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MALCOM KIRK.
 A Tale of Moral Heroism in Overcoming the World.
 BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,
 Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

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CHAPTER XVI.
 FAITH FIGHTS A BATTLE AND "OVERCOMES."

Faith Kirk was having one of her great battles as she worked over that Sunday dinner. And she had not fought it out when the family returned, bringing with them four friends of Mr. Fulton, business acquaintances from other cities, whose good will it was necessary to keep.

The dinner was served promptly, and Faith had no reason to feel afraid of her success. Mrs. Fulton even came out into the kitchen when it was over and complimented her on the dinner.

The guests lighted cigars and retired to the library with Mr. Fulton. It was now nearly 4 o'clock. By the time everything was cleared away in the kitchen it was half past 4 and in the short winter day dark already.

Faith went up to her room tired and rebellious. She sat down and at first said she would not go to church. Then she thought of the dear home circle, and for almost the first time since she came away she grew dreadfully homesick.

She threw herself down on her bed in the dark and had a good, hard cry. When it was over, she felt somewhat ashamed and lay still awhile, thinking. Then she rose and suddenly turned on her electric light.

"Faith Kirk, you are ashamed of yourself. Is this Malcom Kirk's daughter?" She asked the question as she put on her cloak and hat and resolutely determined to go to church and be a good Christian in spite of her troubles.

"To him that overcometh," the verse happened to be the subject of the Endeavor meeting that very night, and as she took up her Bible and went out of the house she was feeling better as she started down the avenue and then turned toward one of the churches of the same denomination as the one at home. For she was homesick enough to feel that she would enjoy the worship better in such a church.

Faith's Sundays in Chicago since she had been there were not at all like the Sundays at home. She had at first tried to attend a church near her boarding place. But at the end of her studio experience she had found some Sunday work to do in connection with one of the social settlements. That work was now too far away, and she was compelled to give it up.

Tonight, she said, she would go to the Endeavor meeting in the large church only a few blocks from Mrs. Fulton's. She had seen the notice on the outside of the building, giving 8 o'clock as the hour of service.

The young people held their meeting in the chapel or prayer meeting room adjoining the main room. It was beautifully lighted and furnished, and as Faith went in she was greeted at the door by a young woman, who gave her a topic card and a hymnbook and then showed her to a seat.

The meeting began promptly, and Faith could not help wondering a little as she looked around at the very well dressed young men and women how much any of them knew about the struggle of overcoming. The next moment she rebuked herself for judging others.

"They all have their trials no doubt," she said. "It won't do to judge from appearances. Rich folks are not the happiest ones."

She enjoyed the singing, and some of the more familiar Endeavor songs brought tears to her eyes.

When the hour was about half gone, Faith had an impulse to give her testimony. She kept saying to herself that what she had been through that day was something that might help the others. In her father's church at home the young people had always been encouraged to help one another by relating their experiences, and Faith had no other thought in mind when she came during a pause and told very frankly something of her struggle that very day.

The young people all turned and looked at her in surprise. Faith knew how to express herself very well. Her father had helped her very much. She did not mean to exaggerate her difficulties, but she spoke more frankly than she might if she had not been overflowing from the day's experience. Besides, her heart warmed to find herself in the society once more, and she longed for the Christian fellowship.

When she sat down, she had time to think if she had said anything she ought not. She had simply confessed her struggle as the Bible said Christians ought, and she had only incidentally mentioned the fact that she was working out. At home they had girls in the society who worked out at service, and they did not think much about it.

But before the meeting was over she grew hot and cold by turns as she thought of having told all those young people that she was a "bired girl." She was almost tempted to get up again and tell them that she was the daughter of a minister and a high school graduate and that her father had more than one letter from the pastor of the very church where she now was commending the work done in Conrad and asking for counsel as to similar work in the great city. Then she glowed with shame for her lack of courage. "If

I did tell them what I am doing, it is no disgrace! It is an honest thing to do. I am not ashamed of it."

In spite of all that, when the meeting was over, Faith fancied that the girl who had been sitting next to her turned away very hurriedly without trying to speak to her. The one who had ushered her to her seat, however, came to her and introduced her to a girl standing near by. The girl shook hands rather stiffly and then excused herself, saying she had some committee work to do. Faith was left standing alone, and no one else spoke to her. She tried to believe that there was no intention in the neglect. But her face burned, and she finally resolved to go out, to shake the dust of that church from her feet and never return to it.

She had reached the door when the face of her father came up before her, the patient, loving, long suffering father at home, who had, to Faith's own knowledge, endured for years numberless privations and slights without losing his Christian manhood or courage. With the face of her father also came another, the Master's, as Faith remembered it from one of the pictures she had at home of Christ in Gethsemane.

"This is not overcoming," she said to herself, and at the door of the chapel she stopped, walked back to the church door entrance and went into the main room.

An usher showed her to a good seat, and she sat there with her head bowed for 15 minutes before the service began. When she raised her head, her eyes were wet with tears, and the people near her looked surprised. But Faith had overcome. She had fought another battle on that eventful Lord's day and had won the victory.

When the service began, she enjoyed it. The singing was by a quartet, and to Faith in her present condition the music came with refreshing. The sermon helped her too. It was on the subject of Christ's sufferings, and she felt ashamed as she listened and compared her own troubles with those of the great Sufferer for the sins of a whole world.

At the close of the service she hesitated, but finally went up to the front of the church and introduced herself to the minister.

He was one of the Chicago pastors who had known her father when he was in the seminary. They were not in the same class, but had corresponded a little of late years.

"What" he exclaimed as Faith spoke her name. "Miss Kirk of Conrad! My dear," he called to his wife, who was near by, "this is Malcom Kirk's daughter. You remember his stories in the papers. Our boys think there are no stories just like his. We are so glad to see you."

The minister's wife greeted her very kindly, and Faith almost cried, she was so touched by their cordial reception.

"Where are you stopping in the city?" the minister asked.

Faith hesitated and then frankly told him where she was and what she was doing. There was a moment's look of surprise on the faces of the minister and his wife, but they were genuine Christians, and without asking any more questions the minister's wife said as she laid a loving hand on Faith's arm:

"My dear, come and take tea with us next Sunday evening at 8. Don't fail, will you?"

She gave Faith their house number, and Faith walked out of the church feeling as if some Christianity were left in that great-darling city after all.

That night she wrote home a long letter to her mother, telling her all about her work and especially the experience of that day. When she finished, she prayed for blessing on all the dear home circle, and in greater peace of soul than she had known in a long time she committed herself to the care of the All Father.

As the week's work began again, the Fultons found themselves wondering how long the new girl's capabilities would hold out. Faith combined her father's physical endurance and her mother's New England thrift and neatness. Her kitchen shone with brightness. Her meals were delightful surprises to every member of the family. Her good nature seemed unflagging.

"We've got a real treasure," even Mrs. Fulton confessed Wednesday evening to her husband. "The only thing I dread is that she may not hold out. I have never been satisfied with any girl I ever had."

"Perhaps you expected too much," Mr. Fulton suggested, absently, as he continued to read his paper.

"I'm sure we pay enough to get satisfactory help," she replied. "If the capable American girls would only work out more we housekeepers would

be relieved a trifle from our burden. First soak the corn or bun in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily; rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days, to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequalled. For sale by the Middleburg Drug Co.

Not have so many trials." Mrs. Fulton sighed, but it is possible if she had changed places with Faith that Sunday she might have understood better why more American girls do not work out at service.

Thursday morning Mrs. Fulton went down to the city on some shopping, and Faith was alone in the house. She started her kitchen work early and then went into the parlor to sweep and dust.

The piano was open, and one of Sousa's new marches was on the rack where Alice had left it. She had been practicing it that morning before she went away to school.

Faith had received a good musical education from her mother. The piano at home had been one of the few expensive things that Dorothy had kept and taken with her when she left her home in the east. Faith was like her mother in having a real passion for music, and she had a more than ordinarily good ear, and her technic was almost professional.

She had not had an opportunity to touch a piano since leaving home. The sight of the open keyboard and the new music fascinated her. Gradually she neared the piano as she was dusting off the furniture, and finally she sat down on the stool and began dusting the keys.

The sound of the notes as her cloth pressed on the ivory seemed to make her forget her surroundings.

She changed the dusting cloth to her left hand and struck a few chords with her right. The instrument was in fine tune, and before she knew what she was doing she had dropped her cloth on the floor and begun the opening measures of the march before her.

After a few attempts the music began to come to her. The march was not difficult, and she was fairly caught by its popular swing and rhythm. She forgot where she was and what she was, a "bired girl," who was not supposed to know anything about pianos.

She was conscious of some one in the room, and her fingers seemed to regain their old nimbleness, and she was swept on into the piece with an enthusiasm and pleasure she had not known in a long time.

But just as she had finished the music with a splendid close and felt the glow of the effort she was conscious of some one in the room.

She turned around, with a face that burned, and saw standing at the entrance of the hall into the parlor three persons.

They were Mrs. Fulton, who stood staring at her with a cold, stern look; Alice, who seemed astonished at the performance; and the young man whom Mr. Fulton had addressed in front of the picture on State street as "Malcom." They had come in unexpectedly, and all three had evidently been standing there for some little time. There was an expressive silence in the parlor as Mrs. Fulton came a few steps into the room and confronted Faith, who still sat on the piano stool looking at her.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

A HISTORIC TOWER.
 The Famous Landmark on Leith Hill Is Being Put in Good Repair.

The famous tower on the summit of Leith hill is undergoing a much-needed renovation. The tower has occupied its present position for 134 years. It was erected in 1776 by Richard Hull, of Leith Hill place, who selected the exposed position as his burying-place, and his remains were, on his death in 1772, interred beneath the tower. Subsequently a portion of the interior was filled with stone and cement, and the entrance blocked. In 1864, however, the lord of the manor determined to restore it to its original purpose of a prospect tower. The solid cement, however, cannot be pierced and in order to overcome the difficulty an outer turret for the staircase had to be built. Since that time many thousands of holiday-makers have ascended it for the more extensive view gained from its parapet. The building and the reconstruction are each commemorated by stones bearing inscriptions in Latin inserted in the brickwork over the door.

The height of Leith hill is 965 feet, and the tower renders the view one from a height of 1,000 feet—the highest point in the southeastern counties. This renders possible a more extended view than from almost any point near London, reaching from the long line of the South Downs to Dunstable Downs, in Bedfordshire—a prospect embracing many counties and computed by some as a district 200 miles in circumference.

ARE EASILY UPSET.
 Some People Lose Their Nerve and Sense When Confronted by Danger.

"I remember once hearing of a fellow who, coming uninjured out of a railway wreck, worked like a demon to assist his less fortunate fellow-passengers," said a railway official to a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter. "All the time he was at work, however, he held one hand to his collar, and when it was over, one of his companions discovered that he was holding tight to his necktie, which he had been in the act of tying when the collision occurred."

"People act very queerly when they are, or think they are, in danger."

"I know a young girl who had learned to swim quite well, and one day she tried to swim across a river. There were plenty of people about and the distance was not great, but when she was half-way across some one called out: 'How deep is it?' She let her foot down and, of course, found she was out of her depth. Instantly she lost her nerve and sank. She came up once, tried to scream, but the water choked her, and down she went again."

"A man, realizing that something was wrong, jumped in, clothes and all, and pulled her out. He was none too soon, for she was unconscious when he pulled her up. It was the sheer fright of knowing that she was out of her depth that caused it all, as otherwise there wasn't the slightest danger."

The India Famine.
 Nature holds out no prospect of relief to the famine which has prevailed so long in India, but on the contrary there is every prospect that the conditions will be worse this year than last. In the course of a recent speech on the budget the viceroy, Lord Curzon, said the loss to the wheat crop caused by the drought during the present year was from \$8,900,000 to \$10,000,000. He added that the loss to the cotton crop was \$7,000,000, while the oilseed crop, usually covering 18,000,000 acres, was non-existent outside of Bengal and the northwest provinces. The loss to cultivators in Bombay alone, in food crops, was \$18,000,000 and in cotton \$4,000,000. It was impossible, he said, for any government to anticipate the consequences of a visitation of nature on so gigantic and ruinous a scale.

"Senorita" Is a Name.
 "Senorita" is the Spanish prefix to the name of an unmarried young lady. It corresponds to the French "mademoiselle," to the American "miss." The use of "senorita" as the Christian name is extraordinary. Down in Tennessee there is a lady upon whom her parents bestowed the baptismal designation of "senorita" when she was a child. It must be admitted that the name looks well in print and sounds well when spoken. "Senorita" Alexander lives at Elizabethton, "in the county of Carter," as the official language has it. And what lends additional interest to the fact is that "Senorita" Alexander has just been appointed and confirmed postmaster at Elizabethton. The word postmaster is used advisedly. Uncle Sam does not recognize officially a "postmistress."

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"I had a terrible cough something over a year ago and could find nothing to stop it, or even to do me a particle of good," writes Mr. J. M. Parry of Cameron, Screven Co., Ga. "I chanced to see an advertisement of yours, and forthwith bought a bottle of your invaluable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Before I had taken half a bottle I was entirely well."

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Belated Rest.
 "What made that widow elope? Did her friends object to the match?"
 "No; but she said her first marriage was so tame and uninteresting."—Chicago Record.

A Waste of Energy.
 Higbee—There is a man who wastes his eloquence on the desert air.
 Robbins—Who is he?
 Higbee—An after-dinner speaker.—Harlem Life.

The Usual Result.
 Husband—Everything in this house is out of place. Been having an ear ache?
 Wife—I've been putting things in order.—N. Y. Weekly.

Way Up.
 Harry—Hain't she any high ideals?
 Spencer—Oh, yes, she wants to become a circus aeronaut.—Yonkers Herald.

Great Discovery.
 Head Detective—When you looked into his face, what did you see?
 Raw Sleuth—I discerned that he needed a shave.—Concern—Herald.

Glowing.
 Pearl—You say he is an old flame?
 Ruby—Yes; he is always smoking and goes out every night.—Chicago Daily News.

An Audrian county (Mo.) man found that he could not live happily with his wife and, rather than sue for a divorce, they signed a deed of separation, which was filed with the county recorder. It is said to be the first instrument of the kind ever put on record in Missouri. It divides the property.

While an Osborne (Kan.) man was praying for rain a bolt of lightning struck him and almost killed him. His order seems to have been garbled in transmission.

Chicago, with all its faults, evinces a tender feeling for feathered creatures. Some of the good people of that city have recently established a bird hospital, the only one of its kind, it is said in the world, where sick and wounded birds are cared for.

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