

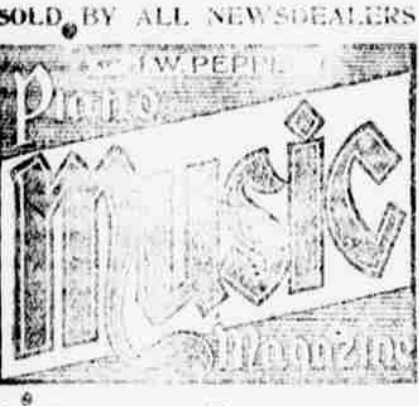


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His Brother's Keeper; or, Christian Stewardship.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps," "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," "Malcom Kirk," etc.

"Mr. Duncan's bit it. He's a bright one." "Now, then, men, if I'm right about it the men are in hiding with the Davis crew. They can't be far off." "We'll find 'em," yelled more than one voice. "Hold! Wait a minute!" cried Stuart as the men began to move again. "I want you to give me your word that if the men are found you will not attempt to punish them yourselves. They have been guilty of breaking the law. Let the law deal with them. You have commended your cause to the world so far by your conduct. The minute you resort to violence of any kind public sympathy will vanish. Give me your word now that you will hand these men over to the authorities if they are found."

"There was a pause, and then from different ones came the response: "We promise. Aye, we give the word." Stuart felt satisfied, although there were several lawless men under the influence of drink who had not responded. The men moved off the lawn, and Stuart and the doctor and Mr. Burke saw the larger part of them going directly up the hill toward the smoldering ruins of the engine house. The rest straggled off down into town. "There will be trouble in this town tonight," said the doctor. He went in to see Eric again, and Stuart and the minister remained in the hall. They talked together a little while, and Stuart was expressing his fears of the outcome when his telephone rang. He went to it and conversed a moment. Then turning to Mr. Burke he said, "Do you feel able to go out this evening?" "Yes, I am lame a little and I do not look very presentable, but I feel able as far as that goes."

"The miners on that side opened up a passage for the little squad so that it could pass into the square. Acting on the impulse given by mobs at times the miners began to crowd back on both sides and the army kept advancing, singing its song and marching in what seemed almost like a triumphal procession right down through the center of the square directly toward the church steps. The great heavy crowd seemed to part like magic, and down the avenue thus voluntarily provided the squad marched, henting its drum. The leader was a young woman, whose pale face possessed a prematurely aged look, but there was not a particle of self-consciousness to be seen upon it and she marched at the front as proudly and with as queenly a bearing as if her following was composed of the picked angels of heaven's hosts. High above the shrill treble and the hoarse bass of the others her voice went out as sweet as any that Stuart had ever heard, and he wondered where such a voice had been concealed in Champion that he had never heard it before. It sang as if the words were sacred to the heart:

or joined a church. He had a reverent nature, and he had always lived by a code of morality that was for him sufficient. He was too well educated, or he thought he was, to be moved by anything purely emotional or coarse. The Salvation Army and its drums and shouts. But this was different somehow. The self-forgetfulness, the self-surrender, the agonizing longing for souls to be saved, all this was a part of the prayer as it swept up past him from the slight womanly form kneeling there. And never in all his experience never in all his saunterings through great cathedrals and listening to chant ed services, had he felt nearer to a truer knowledge of what God is in his great compelling love for sinful man. All this took very little time, and he had no thought of acting in any way on his feelings. But while the woman was still on her knees a thing happened that in the end deepened his conviction and changed the course of possible events among the miners themselves.



been formed around her, and one of them with a kick sent his heavy boot through the drum, and another staggered, with a drunken oath, close up to the woman and raised his fist. Stuart, as he saw the face, thought that the rum-crazed man imagined the kneeling figure to be that of his own wife, who had more than once begged him on her knees to spare her and her children. It was a flash of time, and Stuart gave the man a blow with his fist that knocked him sprawling against a man behind him. Before any one could raise his arm again or strike a blow the miners had set on every one of the assailants of the army, and a roar went up from the entire mass of excited and angered men. The influence of the army still was so strong with the great majority that it resented with the deepest indignation any indignity offered its little band of officers and men. "Duck 'em in the fountain," yelled some one with more than a touch of grim humor. The fountain was a huge cast iron basin in the center of the square which for several years had been used for a watering trough. It had about four feet of water in it, supplied from the pumping of the mines.

tempt was regarded by the vast majority as a cowardly and murderous act, a disgrace to the name of workmen and a setback to the cause. There was special indignation expressed against the attempt to kill or injure Eric by throwing the mass or ore down the ladder hole, for that had been done, according to the story of the men who were overpowered at the shaft's mouth. One or two of them had been unwilling witnesses to the outrage. The telling of this story and the appearance of the Davis men had the effect of sobering the crowd and causing it to disperse. The troops were forgotten for awhile. The new men sent over the road by the owners of the upper ranges would not pass through Champion anyway until the morrow. Groups of miners began to go off in companies toward their homes. Stuart saw that the danger for the evening was passed. The Salvation Army had marched off to its hall, and a large crowd had gone in after it. The square was now rapidly being cleared. He felt completely exhausted, now that the strain was over. "You will spend the night with me, Mr. Burke?" he asked as the two walked out of the square over to where the horse had been left. "No, Mr. Duncan, I believe I will remain down here, now I am so near my hotel quarters. Just as much under obligations to you. This has been a great day of experience for you. I hope you will not be the worse for it. The danger from the men seems over for tonight." "Yes, I think so. Sorry you are not going out with me. It has been a day of experiences. I can't forget my indebtedness to you. We shall know each other better, I am sure. I need to know all the good men possible these days."

CHAPTER IV. A CHANGE. "Lord Jesus"—the pale face to the Salvation Army bonnet was raised, wholly unmindful of all the people in that great multitude—our hearts are longing tonight for lost souls who have wandered far away from home. And we know that thou art sorrowing over them now because that art the Good Shepherd. O Lord Jesus, we want you to come down here tonight and lead some of these sheep into the fold. Some of them are so bruised and torn with sin that they will have to be carried; but, O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world, we know you are strong and can bear them in the arms of infinite love over rough places, beside the chasms of Satan and through the wild torrents of death. Oh, for the cross of Calvary to be stretched out like a great arm to save tonight! Oh, for the sweet forgiveness of sin to touch these human hearts right now! O Son of Mary, our hearts are bleeding! We are weary of death of the long delayed coming of the miracle of redemption in these souls of men. Oh, bless us with the blood of the dying Saviour! Oh, raise us into new life with him who defied hell and death, although they were two to one! Jesus, I want you to come tonight. These men, these women, how precious they are. Who can tell what will be their fate if they should be called out of the world tonight? Their mothers, Lord Jesus—these strong young men, some of them, have mothers praying for them. Oh, I have dreamed of the terror of the judgment for those who reject the Saviour! We are so in need of the power here and now. Open our eyes like those of the young man to see the horses and chariots of fire around about tonight. Save with the blood that was shed for all. Come now, Lord Jesus. We have followed. Make good the promise. Yes, we want some souls. We are hungry for some to cry out, "Saved, saved!" We want to go triumphant into the judgment. We want to sing hallelujah before the great white throne with some of these poor lost sinners here by the side of us joining in the chorus with us. Oh, wash their sins away in the precious blood! Save them, save them, Lord Jesus!