suspicion that he is a woman in disguise. A woman can do anything with that instrument.—Cleveland Leader.

### Scotch Pig Iron Exports.

This year 155,000 tons of pig iron have been shipped from Scotland, of which the United States took 49,000 tons, eleven times as much as in the same period of last year.—Birmingham.

## THE POWER BEHIND THE BRITISH THRONE.



—FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD.

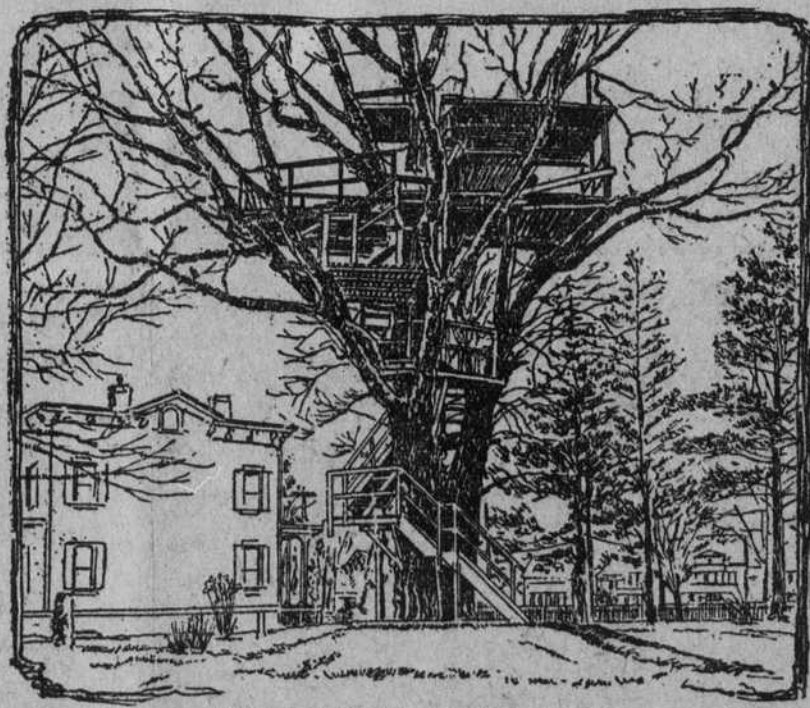
Astonishing influence is ascribed to Lord Escher, personal factotum of King Edward, by the latest gossip of London. His is the responsibility for the international sensation caused by the Kaiser's Tweedmouth letter. "Illegitimate influences at court" are made the subject of a startling attack in one of the leading English monthlies, the National Review, and constitute the sensation of the hour in London. Following, as it does, so soon after the revelations in Berlin of the evils of the Camerilla at the Court of the Kaiser, this article forms the all-absorbing topic of discussion in political and official circles, in clubland, not alone in the British metropolis, but also in Continental capitals, and in spite of the efforts of the party whips and of the leaders, both of the Government and of the opposition, as well as of the Speaker, the matter is likely to crop up at any moment in Parliament.

The charge of "illegitimate influences at court" has not been heard of in any reputable English print concerning a ruler of the British Empire for more than fifty or sixty years. But previous to that time it was a subject of constant denunciation as a crying evil.

### SLEEP IN A CITY TREE.

Flatbush Boy Makes His Summer Home in a Big Walnut.

Sleeping outdoors in a rudely constructed house erected among the branches of a high walnut tree in the heart of Flatbush a young Polytechnic Institute student has adopted a novel method of "getting near to nature." Last year he tried this method of outdoor life, starting in the early spring and continuing until the first real snowfall of the season.



THE BEDROOM IN THE TREE.

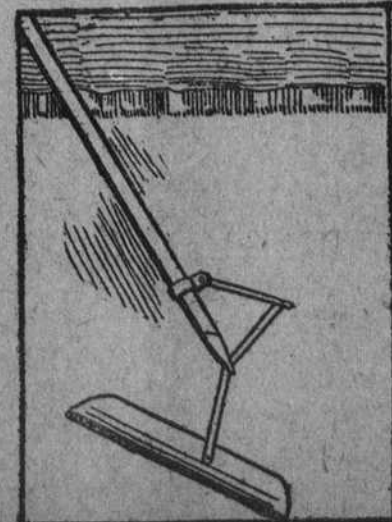
The "tree house," as the people in the neighborhood call it, is located on the lawn surrounding the home of Mrs. W. T. Lees, who lives at 1704 Flatbush avenue, near Avenue I, Flatbush. W. Thompson Lees is the tree dweller.

A wooden stairway winds around the tree's trunk leading to the single chamber above, allowing an easy ascent to be made. The entire structure is made of wood and was designed by young Lees and his chum, Vail Applegate, a freshman at Dartmouth College. The boys built the house a little more than two years ago, but it is only lately that they have converted it into a sleeping place.

At first their intention was simply to build a "crow's nest" where they could seclude themselves on rainy afternoons and when it was too hot for active exercise. The "crow's nest" did not prove to be large enough, so the boys added a large platform which forms what they call their piazza. This piazza is roomy enough for an ordinary sized dining room table and comfortably accommodates six or eight diners.

After Lees and Applegate had the house completed their parents took

work as rolling a peanut with a toothpick. In this ditch-cleaning shovel the shovel proper is rounded to correspond with the contour of the ditch, providing a convenient means of reaching dirt in the lower recesses of the ditch. The shovel is supported from the handle by an adjustable angle lever, it being possible to tilt the blade of the shovel at any desired angle.—Washington Star.



ditches. Cleaning a ditch with an ordinary shovel entails almost as much

## FUGITIVE WALKER BACK FROM MEXICO

New Britain Bank Defaulter Landed in San Diego, Cal.

### WAS PENNILESS WHEN CAUGHT

Charged With Taking \$541,882, the Aged Financier Now Declares That He is Innocent—Story of His Crimes and Wanderings.

San Diego, Cal.—Penniless and in well-worn but well-kept clothes, William F. Walker, who disappeared from New Britain, Conn., February 10, 1907, leaving, as treasurer of the New Britain Savings Bank, a shortage of over a half million dollars, was landed here from the steamer St. Denis. His long flight to prevent extradition from Mexico thus came to an end.

Walker was brought from Esenaga, Lower California, by T. F. Egan, Superintendent of the State Police of Connecticut, and Detective Hoffman, of the Pinkerton Agency. A large crowd gathered at the pier to see the prisoner landed, and there were many cameras pointed at the gangplank when he started ashore. But he kept his face hidden and was hurried into a cab by his two guards. He was driven to a restaurant, followed by the crowd.

Walker shows the heavy marks of his long incarceration. His hair and beard of yellow-gray are straggly, and his face is pasty white and heavily seamed. He had not a penny. When he was captured in the mountains of Lower California he had only \$1.01 in his clothes, and this has been spent.

After frequently declaring that he would have nothing to say to the newspapers, he finally made this statement:

"The fight is not yet over. I am an innocent man. I did not like my treatment in Mexico. All the money with which I left New Britain was my own. I have none left."

After leaving New Britain and sending a message to his wife that he had been killed in a trolley accident, signing a false name to the telegram, Walker went to Rhyolite, Nev., where, it is understood, he bought some property. He then came to San Diego, and from here went to Lower California, in Mexico.

The route for the trip East has not been decided on by Walker's guards. They expect, however, to have him in New Britain at the end of the week.

### Story of Walker's Crimes.

At the time of Walker's disappearance the books of the New Britain bank were being examined by the State Banking Department. His shortage was first estimated at \$640,000, but this figure was afterward reduced to \$541,882. Walker, the final figure of the Baptist Convention of Connecticut, amounting to \$50,000.

Walker, while a fugitive, sent a confession to the president of his bank, in which he said that the loss was occasioned by a bond swindle into which he had been inveigled by a former employee of a Wall Street firm of brokers. The swindlers, he alleged, got \$110,000 in cash at one time, and \$24,000 at another time. It was also reported that he had been victimized by a gang of wire-tappers in New York City, who took several thousands from him.

When captured on the other side of the Mexican boundary line Walker put up a stiff legal fight to prevent his extradition, and his case went to the highest courts of Mexico, the final decision being that he should be turned over to the United States and Connecticut authorities.

Hartford, Conn.—Wm. F. Walker, the defuncting treasurer of the Savings Bank of New Britain, who is expected to arrive here within a week, will probably spend the remainder of the summer in jail, after being taken before a Judge of the Superior Court on a bench warrant and made to plead.

He is not expected that he will be tried before fall.

### WOMAN POISONS BABIES.

Rector's Wife Also Takes Fatal Dose at Portsmouth, Va.

Portsmouth, Va.—Mrs. Brown, wife of the Rev. W. A. Brown, rector of the Episcopal Church at this place, and her two small children are in a dying condition at her home here as a result of the woman having fed poison to the two babies and then having taken carbolic acid herself with suicidal intent.

Mrs. Brown, prior to her marriage was a Miss Romey. Her family is said to be prominently connected in Alexandria, in which city she was socially well known in her girlhood days. No reason is assigned for this act of the young mother. Her marital relations have seemingly been happy. She went about her intention deliberately, however, poisoning the two children and quietly waiting until they were beyond human aid before taking the dose which will result in her own death.

### Thomas Kinney Dies in Manila.

Thomas Kinney, one of the leading lawyers of the Philippine Islands, died in Manila last night, following an attack of appendicitis. Mr. Kinney was born in Virginia and lived in New York before going to the islands.

### Overload Skiff, Two Drown.

Two men, Stephen Macley and William Goddard, were drowned and two others swam to safety at St. Mary's, W. Va., when a skiff in the Middle Island Creek sank under the weight of the load. The seven men were oil field workers of Newport, Ohio. They wanted to cross the creek, and, not finding the ferryman, at the wharf, started out in a small skiff.

### Spells Prosperity.

The July crop report is an excellent one and spells prosperity.

### Suicide on Brink of Niagara.

The body of Frederick A. Pochie, of Toronto, Canada, shot through the head, was found on the Second Sister Island. It was evident he was a suicide and had stood near the water's edge, possibly hoping he would tumble into the river and go over the falls. No cause for his act is known.

### School For Training Consuls.

A training school for newly appointed Consuls has been established at the State Department, Washington, D. C.

## The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 26.

Subject: Saul Rejected by the Lord. 1 Samuel 15—Golden Text, Josh. 24:24—Commit Verse 22—Read Chapters 13, 14—Commentary.

TIME.—A. D. 1091 B. C. PLACE.—Gilead.

EXPOSITION.—I. Samuel Rebukes King Saul, 13. God had created his purpose to make Saul king first to Samuel, and to Samuel God first revealed His purpose to depose Saul because of his disobedience. There was no other man in all Israel whom God could so trust and of whom He could make such a confident. Samuel grieved greatly at Jehovah's rejection of Saul. He spent the whole night in tears and prayer (v. 11), but he rose early to perform the duty that God had put upon him, unwilling as it was. He will deliver God's message and deliver it at once. I. Samuel greets Samuel with a great parade of the sheep and the oxen, the bleeding oxen betrayed Saul's falsehood. There is no use trying to hide our sins (Prov. 28:13; Nu. 32:23). The only way to get our sins covered out of the sight of man is to open them to the gaze of God (Ps. 32:1-5). I. Samuel greets Saul with a great parade of obedience Saul says "I" and "we," in all that had to do with disobedience Saul says "they" and "the people." It is always the other fellow that is to blame, but if it is a question of credit, that belongs to us. The good construction of his vilest deeds. Saul would make an act of grossest disobedience to be an act of devotion. It is not uncommon for rebels against the holy will of God to decorate the gratification of their lust with the name of religion. What Saul and the people really spared the cattle, evident (vs. 9 and 10). To give a part of one's ill-gotten wealth to the service of God will not set one's disobedience right with God (vs. 22, 23). Samuel did not venture to do so. He was the thought of his actions. He did something infinitely better, he told him what God Himself had said. Saul listened. Samuel always commanded respectful attention, because men had learned that he spoke not in his own mind but in the name of God. He was first to recall to Saul's mind the wonderful grace of God towards him. The Bible constantly enforces our duty towards God and our guilt in disobeying God by bringing to our attention God's goodness towards us. It was when Saul was humble, when he was little in his own eyes, that God exalted him (Lu. 14:11). Jehovah had appointed him to the very first place, and he had repaid God by gross disobedience. What ingratitude! But not so great as ours when we disobey the God who has made us His own heirs. Saul's commission was to destroy the Amalekites "utterly." The Amalekites were a type of the flesh, and God will have no mercy on the flesh. It must be put to death, the death of the cross (Gal. 2:20; 3:13). Many a professed Christian deals with the flesh just as Saul dealt with Amalek. God sets them aside just as He set Saul aside. Samuel sweeps away all Saul's sophistries with a single question, "Why didst thou not obey the voice of the LORD when he said, 'I have obeyed'?"

II. Saul's Worthless Excuse, 20-23. Saul put on a very bold face and stoutly asserted that he had "obeyed the voice of the LORD." He hoped to be himself out of his difficulty.

He failed lamentably. He had many imitators, but none ever succeed. Before God got through with Saul he was forced to say "I have sinned" (v. 30). Every sinner has to come to this point sooner or later. The sooner he comes to it the better. One should never disobey God, but if one does, the thing to do is to make a clean breast of it at once. Saul admits that the sheep and the oxen should have been utterly destroyed, but again says that it was the people who had spared "the chief of them, and that too with a good purpose, 'to sacrifice unto the LORD.'"

Then he adds, with the vain hope of conciliating Samuel, "thy God." If Saul had been as cunning as some of our modern scholars who find something incorrect in the word of God, he would have told Samuel, "I do not believe in a deadly literalism in interpreting the word of God. I have kept the spirit of God's command, even if not the very letter." Many in our own day are seeking to substitute the invention for simple obedience to the plain commands of God. God does not ask us to invent, but to hearken and obey. Witchcraft (in all its forms) and "idolatry and Teraphim" are exceedingly hateful to God, but "idolatry and 'idolatry' are just as hateful. All disobedience to what God has said is 'rebellion' and 'stubbornness.' There was just one cause of Saul's ruin, he had 'rejected the word of the LORD.'"

### Brand Stays on Oleo.

The controversy between the dairy interests and the manufacturers of oleomargarine has been settled by the Secretary of Agriculture after a hearing of both sides. The decision is in favor