TheDD BY FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CD. RHODES COMMENT BY CHARLES SCHOOLESS SOMS

CHAPTER XXIV-Continued. -12-

one of the great wicker lounging the ex-employees themselves. chairs half hidden in the veranda dropping into it wenrily.

"I saw you at the gate," she said. "The men are still holding out?"

ventured.

thought. appeal to.

fore," she suggested. "Perhaps. But yesterday was yes-

terday, and today is today. As I told Kaymer a little while ago, I've changed my mind. "No," she denied, "you only think

to tell me that?" "No; I came to ask a single ques-

tion. How is Mr. Galbraith?" "He is a very sick man." "You mean that there is a chance

that he may not recover' "More than a chance, I'm afraid."

After a moment of silence Griswold said. "I did my best; you know I did my best?"

Her answer puzzled him a little. "I could almost find it in my heart to hate you if you hadn't."

Silence again, broken only by the whispering of the summer night breeze rustling the leaves of the lawn oaks and the lappings of tiny waves on the lake beach. At the end of it, Griswold got up and groped for his

"I'm going home," he said. "It has been a pretty strenuous day, and there is another one coming. But before I go I want you to promise me one thing. Will you let me know immediately, by phone or messenger, if Mr. Galbraith takes a turn for the better?"

"Certainly," she said; and she let him say good-night and get as far as the steps before she called him back "There was another thing," she be-

gan, with the sober gravity that he could never be sure was not one of there was no one there; nothing but her many poses, and not the least al- the pile of kindlings." turing one. "Do you believe in God. Kenneth?

The query took him altogether by # with becoming seriousness. "I suppose I do. Why?"

that Mr. Galbraith's life may be upper Shawnee street. spared." He could not let that stand

gially?" he asked, adding: "Of course, I'm sorry, and all that, but-"

she left her chair to walk beside him chair. to the steps. "I've had a hard day. you ought to do it, you know."

the eyes whose depths he could never settled, one way or the other!" wholly fathom.

"Why don't you do it?" he demand-

"It oh God doesn't know me: and. besides, I thought-oh, well, it doesn't matter what I thought. Good-night." And before he could return the leave-taking word, she was gone.

Raymer's prediction that the real trouble would begin when the attempt will vanish. We both know that," should be made to start the plant with during the militant week which fol- decision. lowed the opening of hostilities. Each succeeding day saw the inevitable increase of lawlessness. From taunts past." and abuse the insurrectionaries passed easily to violence. Street fights, when the trampish place-takers came in any occurrence, and the tale of the wounded grew like the returns from a battie. By the middle of the week Raymer and Griswold were asking for a sheriff's posse to maintain peace in the neighborhood of the plant; and were getting their first definite hint the game of politics against them.

"No, gentlemen: I've done all the law requires and a little more," was better protection.

all sense of expediency,

the brittle little conference ended.

lose the plant guard of deputies that sudden horror; and his hat was on the ten minutes' walk from the lake front, Bradford has been maintaining," com- back of his head. mented Raymer, as they were descending the courthouse stairs; and gized. "The sun ain't high enough yet precious. again his prediction came true. Later to make a clear print. But you said in the day the guard was withdrawn; 'hurry,' and I reckon it will do." and Griswold, savagely reluctant, was

I forced to make a concession repeatedly urged and argued for by the older He had climbed the steps of the men among the strikers, namely, that That part of it was a cinch. Your govbroad veranda when he heard his the guarding of the company's propname called softly from the depths of erty be entrusted to a picked squad of

During these days of turmoil and shadows. In a moment he had placed rioting the transformed idealist passed another of the chairs for himself, through many stages of the journey down a certain dark and mephitic valley not of amelioration. Fairness was gone, and in its place stood angry re-"We are holding out. The plant is sentment ready to rend and tear. Pity closed, and it will stay closed until and truth were going; the daily rewe can get another force of work- port from Margery told of the lessening chance of life for Andrew Gal-"There will be lots of suffering," she braith, and the stirrings evoked were neither regretful nor compassionate. "It's no use," he said, answering her On the contrary, he knew very well "There is nothing in me to that the news of Galbraith's death would be a relief for which, in his There was yesterday, or the day be- heart of hearts, he was secretly thirsting.

CHAPTER XXV.

Margery's Answer.

"Well, it has come at last," said you have. But you didn't come here Raymer next morning, passing a newly opened letter of the morning delivery over to Griswold. "The railroad people are taking their work away from us. I've been looking for

that in every mail." Griswold glanced at the letter and handed it back. The burden was lying heavily upon him, and his only com-

ment was a questioning, "Well?" At this, Raymer let go again. "What's the use?" he said deject-"We'fe down, and everything edly.

we do merely prolongs the agony. Do you know that they tried to burn the plant last night?" "No; I hadn't heard."

They did. They had everything fixed; a pile of kindlings laid in the corner back of the machine shop annex and the whole thing saturated with kerosene.

"Well, why didn't they do it?" queried Griswold, half-heartedly. After the heavens have fallen, no mere terrestrial cataclysm can evoke a thrill.

"That's a mystery. Something happened; just what, the watchman who had the machine shop beat couldn't tell. He says there was a flash of light bright enough to blind him, and then a scrap of some kind. When he got out heard, you know-was true; every sinof the shop and around to the place.

Griswold took up the letter from the railway people and read it again. When he faced it down on Raymer's surprise, but he made shift to answer desk, he had closed with the conclusion which had been thrusting itself upon him since the early morning hour "It is a time to pray to him," she when he had picked his way among mid softly; "to pray very earnestly the sidewalk pools to the plant from

"You can still save yourself. Edvard," he said, still with the c Why should I concern myself, spe note in his voice. And he added: "You know the way.

Raymer jerked his head out of his "Never mind," she interposed, and desk and swung around in the pivot-

"See here, Griswold; the less said too, Kenneth, boy, and I-I guess it has | about that at this stage of the game, got on my nerves. But, all the same, the better it will be for both of us!" he exploded. "I'm going to do as I He stopped and looked down into said I should, but not until this fight is

Griswold did not retort in kind. "The condition has already expired by limitation; the fight is as good as settled now," he said, placably, "We are only making a hopeless bluff. We can hold our forty or fifty tramp workmen just as long as we pay their board over in town, and don't ask them to report for work. But the day the shop whistle is blown, four out of every five

"Then there is nothing for it but a imported workmen was amply fulfilled receivership," was Raymer's gloomy

> "Not without a miracle," Griswold admitted. "And the day of miracles is

wretchedness and self-exprobration hitherto unplumbed. But if he could considerable numbers, were of daily have had even a momentary gift of that plays a winnin' hand against you telepathic vision he might have seen a miracle at that moment in the preliminary stage of its outworking.

The time was half-past nine; the place a grottolike summer house on the Mercside lawn. The miracle workera were two: Margery Grierson, radithat someone higher up was playing ant in the daintiest of morning housegowns, and the man who had taken her retainer. Miss Grierson was curl ously examining a photographic print; the sheriff's response to the plea for the pictured scene was a well-littered foundry yard with buildings forming "In other words, Mr. Bradford, an angle in the near background. you've got your orders from the men Against the buildings a pile of shavhigher up, have you?" rasped Gris- ings with kindlings showed quite clear wold, who was by this time lost to ly; and, stooping to ignite the pite, teller, was next in rank to the eashier. the envelope across, the photographic fully. Miss Grierson pulled up at one was a man who had evidently looked If he should be the one to come to "I don't have to reply to any such up at, or just before, the instant of Wahaska charge as that," said the chief peace of- camera-snapping. There was no misacer, turning back to his desk; and so taking the identity of the man. He to do, I reckon I'll be going," he said, the time after he had tossed the pahad a round, pig-jowl face; his bris- hastily, and forthwith made his es-"All of which means that we shall thing mustaches stood out stiffly as if in cape. The telegraph office was a good bit. Then he said, slowly:

him in the very act, didn't you?" she fares into the street upon which the Raymer property fronted. Smoke was "What did he hope to acsaid coolly. complish by setting fire to the works?" pouring from the tall central stack of the plant, and it had evidently pro-

"It was a frameup to capture public sympathy. There's been a report circulating 'round that Raymer and Griswold was goin' to put some o' the ringleaders in jail, if they had to make a case against 'em. Clancy had it figured out that the fire'd be charged up to the owners, themselves."

Miss Grierson was still examining the picture. "You made two of these prints?" she asked.

"Yes; here's the other one-and the film.

"And you have the papers to make hem effective?"

Broffin handed her a large envelope, "You'll find 'em in there. ernor ought to fire that man Murray. He was payin' Clancy in checks!" Again Miss Grierson nodded.

"About the other matter?" she in "Have you heard from your quired. nessenger!"

Broffin produced another envelope it had been through the mails and bore back." he Duluth postmark.

"Affidavits was the best we could do there," he said. "My man worked it to go with MacFarland as the driver of the rig. They saw some mighty fine timber, but it happened to be on the wrong side of the St. Louis county line. He's a tolerably careful man, and he verified the landmarks."

"Affidavits will do," was the even toned rejoinder. Then: "These pa pers are all in duplicate?"

"Everything in pairs-just as you or dered.

Miss Grierson took an embroidered bosom and began to open it. Broffin raised his band.

"Not any more," he objected. "You overpaid me that first evening in front

of the Winnebago. "You needn't hesitate," she orged. It's my own money." "I've had a-plenty."

"Then I can only thank you," she said, rising. He knew that he was being dis-

nissed, but the one chance in a thou sand had yet to be tested. "Just a minute, Miss Grierson," he

"I've done you right in this begged. business, haven't I?" "You have." "I said I didn't want any more

other thing. Do you know what I'm here in this little jay town of yours "Yes; I have known it for a long

"I thought so. You knew it that day

out at the De Soto, when you was tellin' Mr. Raymer a little story that was partly true and partly made up-

"Every word of the story about Mr Griswold-the story that you over-



ing a Photographic Print,

gle word of it. Do you suppose should have dared to embroider it the least little bit-with you sitting right there at my back?"

Broffin got up and took a half-burned cigar from the ledge of the summer house where he had carefully laid it at the beginning of the interview.

"You've got me down," he confessed, with a good-natured grin, "The man has got to get up before sun in the morning and hold all trumps. Miss Grierson-to say nothin' of being a mighty good bluffer, on the side." Then he switched suddenly. "How's Mr. Galbraith this morning?"

"He is very low, but he is conscious igain. He has asked us to wire for the cashler of his bank to come up."

Broffin's eyes narrowed. "The cashier is sick and can't come,

ome, I suppose. Once more Broffin was thinking in erms of speed. Johnson, the paying

"If you haven't anything else for me and in the light of what Miss Grierson "It ain't very good," Broffin apolo- had just told him, the minutes were

Something less than a half-hour aft-Miss Grierson nodded. "You caught Grierson drove by quieter thorough that you can use it on me, do you?" I fake!"

voked a sudden and wrathful gathering of the clans. The sidewalks were filled with angry workmen, and an excited argument was going forward at one of the barred gates between the locked-out men and a watchman inside

of the yard. The crowd let the trap pass without hindrance. Though it was the first time she had been in the new offices, she seemed to know where to find what she sought; and when Raymer took his face out of his desk, she was standing on the threshold of the open door and smiling across at him.

"May I come in?" she asked; and when he fairly bubbled over in the effort to make her understand how welcome she was: "No: I mustn't sit down, because if I do, I shall stay too long-and this is a business call. Where is Mr. Griswold?"

"He went up town a little while ago, and I wish to goodness he'd come

"You have been having a great deal of trouble, haven't you?" she said, passed as suddenly as it had broken sympathetically. "I'm sorry, and I've come to help you cure it."

Raymer shook his head despondently.

"I'm afraid it has gone past the curing point," he said.

"Oh, no, it hasn't. I have discovered the remedy and I've brought it with me." She took a sealed envelope from the inside pocket of her driving coat and laid it on the desk before him. 'I'm going to ask you to lock that up in your office safe for a little while, chamols-skin money book from her just as it is," she went on. "If there are no signs of improvement in the sick situation by three o'clock, you are to open it-you and Mr. Griswold-and read the contents. Then you will know exactly what to do, and how to go about It.'

Her lips were trembling when she got through, and he saw it. She was going then, but he got before her and shut the door and put his back against

"I don't know what you have done, but I can guess," he said, lost now to everything save the intoxicating joy of the barrier-breakers. "You have a heart of gold, Margary, and I-"

"Please don't," she said, trying to stop him; but he would not listen.

"No; before that envelope is opened money, and don't. But there's one before I can possibly know what it con tains, I'm going to ask you one ques tion in spite of your prohibition; and I'm going to ask it now because, afterward, I may not-you may not-that is, perhaps it won't be possible for me to ask, or for you to listen. I love you, Margery; I-

She was looking up at him with the faintest shadow of a smile lurking in the depths of the alluring eyes. And her lips were no longer tremulous when she said: "Oh, no, you don't. If I were as mean as some people think I am, I might take advantage of all this, mightn't I? But I sha'n't. Won't you open the door and let me go? It is very important."

"Heavens, Margery! Don't make a joke of it!" he burst out. "Can't you see that I mean it? Girl, girl, I want and there were sullen fires in the you-I need you!"

This time she laughed outright. Then she grew suddenly grave.

"My dear friend, you don't know what you are saying. The gate that damned crook." you are trying to break down opens apon nothing but misery and wretchedness. If I loved you as a woman ought to love her lover, for your sake and for my own I should still say no-a thousand times no! Now will you

open the door and let me go?" He opened the door and she slipped him." past him. But in the corridor she

turned and laughed at him again. sonally, as well as the sick situationway-after a while. But I could never, get the papers." never, never learn to love your mother and your sister."

And with that spiteful thrust she left have broken off the deal with Mr. Gal-

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Gray Wolf.

As it chanced, Jasper Grierson was sation with his agent in Duluth at the you right?" he sneered. moment when the door of his private room opened and his daughter entered.

and was pushing the bracketed telephone set aside when Margery crossed the room swiftly and placed an envelope, the counterpart of the one left | diction she departed. with Raymer, on the desk. "There is your notice to quit," she

day, and now I've come back at you." to meet the crisis. But the gray wolf phaeton between half-past two and cause you would perish of cold. was of a different mettle. He let the three through the overcrossing suburb envelope lie untouched until after he there were signs of an armistice aphad pulled out a drawer in the desk. parent, even before the battlefield was found his box of cigars, and had lel- reached. Pottery Flat was populated a century. surely selected and lighted one of the again, and the groups of men bunched fat black monstrosities. When he tore print fell out, and he studied it care-

pers aside there was a silence that "So that's your raise, is it? Where does the game stand, right now?" "You stand to lose."

the accompanying documents. For a lit-

Again the biting silence; and then:

"Those papers and that picture are copies; the originals are in a sealed envelope in Mr. Raymer's safe. If you haven't taken your hands off of Mr. Raymer's throat by three o'clock this afternoon, the envelope will be opened."

Jasper Grierson's teeth met in the marrow of the fat eigar. Equally without heat and without restraint, he stripped her of all that was womanly, pouring out upon her a flood of foul epithets and vile names garnished with bitter, brutal oaths. She shrank from the crude and savage upbraidings as if the words had been hot irons to touch the bare flesh, but at the end of it she was still facing him hardily. "Calling me bad names doesn't

change anything," she pointed out, and her tone reflected something of his own elemental contempt for the euphemisms. "You have five hours in which to make Mr. Raymer understand that you have stopped trying to smash him. Wouldn't it be better to begin on that? You can curse me out any time, you know."

Jasper Grierson's rage fit, or the mud-volcano manifestation of it. out. Swinging heavily in his chair he result of a-of a mistake." took up the papers again, reread them thoughtfully, and then swung slowly to face the situation.

"Let's see what you want-show up your hand."

"I have shown it. Take the prop of your backing from behind this labor trouble, and let Mr. Raymer settle acle?" with his men on a basis of good-will and fair dealing."

"Is that all?" "No. You must cancel this pineland deal. You have broken bread I'm not going to let you be worse than an Arab.

Grierson's shaggy brows met in a reflective frown, and when he spoke the bestial temper was rising again. "When this is all over, and you've

gone to live with Raymer, I'll kill bim," he said, with an outthrust of the hard jaw; adding: "You know me, Madge." "I thought I did." was the swift retort. "But it was a mistake. And as for taking it out on Mr. Raymer, you'd better wait until I go 'to live with him,'

as you put it. Besides, this isn't Yellow

Dog gulch. They hang people here." "You little she-devil! If you push me into this thing, you'd better get Raymer, or somebody, to take you in You'll be out in the street!"

"I have thought of that, too," she said, coolly; "about quitting you. I'm sick of it all-the getting and the spending and the crookedness. I'd put the money-yours and mine-in a pile and set fire to it, if some decent man would give me a calico dress and a chance to cook for two."

'Raymer, for instance?" the father cut in, in heavy mockery.

"Mr. Raymer has asked me to marry him, if you care to know," she, struck back. "Oho! So that's the milk in the

coconnut, is it? You sold me out to buy in with him!" You may put it that way, if you on her driving gloves methodically and working the fingers into place,

brooding eyes. "I've been thinking it was the other

The daughter went on smoothing gloves. "What makes you think so?" of the Pineboro railroad's repair work.

skillfully assumed.

"Never mind Mr. Griswold," she in-"I am going to cure you-you, per suppose that is enough to make you she had dared hope. hate him. About this other matter-Mr. Raymer," she said flippantly, ten minutes before three o'clock this Then, mimicking him as a spoiled afternoon I shall go back to Mr. Raychild might have done: "I might pos- mer. If he tells me that his troubles sibly learn to-think of you-in that are straightening themselves out, I'll

> "You'll bring 'em here to me?" "Some day; after I'm sure that you braith."

Jasper Grierson let his daughter get as far as the door before he stopped her with a blunt-pointed arrow of con-

"I suppose you've fixed it up to in the act of concluding a long and ap marry that college-sharp dub so that parently satisfactory telephone conver- his mother and sister can rub it into

"You can suppose again," she re turned, shortly. "If I should marry him, it would be out of pure spite to He hung the receiver on its hook those women. Because, when he asked me, I told him No. You weren't counting on that, were you?" And having fired this final shot of contra-

After Miss Grierson had driven home from the bank between ten said calmly. "You threw me down and eleven in the morning, an admirbefore bank-closing hours in the after- hours' purchase. Another man might have hastened noon. As she passed in the basket on the street corners arguing peace of the corners and beckoned to a zation that laughs at mountains, Ava fully for many seconds before he read young iron-molder,

"Anything new, Malcolm?" she

"You bet your sweet life!" said the men did, on a plane of perfect equality You don't think I'm fool enough to orders from the big federation, at all; playroom and that they must confine er Broffin's hurried departure, Miss give you back your ammunition so and that crooked guy Clancy, was a any untidiness to that particular spot.

"He has gone?" she said. "He'd better be. If he shows himself 'round here again, there's goin' to be a mix-up.

Miss Grierson drove on, and at the iron works there were more of the peaceful indications. The gates were open, and a switching engine from the railroad yards was pushing in a car load of furnace coal. By all the signs the trouble flood was abating.

Raymer saw her when she drove under his window and calmly made a hitching post of the clerk who went out to see what she wanted. A moment later she came down the corridor to stand in the open doorway of the manager's room.

"You are still alone?" she asked. "Yes: Griswold hasn't shown up since morning. I don't know what has become of him.

"And the labor trouble, is that going to be settled?"

He looked away and ran his fingers through his hair as one still puzzled and bewildered. "Some sort of a miracle has been wrought," he said. "A little while ago a committee came to talk over terms of surrender. It seems that the whole thing was the "Yes," she returned quietly, "it was

just that-a mistake." And then: "You are going to take them back?" "Certainly. The plant will start up

again in the morning." Then his curiosity broke bounds, "I can't understand it. How did you work the mir

"Perhaps I didn't work it." "I know well enough you did, in some way.

She dismissed the matter with a toss of the pretty head. "What difwith Mr. Galbraith as a friend, and ference does it make so long as you



"You Can Wade Ashore Now, Can't You?"

like; I don't care." She was drawing are out of the deep water and in a place where you can wade ashore? You can wade ashore now, can't you ?" He nodded. "This morning I should have said that we couldn't; but now-" he reached over to his desk one-the book writer," said the father. and handed her a letter to which was Then, without warning: "He's a pinned a telegram less than an hour

She read the letter first. It was a the wrinkles out of the fingers of her curt announcement of the withdrawal she inquired, with indifference, real or | The telegram was still briefer: "Disregard my letter of yesterday;" this, "He's got too much money to be and the signature. "Atherton." The, straight. I've been keeping cases on smaller plotter returned the correspondence with a little sigh of relief, It had been worse than she had terposed. "He is my friend, and I thought, and it was now better than (TO BE CONTINUED.)

> SWISS HOTELS WONDROUS Stand in Solitary Grandeur, But Lack Nothing That Makes for Comfort

> of Traveler. You may climb up the heights by the aid of rallways, funiculars, racks and-pinions, diligences and sledges, and when nothing but your own feet will take you any further you will see in Switzerland a grand hotel, magically and incredibly raised aloft in the

> mountains. It is solitary-no town, no houses nothing but this hotel hemmed in on all sides by snowy crags and made impregnable by precipices and treacherous snow and ice.

At the great redrawing of the map of Europe, when the lesser nationalitles are to disappear, the Switzers will take armed refuge in their farthest grand hotels and there defy the mandates of the concert. For the hotel, no matter how remote

in the dictionary of comfort. Beyond and gave me the double-cross the other | ing public saw her no more until just | its walls your life is not worth twelve You would not die of hunger, be

it be, lacks nothing that is mentioned

At best you might hit on some peasant's cottage in which the standards of existence had not changed for give us a clean record. The words But once pass within the portals of

the grand hotel, and you become the

spoiled darling of an intricate organi-

lanches and frost Tent for the Children.

A tent in the back yard is a great young molder, meeting her, as most joy to children, at helps to keep house the blood of Jesus Christ God's Sol and yard looking neat, for the children and frankness. "We was hoodcoed to can be expected and required to keep beat the band, and Mr. Raymer's got their playthin;s in the tent when they us. comin' and goin'. There wase't no, are told that it is their exclusive -Today

salesman out of you one of these

that was left, sir."-Harper's Maga-

but most of them would like to tak "Fine, my boy:" said the Jeweler, a few lessons,-Atchison Globe

******************** Instruction for the Sinner

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE

TEXT-We have trespassed against a God . . . yet now there is hope . concerning this thing. Now therefore us make a covenant with our God.-Erra

Zaacaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

This text is full of instruction for the sinner who would find peace for the conscience. It tells of the proper confession, the gracious comfort and the wise conduct for every sinner. I. The proper

confession for ever sinner-"we have trespansed against our God," The Bible proclaims the fact that "all we like sheep have gone

astray, we have

turned every one

to his own way." and "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Our history and our conscience bear witness to the truth of it. The present writer and reader must make the same humilisting confession: "I have trespassed against my God."

The evil thing is already done and the record is already made. The temptation to think that we can do enough good to blot out the evil is a subtle one. We cannot go back over the road and live it over in such a manner as to hide the record we have left. We sometimes say, "I wish I could go back and do it differently." but time refuses to turn back for us. The record is there and all we can say of it is, in the words of Pontius Pilate, "What I have written I have written." The words spoken that should have remained unuttered may be forgotten but they are all recorded. The deeds of evil we cannot undo The sins are already committed and the sinner should not be so much exercised about what will happen in the future as about what has happened in the past.

There may be a difference in the number and character of sins committed, but trespass there is against each one To trespass means to get "over the fence" or "out of bounds." God has set bounds for man to walk in and as far as the fatal results are concerned one might as well be a mile out of those bounds as merely a foot. God says that "he that keepeth the whole law and yet offendeth in one point is guilty of all." If a man's life depended on the strength of a chain, nine strong links would not avert the catastrophe resulting from a weak link that breaks. One sin is enough to put one "out of bounds." Therefore this is a proper confession for everyone to make, "I have trespassed against my God.

II. The gracious comfort for the sinner-"yet now there is hope concern ing this thing.

In spite of the trespass whether

large or small, every sinner has this hope. God says to all, "Come now and let us reason together: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The natural thing for a sinner to do is to hide from the One who has been offended. This Adam did when God came into Edes after the fall. But not in judgment, but in grace does God come. Not to condemn but to save. In the future he will come to judge and to condemn but today there is hope for all. The message from God's Word Is, "Nos is the accepted time, behold today is the day of salvation." Many say, will think about the matter," but the Lord says "today" at once, now, not tomorrow. Many have gone to a hope less eternity just because they per sisted in thinking about instead of accepting God's gracious offer of s present salvation. And this text pro-claims a universal hope, including all who have trespassed. It is extended to everyone. Over and over God's Word declares that "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely." "Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish but have everlasting life." III. The wise conduct for the sinner. "Therefore let us make a cove

turn over a new leaf or to mend our ways or any of the many expedient resorted to to give peace and rest to the troubled conscience, but it is turn ing to God, coming out from behind the tree to him who alone can blot out the record of the trespasses and of the prophet are as true today as they were when attered, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man he thoughts and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." There is abundant pardon with the Lord for every trespass and for every sin and can blot out every mark and stain from the sinner's record. Women In Church Management

This is not merely a covenant to

nant with our God."

The action of the Asylum Hill Cosgregational church in adding two womn as members of its prudential committee is a recognition of women that should receive universal commends tion. Women are no doubt a majority of the members of practically all churches. They are the mothers up on whom the opportunities and the duties of Christian nurture naturally fall. The Christian church could not survive without them and as a rule the Christian graces are best illus trated in them. They belong as naturally in the management of the church as of the home. Our old friend St. Paul was a bit astray in his views on this subject.-Hartford Courant

Physicians Advise Patients to Practice Good Humor as a Preservative of Health.

theory, after the psychologists, Wil-Ham James and C. G. Lange. This theory relates to the emotions. and hasists that, contrary to the popuiar belief, the muscular and other

ASCRIBE VALUE TO SMILE | the different emotions are actually a certain amount of truth in it, and find that many physicians who are perienced man, replacing him with enthusiastically. "We'll make an Al these varying mental states.

we weep because we grieve, we ought frightened because we run.

While few psychologists accept this influence over the vhole organism. physical chunges which accompany doctrine, all are agreed that there is | Consequently it is not surprising to a local jeweler to discharge his ex-

the causes rather than the effects of that it is entirely possible to produce aware of this striking psycho-physic- a high school graduate-a youth That is, according to the James untarily assuming the characteristic to practice smiling as an aid to the very anxious to learn, and the pro-Lange theory, instead of saying that physical expression of that emotion preservation of health. If any emotion can be produced by

psychology known as the James-Lange weep. Similarly, we do not strike be physical expression, it manifestly is timents of joy, strength and courage away from the store, and upon his zine. cause we are angry, we are angry be profitable to endeavor to produce in dominant in your heart.-H. Adding- return inquired: cause we strike. And we do not run this way the various emotions and ton Bruce in Kansas City Star. because we are frightened, but we are moods-joy, happiness, contentmentwhich are known to exert a favorable

There is an interesting theory in to say that we grieve because we deliberately adopting \$ts distinctive doing so. Soon you will find the sen- day the merchant was obliged to be

Bright Salesman. The depression in business caused rings

prietor at the end of the first week Smile even when you don't feel like was much pleased with results. One side was ite, and the man took all "Well, Frank, did you sell any

thing!"

"Yes, sir: I seid five plain band

in oneself any specific emotion by vol- logical fact are advising their patients just out of school. He appeared days. You got the regular price for them, of course?" "Oh, yes, si- The price on the in-

There probably are men wh couldn't learn to loaf successfully