What Would Jesus Do?" By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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#### [CONTINUED.]

The bishop did not stir. Semewhere church clock struck 1. The man had ut on his hat and gone back to his seat ard.

"How long is it since you had work?" answered for the other.

and don't make nothing."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both

lready. It's too late. said the bishop, and never be- broom. gese two for thee! I am hunbem! Give them to me!"

u two men are of infinite value knew. And then the bishop's won-

ouse and the present moment. them both, "if you and your all thing that I should love you, f you need to feel again that there

ou, and in the name of him who was hand, nearer its source. rucified for our sins I cannot bear to

orgiven it. The minute you ask him to you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together, you two and I. It's worth fighting for. Everlasting life is. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God. give me the souls of these two men!

prayed many moments Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, prayers now? They were adding to the power of the bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first, but as the prayer went on he was moved by it. What force of the Holy Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life nothing but the eternal records of the recording angel can ever disclose, but that same supernatural presence that smote Paul on the road to Damascus and poured through Henry Maxwell's church the morning he asked disciples to follow in Jesus' steps and had again him away from his ruin. The blow fell broken irresistibly over the Nazareth Avenue congregation now manifested himself in this foul corner of the mighty city and over the natures of these two memory of God. The bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication, and they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

The bishop ceased, and at first he himself did not realize what had happened. Neither did the two men. Burns still sat with his head bowed between his hands. The man leaning against the fence looked at the bishop with a face in which new emotions of awe, repent- you!' ance, astonishment and a broken gleam of joy struggled for expression.

The bishop rose. "Come, my brothers! God is good. You shall stay at the settlement tonight. and I will make good my promise as to

the work." The two men followed the bishop in silence. When they reached the settlement, it was after 2 o'clock. The bishop et them in and led them to a room. At he door he paused a moment. His tall, ommanding figure stood in the door-way, and his pale face, worn with his recent experiences, was illuminated

"God bless you, my brothers!" he said, and, leaving them his benediction,

with the divine glory.

he went away.

In the morning he almost dreaded to face the men, but the impression of the night had not worn away. True to his promise, the bishop secured work for them. The janitor at the settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there. So Burns was given the place. The bishop sreceeded in gettle place. The bishop sreceeded in gettle place. The bishop sreceeded in gettle place. The bishop asked.

"No: I haven't taken time for it. I "No; I haven't taken time for it. I

And the Faly Epipit struggling in these two darkened, sinful men, began his marvelous work of regeneration.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant janitor that he was cleaning off the front steps of the settlement when he paused a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing he noticed was a beer sign just across the alley. He could almost touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street immediately opposite were two large saloons. and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest caloon opened, and a man came out. At a the stone. The bishop was thinking the same time two more went in. A strong odor of beer floated up to Burns as he stood on the steps of the settleie asked, and the man standing up ment. He clutched his broom handle tight and began to sweep again. He "More'n six months since either of had one foot on the porch and another us did anything to tell of, unless you on the step just below. He took another count holding up work. I call it protty step down, still sweeping. The sweat wearing kind of a job myself, especially stood out on his forehead, although the when we put in a night like this one day was frosty and the air chill. The saloon door opened again, and three or four men came out. A child went in of you. Would you quit this and begin with a pail and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child-"What's the use?" The man on the went by on the sidewalk just below him. stone spoke sullenly. "I've reformed a and the oder of the beer came up to hundred times. Every time I go down him. He took another step down, still r. The devil's begun to forcelose sweeping desperately. His fingers were purple as he clutched the handle of the

most entranced audience had Then suddenly be pulled himself up he desire for souls burn up in one step and swept over the spot he had strongly. All the time he sat just cleaned. He then dragged himself ing the remarkable scene he by a tremendous effort back to the floor O Lord Jesus, give me the of the porch and went over into the corner of it farthest from the saloon and began to sweep there. "O God," he the bishop repeated. "What cried, "if the bishop would only come I want of you two men? It back!" The bishop had gone out with o much matter what I want, Dr. Bruce somewhere, and there was cants just what I do in this no one about the settlement that he

He swept in the corner for two or emory came to his aid in an three minutes. His face was drawn uch as no one else on earth with the agony of the conflict. Graduien could make under such cir- ally he edged out again toward the steps ices. He had remembered the and began to go down them. He looked same in spite of the wonderfully toward the sidewalk and saw that he ars that lay between his coming had left one step unswept. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse ns," he said, and he yearned for going down there to finish his sweepmen with an unspeakable long- ing. He was on the sidewalk now, sweeping the last step, with his face here will go home with me to toward the settlement and his back I will find you both places of turned partly on the saloon across the able employment. I will believe alley. He swept the step a dozen times. u and trust you. You are both The sweat rolled over his face and droparatively young men. Why should ped down at his feet. By degrees he felt lose you? It is a great thing to that he was drawn over toward that the love of the great Father. It is end of the step nearest the saloon. He could smell the beer and rum now as the fumes rose around him. It was like ove in the world you will believe the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell, when I say, my brothers, that I love and yet it dragged him, as by a giant's

He was down in the middle of the ee you miss the glory of the human sidewalk now, still sweeping. He clearife. Come! Be men! Make another try ed the space in front of the settlement or it. God helping you. No one but and even went out into the gutter and od and you and myself need ever swent. He to toff his hat and rubwanyth .g of this tonight. He has bed his sleeve over his face. His lips were palid, and his tecta chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forch, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front The bishop broke into a prayer to of the saloon, looking at the sign and God that was a continuation of his ap- staring into the window at the pile of peal to the men. His pent up feeling whisky and beer bottles arranged in a had no other outlet. Before he had great pyramid inside. He moistened his lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him stealthily. sobbing. Where were his mother's The door suddenly opened again, and some one came out. Again the hot, penetrating smell of the liquor swept ont into the cold air, and he took another step toward the saloon door, which had shut behind the customer. As he laid his fingers on the door handle a tall figure came around the corner. It was the bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the sidewalk. The frenzied man, now mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was snatching upon the bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word, but over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. sinful, sunken men, apparently lost to He picked Burns up as if he had been a all the pleadings of conscience and child and actually carried him up the steps into the settlement. He placed him down in the hall and then shut the door and put his back against it.

Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and praying. The bishop stood there, panting with his exertion, although Burns was a slight built man and had not been a great weight for one of the bishop's strength to carry. The bishop was moved with unspeakable pity.

"Pray, Burns—pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save

"O God! Pray with me! Save me Oh, save me from my hell!" cried Burns, and the bishop kneeled by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

After that they arose, and Burns went into his room. He came out of it that evening like a humble child, and the bishop went his way, older from that experience, bearing on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Truly he was learning something of what it

means to walk in his steps.
But the saloon! It stood there, and all the others lined the street like so many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the damnable stuff? The bishop was out on the porch. The air of the

about the ownership of this property adjoining us?" the bishop asked.

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against the saloon in this great city ? It is as firmly established as the churches this whole community," said Mrs. or politics. What power can ever remove it?

"God will do it in time, as he removed slavery," replied the bishop gravely. "Meanwhile I think we have a right to know who controls this saloon so near the settlement.

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce.

Two days later he walked into the onsiness office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue church and asked to see him a few moments. He was cordially received by his old parishioner, who welcomed him into his room and urged him to take all the time he wanted.

"I called to see you about that property next to the settlement, where the bishop and myself now are, you know. I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for us both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton, do you for a saloon?"

Dr. Bruce's question was as direct and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old parishioner was instantaneous.

The hot blood mounted to the face of hands, and when he raised it again Dr. able and

the pledge that morning with the oth- suffering seen so cruel, so sharp, so ers?

it in this instance. That saloon prop- had the presure for food and fuel and erty has been the temptation of the clothes ben so urgently thrust any devil to me. It is the best paying investment at present that I have, and yet it was only a minute before you came in here that I was in an agony of remorse to think how I was letting a little earthly gain tempt me into denial of the very Christ I had promised to follow. I know well enough that he would never rent property for such a purpose. There is no need, dear doctor, for you to say a word more." Clayton held out his hand, and Dr. Bruce grasped it and shook it hard. After a little he went away, but it was a long time afterward that he learned all the truth about the struggle that Clayton had known. It was only a part of the history that belonged to Nazareth Avenue church since that memorable morning when the Holy Spirit sanctioned the Christlike pledge. Not even the bishop and Dr. Bruce, moving as they now did in the very presence itself of divine impulses, knew yet that over the whole sinful city the Spirit was brooding with mighty eagerness, waiting for the disciples to arise to the call of sacrifice and suffering, touching hearts long dull and cold, making business men and money makers uneasy in their absorption by the one great struggle for more wealth and stirring through the church as never in all the city's history the church had been moved. The bishop and Dr. Bruce had already seen some wonderful things in their brief life at the settlement. They were to see far greater soon, more astonishing revelations of the Divine power than they had supposed possible in this age of the world.

Within a month the saloon next the settlement was closed. The saloon keeper's lease had expired, and Clayton not only closed the property to the whisky men, but offered the use of the building to the bishop and Dr. Bruce for the settlement work, which had now grown so large that the building was not sufficient for the different industries that were planned. One of the most important of these was the pure food department suggested by Felicia. It was not a month after Clayton turned the saloon property over to the settlement that Felicia found herself installed in the very room where souls had been lost as head of a department not only of cooking, but of a course of housekeeping for girls who wished to go out to service. She was now a resident of the settlement and found a home with Mrs. Bruce and the other young women from the city who were residents. Martha, the violinist, remained at the place where the bishop had first discovered the two girls and came over to the settlement certain evenings to give lessons

Felicia, tell us your plan in full

when, in a rare interval of rest from the great pressure of work, he, with Dr. Bruce and Felicia, had come in from the other building.

"Well, I have long thought of the hired girl problem," said Felicia, with an air of wisdom that made Mrs. Bruce smile as she looked at the enthusiastic. vital beauty of this young girl, transformed into a new creature by the promise she had made to live the Christ-ON. It is strange, but it often like life, "and I have reached certain conclusions in regard to it that you men are not yet able to fathem, but Mrs. Bruce here will understand me.

"We acknowledge our infancy. Felicia. Go on," said the bishop humbly "Then this is what I propose to do The old saloon building is large enough to arrange into a suit of rooms that will represent an ordinary house. My plan is to have it so arranged and then teach housekeeping and cooking to girls who will afterward go out to service. The course will be six months long. In that time I will teach plain cooking, neatness, quickness and a love of good work."

"Hold on, Felicia!" the bishop interrupted. "This is not an age of mira-

"Then I will make it one," replied Felicia. "I know this seems like an impossibility, but I want to try it. I know a score of girls already who will take the course, and if we can once establish something like an esprit de corps among the girls themselves I am sure it will be of great value to them. I know already that the pure food is working a revolution in many families."

"Felicia, if you can accomplish half of what you propose to do, it will bless Bruce. "I don't see how you can do it, but I say 'God bless you!' as you try."

"So say we all!" cried Dr. Bruce and the bishop, and Felicia plunged into the working out of her plan with the enthusiasm of her discipleship, which every day grew more and more practical and serviceable.

It must be said here that Felicia's plan succeeded beyond all expectations. She developed wonderful powers of persussion and taught her girls with astonishing rapidity to do all sorts of house work. In time the graduates of Felicia's cooking school came to be prized by housekeepers all over the city. But that is anticipating our story. The history of the settlement has never yet been written. When it is, Felicia's part will

be found of very great importance.

The depth of winter found Chicago presenting, as every great city of the world presents, to the eyes of Christenthink it is right to rent that property dom that marked contrast between riches and poverty, between culture, refinement, luxury, ease and ignorance, depravity, destitution and the bitter struggle for bread. It was a hard winter, but a gay winter. Never had there been such a succession of parties, recepthe man who sat there, a picture of tions, balls, dinners, banquets, fetes, business activity in a great city. Then gayeties; never had the opera and the he grew pale, dropped his head on his theater been so crowded with fashionbands, and when he raised it again Dr.

Bruce was amazed to see a tear roll such a ... sh display of jewels and fine over his parishioner's face.

"Doctor, did you know that I took er hand, piver had the deep want and

murderons never had the winds blown "Yes, I remember."

"But you never knew how I have been tormented over my failure to keep it in this instance. That are never hard the winds blown so chilling over the lake and through the thin shells of tenements in the neighborhed of the settlement: never against the people of the city in their most importunate and ghastly form.

Night after night the bishop and Dr. Bruce, with their helpers, went out and helped to save men and women and children from the toware of physical privation. Vast quantities of food and clothing and large sums of money were donated by the churches, the charitable societies, the civic authorities and the benevolent associations, but the personal touch of the Christian disciple was very hard to secure for personal work. Where was the discipleship that was obeying the Master's command to go itself to the suffering and give itself with its gift, in order to make the gift of value in time to come? The bishop found his heart sink within him as he faced this fact more than any other. Men would give money who would not think of giving themselves, and the money they gave did not represent any real sacrifice because they did not miss it. They gave what was the easiest to give, what hurt them the least. Where did the sacrifice come in? Was this following Jesus? Was this going with him all the way? He had been to many members of his own wealthy and aris tocratic congregation and was appalled

really suffer any genuine inconvenience for the sake of suffering humanity. Is charity the giving of wornout gar ments? Is it a ten dollar bill given to a paid visitor or secretary of some benevolent organization in the church? Shall the man never go and give his gift himself? Shall the woman never leny herself her reception or her party or her musical and go and actually touch the foul, sinful sore of diseases humanity as it festers in the great me tropolis? Shall charity be conveniently and easily done through some organization? Is it possible to organize the affections so that love shall work dis-

to find how few men and women of that

luxurious class in the churches would

agreeable things by proxy?

All this the bishop asked as he plunged deeper into the sin and sorrow of that bitter winter. He was bearing his cross with joy, but he burned and fought within over the shifting of personal love by the many upon the hearts of the few. And still, silently, powerfully, resistlessly, the Holy Spirit was moving through the church upon even the aristocratic, wealthy, ease loving members who shunned the terrors of the social problem as they would shun a con

TO BE CONTINUED.



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