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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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London, Friday, Jan. 16.

Desperate Remedies

By Thomas Hardy,

AUTHOR OF "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES," "THE TRUMPET-MAJOR," ETC.

Owen reached the church door before the bells began chiming. Nobody was yet in the church, and he walked round the aisles. From Cytherea's frequent description of how and where to look for Manston's seat and after two or three errors of examination he took up a prayer-book in which was written "Eunice Manston." The book was nearly new, and the date of the writing about a month earlier. One point was at any rate established: that the woman living with Manston was presented to the world as no other than his lawful wife.

The villagers of Carriford did not require a pew-opener in their place of worship; natives and indwellers had their own seats, and strangers sat where they could. Graye took a seat in the nave, on the north side, close behind a pillar dividing it from the north aisle, which was completely allotted to Miss Aldclyffe, her farmers, and her retainers, Manston's pew being in the midst of them. Owen's position on the other side of the passage was a little in advance of Manston's seat, and so situated that by leaning forward he could look directly into the face of any person sitting there, though, if he sat upright, he was wholly hidden from such one by the intervening pillar.

Aiming to keep his presence unknown to Manston, if possible, Owen sat, without once turning his head during the entrance of the congregation. A rustling of silk round the north passage and into Manston's seat, told him that some woman had entered there, and as it seemed from the accompaniment of heavier footsteps, Manston was with her.

Immediately upon rising up, he looked intently in that direction, and saw a lady standing at the end of the seat nearest himself. Portions of Manston's figure appeared on the other side of her. In two glances Graye read thus many of her characteristics, and in the following order:

She was a tall woman.
She was broad at the shoulders.
She was full-chested.

She was easily recognizable from the photograph; but nothing could be discerned of the color of her eyes.

With a preoccupied mind he withdrew into his nook, and heard the service continued—only conscious of the fact that in opposition to the suspicion which one odd circumstance had bred in his sister concerning this woman, all ostensible and ordinary proofs and probabilities tended to the opposite conclusion. There sat the genuine original of the portrait—could he wish for more? Cytherea wished for more. Eunice Manston's eyes were blue, and it was necessary that this woman's eyes should be blue also.

Unskilled labor wastes in beating against the bars ten times the energy exerted by the practiced hand in the effective direction. Owen felt this to be the case in his own and Edward's attempts to follow up the clue afforded them. Think as he might, he could not think of a crucial test in the matter absorbing him, which should possess the indispensible attribute—a capability of being applied privately, that in the event of its proving the lady to be the rightful owner of the name she used, he might recede without obloquy from an untenable position.

But to see Mrs. Manston's eyes from where he sat was impossible, and he could do nothing in the shape of a direct examination at present. Miss Aldclyffe had possibly recognized him, but Manston had not, and feeling that it was indispensible to keep the purport of his visit a secret from the steward, he thought it would be as well, too, to keep his presence in the village a secret from him; at any rate, till the day was over.

At the first opening of the doors, Graye left the church and wandered away into the fields to ponder on another scheme. He could not call upon Farmer Springrove, as he had intended, until this matter was set at rest. Two hours intervened between the morning and afternoon services.

This time had nearly expired before Owen had struck out any line as to his method of proceeding, or could decide to run the risk of calling at the old house and asking to see Mrs. Manston point-blank. But he had drawn near the place, and was standing still in the public path, from which a partial view of the front of the building could be obtained, when the bells began chiming for the afternoon service. Whilst Graye paused, two persons came from the front door of the half-hidden building, whom he presently saw to be Manston and his wife. Manston was wearing his old garden hat, and carried one of the monthly magazines under his arm. Immediately they had passed the gateway he branched off and went over the hill in a direction away from the church, evidently intending to ramble along, and read as the humor moved him. The lady meanwhile turned the other direction, and went into the church path.

Owen resolved to make something of this opportunity. He hurried along towards the church, doubled round a sharp angle, and came back upon the other path, by which Mrs. Manston must arrive.

In about three minutes she appeared in sight without a veil. He discovered, as she drew nearer, a difficulty which had not struck him at first—that it is not an easy matter to particularize the color of a stranger's eyes in a merely casual encounter on a path out of doors. That Mrs. Manston must be brought close to him, and not only so, but to look closely at him, if his purpose were to be accomplished.

He shaped a plan. It might by chance be effectual; if otherwise, it would not reveal his intention to her. When Mrs. Manston was within speaking distance, he went up to her and said:

"Will you kindly tell me which turning will take me to Troominster?"

"The second on the right," said Mrs. Manston.

Owen put on a blank look; he held his hand to his ear—conveying to the lady the idea that he was deaf.

She came closer and said more distinctly: "The second turning on the right."

Owen flushed a little. He fancied he had beheld the revelation he was in search of. But had his eyes deceived him.

Once more he used the ruse, still drawing nearer, and imitating by a glance that the trouble he gave her was very distressing to him.

"How very deaf!" she murmured. She exclaimed loudly:

"The second turning to the right."

She had advanced her face to within a foot of his own, and in speaking mouthed very emphatically, fixing her eyes intently upon his. And now his first suspicion was indubitably confirmed. Her eyes were black as midnight.

All this feigning was most distasteful to Graye. The riddle having been solved, he unconsciously assumed his natural look before she had withdrawn her face. She found him to be peering at her as if he would read her very soul—expressing by his eyes the notification of which, apart from emotion, the eyes are more capable than any other—inquiry.

Her face changed its expression—then its color. The natural tint of the lighter portions sank to an ashy gray. The pink of her cheeks grew purpler. It was the precise result which would remain after blood had left the face of one whose skin was dark, and artificially coated with pearl powder and carmine.

She turned her head and moved away, murmuring a hasty reply to Owen's farewell remark of "Good-day," and with a kind of a nervous twitch lifting her hand and smoothing her hair, which was of a light-brown color.

"She wears false hair," he thought, or has changed its color artificially. Her true hair matched her eyes."

And now, in spite of what Mr. Brown's neighbors had said about nearly recognizing Mrs. Manston on her recent visit—which might have meant anything or nothing; in spite of the photograph, and in spite of his previous incredulity; in consequence of the verse, of her silence and back wardness at the visit to Hoxton with Manston, and of her appearance and distress at the present moment, Graye had a conviction that the woman was an impostor.

What could be Manston's reason for such an astounding trick he could by no stretch of imagination divine.

He changed his direction as soon as the woman was out of sight, and plodded along the lanes homeward to Palchurch.

One new idea was suggested to him by his desire to allay Cytherea's dread of being claimed, and by the difficulty of believing that the first Mrs. Manston lost her life as supposed, notwithstanding the inquest and verdict. Was it possible that the real Mrs. Manston, who was known to be a Philadelphian by birth, had returned by the train to London, as the porter had said, and then left the country under an assumed name to escape the worst kind of widowhood—the misery of being wedded to a fickle, faithless, and truant husband?

* * * * * *

To her complicated distress at the news brought by her brother, Cytherea's thoughts at length reverted to her friend, the rector of Carriford. She told Owen of Mr. Raunham's warm-hearted behavior towards herself, and of his strongly expressed wish to aid her.

(To be Continued.)

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GOD'S CARE OF ELIJAH.*

BY THE REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

The author of the Book of Kings is unknown. Out of what materials he prepared his history, at what time he wrote it, are also undetermined questions. Moreover, Bible scholars are not agreed fully how the story of Elijah is to be regarded. The authors of the "Scriptures Hebrew and Christian"† classify the stories relative to Elijah with Hebrew literature. Dean Stanley apparently agrees with them in this classification. According to this view the stories relative to Elijah might be regarded as the stories which have grown up about the great characters of early Roman and early Anglo-Saxon history, in which it is often impossible to distinguish history from legend, so are they interwoven together. If we regard the stories respecting Elijah as strictly authentic history, there is still a difference among scholars respecting the proper interpretation of the stories with which we have to do in this lesson. Kitto suggests in his "Bible Illustrations" that the Hebrew word rendered "ravens" may have signified Arabs or possibly Orebim, inhabitants of a hypothetical Oreb.‡ The "Bible Commentary" recognizes this as a not improbable rendering, and it is also that of Jerome; but it is condemned as improbable by Keil, Geikie, Kitto's "Bible Dictionary" and Smith's "Bible Dictionary." If we turn to the other incident we are left equally in the dark as to details. In one way the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil were kept supplied we are not told. This is left to our imagination to supply or to be left unsupplied as we will.

It does not seem to me vital, nor indeed possible, to arrive at any positive determination of these questions. The incidents are too remote in the past for positive knowledge as to their historical character, nor does the significance of the story for us depend upon the interpretation which in these respects we put upon it. Whatever God may have done for Elijah nine centuries before Christ, no one supposes that now he will feed the exiled preacher by means of birds, or miraculously supply the closet of the widow who makes the preacher her guest. It is enough for us to know that both Elijah and his host were provided for in a time of famine, and to find in this provision illustration of the truth well stated in the words selected for the Golden Text for this lesson, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Imagine, then, the kingdom of Israel under an apostate king, who has abandoned all loyalty to Jehovah, the God of righteousness, has thrown down his altars and slain his prophets and driven the faithful to hide in caves from religious persecution, and who has himself turned, and sought to compel all Israel to turn, to the worship of Baal, the god of mere power and productiveness, the personification and deification of nature. To him suddenly appears, coming out of the unknown, the rough, hirsute prophet with this message: "It shall be proved to you whether nature or God is God; for that nature which you worship, and in which you trust, under the name of Baal, shall cease its benefactions. Her productiveness shall come to an end, and all the land shall be famine stricken and famine cursed." Then, as suddenly as he appears, the prophet disappears, striding away out of the king's sight, and the king searches the land for him in vain. For awhile the exiled prophet finds a refuge by the banks of one of the tributaries of the Jordan, the site of which, unknown then to Ahab, remains unknown to us to this day. Whether the ravens, or the Arabians, or some neighboring villagers having childlike reverence and affection for the prophet, are the almoners of God's bounty is not material. He is fed. If by a miracle, that miracle does not extend to the brook, for its waters are presently dried up by the famine. Then he takes his staff and crosses the land of Israel, over the hills of Lebanon, into that land of Phœnicia from which the Baal worship had come, and enters the village of Zarephath overlooking the plain where dwells a widow of the same race as Israel's heathen and cruel king. "She had come out of the gate of the town to gather sticks, as she thought, for her last meal; and, as she gathered them, she heard the voice of one faint and weary with thirst and long travel. 'Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink.' She saw and turned, and once again he asked, 'Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand.'"§ Though she has in her house food enough only for a day's meal for herself and her son, she shares it with the prophet of God, whose character she recognizes, by that same instinctive faith by which, so many years after, another Syro-Phœnician woman recognized the presence of a prophet greater than Elijah, and till the close of the famine Elijah lives with her, and "the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail." It is by no means the only instance in history in which giving has increased the store of the giver, and the blessing has returned to bless him who bestowed it.

The lessons of the incidents are as simple as the incidents themselves, and history neither miraculous nor legendary gives those lessons abundant attestation.

1. On the very threshold of the narrative we are met with that lesson which Christ afterwards phrased in the counsel to his disciples to "consider the birds of the air how they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The story of Elijah, interpret it as we may, affords us a beautiful illustration of this truth, that God provides for those who give themselves to his service. It is the same truth which finds illustration in the home of Mary and Martha at Bethany, where was sheltered and cared for the Christ, who had not of his own where to lay his head; in Paul's experience, rejoicing in the provision made for his wants while a prisoner at Rome, by the remembrances and gifts of his Philippian friends; in the lives of innumerable preachers who, giving up the ordinary avenues of wealth and ambition, find their lives adequately if not abundantly provided for, while they, freed from the cares and anxieties of business life, give themselves to the delightful service of love; in notable historic cases as in Mueller's hospital, built by faith, or our own Dwight L. Moody, whose unsalaried life, consecrated to the service of God, with no organization behind him pledged to his support, has brought forth such fruits as the schools at Northfield and the church and the lay preachers' seminary at Chicago. By the side of these evidences of the power of God to feed the prophets who trust in him, the miracle of the ravens by the brook Cherith is dwarfed into comparative insignificance.

2. Nor less notable is the illustration afforded by the other incident, of the truth that he who receives a prophet, in the name of a prophet, receives a prophet's reward. We are accustomed to honor the great teachers, the great revealers of truth, from Moses, earliest and first, to such men of our own time as Frederick D. Maurice, Horace Bushnell and Henry Ward Beecher. But the honor is due rather to the spirit of fidelity, of courage, of service, than to the intellectual genius which in these men accompanied spiritual gifts. To perceive the prophet, to recognize the message when it is delivered, to receive and welcome it, to cast in one's lot with him who bears it, to risk something for the sake of it, to communicate of one's store according to one's ability for the maintenance of the prophet and the prosecution of his work, is to share his glory and his reward. In every faithful preacher of the gospel, his whole congregation are truly preaching. Through him they speak, as through Elijah this unknown widow of Phœnicia has spoken, through all the ages; and they that receive the prophet in the name of the prophet, receive with him his gifts and graces. Between the silent partner and the speaking partner in Christ's Church, Christ knows no difference.

3. One other lesson we might perhaps not have recognized if Christ had not, in that memorable sermon of his in Nazareth* made it clear to us. In God's kingdom neither race nor what we call religion is regarded as a bar to his mercies. The kingdom which gives to Israel Jezebel, gives also the host who preserves the life and provides for the needs of Israel's great prophet. "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." This truth, which we are slow to see, which even now makes Protestants blind to Christian graces in their Roman Catholic neighbors, and Roman Catholics blind to Christian graces in their Protestant neighbors, appears and reappears in the Scripture narrative from the days when Melchizedek flits across the stage as a prophet of God, down to the time of Paul's proclamation of Catholicity, which includes alike Jew and Gentile in the favor of God, if by patient continuance in well-doing they seek for glory and honor.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 18, 1891.—I Kings, xvii., 1-16.

†Scriptures Hebrew and Christian. Arranged and edited as an Introduction to the Study of the Bible, by Edward T. Bartlett, D.D., and John P. Peters, Ph.D., Professors in the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia. (New York: Putnam's Sons.)

‡Going again over the list of alternatives, that of Arabs instead of ravens is probably the one that persons free from any previous bias would spontaneously select as most probable.—[Kitto's "Bible Illustrations," vol. IV., page 219.]

§Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church,' Lecture 30, page 329.

*Luke iv., 25-26.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Interesting Crop Reports from the Michigan State Department.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 16.—The Michigan crop report for January says:

The average price of wheat Jan. 1, 1891, was 89 cents per bushel; of corn, 56 cents, and of oats, 44 cents, and the average price of hay was $7 71 per ton.

The average price of fat cattle was $2 75 per cwt.; of fat hogs, $3 22, and of dressed pork, $4 32.

The average price of each class of horses was as follows: Under 1 year old, $35 31; between 1 and 2 years old, $57 11; between 2 and 3 years old, $82 04; 3 years old and over, $111 16.

Milch cows were worth $25 03 per head. Cattle other than milch cows under 1 year old were worth per head, $6 82; between 1 and 2 years old, $12 22; between 2 and 3, $18 90, and 3 years old and over, $26 25.

The average price of sheep under 1 year old was $2 62, and 1 year old and over, $3 46; and hogs under 1 year old were worth $5 53, and 1 year old and over $6 94.

Compared with one year ago there is an increase in the price of wheat, corn and oats, of fat cattle of each class of cattle other than milch cows, and of sheep, and a loss in the price of hay, of fat and dressed hogs, of each class of horses and of milch cows.

The farm statistics for 1889-90, returned last spring by supervisors, furnish the following statistics of crops of 1889: Clover seed harvested, 274,925 acres, 375,612 bushels; potatoes raised, 140,790 acres, 11,633,269 bushels; hay cut, 1,465,755 acres, 1,692,349 tons.

The number of apiarists in the State in the spring of 1890 was 5,903. The number of colonies of bees on hand in the fall of 1889 was 77,602. In 1889 68,440 colonies produced 1,192,112 pounds of comb honey, and 23,349 colonies produced 271,564 pounds of extracted honey. The number of pounds of beeswax made in 1889 was 9,625. Compared with the statistics of the previous year there is an increase of 1,446 in the number of apiarists, of 23,744 in the number of colonies on hand in the fall. The quantity of comb honey produced in 1889 was 632,310 pounds greater than reported for 1888, and the quantity of extracted honey was 173,964 pounds greater in the latter than in the former year.

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