

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

"I should say a half million dollars in a town like Raymond could be well spent in the establishment of a paper such as we have in mind," he answered, and his voice trembled a little. The keen look on Edward Norman's grizzled face flashed out with a stern but thoroughly Christian anticipation of great achievements in the world of newspaper life as it had opened up to him within the last few seconds.

"Then," said Virginia, speaking as if the thought were fully considered. "I am ready to put that amount of money into the paper on the one condition, of course, that it be carried on as it has been begun."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Henry Maxwell softly. Edward Norman was pale. The rest were looking at Virginia. She had more to say.

"Dear friends," she went on, and there was a sadness in her voice that made an impression on the rest that deepened when they thought it over afterward. "I do not want any of you to credit me with an act of great generosity or philanthropy. I have come to know lately that the money which I have called my own is not my own, but God's. If I, as a steward of his, see some wise way to invest his money, it is not an occasion of vainglory or thanks from any one simply because I have proved honest in my administration of the funds he has asked me to use for his glory. I have been thinking of this very plan for some time. The fact is, dear friends, that in our coming fight with the whisky power in Raymond, and it has only just begun, we shall need The News to champion the Christian side. You all know that all the other papers are for the saloon. As long as the saloon exists the work of rescuing dying souls at the Rectangle is carried on at a terrible disadvantage. What can Mr. Gray do with his gospel meetings when half his converts are drinking people, daily tempted and enticed by the saloon on every corner? The Christian daily we must have. It would be giving up to the enemy to have The News fail. I have great confidence in Mr. Norman's ability. I have not seen his plans, but I have the confidence that he has in making the paper succeed if it is carried forward on a large enough scale.

"I cannot believe that Christian intelligence in journalism will be inferior to un-Christian intelligence, even when it comes to making the paper pay financially. So that is my reason for putting this money—God's, not mine—into this powerful agent for doing as Jesus would. If we can keep such a paper going for one year, I shall be willing to see that amount of money used in the experiment. Do not thank me. Do not consider my promise a wonderful thing. What have I done with God's money all these years but gratify my own selfish, physical, personal desires? What can I do with the rest of it but try to make some reparation for what I have stolen from God? That is the way I look at it now. I believe it is what Jesus would do."

Over the lecture room swept that unseen yet distinctly felt wave of Divine presence. No one spoke for awhile. Henry Maxwell, standing there where the faces lifted their intense gaze into his, felt what he had already felt before, a strange setting back out of the nineteenth century into the first, when the disciples had all things in common, and a spirit of fellowship must have flowed freely between them such as the First church of Raymond had never known. How much had his church membership known of this fellowship in daily interests before this little company had begun to do as Jesus would do? It was with difficulty that he thought of his present age and its surroundings. The same thought was present with all the rest also. There was an unspoken comradeship such as they had never known. It was present with them while Virginia was speaking and during the silence that followed. If it had been defined by any one of them, it would perhaps have taken some such shape as this:

"If I shall in the course of my obedience to my promise meet with loss or trouble in the world, I can depend upon the genuine, practical sympathy and fellowship of any other Christian in this town who has with me made the pledge to do all things by the rule, 'What would Jesus do?'"

All this the distinct wave of spiritual power expressed. It had the effect that physical miracle may have had on the early disciples in giving them a feeling of confidence in their Lord that led them to face loss and martyrdom with courage and even joy.

Before they went away this time there were several confidences like those Edward Norman. Some of the young men told of the loss of places owing to their honest obedience to their promise. Alexander Powers spoke briefly of the fact that the commission had promised to take action at the earliest date possible.

He was already at his old work of photography. It was a significant fact that since his action in resigning his position neither his wife nor daughter appeared in public. No one but himself knew the bitterness of that estrangement and misunderstanding of the higher motive. Yet many of the disciples present in the meeting carried similar burdens. There were things which they could not talk about. Henry Maxwell, from his knowledge of his work, from his knowledge of his fellow people, could almost certainly

know that obedience to this pledge had produced in the hearts of families separation of sympathy and even the introduction of enmity and hatred. Truly, "a man's foes are they of his own household" when the rule of Jesus is obeyed by some and disobeyed by others. Jesus is a great divider of life. One must walk either parallel with him or directly across his path.

But more than any other feeling at this meeting rose the tide of fellowship for one another. Henry Maxwell watched it, trembling for its climax, which he knew was not yet reached. When it was, where would it lead them? He did not know, but he was not unduly alarmed about it, only he watched with growing wonder the results of that simple promise as it was being obeyed in these various lives. Those results were already being felt all over the city. Who could measure their influence at the end of the year?

One practical form of this fellowship showed itself in the assurances which Edward Norman received in support of his paper. There was a general flocking toward him when the meeting closed, and the response to his appeal for help from the Christian disciples in Raymond was fully understood by this little company. The value of such a paper in the homes and in behalf of good citizenship, especially at the present crisis in the city, could not be measured. It remained to be seen what could be done now that the paper was endowed so liberally. But it still was true, as Edward Norman insisted, that money alone could not make the paper a power. It must receive the support and sympathy of the Christians in Raymond before it could be counted as one of the great Christian forces of the city.

The week that followed this Sunday meeting was one of great excitement in Raymond. It was the week of the election. Donald Marsh, true to his promise, took up his cross and bore it manfully, but with shuddering, and groans and even tears, for his deepest conviction was touched, and he tore himself out of the scholarly seclusion of years with pain and anguish that cost him more than anything he had ever done as a follower of Christ. With him were a few of the college professors who had made the pledge in the First church. Their experience and suffering were the same as the president's, for their isolation from all the duties of citizenship had been the same. The same was also true of Henry Maxwell, who plunged into the horror of this fight against whisky and its allies with a sickening dread of each day's encounter with it. Never had he borne such a cross. He staggered under it, and in the brief intervals when he came in from the work and sought the quiet of his study for rest the sweat broke out on his forehead, and he felt the actual terror of one who marches into the unseen, unknown horrors. Looking back on it afterward, he was amazed at his experience. He was not a coward, but he felt a dread that any man of his habits feels when confronted suddenly with a duty which carries with it the doing of certain things so unfamiliar that the actual details connected with it betray his ignorance and fill him with the shame of humiliation.

When Saturday, the election day, came, the excitement rose to its height. An attempt was made to close all the saloons. It was partly successful, but there was a great deal of drinking going on all day. The Rectangle boiled and heaved and cursed and turned its worst side out to the gaze of the city. Gray had continued his meetings during the week, and the results had been even greater than he had dared to hope.

When Saturday came, it seemed to him that the crisis in his work had been reached. The Holy Spirit and the satan of rum seemed to rouse up to a desperate conflict. The more interest in the meetings the more ferocity and violence outside. The saloon men no longer concealed their feelings. Open threats of violence were made. Once during the week Gray and his little company of helpers were assailed with missiles of various kinds as they left the tent late at night. The police sent down special protection, and Virginia and Rachel were always under the protection of Rollin or Dr. West. Rachel's power in song had not diminished. Rather with each night it seemed to add to the intensity and reality of the Spirit's presence.

Gray had at first hesitated about having a meeting that night, but he had a simple rule of action and was always guided by it. The Spirit seemed to lead them to continue the meeting, and so Saturday night he went on, as usual.

The excitement all over the city had reached its climax when the polls closed at 6 o'clock. Never had there been such a contest in Raymond. The issue of license or no license had never been an issue under such circumstances. Never before had such elements in the city been arrayed against each other. It was an unheard of thing that the president of Lincoln college, the pastor of the First church, the dean of the cathedral, the professional men living in the fine houses on the boulevard, should come personally into the wards and by their presence and their example represent the Christian conscience of the place. The ward politicians were astonished that they did not prevent their activity. The fight grew hotter every hour, and when 6 o'clock came neither side could have guessed at the result with any certainty. Every one agreed that never had there been such an election in Raymond, and both sides awaited the announcement of the result with the greatest interest.

It was after 10 o'clock when the meeting at the tent was closed. It had been a strange and in some respects a remarkable meeting. Henry Maxwell had come down again at Gray's request. He was completely worn out by the day's work, but the appeal from Gray came to him in such a form that he did not feel able to resist it. Donald Marsh

SPECIALISTS FAILED.



Mrs. C. A. Merrill, of Chetopa, Kans., suffered from a peculiar nervous trouble which baffled the skill of leading specialists. She says: "I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Miles' Nervine. I suffered agonizing pain in left side of my head and I thought it would drive me insane. Specialists in Cincinnati and Kansas City treated me without benefit. Then I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and obtained prompt relief, and finally a permanent cure."

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was also present. He had never been to the Rectangle, and his curiosity was aroused from what he had noticed of the influence of the evangelist in the worst part of the city. Dr. West and Rollin had come with Rachel and Virginia, and Loreen, who had staid with Virginia, was present near the organ, in her right mind, sober, with a humility and dread of herself that kept her as close to Virginia as a faithful dog. All through the service Loreen sat with bowed head, weeping a part of the time, sobbing when Rachel sang the song, "I was a wandering sheep," clinging with almost visible, tangible yearning to the one hope she had found, listening to prayer and appeal and confession all about her like one who was a part of a new creation, yet fearful of her right to share in it fully.

The tent had been crowded. As on some other occasions, there was more or less disturbance on the outside of the tent. This had increased as the night advanced, and Gray thought it wise not to prolong the service. Once in awhile a shout as from a large crowd swept into the tent. The returns from the election were beginning to come in, and the Rectangle had emptied every lodging house, den and hovel into the streets.

In spite of the distractions, Rachel's singing kept the crowd in the tent from dissolving. There were a dozen or more conversions. Finally the crowd became restless, and Gray closed the service, remaining a little while with the converts.

Rachel, Virginia, Loreen, Rollin and the doctor, President Marsh and Henry Maxwell went out together, intending to go down to their usual waiting place for their car. As they came out of the tent they at once were aware that the Rectangle was trembling on the edge of a drunken riot, and as they pushed through the gathering mobs in the narrow streets they began to realize that they themselves were objects of great attention.

"There he is, the bloke in the tall hat. He's the leader!" shouted a rough voice. President Marsh, with his erect, commanding figure, was conspicuous in the little company.

"How has the election gone? It is too early to know the result yet, isn't it?" He asked the question aloud, and a man answered: "They say second and third wards have gone almost solid for no license. If that is so, the whisky men have been beaten."

"Thank God! I hope it is true," exclaimed Henry Maxwell. "Marsh, we are in danger here. Do you recall our situation? We ought to get the ladies to a place of safety."

"That is true," said Marsh gravely. At that moment a shower of stones and other missiles fell over them. The narrow street and sidewalk in front of them were completely choked with the worst elements of the Rectangle.

"This looks serious," said Maxwell. With Marsh and Rollin and Dr. West he started to go forward through the small opening, Virginia, Rachel and Loreen following close and sheltered by the men, who now realized something of their danger. The Rectangle was drunk and enraged. It saw in Daniel Marsh and Henry Maxwell two of the leaders in the election contest who had perhaps robbed them of their beloved saloon.

"Down with the aristocrats!" shouted a shrill voice, more like a woman's than a man's.

A shower of mud and stones followed. Rachel remembered afterward that Rollin jumped directly in front of her and received on his head and chest a number of blows that would probably have struck her if he had not shielded her from them.

And just then, before the police reached them, Loreen darted forward at the side of Virginia and pushed her aside, looking up and screaming. It was so sudden that no one had time to catch the face of the one who did it. But out of the upper window of a room over the very saloon where Loreen had come out a week before some one had thrown a heavy bottle. It struck Loreen on the head, and she fell to the ground.

Virginia turned and instantly knelt down by her. The police officers by that time had reached the little company.

Donald Marsh raised his arm and shouted over the howl that was beginning to rise from the wild beast in the mob.

"Stop! You've killed a woman!" The announcement partly sobered the crowd.

"Is it true?" Henry Maxwell asked as Dr. West knelt on the other side of Loreen, supporting her.

"She's dying!" said Dr. West briefly. Loreen opened her eyes and smiled at Virginia. Virginia wiped the blood from her face and then bent over and kissed her. Loreen smiled again, and the next moment her soul was in paradise.

And yet this is only one woman out of thousands killed by this drink devil. Crowd back now, ye sinful men and women in this filthy street! Let this august dead form be borne through your stupefied sobered ranks. She was one of your own children. The Rectangle had stamped the image of the beast on her. Thank him who died for sinners that the other image of a new soul now shines out of her pale clay. Crowd back! Give them room! Let her pass reverently, followed and surrounded by the weeping, awe-struck company of Christians. Ye killed her, ye drunken murderers! And yet, and yet, O Christian America, who killed this woman? Stand back! Silence there! A woman has been killed! Who? Loreen, child of the streets—poor, drunken, vile sinner! O Lord God, how long? Yes; the saloon killed her—that is, the voters in Christian America who license the saloon. And the judgment day only shall declare who was the murderer of Loreen.

CHAPTER VII.

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.

The body of Loreen lay in state at the Page mansion on the avenue. It was Sunday morning, and the clear, sweet air, just beginning to breathe over the city the perfume of opening blossoms in the woods and fields, swept over the casket from one of the open windows at the end of the grand hall. The church bells were ringing, and the people on the avenue going by to service turned curious, inquiring looks up at the great house and went on, talking of the recent events which had so strangely entered into and made history in the city.

At the First church Henry Maxwell, bearing on his face marks of the scene he had been through the night before, confronted an immense congregation and spoke of it with a passion and a power that came so naturally out of the profound experiences of the day before that his people felt for him something of the old feeling of pride they once had in his dramatic delivery. Only this was a different attitude, and all through his impassioned appeal this morning there was a note of sadness and rebuke and stern condemnation that made many of the members pale with self accusation or with inward anger.

For Raymond had awakened that morning to the fact that the city had gone for license, after all. The rumor at the Rectangle that the second and third wards had gone no license proved to be false. It was true that the victory was won by a very meager majority, but the result was the same as if it had been overwhelming. Raymond had voted to continue another year the saloon. The Christians of Raymond stood condemned by the result. More than a hundred Christians, professing disciples, had failed to go to the polls, and many more than that number had voted with the whisky men. If all the church members of Raymond had voted against the saloon, it would today be outlawed instead of crowned king of the municipality. That had been the fact in Raymond for years. The saloon ruled. No one denied that. What would Jesus do?

And the woman who had been brutal ly struck down by the very hand that had assisted so eagerly to work her earthly ruin—what of her? Was it anything more than the logical sequence of the whole horrible system of license that for another year the saloon that received her so often and compassed her degradation, from whose very spot the weapon had been hurled that struck her dead, would by the law which the Christian people of Raymond voted to support open its doors, perhaps to-mor-

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MRS. PINKHAM says that irritability indicates disease. Women who are nervous and snappish are to be pitied. Their homes are uncomfortable; their dispositions grow constantly worse. Such women need the counsel and treatment of a woman who understands the peculiar troubles of her sex.

EVERY-DAY TALKS WITH WOMEN

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MRS. ELLEN FLANAGAN, 1810 Mountain St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Three years ago I was a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, was irritable and cross, and can say that after taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was entirely cured. I take great pleasure in writing this to you and would be pleased to be interviewed by any one who is afflicted with that distressing complaint. I am very grateful to you."



Mrs. Anna E. Hall, of Milldale, Conn., was all run down in health and had completely lost control of her nerves. She wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Now she writes: "I wish to thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It has helped me more than anything else. I suffered for a long time with nervousness, pains in back and limbs and falling of the womb; also had neuralgia in my head and could not sleep. I told my husband that something must be done, for I was nearly frantic with pain. Having read of the wonderful cures Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had performed, I determined to try it. I have taken it and am happy to say I am cured. I recommend it to all my friends and never tire of telling the benefit I have derived from its use. I have you alone to thank for my recovery."

row, and damn with earthly and eternal destruction a hundred Loreens before the year had drawn to its bloody close? All this, with a voice that rang and trembled and broke in sobs of anguish for the result, did Henry Maxwell pour out upon his people that Sunday morning, and men and women wept as he spoke. Donald Marsh sat there, his usual erect, handsome, firm, bright, self confident bearing all gone, his head bowed upon his breast, the great tears rolling down his cheeks, unmindful of the fact that never before had he shown outward emotion in a public service. Edward Norman near by sat, with his clear cut, keen face erect, but his lip trembled and he clutched the end of the pew with a feeling of emotion that struck deep into his knowledge of the truth as Maxwell spoke of it. No man had given or suffered more to influence public opinion that last week than Norman. The thought that the Christian conscience had been aroused too late or too feebly lay with a weight of accusation upon the heart of the editor. What if he had begun to do as Jesus would long ago? Who could tell what might have been accomplished by this time? And up in the choir Rachel Winslow, with her face bowed on the railing of the oak screen, gave way to a feeling she had not yet allowed to master her, but it so unfitted her for her part that when Henry Maxwell finished and she tried to sing the closing solo after the prayer her voice broke, and for the first time in her life she was obliged to sit down sobbing and unable to go on.

Over the church in the silence that followed this strange scene, sobs and the noise of weeping arose. When had the First church yielded to such a baptism of tears? What had become of its regular, precise, cold, conventional order of service, undisturbed by any vulgar emotion and unmoved by any foolish excitement? But the people had lately had their deepest convictions touched. They had been living so long on their surface feelings that they had almost forgotten the deeper wells of life. Now that they had broken to the surface the people were convinced of the meaning of their discipleship.

Henry Maxwell did not ask this morning for volunteers to join those who had already pledged to do as Jesus would, but when the congregation had finally gone and he had entered the lecture room it needed but a glance to show him that the original company of followers had been largely increased. The meeting was tender. It glowed with the Spirit's presence; it was alive with strong and lasting resolve to begin a war on the whisky power of Raymond that would break its reign. Since the first Sunday when the first company of volunteers had pledged themselves to do as Jesus would do the different meetings had been characterized by distinct impulses or impressions. Today the entire force of the gathering seemed to be directed to this one large purpose. It was a meeting full of broken prayers, of contrition, confession, of strong yearning for a new and better city life, and all through it ran the one general cry for deliverance from the saloon and its awful curse.

TO BE CONTINUED.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahue, pastor M. E. church, South, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so-called 'specifics,' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale by all druggists.

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