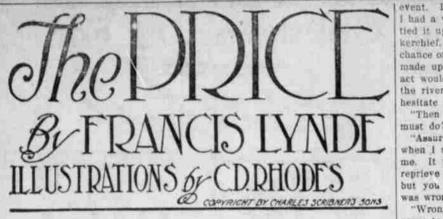
THE FULTOR COUNTY NEWS, MCCONNELLSBURG, PA

resolution had failed.



SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, supe with his friend Bainbridge at Chau-dere's restaurant in New Orleans and declares that if necessary he will sheat to keep from starcing. He holds up Andrew Galbrath, president of the Bayou State Security, in his private office and secapes with file, on in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes aboard the Hells Jule as a decklund. He unexpectedly confronts Charlotte Farn-ham of Wahaska. Minn., who hud seen him cash Galbrath's check in the bank. Charlotte recognizes Griswold, But de-cides to write to Galbrath rather than denounce the robber to the captain and so incur unpleasant notoriety. Griswold, an unsuccessful

CHAPTER V-Continued.

"Don't try that again!" he warned, "If you've got to take it out angrily. on somebody. I'm your man."

This was mutiny, and McGrath's remedy for that distemper was ever In a flash his big fist shot out herole. and the crew looked to see its lighter champion go backward into the river at the impact. But the blow did not land. Griswold saw it coming and swerved the necessary body-breadth. The result was a demonstration of a simple theorem in dynamics. McGrath reeled under the impetus of his own unresisted effort, stumbled forward against the low edge-line bulwark, clawed wildly at the fickle air and, dropped overboard like a stone.

. The Belle Julio was forging ahead at full speed. Clearing the intervening obstacles in a hurdler's leap, Griswold raced aft on the outer edge of the guards and jumped overboard in time to grapple the drowning man when he was within a few feet of the churning wheel. The mate was terror-crazed and fought blindly. There was no time for trick or stratagem, and when the thunder of the wheel roared overhead, Griswold felt the jar of a blow and the mate's struggles ceased abruptly. A gasping moment later the worst was over and the rescuer had his head out; was swimming gallantly in the wake of the steamer, supporting the unconscious McGrath and shouting justily for help.

The help came quickly. The alarm had been promptly given, and the night pilot was a man for an emergency. Before the little-used yawl could be lowered, the steamer, had swept a wide circle in mid stream and



and instantly risk his life in proof of the forgiveness, could not be a desperate criminal. Conscience pointed

out the alternative. A little careful investigation would remove the doubt -or confirm it. Somebody on the boat must know the deckhand, or know enough about him to establish his real identity.

Charlotte worried over the wretched entanglement all day, and was so distrait and absent-minded that her aunt remarked it, naming it malaria and prescribing quinine. Whereat Charlotte dissembled and put on a mask of cheerfulness, keeping it on until after the evening meal and her aunt's early retiring. But when she was released she was glad enough to go out on the

promenade just forward of the starboard paddle-box, where there were no after-dinner loungers, to be alone. with her problem and free to plunge once more into its intricacies.

it was possibly ten minutes later, while she stood leaning against a stanchion and watching the lights of a distant town rise out of the watery horizon ahead, that chance, the final arbiter in so many human involvements, led her quickly into the valley of decision. She heard a man's step on the steeply pitched stair leading down from the hurricane deck. Before she could turn away he was confronting her; the man whose name on the Belle Julie's crew roster was John

Wesley Gavitt. Griswold's appearance was less fortuitous than it seemed to be. As a reward of merit for having saved the mate's life, he had been told off to serve temporarily as man-of-all-work for the day pilot, who chanced to be without a steersman. His watch in the pilothouse was over, and he was on his way to the crew's quarters below when he stumbled upon Miss Farnham. Mindful of his earlier slip. he passed her as if she had been invielble. She let him go until her opportunity was all but lost; then, plucking courage out of the heart of desperation, she spoke.

"One moment, if you please; I-1 want to ask you something," she faltered; and he wheeled obediently and faced her.

Followed a pause, inevitable, but none the less awkward for the one who was responsible. Griswold felt rather than saw, her embarrassment, and was generous enough to try to help her.

"I think I know what you wish to say: you are quite at liberty to say it," he offered, when the pause had grown into an obstacle which she seemed powerless to surmount.

"I thought perhaps-I had hopedoh, for goodness' sake, why did you do it "" she burst out, no longer able to fence with the weapons of indirect-

had a weapon, as you have read. I you have done tonight. May I go tied it up with the money in a hand- now?

She gave him leave, and when he There was always the was gone, she went to her stateroom chance of their catching me, and I had to write as he had suggested. An hour made up my mind that my last free act would be to drop the bundle into later she gave the newly written letter to the night clerk; and the thing was the river. So you see you need not

hesitate on that score.' "Then you know what it is that I In the ordinary course of things, Miss Farnham's letter should have must do? "Assuredly. I knew it yesterday reached New Orleans in time to have

when I saw that you had recognized me. It was very merciful in you to reprieve me, even for a few hours; but you will pardon me if I say it was wrong ?" "Wrong!" she burst out. "Is it gen-

erous to say that to me? Are you so indifferent yourself that you think ev eryone else is indifferent, too?"

He smiled under cover of the dark DOBS. "I know you are not indifferent; you

couldn't be. But you must be true to yourself, at whatever cost. Will you go to Captain Mayfield now?" She hesitated.

"I thought of doing that, at first, she began, postponing to a more con venient season the unnerving reflect mantle of coal smoke. tion that she was actually discussing the ways and means of it with him 'it seemed to be the simplest thing But then I saw what would to do. happen; that I should be obliged-" Again he stopped her with a ges ture.

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely." the port promenade. "I wrote a letter to-to Mr. Gal-

braith," she confessed. "And you have not sent it?"

"No. If I had, I shouldn't have spoken to you." "To be sure. I suppose you signed

the letter ?" "Certainly." "That was a mistake. You must rewrite it, leaving out your name, and hands to follow the motions of the send it. All you need to say is that two bent figures under the dripping the man who robbed the Bayou State hawser. One of the men was wearing a cap Security is escaping on the Belle Juand there was a small bundle hanging le; that he is disguised as a deck-

hand, and that his name on the steamer's books is John Wesley Gavitt. That will be amply sufficient.' She was silent for a moment. Then: 'Why mustn't I sign it? They will,

pay no attention to an anonymous letter. And, besides, it seems so-so cowardly. "They will telegraph to every river watcher on the saloon deck. landing ahead of us within an hour

24

event. Let me tell you what I did. I shall be your grateful debtor for what | quarrel with McGrath. The man was | the negro. He wished he might have grateful and loyal according to his had a glimpse of the little Irish cabgifts, and Griswold's need was too pressing to stick at any triffe of un-

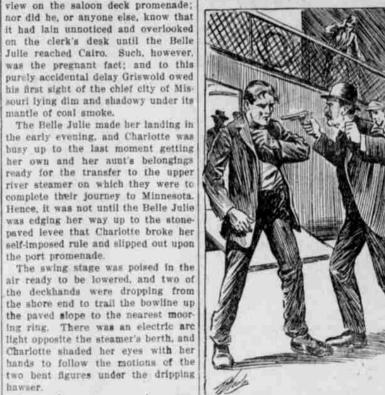
intelligence. "Mose, you'll go ashore with me on the spring line," he said, when he found his man at the heel of the landing stage.

"Yes, suh, Mars' Gravitt; dat's me, sholy."

"All right. You see this bundle. If anybody tackles me while we're makprocured Griswold's arrest at any one ing fast, I'm going to drop it, and you of a score of landings south of Memmust get it and run away. Do you phis. When the spires of the Tennessee metropolis disappeared to the understand?"

"Whut-all mus' I do when I's done southward, he began to think that her tuk out wid hit?" "Get away, first; then keep out of He had no means of knowing that

she had given her letter to the night sight and hang around the levee for an hour or two. If I don't turn up beclerk within the hour of their inter-



Griswold Knew That the Leveled Pis-

ore you get tired, pitch the thing into the river and go about your business. If you open it, it'll conjure you worse than any Obi-man you ever heard of.' "No, suh! I ain't gwine open hit, Cap'm-not if dey's cunjah in hit; no.

While the man in the cap was still But it won't hurt you if you don't on his knees, two men stole from the meddle with it. Keep your wits about shadow of the nearest freight pyramid you and be ready to grab it and run. and flung themselves upon him. He Here we go,"

though he was more than doubly outand was edging the Belle Julie up to weighed, rose to his feet, striking out it. The bow men paid out slack, and viciously and dragging his assailants Griswold and the black, dropping up with him. In the struggle the from the swinging stage, trailed the bundle dropped from his belt, and end of the wet hawser up to the near-Charlotte saw him kick it aside. The est mooring ring. Griswold bade the waiting negro caught it deftly and negro keep watch and knelt to knot vanished among the freight pyramids; the hawser in the ring. While the whereupon one of the attacking pair wrenched himself out of the three-man "L-lookout, Mars' Cap'm!" the trap time to a yelling mob, swept past scuffle and darted away in nursuit. was sprung. This left but a single antagonist for

the fugitive, and Charlotte's sympathies deserted her convictions for the moment. But while she was biting etly. her lip to keep from crying out, the fugitive stepped back and held out his hands, and she saw the gleam of polished metal reflecting the glare of the arc light when the officer snapped

man's face. Since he had not, he made two hundred dollars of the money into a compact roll and put the remainder back into the inner pocket. It was only a minute or two after this that the red-faced man's impatience blossomed into the thirst that

will not be denied, and he went into the saloon to get a drink, first putting the cabman on guard,

"Get down here and keep an eye on this dicky-bird," he ordered. "Slug him if he tries to make a break." But the cabman hung back.

"I'm no fightin' man, sorr; an', be sides, I don't dare lave me harrses,' he objected. But the officer broke in angrily

"What the devil are you afraid of! He's got the clamps on, and couldn't hurt you if he wanted to. Come down

here! The little Irishman clambered down from his box reluctantly, with the reins looped over his arm. When he peered in at the open window of the carriage the big man had passed beyond the swinging screens of the saloon entrance and Griswold seized his opportunity quickly. "What's your job worth, my man?"

he whispered. The cabman snatched a swift glance

over his shoulder before he ventured to answer. "Don't yez be timptin' a poor man

wid a wife an' sivin childer hangin' to um-don't yez do it, sorr!'

Griswold, the brother-keeping, would have thought twice before opening any door of temptation for a brother man. But the new Griswold had no compunctions.

"It's two hundred dollars to you if you can get me away from here before that red-faced drunkard comes back. Have a runaway-anything! Here's the money!"

For a single timorous instant the cabman hesitated. Then he took the roll of money and crammed it into his pocket without looking at it. Before Griswold could brace himself there was a quick which of the whip, a piping cry from the driver, and the horses sprang away at a reckless gallop, with the little Irishman hanging to the reins and shouting feebly like a faint-hearted Automedon.

Griswold caught a passing glimpse of the red-faced man wiping his lips in the doorway of the saloon as the carriage bounded forward; and when the critical instant came, he was care conjure this old world has ever known. ful to fall out on the riverward side of the vehicle. It was a desperate expedient, since he could not wait to choose the favorable moment, and the handcuffs made him practically helpless. Chance saved the clumsy escape

from resulting in a speedy recapture. When he tumbled out of the lurching carriage he was burled violently pagainst something that figured as a wall of solid masonry and was half stunned by the concussion. None the less, he had wit enough to lie motion less in the shadow of the wall, and negro sentinel was stammering, the hue and cry, augmented by this

without discovering him. When it was safe to do so, he sat up and felt for broken bones. There were none; and he looked about him The wall of masonry resolved itself into a cargo of brick piled on the himself free when a blow from a levce side of the street, and obeying clubbed pistol drove him back to his the primary impulse of a fugitive, he knees. Half stunned by the clubbing, quickly put the sheltering bulk of it or the comfort and companionship of he still made shift to spring afoot between himself and the lighted thor- the Holy Spirit, or the joy of becom-

thought out. How was he to get rid

of the handcuffs? Any policeman

would have a key, and there were

doubtless plenty of locksmiths in St.

Louis. But both of these sources of

assistance were out of the question.

Whom, then? The answer came in

one word-McGrath. On a day when

the upriver voyage was no more than

fairly begun, one of the negroes in the

crew had procured a bottle of bad

tion was no part of Griswold's equip-

ment, he covered the fetters as well

as he could with a scrap of bagging.

and walked boldly down the levee and

oughfare.

What It Costs Not to Be a Christian

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE of Man, Moody Bible Instit of Chicago

TEXT-For what shall it profit a maa the shall gain the whole world and loss is own soul?-Mark \$:35. People sometimes refuse Christ by

cause of the sacrifice involved. It

and they are not willing to pay the price. Yes, it does cost something to be a Christian, but it costs far more not to be a Christian. Lat u see what it costs to live and dia without Christ.

1. Not to be a Christian costs the sacrifice of peace. "Great peace have they which love thy "Thou wilt keep him in perfect

costs too much.

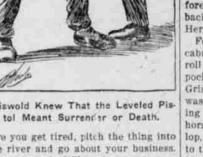
law." peace whose mind is stayed on thes" This is the portion of the Christian He has peace with God, and the peace of God, and the God of peace besides The Christless soul knows nothing of this, for "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." He knows that he is disobeying God, and he is all the time fearful, - "Who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to

bondage. Besides, he is conscious of an usseen force which is continually work. ing against him. "The way of the transgressor is hard," we are told Yes, God makes it hard, in order that the sinner may weary of it, and turn his feet into the path of righteous ness. "Behold I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and I will make s wall against thee."

As surely as all things work to gether for good to them that love God. so surely does God work against the sinner. The same love which prompts him to send blessings to the righteous, leads him to send hindrances and warnings to the sinner. The sinner calls it bad luck, but he suspects that It is something more, even the delib erate purpose of God.

A father once said to his son who was determined to obtain more liquor, 'My son, if you go out of this house tonight, you will have to go over the dead body of your father." Even 80 the sinner who is lost has to fight his way down to hell resisted at every step by his heavenly father and finally to trample under foot the son of God.

2. Not to be a Christian costs the sacrifice of the highest joy. I do not say that the Christless man will have no joy. He may know the joy of health, and friendship, and domestle life; he may acquire money, and power, and fame. But there are nobler joys than those which he loses. He cannot know the joy of sin forgives,



at his belt. She recognized him at once. At the mooring ring he was the one who stooped to make the line fast. and the other, a negro, stood aside. At that moment the landing stage fell, and in the confusion of debarkation which promptly followed, the thrilling

bit of byplay at the mooring ring suh! passed unnoticed by all save the silent "Well, there is-the worst kind of

fought fiercely for a moment, and The pilot had found his wharfage

> In deference to the upcoming passenger from the Belle Julie, the two man catchers tried to do their job qui-But Griswold would not have it so, and he was up and had twisted

"Don't Try That Again," He Warned Angrity.

the searchlight picked up the castaways. From that to placing the Belle stong." Julie so that the two bits of human

flotsam could be hauled in over the everyone else must be wrong!" bows was but a skillful hand's turn of rudder-work, accomplished as cleverly is a very large question, and we as if the great steamboat had been a needn't go into it. I confess that my power-driven launch to be steered by method was unconventional; a little ize it at all." a touch of the tiller.

more summary than that of the usu-All this Charlotte saw. She was rers and the strictly legal robbers, but looking on when the two men were quite as defensible. For they rob the dragged aboard, the big Irishman still poor and the helpless, while I merely It is your duty to do what you must unconscious, and the rescuer in the dispossessed one rich corporation of final ditch of exhaustion-breathless, a portion of its exactions from the sodden, reeling with weariness. many."

And afterward, when the Belle "Then you are not sorry? I saw Julie's prow was once more turned to you yesterday afternoon and hoped the north, Miss Farnham flew back to you were."

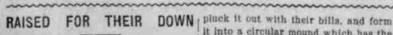
her stateroom with the letter to Mr. He laughed unpleasantly. "I was Galbraith hidden in her bosom and sorry, then, and I am now; for the clutched tightly as if she were afraid same reason. I have lost the money." it might cry out its accusing secret of its own accord.

CHAPTER VI.

Quicksands. On the morning following the rescue

of the mate, Chavlotte Farnham awoke the end. You could never have been with the conviction that she had been content to keep it." miraculously saved from incurring the out due thought and careful consid- gone, and I couldn't return it if I eration.

But the Puritan conscience was not to be entirely silenced. Reason sits makes it all the harder." in a higher seat than that occupied by



Eider Ducks Rigidly Protected by Law Because of the Value of Their Product.

The down of the elder duck is more source. highly esteemed and brings a higher The elder farms in Iceland are fre- thrown, a circumstance that is utilized quently situated on little islands off in cleaning it. There are a number price than any other down. In Iceland the coast, covered with low hummocks. of frames of oblong shape, and along and the Vestmannaeyjar islands, where the duck nests, it is rigidly protected To protect the brooding ducks from these numbers of strings are stretched by law and by public sentiment.

These ducks make their nests of small shelters of rough stones. On near one end, and a piece of wood is have fewest opportunities to obtain out-

He answered her frankly. "It was the old story of one man's everplenty and another man's need. Have you ever known what it means to go hungry for sheer poverty's sake "-but, of course, you haven't." "No." she admitted.

"Well, I have; I was hungry that norning; very hungry. I know this doesn't excuse the thing-to you. But perhaps it may help to explain it." "I think I can understand-a little. But surely-"

He stopped her with a quick little resture.

"I know what you are going to saythat I should have been willing to work, or even to beg, rather than steal. I was willing to work; I was not willing to beg. I know it is all

wrong from your point of view; but I should be sorry to have you think

that I did what I believed to be "But think of it; if you are right,

"No; not quite everyone. But that

be chagrined about it."

property of retaining heat to an ex-

traordinary degree. If this down be

removed, the duck supplies a second.

wanted to."

"Don't 1? You must remember that I have been arguing from your point of view. My own is quite unchanged. do; it is my affair to avert the consequences to myself if I can manage it without taking an unfair advantage of

"It would be had faith now for me to try to run away from the steamer, as I meant to do. So far, you have bound me by your candor. But be yond that I make no promises. My parole will be at an end when the offi-

"It is more than fair; I can't under "But you must have returned it in stand. "What is it that you can't under

> stand "" "How you can do this; how you can

He finished the sentence for her-

he handcuffs upon his wrists. It was with a distinct sense of culpability oppressing her that she went back to her aunt, and she was careful not to let the invalid see her face. Fortunately, there was a thing to be done,

and the transfer to the other steamer came opportunely to help her to reestablish the balance of things distorted. She was sorry, but, after all, the

man had only himself to blame. None the less, the wish that someone else might have been his betrayer was promising to grow later into remorse ful and lasting regret when, with her aunt, she left the Belle Julie and walked up the levee to go aboard the Star of the North,

CHAPTER VII.

Moses Ichthyophagus.

After suffering all the pangs of those who lose between the touch and the clutch, Griswold had found the red-handkerchief bundle precisely where it had been hidden; namely, buried safely in the deckload of sacked coffee on the engine-room guard.

It came to light in the final halfhour of the voyage, when he and his mates were transferring the coffee to the main deck, forward. It had not been disturbed; and what had hap pened was obvious enough, after the fact. After its hiding, arm's-length deep, in a cranny between the sacks, some sudden jar of the boat had

slightly shifted the cargo, closing one cranny and opening another.

With the money once more in his possession he had a swift return of the emotions which had thrilled him when he found himself standing on the sidewalk in front of the Bayou cers appear, and I shall do what I can State Security with the block of banknotes under his arm.

> As to the battle for the keeping which was probably awaiting him at the St. Louis landing, the prospect of coming to blows, man-fashion, with the enemy, was not wholly unwel-

The few necessary preliminaries vere arranged while the Belle Julie was backing and filling for the land-Since to be taken with the banks, and the like. I fancy it is a money in his possession was to give bit puzzling-from your point of view. the enemy the chance of winning at Sometime, perhaps, we shall all un- one stroke both the victory and the spoils, he made a confederate of the

as grass and seaweed, fall to the

Playing Out of Doors.

again, to drop his handkerchief bundle

and kick it aside, and to close with his assailants while the negro was snatching up the treasure and darting away among the freight pyramids. After that he had but one thought; to keep the two plain-clothes men busy until the negro had made his escape. Even this proved to be a forlorn hope, since the smaller of the two instantly broke

away to give chase, while the other stepped back, spun his weapon in air, and leveled it.

Rage-blinded as he was, Griswold whisky. To pacify him the mate had knew that the leveled pistol meant put him in irons, using two pairs of surrender or death. When his captor handcuffs for the purpose. Therefore, had handcuffed him and was walking McGrath must have a key. him toward a closed carriage drawn But would McGrath do it? That reup before the nearest saloon in the mained to be seen; , and since hesita-

river-fronting street, he ventured to ask what he was wanted for.

"You'll find that out soon enough." was the curt reply, and nothing more

was said until the carriage was aboard the Belle Julie, falling into line reached and the door had been jerked with the returning file of rousiabouts. open. "Get in!" commanded the maj-The mate was at the heel of the esty of the law, and when the door foot plank, and he saw at once what was slammed upon the captive, the the scrap of sacking was meant to plain-clothes man turned to the driver, hide.

"Hello, there, Gavitt!" he called, not a little wizened Irishman with a face like a shriveled winter apple. "What less grufily than of yore, but without time does that New Orleans fast train the customary imprecation; "what are pull out?'

ye doing with thim things on ?" Griswold heard the reply: "Sivin-Griswold told a straight story, concealing nothing-not even the detecforty-five, sorr," and something in the thin, piping voice gave him fresh tive's refusal to tell him what he was courage. Through the open window arrested for.

"Ye'd ought to find that cabby and of the carriage he saw his captor glance at his watch and begin an imbuy him a seegyar," was the mate's patient sentry beat up and down ancomment. "So ye legged it, did ye?" der the electric transparency advertis-He led the way up to his quarters ing the particular brand of whisky in the texas, and telling Griswold to wait, went down on his knees to rumspecialized by the saloon. He was evidently waiting for his colleague to mage in the locker beneath the berth. "I've got a couple o' pair av thim bring in the negro, and time passed. things in here, somewhere, and maybe The spring evening was raw and chilly, and the open doors of the sa- the key to 'em will fit yours?"

loon volleyed light and warmth and a (TO BE CONTINUED.) heckoning invitation. Griswold's gift. Parrots Fail as Sentinels.

prostituted to the service of the Parrots as aeroplane sentinels have changed point of view, bade him read not proved the entire success they in the red face, the loose lip and the bibulous eyes the temptation that was were expected to. A parrot, long begripping the plain-clothes man. fore human eye or glass can detect

By a careful contortion of the manthe approach of an aeroplane, will acled hands, which seemed suddenly screech and flap about in wild exciteto have become endowed with the ment.

crafty definess of the hands of a pick-A number were placed in Elffel towpocket, he found his working capital er to signal the approach of hostile in a pocket of the short-sleeved coat. craft, but as the birds failed to dis-It had been diminished only by the tinguish between friend and foe, their hundred dollars put into John Gavitt's usefulness as sentinels was consider man who would forgive his enemy, shouldn't have made restitution in any now, but to that time, and beyond it. negro, whose part he had taken in the hands, and the twenty he had given ably limited.

> come so tame that anyone with whom | over the other end. The down clings | very likely to have the play fever in a | fever of spring? Just as the regular it into a circular mound which has the they are familiar may handle them to the strings; but all impurities, such most virulent form. The sober and indoor workers get the fever, so do dignified man, who sits all day and every day in a sober and dignified office more of the players are ending their feels that he really must get out someseason's work with out-of-door perfor-

and even a third lot from the same ing of the product. Down clings tena- about two dollars and fifty cents a where, where the grass is green and mances. the air is clean, and kick his sober heels far toward the sky and release a series of startling whoops from his

This is the time of year when every dignified interior. So, granting that this is the time when people who work man has within him a desire to get the elements the Icelanders construct loosely. The down is cast on these out of doors and play. And those who desire to play out of doors, is it surprising that the people whose work is down from their own breasts. They these farms, it is said, the ducks be- drawn rapidly backward and forward of door recreation during the year are called "playing" should also have the

the players-and each year more and

Good Night!

He-Then you are not interested in my welfare? She-No; but if the two syllables

were transposed I'd not only be interested but enthusiastic .-- Boston Evening Transcript.

ing like Jesus Christ. The next step had to be resolutely

It is God's purpose that all his children shall be joyful-full of joy. "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full." How different the feeling of the Christless soul! A visitor who was calling on the great Bismarck expressed the hope that he might live many days, and this was Bismarck's reply: "There is only one happy day left for me. It is the one on which I shall not wake up again." 3. Not to be a Christian costs the sacrifice of the highest success in life. Everyone wishes to make the most of himself, but this is impossible unless he yields his life to Christ. God has a plan for every life, and this plan alone assures the highest success Does not God know what is for the creature's good better than the creature himself? It is folly to think that one can live in God's world and achieve success, and yet disobey the laws of God.

Remember that money and popular ity and power do not constitute success. One may have all these and yet be a consummate failure. The true object of life is to know God's will and do it, and the Christless soul misses that completely.

4. Not to be a Christian costs the loss of heaven. The penalty of having one's own way here, is to be consigned hereafter to a place where en eryone has his own way, which is hell. That is what makes it hell. Heaven is a place where no one has his own way, but all delight to do God's will That is what makes it heaven. The Christless soul has no hope of heaven and even if he had, he could not enloy it. Heaven would be hell to one who is not heavenly minded, to one who does not love Jesus, and who does love sin.

The Christless soul must prepare to part forever from all his dear ones who have chosen Christ; his mother who taught him to pray, his faithful wife, his children whose little hands have long been beckoning, to woo him bome to heaven. When Dwight L Moody died he looked up and said. "Is this death? If so, it is glorious, Earth is receding, heaven is opening. Ged is calling me." Instead of this welcome, the Christless soul will hear the

sad words, "Depart from me." Yes, it does cost something to be a Christian. It may cost you the sacrifice of some pleasure, some companions, some money, but not to be a Christian will cost you the loss of peace, joy, and real success. It will cost you the loss of your soul. It will

cost you heaven.

Church Never Old. I believe that the church is, of ought to be, as strong today, and as full of power and vigor, as it ever was; that it does not grow old at all; it is meant to be perpetually young, and always able to adapt itself to every age as it comes .- The Bishop of London.



after your letter reaches New Orleans; you needn't doubt that. And the suppression of your name isn't cowardly; it is merely a justifiable bit of self-protection. It is your duty to give the alarm; but when you have done that, your responsibility ceases There are plenty of people who can

identify me if I am taken back to New Orleans. You don't want to be summoned as a witness, and you needn't be."

She saw the direct, manlike wisdom of all this, and was quick to appreciate his delicate tact in effacing the question of the reward without even

referring to it. But his stolcism was almost appalling. "it is very shocking!" she murmured; "only you don't seem to real-

your frankness."

'What will you do ?"

Is that fair?"

and still be a common robber of ing.

the senses, and reason argued that a But you mustn't think of that. I derstand things better than we do

"Do you think so?" he rejoined. "I penalties dealt out to those who rush think I could have been quite content do such things as the one you did last bilindly into the thick of things with- to keep it. But that is past; it is | night, and still-" "No," she acquiesced;

"and that "For you to do what you must do?

without frightening them.

Separate buildings on the Icelandic ground.

elder farms are devoted to the clean- The price of down at the farm is

clously to anything on which it is pound.-Sunday Magazine.

"Lost it?" she gasped. "How?" "I had hidden it, and I suppose someone else has found it. It is all right. so far as the ownership is concerned:

to dodge, or to escape if I am taken. but I am still self-centered enough to