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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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When Dick Came Home

He Discovers His Mistake.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dr. Mansfield stood in the doorway and beamed kindly upon the merry dancers who were tripping over the polished floor. It was Ella's birthday, and this dance given by the doctor for his adopted daughter had been talked about in Shropton for many weeks beforehand. Ella herself, tall and fair, with restless blue eyes, that seemed always seeking Dick Allen when he was not beside her, was dancing with Frank Miller. Frank would gladly have married the doctor's pretty daughter, but every one knew that she was only waiting for Dick Allen to make up his mind.

Her roving eyes saw Beth Page smiling up at Dick's downcast face. The two were standing together—Dick so tall and Beth so tiny and so very charming in spite of her cheap, home-made dancing frock, which had cost twenty times less than Ella's rose pink crape.

Beth was saying something now in her frank, open manner. "You haven't danced once with Ella, and it is her party, Dick."

"I'm going now," he said guiltily. "Save another one for me, Beth."

"You've had your share," she retorted as he moved away.

Ella greeted him with a haughty tilt of her chin, and when he asked her to dance she shook her head. "You are too late, Dick," she said coldly, although her voice was very near to tears.

"Then you will talk with me until some one comes and takes you away?" he urged, for now he was under the magic sway of her beauty.

"I cannot, but I have the supper dance. I saved it for you, Dick," she cried hastily.

"For me? Oh, you have honored me!" he cried contritely. And he was so remorseful that he would not go near Beth until after supper.

Dr. Mansfield, watching his young people, saw Ella's unhappy face and wished in his blundering way that he could help matters along. He liked Dick and would gladly have welcomed him into the family. He wondered why Dick was holding back the important question.

Dick himself was wondering that while he danced the supper dance with Ella and afterward led her into the dining room, where supper was spread at a great round table with many little flanking tables.

The birthday cake was placed before Ella, and when the time came she was to cut it.

"There is a ring in it and a thimble and a coin," she told Dick.

"A ring? What does that signify?" he asked carelessly.

"Oh, a wedding for the lucky finder."

"And the coin?"

"Riches."

"And the thimble?"

"Spinsterhood—alas!" she sighed.

Now Ella was cutting the cake. There was much laughter and gay chatter. Dick noticed that she watched the slices closely as they fell beneath the silver knife.

He saw the ring in its twisted waxed paper plainly imbedded in the cake. Ella saw it too. The silver knife poised, trembled and then went swiftly over to the other side of the loaf and began to cut.

Dick felt dizzy for a moment, and then he was glad that he had seen it in time.

Ella had cheated. She had seen the ring and was saving it for herself. All the while Dick was shocked he was thinking that Beth Page never would have done such a thing. Beth would have taken whatever luck came along and gone blithely on her way.

"What is the matter?" Ella's voice broke through the gale of merriment about him.

"Why—why—nothing," he stammered.

"Why don't you look happy?" asked Ella. "Don't you see what has happened?"

Dick looked at the bit of waxed paper in one of her hands and the sparkling sapphire ring on her right hand.

"I drew the ring!" she exclaimed.

"You drew the ring," he repeated stupidly.

"And Frank Miller drew the coin. Frank will be rich!"

"And the thimble?" he asked, not because he cared, but because he was trying to readjust his thoughts. Ella had cheated, and he had thought he loved her.

Now he felt only contempt for her and pity.

"The thimble," she was saying carelessly. "Oh, Beth Page drew the thimble! Isn't it odd that she should draw the symbol of spinsterhood just when she is going to marry Frank Miller?"

At least that is what every one says. The next day Dick went away. A good opening had been waiting for him in a nearby city, and he had delayed accepting it because he had been playing with Love. And now that Love had flouted him he was going away where amid new scenes he might forget. Ella had proved herself a cheat, and Beth was going to marry another man.

a lover of adventure. So he was. But the idea of a rescue of a woman from the Russian government was so wild, so innately near the impossible, that for a time it never entered his head. When it did it was banished, but to return and keep returning till it occurred to him that he possessed one element of success that was not to be despised, especially in Russia. He had plenty of money, and Russian officials were amenable to bribery. No sooner did the fact present itself to him than he gave himself up to concocting a plan by which he might assist Lisa Dmitrievna to escape from Kara.

A prominent American journalist had some years previously obtained permission from the Russian government to inspect the Kara prison and write a report of the treatment of the prisoners there. It occurred to Champlin that such permission would be of great help to him. Since his efforts were to be entirely dependent upon the use of money he thought he might as well begin at once. But this first move was independent of bribery. He from whom permission must be given was of the imperial blood, and to attempt to bribe him might spoil everything.

Champlin went to England and bought a newspaper. Immediately its columns contained bitter attacks upon the Russian government for the treatment of prisoners at Kara. Champlin saw to it that these articles were largely copied, and he employed persons to send clippings to the czar. It was not long before a protest was sent to his paper by the official charged with the administration of prisons. The editor of the paper wrote that if permission were given a representative to inspect the prisoners of Kara an article would appear in the journal giving a true account of what he saw.

It was a happy day for the American when the desired permit came. He had meanwhile been gathering funds for corrupting prison officials and had all he wanted. Having converted a sufficient amount into Russian money, he started for Siberia.

It is questionable if Champlin would have been able to make even a beginning had he not been favored by fortune. Lisa's father was a trusted officer of the czar. His daughter had not been convicted of assassination or intended assassination. She was in league with revolutionists and had been caught in suspicious actions. These facts enabled the general to obtain for his daughter a transfer to what is called the Free Command, which means that those confined there live in huts instead of prisons and are in so far their own masters.

While Champlin was being shown over the prisons—they had been put in the best possible shape for the inspection—he was keeping an eye open for his purpose. When he learned that Lisa had been transferred to the Free Command his heart beat high with hope. He at once expressed a desire to inspect this portion of the institution and was given permission to do so. On his arrival there Lisa's cabin was pointed out to him, and, going to the door, he knocked. A woman keeper answered the summons, and upon his showing an order to inspect any portion of the institution he was admitted. Lisa was sitting at a window sewing. She looked up at the visitor and recognized him at once, but he did not change countenance himself, and she restrained hers.

"I desire to question this prisoner," he said to the keeper, "she being free to tell me what I wish to know."

The woman read his permit carefully, then went into the other of the two rooms which composed the cabin and shut the door. Champlin, having satisfied himself, or rather, Lisa having assured him, that he was not spied upon, spoke freely in a low tone. Lisa, overwhelmed that he should have come to Kara in her interest, seized his hand and kissed it. But that time should not be lost he proceeded at once to question her with a view to laying a plan for her escape.

His first query was, "Can your keeper be bribed?" Lisa told him that she could if the bribe were large enough. If she permitted Lisa to escape, she remaining, it would go hard with her. She must be paid for that.

Presently Champlin went into the room where the woman was, and when he came out he had left with her 40,000 rubles (\$20,000), which she at once buried under the floor of the hut. For this she was to resign her position, stating that she desired to go to her home in Russia.

Leaving the hut, Champlin visited the officer in charge of the entrance to the Kara establishment.

"Colonel," he said, "one of the keepers in the Free Command has resigned her position and desires to return with me to Russia. I fear you may think that I am taking a prisoner instead. Lest you should feel bound to delay me till the matter can be investigated, I leave with you a little present contained in this package."

The colonel took the package into another room, examined it and found a hundred thousand rubles. His eyes stood out of his head, but when he returned to Champlin he merely said: "I will not delay you."

The next day the journalist completed his inspection, and in the morning, just before break of day, he drove out of the prison yard with Lisa's keeper, thickly veiled. As soon as they were out of sight and hearing the woman's veil was thrown off, and Lisa sprang into her preserver's arms.

A few months later Fred Champlin appeared among his friends in America with a Russian wife. But he did not dare tell that he had taken her from the Free Command of the Kara mines. There is no extradition treaty for political prisoners between the United States and Russia. But both Fred and Lisa felt easier at not publishing the fact that she was wanted in Siberia.

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Out of the War.

"Through its destruction of men and monuments the war has given to surviving Europeans more ruggedness and firmer character and a realization of the fact that it is dangerous to bury oneself in a past that the present has set about abolishing, and that a settled state of mind tends to form prejudices, and to become old faster than the nation itself. But there remain to us a sufficient number of traces of our ancient glory—traces sometimes painfully shattered and for that reason all the more precious—to permit us to find in the past a criterion and a point of comparison for our new enterprises. The deserted cottage is loved all the more when we return to it. The field that has been made barren by a thunderous rain of steel will be cultivated with even more perseverance for its having been for a time a waste. The mutilated cathedrals predispose one to a firmer faith. On visiting our battlefields and sojourning in our shattered cities, which recovery will quickly make more prosperous, you will better understand what good fruit lies in traditions that upheld and comforted us when the present appeared to hold only ruin and disaster."—Jules Bois, in the February Century.

High-priced Eggs.

The Hamilton Patriotic Fund had one unique contribution. Twelve dozen eggs were delivered at headquarters, with some verses by a Canadian hen, stating that she was unable to go herself, but felt she ought to do her bit. These were auctioned off by Robert Hobson in dozens, and realized \$291, some dozens lots bringing the fabulous price, even in these times of high prices, of \$30.

No New Slang.

There is no new slang under the sun. Those "characteristic Americanisms" such as "take it from me," "the real stuff," "piker," "sure thing," and so on, have been traced to Sheridan, Thackeray, Smollett, Dickens, and others, and are in common use in Great Britain, while there appears to be little question that Aristophanes was the first to use the expression, "We take the cake."

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—First Quarter, For Feb. 18, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John iv, 43-54. Memory Verses, 49-51—Golden Text, Matt. viii, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The story of today is called the second miracle in Galilee, and it was wrought at the same place as the first, in Cana of Galilee. Verses 46, 54, compare chapter ii, 2, 11. At the marriage he manifested forth His glory, and it was on a third day (chapter ii, 1, 11), and I must confess to a special delight in working out the third day and the glory of kingdom veins of truth in the Scriptures, believing that it is only as the glory of His kingdom takes hold of us that we shall be the faithful followers we ought to be in this present evil age. It would seem from verses 43, 46, that this was another third day event, though it is just possible that there may have been an interval of a day or two between the two verses, but I think not. The marriage of the Lamb is the next great event in the future, and counting a thousand years as one day, it will probably be the third day in the morning. Somewhere about that time will be the redemption of Israel, as it is written in Hos. vi, 2, "After two days will He revive us; in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight."

Our Lord seemed to have the same thing in view when He said, "Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures today and tomorrow, and the third day I shall be perfected" (Luke xiii, 32). It will be the time of the resurrection of a righteous Israel, according to Isa. xxv, 8, 9; xvi, 19-21; Dan. xii, 13, when "the King of Israel, the Lord, shall be in the midst of them and they shall not see evil any more" (Zeph. iii, 15). Note the sayings already in this gospel concerning the Son of God, the King of Israel; heaven opened and Jacob's vision a reality, the temple of His body raised up, the kingdom which can only be entered by the new birth, the saying about the bridegroom and the bride, His declaration that he was the Messiah and His reference to the harvest (chapters i, 50, 51; ii, 20, 21; iii, 3, 5, 29; iv, 26, 35). Surely we cannot but be fully persuaded that the kingdom and the glory were the joy ever before Him which enabled Him to endure (Heb. xii, 2). And how can we, His followers, hope to endure in any other way?

This teaching will not bring us honor or from men, but the honor which cometh from God only will more than suffice (iv, 44; v, 44). The Galileans believed because they saw the things that He did at Jerusalem, and I do not know any truths which will work in us the Christ life like those concerning His coming and kingdom. A letter just in from the Philippines tells of a worker whom many people think queer because of these truths, but the remark was added that her lovely life wins many people to Him. That is the one thing worth while. The healing of the nobleman's son in this connection makes us think of the time of the kingdom when the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity (Isa. xxxiii, 24).

After He had spoken the kingdom truths of Matt. v-vii He gave samples of the kingdom in the healings of chapters viii and ix. While the kingdom is postponed because of His rejection, we may not expect kingdom miracles, though in His great grace He has wrought many for many of His simple minded believers and has made it manifestly true that His word stands "according to your faith be it unto you." We may journey with this nobleman and imagine something of his heartache as, having left his son at the point of death, he seeks the Great Physician. We may not know how He was encouraged to believe that the Lord Jesus would help him, for the healings at Capernaum of the demon possessed man, and Peter's wife's mother, and the centurion's servant, and the ruler's daughter, seem all to have taken place after this. But he must somehow have seen or heard enough to convince him that there was help for him, though he seemed to think it necessary that Jesus should accompany him home (verse 49). That gracious word, "Go thy way; thy son liveth" (verse 50), did its work in both father and son, for the father went his way believing and found on reaching home the next day that the boy had been healed at the very time that Jesus had said the word. One result was that the man's whole household believed in Jesus. Just as the Galileans who had been to Jerusalem saw His works and believed, so this household saw and believed, and there are still those who need to see something of the power and grace of God in human lives to lead them to believe, and they ought to see it, for His life should be manifest in His redeemed (II Cor. iv, 10, 11). For saved souls like Thomas it is always true "Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed" (John xx, 29). The verb "to believe" is found in some form in this gospel ninety-nine times and reminds us that without faith it is impossible to please God, and also that the only way to be filled with joy and peace is by believing (Heb. xi, 6; Rom. xv, 13). We may well ask ourselves, Do we know this same Jesus?

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LOST IN LOVE.

All Weatherers Were Alike to These Two Dreamers.

A Man and a Maid who walked along the garden paths were observed by the Moon, the Roses and the Night Wind.

"Here come two lovers," chuckled the Moon. "I will shine my silver best for their sakes."

"Here come two lovers," murmured the Roses. "Let us send forth our sweetest perfume to greet them."

"Here come two lovers," sighed the Night Wind. "I will whisper to them of the magic that lies in a summer night."

But the Moon suddenly blotted the smile from his face. "We will not trouble ourselves," he declared. "These lovers are the same two who walked the garden paths but yesternight. And, for all we did our best to please them, what did they in return? They spoke no word of my beauty—either of them."

"And they never noticed us," complained the Roses.

"I remember them well," sniffed the Night Wind. "They only said, 'It is a beautiful evening' and gave us no credit at all. Let us do all we can to punish them."

So the Moon hid behind the darkest cloud he could find. And the Roses withheld their perfume. And the Night Wind turned chill and rustled the dry leaves dully, and even succeeded in finding a few stray raindrops and flinging them in a dank, grayish mist across the garden paths.

"It's a beautiful evening!" said the two lovers.—Ella Randall Pearce in Life.

A 1,000 Year Prophecy.

One ancient prophecy at least should now be fulfilled as an outcome of this war. Nearly a thousand years ago it was foretold that the event which our Jingoists of the seventies refused to contemplate would come to pass. "By the vulgar of every rank" (in Constantinople) says Gibbon, "it was asserted and believed that an equestrian statue in the same square of Taurus was secretly inscribed with a prophecy, how the Russians, in the last days, should become masters of Constantinople." The statue had been brought from Antioch, was melted down by the Latins, and was supposed to represent either Joshua or Bellerophon, "a curious dilemma," as Gibbon puts it. But of the existence of the prophecy there is no doubt.—London Chronicle.

Nearer the Truth.

"So that pretty canvasser sold you a book, eh?"

"No; she sold me a couple of smiles and threw in the book!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Happiness in this world, when it does come, comes incidentally.—Hawthorne.

The fear of being found out is often mistaken for the prickings of conscience.

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