



WE call our sorrows destiny, but ought,

Rather to name our souls successes so.

Only the instincts of great souls are Fate,

And have predestined sway; all other things

Except by leave of us, could never be.

For Destiny is but the breath of God

Still moving in us.

J. R. Lovell

The Domestic Adventures

By Joshua Daskam Bacon

(Continued from last week)

"SURELY I've told you about her," said Chloe. "She is so funny, and Anna is wild with rage at losing her, but she is really too impossible—the other servants complain. Satterlee called her the Penitentiary Paragon, because Anna is sure she has served at least one term behind the bars; but sometimes he calls her the Terrible Treasure, and I think that's best, myself—the Terrible Treasure! She is a Swede, and she can do anything in the world, from hair dressing to milking a cow. Anna got her as a supplementary maid to fill in anywhere upstairs, and help the butler in the country—her second man won't go to the beach, you know; he says it makes him melancholy. Well, one night the cook was sick, and Maria got a delicious dinner. The next time the butler didn't get back in time, and she served a whole luncheon party beautifully. Another time Satterlee had to get the Chicago Limited, if it killed him, and there wasn't a car that could be used, and not a man about that could harness a horse. And Maria went out and harnessed one in four minutes."

"Dear me," said Sabina, looking at her watch, "it seems a distinct waste of good material to keep such a versatile artist in a household presumably full of specialists. It is humble homes like ours that need that sort of ability."

"Goodness gracious!" Chloe burst out, gurgling again. "To think of Maria in a humble home like ours! What would she say?" And she looked solemnly at me.

"What is the matter with her?" I inquired rather coldly. I object as much as most people to being considered narrow-minded.

"It is easier to tell you what isn't," she replied. "That's what I heard Anna say to a friend who asked about her. 'She has never killed any of us,' said Anna, and Satterlee says that he doesn't believe she ever coveted her neighbor's wife, nor his ox, nor his ass. He says if she wanted 'em, she wouldn't waste time coveting 'em—she'd go and get 'em'."

"Dear, dear!" said Sabina.

"As for the rest of the Commandments," Chloe continued, "Satterlee said it was merely amiable weakness to speak of Maria's breaking them; he said she'd pulverized them."

"She seems to have impressed Mr. Stuyvesant," Sabina suggested, pushing away her chair.

"I should say she had," Chloe returned. "In the first place, she drank—Satterlee's pet sherry. In the second place, she smoked—his special cigarette, made and imported for him; he thinks she took cigars, too. In the third place, she taught Anna's maid, the second man, and the best machinist Satterlee ever had, to play bridge, and then won all their money away

from them. Wasn't that terrible?" "Very," said Sabina, dryly; "it must have shocked Mr. Stuyvesant unpeakably."

"Oh, well," Chloe murmured, rising from the table, "you know very well, Sabina, one can't have one's own servants."

"Certainly not," Sabina agreed. "There must be some members of the household who don't play bridge day and night—I quite understand."

Chloe gurgled reminiscently. "Satterlee wanted to go down and play with them," she added; "he thought he might get some ideas from Maria's play, but Anna wouldn't let him—she said the experiment might be too expensive."

After Chloe had left the dining room I glanced casually at Sabina.

"I wonder if an insight into the domestic difficulties of the wealthy necessarily enables one to steer clear of them?" I inquired. "If Chloe does marry Mr. Van Ness she will be more able to cope with a butler, for instance, than most girls who have never been addicted to one from infancy. Don't you think so?"

Sabina was going over Pluto carefully, with a view to possible sulphur, and did not look up.

"She won't marry him," she said briefly. "Something in her tone vexed me."

"I know we don't agree on that subject," I replied obstinately, "but you must remember that I have had better opportunities than you for unprejudiced observation. Where Mr. Van Ness is concerned, I have watched

him, while you were occupied with talking to him. If you had been here the day Chloe did the brandied peaches—"

"My dear," said Sabina, still studying Pluto, "I assure you that Chloe is not going to marry Mr. Van Ness. Really."

That was all; she gave me no further explanation, and I did not ask for any. When Sabina uses that tone there is no doubt in the listener's mind.

I suppose he wrote to Chloe—it is like him, in some ways—and then told Sabina himself, afterward, when he got his answer. And of course he would not care to come now, and of course Chloe had to make her choice sooner or later. She is a healthy normal girl, after all, and she clings to youth if left to its natural instincts. I have been exaggerating the child's worldly wisdom, and Sabina knew her better, after all.

Indeed, I do not wonder that Sabina feels she knows her better than she knows me just now. To tell the truth, I am not quite sure, myself, why I acted as I did a week ago, and neither of my family could have been more amazed than I was at the promptness and decision, not to mention success of my unexpected course.

I don't remember exactly what I said when Sabina told me about Chloe's decision, but I am quite sure it was something about its being the most natural and pleasant thing for both of them, and Mr. Ordan's income being not so tiny after all—a clever lawyer always has a good chance.

"And Chloe has had an opportunity to study housekeeping on a moderate income, too," I added, "so she is not accepting her lot blindly."

Sabina agreed, with a distinct air

"I know all about Maria," I replied evenly. (Why is it that people will persist in regarding me as likely to be shocked more easily than the average person? Is it because my eyes are gray and rather far apart? As we have no fine sherries, nor imported cigarettes, nor other servants for her to gamble with, it seems to me that with fewer temptations than a menage like yours affords her she will have fewer opportunities for crime. She has so many and such varied talents that it is really a pity to waste them in a house with a large staff of servants, don't you think so?)

There was a longer pause than I have ever known in any conversation in which Anna Stuyvesant takes part. Finally she said very cordially:

"Do you know, I think you have more sporting blood than they think? It seems rather startling, at first, but as you say—And she can do anything—absolutely anything—her maid is frightfully jealous of her, and that's the real reason I have to send her away. She watched my hair being done once, and then did it beautifully for me when Helene bruised her finger in the door. But would she come, wouldn't you? You know they won't usually."

"You might ask her," I suggested calmly.

(Continued next week)

The Upward Look

And He said unto me, My strength is sufficient for thee; for My wrath is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.—2 Corinthians 12, 9.

How glorious a message is that to all who are weak, either in mind or body. The world is so inclined to judge us by what we are and not by what we would like to be, we are apt to feel that the Lord may judge us in the same light. When we see others around us performing great deeds in God's vineyard the pain we play seems so insignificant and unimportant as to hardly deserve to receive God's notice.

When such thoughts trouble us we should remember that God's indomitable is entirely different from that of man. He reads our inmost thoughts. He knows our secret desires and aspirations. He knows how much we long to please Him. Even when our efforts to please Him seem most helpless and useless to us He realizes our weakness. If we will but ask Him He will willingly make His strength perfect in us.

To the invalid, laid upon a bed of suffering, it may seem as though God did not want the services that would be given Him so joyfully did strength permit. And yet, those services may not be the ones God needs most. It may be His desire that we shall reveal His strength in us by being so patient, and kind and uncomplaining to those around us as to reveal to them a new vision of God's power and love. How often it is that those upon whom the hand of God appears to rest the most heavily are those who have the finest Christian characters. Their sufferings have been the means of drawing out all that is best in them as fire purifies gold. Paul realized this. That was what enabled him to glorify in his infirmities. Let us remember, therefore, that when we feel most helpless and useless God has promised to us. What a wonderful comfort we may derive from God's word if we will only have faith and be content to leave the fashioning of our lives in His hands, remembering that all things work together for good to them that love God.—H. N.

Renew Your Subscription Now.