THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, McCONNELLSBURG, PA.

The two henchmen scowled.

"No!" For an instant Purvy's voice

rose out of its weakness to its old

stacceto tone of command, a tone

which brought obedience. "If I get

well I have other plans. Never mind

what they are. That's my business.

If I don't die, leave him alone, until

"If I get well and Samson South is

killed meanwhile I won't live long

either. It would be my life for his.

Keep close to him. The minute you

"You two will find something mighty

It was afternoon when Purvy

dodendrons, the glistening laurels, the

feathery pine sprouts and the moss-

covered rocks. They went gingerly

and alertly on ungainly, cushioned

feet. Just as their masters were de-

CHAPTER IV.

He

hear of my death-get him."

in a-waitin'."

give other orders.

interestin' in my will."

in leash,

The Call of the **Cumberlands**

By Charles Neville Buck With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play (Copyright, 1913, by W. I. Watt & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Missery creek, at the toot of a rock from which he has failen, Saily Miller flads George Lescott, a tandscape paint-er, unconscious, and after reviving him, goes for assistance. Simason South and Bally, taking Lescott to Somison's home, are met by Spicer South, head of the family, who tails them that Jesse Purvy has been shot.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

"I hain't a-wantin' ter suspicion ye, Samson, but I know how ye feels about yore pap. I heered thet Bud Spicer come by hyar ylatiddy plumb full of liquor an' 'lowed he'd seen Jesse an' Jim Asberry a-talkin' tergether jest afore yore pap was kilt." He broke off abruptly, then added: "Ye went away from hyar last night, an' didn't git in twell after sunup-1 fust beered the news, an' come ter look fer ye." "Air you-all 'lowin' thet I shot them

shoots from the laurel?" inquired Samson, guletly.

"Ef we-all hain't Towis' hit, Samson, we're plumb shore that Jesse Purvy's folks will 'low hit. They're jest a-holdin' yore life like a hostage fer Purvy's, anyhow. Ef he dies they'll try ter git ye."

The boy flashed a challenge about the group, which was now drawing rein at Spicer South's yard fence, His eyes were sullen, but he made no an-BWGr

One of the men who had listened in silence now spoke:

"In the fust place, Samson, we hain't a-sayin' ye done hit. In the nex' place, ef ye did do hit we hain't a-blamin' ye-much. But I reckon them dawgs don't lie, an', of they trails in hyar ye'll need us. Thet's why we've done come.'

The boy slipped down from his mule and helped Lescott to dismount. He deliberately unloaded the saddlebags and kit and laid them on the top step of the stile, and, while he held his peace, neither denying nor affirming. his kinsmen sat their horses and waited.

Even to Lescott it was palpable that some of them believed the young heir to clan leadership responsible for the shooting of Jesse Purvy, and that others believed him innocent, yet none the less in danger of the enemy's vengeance. But, regardless of divided ominion, all were alike ready to stand at his back and all slike awaited his maj utterance.

Then, in the thickening gloom, Samson turned at the foot of the stile faced the gathering. He stood and rigid, and his eyes flashed with deep

the Hollises and the Daltons-men alty to the code of the vendetta.

By mountain standards old Spicer South was rich. His lands had been claimed when tracts could be had for the taking, and, though he had to make his cross mark when there was a contract to be signed, his instinctive mind may have been a coincidence which was shrewd and far seeing. The tinkle of his cowbells was heard for a long distance along the creek bottoms. His the judge's nephew was a poor boy, hillside fields were the richest and his and a charitable grand jury declined pered a name: coves the most fertile in that country. Some day, when a railroad should burrow through his section, bringing the

development of coal and timber at the head of the rails, a sleeping fortune would yawn and awake to enrich him. There were black outcroppings along the cliffs, which he knew ran deep in veins of bituminous wealth. But to that time he looked with foreboding, for he had been raised to the standards of his forefathers and saw in the

coming of a new regime a curtailment of personal liberty. For new-fangled ideas he held only the aversion of deep-rooted prejudice. He hoped that he might live out his days and pass before the foreigner held his land and the law became a power stronger than the individual or the clan. The law was his ener y, because it said to him. "Thou shalt not," when he sought to take the yellow corn which bruising labor had coaxed from scattered rockstrewn fields to his own mash vat and still. It meant, also, a tyrannous power usually seized and administered by enemies, which undertook to forbid the personal settlement of personal quarrels. But his eyes, which could not read print, could read the signs

of the times. He foresaw the inevitable coming of that day. Already he had given up the worm and mash vat, and no longer sought to make or sell illicit liquor. That was a concession to the federal power, which could no longer be successfully fought. State power was still largely a weapon in factional hands, and in his country the Hollmans were the office holders. To the Hollmans he could make no concessione. In Samson, born to be the fighting man, reared to be the

fighting man, equipped by nature with deep hatreds and tigerish courage. there had cropped out from time to time the restless spirit of the philosopher and a hunger for knowledge. That was a matter in which the old man found his bitterest and most secret apprehension.

It was at this house that George Lescott, distinguished landscape painter of New York and the world at large, arrived in the twilight.

Whatever enemy might have to be met tomorrow, old Spicer South recognized as a more immediate call upon his attention the wounded guest of today. One of the kinsmen proved to have a rude working knowledge of

bone setting, and before the half hour had passed Lescott's wrist was in a splint, and his injuries as well tended as possible, which proved to be quite well enough.

. . . While Spicer South and his cousins had been sustaining themselves or building up competences by tilling their soil the leaders of the other faction were basing larger fortunes on the profits of merchandlse and trade. So, although Spicer South could nelther read nor write, his chief enemy,

Hollmans, the Purvys, the Asberries, bat his requirements. It was essen- lated through drawn blinds, and the tial to his purposes that the officers June rustle and bird chorus in his equally strong in their vindictive of the law in his country should be in ears-and his own thoughts in his sympathy with him. Sympathy soon brain.

became abject subservience. When a Conscious, but in great pain, Purvy South had opposed Jesse Purvy in the beckoned Jim Asberry and Aaron Holprimary as candidate for high sheriff lis, his chiefs of bodyguard, to his bedhe was found one day lying on his side and waved the nurse back out of face with a bullet-riddled body. It hearing, "If I don't get well," he said feebly,

pointed to Jim Asberry, the judge's 'there's a job for you two boys. reckon you know what it is?" nephew, as the assassin. At all events, They nodded, and Asberry whis "Samson South ?"

to indict him. In the course of five years several South adherents, who had crossed but the old vindictiveness was not Holman's path, became victims of the smothered. "You got the old man, I reckon you can manage the cub. If laurel ambuscade. The theory of coincidence was strained. Slowly the you don't he'll get you both one day." rumor grew and persistently spread. though no man would admit having berry. "Thar hain't no sort of use

fathered it, that before each of these executions star-chamber conferences had been held in the rooms above Micah Holiman's "Mammoth Department Store." It was said that these exclusive sessions were attended by Judge Hollman, Sheriff Purvy and certain other gentlemen selected by reason of their marksmanship. When one of these victims fell John South had just returned from a law school

"down below," wearing "fotched-on" clothing and thinking "fotched-on" thoughts. He had amazed the community by demanding the right to assist in probing and prosecuting the paused again, then supplemented, affair. He had then shocked the community into complete paralysis by requesting the grand jury to indict not

alone the alleged assassin, but also his employers, whom he named as Judge Hollman and Sheriff Purvy. Then he, too, fell under a bolt from the laurel.

That was the first public accusation against the uland capitalist, and it carried its own prompt warning against repetition. The judge's high sheriff sniffed with that sensitive instinct and chief ally retired from office and went abroad only with a bodyguard. Jesse Purvy had built his store at a crossroads 25 miles from the rail- ders. The next morning this party road. Like Hollman, he had won a reputation for open-handed charity, was liked-and hated. His friends were legion. His enemies were so nu-

merous that he apprehended violence not only from the Souths but also from others who nursed grudges in no way related to the line of feud cleavage. The Hollman-Purvy combination had retained enough of its old power to escape the law's retribution spairing they came to a place directly and to hold its dictatorship, but the efforts of John South had not been altogether bootless. He had ripped away two masks, and their erstwhile wearers could no longer hold their old semblance of law-abiding philanthropists. Jesse Purvy's home was the show place of the countryside. Commodious verandas looked out over pleasant orchards, and in the same inclosure stood the two frame build-

ings of his store-for he, too, comblned merchandise with baronial powers. But back of the place rose the mountain side, on which Purvy never looked without dread. Twice its impenetrable thickets had spat at him. Twice he had recovered from wounds that would have taken a less charmed life. And in grisly reminder of the terror which clouded the peace of his days stood the eight-foot log stockade at the rear of the place, which the proprietor had built to shield his daily journeys between wanderlust that had at times brought him a restiveness so poignant as to be agonizing; the undefined attuning of his heart to the beauty of sky and

hill; these matters he had hitherto kept locked in guilty silence. In a cove or lowland pocket, stretch ng into the mountain side, lay the

small and meager farm of the Widow Miller. The Widow Miller was a "South;" that is to say, she fell, by tie of marriage, under the protection of the clan head. She lived alone with her fourteen-year-old son and her sixteen-year-old daughter. The daughter 'Yes," Purvy spoke in a whisper; was Sally.

The sun rose on the morning after Lescott arrived, the mists lifted, and the cabin of the Widow Miller stood revealed. A tousle-headed boy made his way to the barn to feed the cattle, and a red patch of color, as bright "I'll git him tomorrer," growled Asand tuneful as a Kentucky cardinal

reached the hospital, and, at nightfall of the same day, there arrived at his store's entrance, on stumbling, hardridden mules, several men, followed by two tawny hounds whose long ears flapped over their lean jaws, and whose eyes were listless and tired, but whose black muzzles wrinkled and which follows the man scent. The exsheriff's family were instituting proceedings independent of the chief's orplunged into the mountain tangle and beat the cover with the bloodhounds The two gentle-faced dogs picked their way between the flowering rho-

> Couldn't Live Withouten Ye, Sam son. I Jest Couldn't Do Hit."

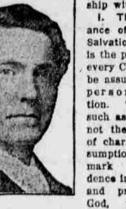
appeared at the door between the over the store, where a branch had morning-glory vines. The red patch been bent back and hitched to clear of color was Sally.

the outlook and where a boot heel She made her way, carrying a had crushed the moss. There one of bucket, to the spring, where she knelt them raised his nose high into the down and gazed at her own image in air, opened his mouth, and let out a the water. long, deep-chested bay of discovery.

Before going home she set down her bucket by the stream, and, with a quick glance toward the house to make sure that she was not observed,

George Lescott had known hospitalclimbed through the brush and was ity of many brands and degrees. He lost to view. She followed a path that had been the lionized celebrity in her own feet had made, and after a places of fashion. He had been the steep course upward came upon a bald guest of equally famous brother artists face of rock, which stood out storm in the cities of two hemispheres, and, battered where a rift went through since sincere painting had been his the backbone of the ridge. This point pole star, he had gone where his art's of vantage commanded the other val wanderlust backoned. He had fol- ley. Down below, across the treetops. lowed the lure of transitory beauty were a roof and a chimney from which to remote sections of the world. The a thread of smoke rose in an attenupresent trip was only one of many ated shaft. That was Spicer South's like it, which had brought him into house and Samson's home. The girl touch with varying peoples and dis- leaned against the gnarled bowl of the tinctive types of life. He told himself white oak and waved toward the roof





said that every one believing in his son has eternal life. Not to believe that statement is to make God Spirit," viz. in the power a liar (10-12). The word "know" here does not mean merely to perceive, but to know with a settled and unquestioning knowledge. The ground of assurance of salvation lies not in our feeling but in the unchangeable word and promise of God.

II. Assured Answer to Personal and Individual Prayer (14, 15). The thought of assurance of salvation leads to that of boldness in prayer. If we know that we have eternal life we know that we have boldness. If we are sons then we can speak freely with the father, and may rest assured that God not only hears but also answers our prayers. The words "according to his will" may be called a limitation of prayer, and yet it is hardly a limitation, for God's will is always best. And indeed it is just this seeming limitation that makes us free to pray; were it not so we should not feel free to open our lips to ask

a blessing for fear it might be a curse, but when we know that what we ask is according to God's will we know that it can be nothing but good for us.

tears? Say not the Father hath not heard your

pray'r; You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? The' when you first presented

It seemed you could not wait the time of asking

known. The' years have passed since then, do

11.

Unanswered yet? The pray'r your lips have pleaded In agony of heart these many years? Does faith begin to fail, is hope depart-

ing. And think you all in vain those falling

This one petition at the Father's throne,

So urgent was your heart to make it

not despair:

The Lord will answer you, sometime.

vv. 1-3. This book of "The Acts" h continuation of what Jesus "began do" and gives us the record of how continued this work by means of the "whom he had chosen" (v. 1). lowing his resurrection he gave th commandments "through the H the Holy Spirit. A like honor m upon every believer to hear and obey the commands of Jesus given the power and demonstration of Holy Spirit. The all-sufficient p (see also I Cor. 15:4-8) was that Je had been seen for a period of days. This is the "many infall proofs." During that time they alone saw the rison Lord, but (versed with him, ate with him, and h communion with him. During th days of communion he gave them commands as to the "things cone ing the kingdom of God." tailed a burden that these comma be proclaimed in over widening cles to the utmost bounds of the ear

Additional Experience. The Promise of the Fathe

This

gin the proclamation of their messa until they were fully equipped, or they had received that all essen preparation, the enduement of Holy Spirit. Here, again, the Scri tures are to be fulfilled (Isa, 44 Joel 2:8, also Luke 24:49). That t days' delay was not time lost, for the spent in preparation is never th We must not suppose the men as not regenerate (John 13:1 15:3), but as lacking an equipme necessary for the successful executi of their important task. We as I Hevers cannot call him Lord exce by the power of the Spirit (I C 12:3), but we do not all have that filling of the Spirit which alone will able us to render effective sars This is an additional experience, one open to all who will honestly intelligently seek it (see Acts 8 and other references). This exp ence 's (a) commanded, "charged r to depart till, etc.," (b) to be prece

by "repentance," and (c) to carry with

it authority, v. 7 R. V. It does

mean, either, temporal power nor is

the prerogative of a visible church

and confined to an elect few. Th

kingdom is a spiritual one. The pa

gram of Jesus is Spirit-filled men to b

his witnesses, and to begin "at]

rusalem." A true reception of th

Holy Spirit means world wide mission

Presumptive Ignorance.

III. The Present Place of Jesu

vv. 9-11. Even yet the disciples fai

to grasp the idea of a spiritual kin

a most emphatic way he tells the

that it is not for them to know b

"times and seasons which the Fathe

thority, v, 7, R. V.). Their power

not to be earthly, but spiritual (v.

It is the height of presumptive igno

ance for any one to set the date

our Lord's return (Deul. 29:19

Jesus has given us explicit inform

tion on this question (Matt. 24:39

and his parables all warn us

his disciples concerning the rece

tion of this new power and the place

where they were to begin to exerc

It, his feet were parted from the eart

and a cloud received him from the

sight as he ascended "into heaven

(Luke 24:51; I Pet. 3:22; see als

Gen. 5:24 and Heb. 9:28 R. V.). H

parting benediction was an adjuratio

to a life of service not in their wea

ness, but in the blessed enduement

of power. Yonder into heaven he ha

gone to prepare a place for us (John

14:2, Heb. 9:24.) There he ever h

eth to intercede for us (Heb. 7:25

His presence there makes us e

nally secure (Rom. Stat, Heb. 7:2

guarantee that we, too, shall one da

be "with him" (John 12:26, Rev. 21

evangelism, to holy living and

faithful service. It was necessary that

our Lord's work be transferred fro

Lifted up he was on Calvary, lifte up he was into glory, that "If 1 b

lifted up, will draw all men unto me

Mysterious birth, wondrous life, glor

As this is written Europe is bathe

in blood, and America is engaged i

a set season of prayer for peace. Th

only abiding peace we can hope fo will be when the Prince of Peace sha

The Modern Joke Book.

Joe Miller died too soon, or h

might have made his living compil-

campaign books .--- Chicago News

ous, marvelous ascension!

return to rule and to reign.

his invisible person.

This hope inspires the church

His presence in the heavenlies is

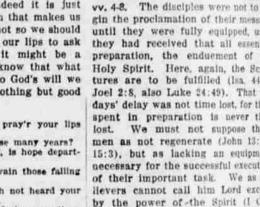
While Jesus talked with

hath set within his own power" t

dom as evidenced by verse six

ary endeavor.

"watch."



LESSON FOR DECEMBER 20

I. The Assurance of Personal Salvation (13), It is the privilege of every Christian to be assured of his personal salva- of Acts is - continuance of the such assurance is not the language of charitable presumption, but a mark of confi-

dence in the word and promise of who has

son of the present course in the of Christ, next Sunday being devot to the review. The lesson comm have selected the continuous acc of this final earth'y act of our L as given us by St. Luke, for the B

tion. To claim pel of Luke (Acts 1:1). Inasmuch this is really but one account we t consider only that found in the Ac I. The Proof of the Resurrecti

passion. His hands, banging at the seams of his jeans breeches, clinched, and his voice came in a slow utterance through which throbbed the tensity of a soul-absorbing bitterness.

"I knowed all 'boat Jesse Purvy's bein' shot. . . When my pap lay a-dyin' over thar at his house I was a little shaver ten years old Jesse Purvy hired somebody ter kill him . . an' I promised my pap that I'd find out who thet man was, an' thet I'd git 'em both-some day. So help me, God Almighty, I'm a-goin ter git 'em both-some day!" The boy paused and lifted one hand as though taking an oath.

"I'm a-tellin' you-all the truth . But I didn't shoot them shoets this mornin'. I hain't no truce buster. I hyar, an' of they hain't liars they'll go right by hyar. I don't 'low ter run away, an' I don't 'low ter hide out. I'm a-goin' ter stay right hyar. Thet's all I've got ter say ter ye."

For a moment there was no reply. Then the older man nodded with a gesture of relieved anxiety.

Thet's all we wants ter know, Samson," he said, slowly. "Light, men an come in."

CHAPTER III.

In days when the Indian held the Dark and Bloody Grounds a ploneer, felling oak and poplar logs for the home he meant to establish on the banks of a purling watercourse, let his ax slip, and the cutting edge gashed his ankle. Since to the discovered belongs the christening, that watercourse became Crippleshin, and so it is today set down on atlas pages. A few miles away, as the crow flies, but many weary leagues as a man must travel. a brother settler, racked with rheuma tism, gave to his creek the name of Misery. The two pioneers had come together from Virginia, as their ancestors had come before them from Scot land. Together they had found one of the two gaps through the mountain wall, which for more than a hundred miles has no other passable rift. To gether, and as comrades, they had made their homes and founded their for fifty years, with occasional intercomrades.

Old Spicer South and his nephew Samson were the direct lineal descendants of the namer of Misery. Their kinsmen dwelt about them: the Souths, | big man should become the dictator. the Jaspers, the Spicers, the Wileys, His inherited place as leader of the close association, were, in feud align- rogative.

Micah Hollman, was to outward seeming an urbane and fairly equipped man of affairs. Judged by their heads, the clansmen were rougher and more illiterate on Misery, and in closer touch with civilization on Crippleshin. A

deeper scrutiny showed this seeming to be one of the strange anomalies of the mountains. Micah Hollman had established himself at Hixon, that shack town which

had passed of late years from feudal ounty seat to the section's one point



"Ef It Hain't Askin' Too Much, Will Ye Let Me See Ye Paint One of Them Things?"

of contact with the outside world; a town where the ancient and modern orders brushed' shoulders; where the new was tolerated, but dared not become aggressive. Directly across the street from the courthouse stood an ample frame building, on whose side wall was emblazoned the legend, "Hollman's Mammoth Department have been carried home to die in the Store." That was the secret stronghold of Hollman power. He had always spoken deploringly of that spirit of lawlessness which had given the go under or he might once more beat mountains a bad name.

When the railroad came to Hixon race. What original grievance had it found in Judge Hollman a "publicsprung up between their descendants spirited citizen." Incidentally, the timnone of the present generation knew- ber that it hauled and the coal that title to a pig. The primary incident grass went largely to his consignees. was lost in the limbo of the past; but He had so astutely anticipated coming

events that, when the first scouts of vals of truce, lives had been snuffed capital sought options they found such as cared to come such things as 24 night drills. A perfunctory attendout in the flercely burning hate of themselves constantly referred to they cared to learn. Higher up the ance upon these grave obligations-inthese men whose ancestors had been Judge Hollman. No wheel, it seemed, billeide stood a small, but model hose apt, sullen, frivolous behavior-counts could turn without his nod. It was pital, with a modern operating table for nothing at all. If the cadet fails Total publication for past century

natural that the genial storekeeper and a case of surgical instruments, to be marked efficient by his battalion should become the big man of the community and inevitable that the one surpass.

the Millers and McCagers. Other fam- Hollmans in the feud he had seem- on the shoulders of his dependents. column of these "little conscripts" ilies, related only by marriage and ingly passed on as an obsolete pre- Here, as his steadfast guardian star march past with rifles and bugies and

Yet, in business matters, he was leal visitors, who hurried him to the brown uniforms, with tricks of green, ment, none the less "Souths." And over beyond the ridge, where the found to drive a hard bargain, and operating table. Later he was re- and wide-brimmed Australian hats springs and brooks flowed the other men came to regard it the part of moved to a white bed, with the June caught up at the side in the Australian then turned them over to the public. way to feed Crippleshin, dweit the good policy to meet rather than com- sparkle in his eyes, pleasantly modu- way. It is no farcical affair. When i to be used without charge,

house and store. But Jesse Purvy was not deluded by his escapes. He knew that he was "marked down."

The years of strain were telling on him. The robust, full-blooded face comfort. was showing deep lines; his flesh was growing flaccid; his glance tinged with quick apprehension. He told his intimates that he realized "they'd get him," yet he sought to prolong his term of escape.

Yesterday morning Jesse Purvy had risen early as usual, and, after a satisfying breakfast, had gone to his store to arrange for the day's business. One or two of his henchmen,

seeming loafers, but in reality a bodyguard, were lounging within call. A married daughter was chatting with her father while her young baby played among the barrels and cracker boxes.

The daughter went to a rear window and gazed up at the mountain. The cloudless skles were still in hiding behind a curtain of mist. The woman was idly watching the vanishing fog wraiths, and her father came over to her side. Then the baby cried and she stepped back. Purvy himself remained at the window. It was a thing he did not often do. It left him exposed, but the most cautiously guarded life has its moments of relaxed vigilance. He stood there possibly thirty seconds, then a sharp fusillade of clear reports barked out and was shattered by the hills into a long reverberation. With a hand clasped to his chest, Purvy turned, walked to the middle of the floor, and fell.

The henchmen rushed to the oper sash. They leaped out and plunged up the mountain, tempting the assas sin's fire, but the assassin was satis-

fied. The mountain was again as quiet as it had been at dawn. Inside at the middle of the store, Jesse Purvy shifted his head against his daughter's knee and said, as one stating an expected event:

"Well, they've got me."

An ordinary mountaineer would darkness of a dirty and windowless shack. The long-suffering star of Jesse Purvy ordained otherwise. He might his way back and out of the quicksands of death. At all events, he would

fight for life to the last gasp. Twenty miles away in the core of the wilderness, removed from a rail- drill, parades, and rifle practice, for perhaps it was a farm line or disputed its flat cars carried down to the Blue- road by a score of semi-perpendicular four years, whereupon these cadets miles, a fanatic had once decided to are passed into the citizen forces. found a school.

which, it was said, the state could not

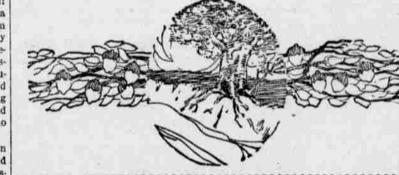
To this haven Jesse Purvy, the murder lord, was borne in a litter carried blowing that night-we watched a decreed, he found two prominent med-

tance, then she whispered so low that still time and willingness to regard his only she herself could hear:

The coming of the kinsmen, who "Hello, Samson South!" would stay until the present danger She stood for a space looking down, passed, had filled the house. The four and forgot to laugh, while her eyes heds in the cabin proper were full. grew religiously and softly deep, then, turning, she ran down the slope. She and some slept on floor mattresses. Lescott, because a guest and wounded, had performed her morning devotions. was given a small room aside. Sam-That day at the house of Spicer son, however, shared his quarters in South was an off day. The kinsmen order to perform any service that an who had stopped for the night stayed injured man might require. It had on through the morning. Nothing was been a full and unusual day for the said of the possibility of trouble. The painter, and its incidents crowded in men talked crops and tossed horseon him in retrospect and drove off the shoes in the yard; but no one went to possibility of sleep. Samson, too, work in the fields, and all remained seemed wakeful, and in the isolation within easy call. Only young Tamaof the dark room the two men fell into rack Spicer, a raw-boned nephew, wore conversation, which almost lasted out a sullen face and made a great show

the night. Samson went into the conof cleaning his rifle and pistol, fessional. This was the first human Shortly after dinner he disappeared. being he had ever met to whom he and when the afternoon was well adcould unburden his soul. vanced Samson, too, with his rifle on

The thirst to taste what knowledge his arm, strolled toward the stile. lay beyond the hills; the unnamed (TO BE CONTINUED.)



TRAINING BOYS FOR WARFARE | we were in Brisbane of Queensland, a

Youth of Australia, From an Early Age, Undergo a Compulsory Millitary Service.

Australian lads of twelve years begin a more or less voluntary form of military training. It is an indulgent. happy-go-lucky sort of thing, designed primarily to be of physical advantage. When the lads are fourteen years old, a limited military service is severely compulsory, with penalties for evasion, and fines laid upon employers

continues, with physical exercises,

Four whole-day drills are required Now a faculty of ten men taught | each year, and 12 half-day drills and officers he must perform his service

all over again. In Kalgoorlie of western Australia-a great dust storm

drums; and they were smart to see-

that never had he found men at once and chimney. She cupped her hands so crude and so courteous as these and raised them to her lips like one hosts who, facing personal perils, had who means to shout across a great dis-

The work began when first your pray'r

was uttered, And God will finish what he has begun, you will keep the incense burning there,

somewhere.

His glory you shall see, sometime, some

Unanswered? Faith cannot be unan swered; Her feet were firmly planted on the

mid the wildest storm pray'r stands undaunted

Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock: She knows Omnipotence has heard her

pray'r. And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

111. Assured Answer to Intercessory Prayer (16, 17). We are encouraged here to pray for others and our encouragement lies in the fact that God has promised to hear and answer prayers. Two words are used in connection with prayer in this verse; "ask" and "pray," the former being used of an inferior to a superior, the latter of an equal to an equal. Some conditions of life, such as are meant by those sinning a sin unto death, permit us to "ask" only, while other conditions permit us to "pray." So, while we may not demand with certainty the conversion of the willful rejector of Christ, we may nevertheless "ask" God in his behalf, and inasmuch as this sin unto death is left undefined we are therefore free to "ask" for all men. Here is our attitude toward our sinning brother-a blessed ministry of intercession; pray and God will give life.

IV. Assured Victory Over Sin (18, 19). In these verses we are assured that Christ, the begotten of God, keepeth the Christian. Victory over sin comes through the indwelling of Christ over whom Satan has no power. The words "keepeth him" denote inward power so that there would be no fall from inward weakness.

V. An Assured Knowledge of God in Whom We Have Belleved (19-21). To know that we have not been mistaken in the person in whom we have reposed our confidence and faith is something worth knowing. The Christian has the assurance that he knows him whom he has believed, and he is persuaded that he has not believed any cunningly devised fable, but has trusted in the living God and Savior of the world

Test Turkish Tobacco. American consular officers in Turkey recently procured seeds of various kinds of tobacco grown there and forwarded them to the Philippines and to California for experimental plant-

Daily Thought.

guardian genius .--- Addison.

ing.

To Remove lodine Stains. To remove tincture of iodine stain from your skin or clothing strong and monia water is excellent. If you wish for success in life make

One Purpose of Life. What do we live for if it is not perseverance your bosom friend, exmake life less difficult for each other perience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother and hope your -George Eliot.

equals 500,000,000 volumes.

Friend of the Farmer.

federal bureau of animal industry, is the scientist who first isolated the germ responsible for that farm scourge cholera in the hog. That accomplished. be perfected a serum to combat it protected his processes by patents and

The Bible. The Bible is not "losing ground. On the other hand its circulation is

score of truant youngsters were

packed off to the military barracks

for ten days of close confinement and

drill; and away they went, in a big

cape wagon, in charge of a sergeant

major, and under escort of some

ish Bible society has published 240, 000,000 copies of the Bible, and the American Bible society, since 1816. has published 100,000,000 copies.

Dr. Marion Dorset, bi-chemist of the

steadily rising. Since 1850 the Brit-

and parents who interfere, and thus can, in Harper's Magazine.

doubtless knew how to improve the patriotism of small culprits, and would do it with a switch .-- Norman Dun-

brilliant artillerymen-a melancholy little crew, these truants, then, facing ten days of absence from home, with six hours of drill on the bot paradeground, under a sergeant major, who

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted Perhaps your part is not yet wholly