



A Gool Cough Modiciae for Children. There are heateney in recom-monitive Charobe-Jaco's Cough Rom-ede, sites F. P. Moren, a well known and require baker, of Poters-shill end many routhel with bad martin, day ettimates earth, and has a vays given nearer satts Institut. It was zero amon led to me hy a draig st as the best coughm distantance is dreases it contained comparator of its her afal drug." For site at the M Idl burg Drag



the utmost astoniahment. She did not comed them in his hearty fashion and know Louise at all. She had never met her in society in the old days before leaving everything for the army. and she thought Louise, knowing her story, might suppose she would possibly enjoy a taste of the old life again. ter.' The face in the fur trimmed hat looked very pretty, and Rhena felt kindly toward it.

"Thank you." she answered gently. "I appreciate your kindness, but it is impossible. I cannot go. I have shut the door upon my old life. I do not Then she added, with a smile that Louroom: "Besides, I have my regular army duties to perform every night. I cannot leave my people, and there is a great deal of visiting to be done now. The distress and suffering in miners' families are increasing very fast."

"I'm sorry you cannot come," said



"Well, I'm sorry you cannot come," said Louise.

I will do the honors of the music room, where we hoped we might have your voice to assist. Una plays beautifully." "Una?" asked Rhena.

"Yes, Miss Vasplaine. It comes natural for me to call her 'Una,' of course. We were girls together, and besides." added Louise, with a short laugh, "since her recent engagement to my brother Stuart it seems more natural than ever. Well, I'm sorry you cannot come. We would have enjoyed hearing you sing."

"You are kind to think of me, and I am grateful for it," replied Rhena. The closest observer could not have detected any special emotion in her voice and manner. She impressed even Louise, he very interesting-that is, it would with that lie about Stuart warm on her lips, as possessed, even in those dingy never could get unmixed," added Ansurroundings and in the army garb, of a grace and refinement that very few persons could equal. Louise felt like full of material for it." making some commonplace remark room with a conventional "Good even-

began to talk roses the first thing. "Look at that! If that isn't a beauty,

THE R. P. PROMANDIAL CONTRACTOR AND IN

I don't know what it is. Just let me cut that for you, Mr. Duncan."

"I won't take it-not with the 'mis-You have forgotten the bargain." replied Stuart, smiling.

Andrew looked a little confused, then he said: "I did not know how Vassail here might take it. He is a prior attachment."

"Eric." said Stuart, laying a hand on his old friend's shoulder, "do you obwish to open it again." She was silent, ject if Burke here calls me Stuart and as if memory claimed her thought. I call him Andrew? It seems absurd that when a man saves another man's ise could just see through the unlighted life he should continue on such terms of formality as are used by ordinary acquaintances."

"My name is Eric, then." replied Eric frankly. He was a man of many faults, but littleness of soul and petty jealousy were not among them.

"That settles it, then. It's to be An-Louise. She rose slowly to go. "Stu- drew, Eric and Stuart to the end of the art speaks of you occessionally, and I chapter," assented Stuart cagerly. He thought perhaps it would please him to was enthusiastic this afternoon. He invite you." The girl watched Rhena had begun to be caught up in the pascarefully. Rhena did not change color. sion of a great idea, and he felt able to Louise continued: "And I thought prob- woven into all his thoughts of conseably you might feel like coming to the crated money and its wonderful powinformal affair we have planned. We er, there was in Stuart the glowing imhave asked the Waltons and the Wy- age of Rhena Dwight, and his love for mans and the Vasplaines, and Una and her was growing in strength and mean-

ing every moment. He had not seen her to speak to since that night in the army hall. But he did not know how strong a hold his feeling had upon his whole being until now, as he began to face a great opportunity, perhaps the greatest in his life, the slight form and pale face of the Salvation Army leader seemed to occupy a very prominent place there.

Andrew was cutting off two of the choicest roses. He gave one to Stuart and one to Eric.

"Say, it seems too bad to cut 'em off the plants that way," said Eric as he took the blossom and stuck it awkwardly into a buttonhole.

plied Andrew.

"How's your church work going on?" asked Stuart, pulling himself out of his brown study after thanking Andrew for the rose.

get acquainted, and this is a new field to me. If I can succeed in making the people believe they like me, I think we shall have a good time together. I never saw so many characters as

"Do you count us in?" asked Eric. "You're the very first ones. If I knew how, I'd put you two into a

"Anybody else?" asked Stuart.

"Dr. Saxon-that is, if he would stand still long enough to be put."

"Yes, the doctor would have to ge in sure," replied Eric. "Is that all?"

"The Salvation Army would have to come in, led by Miss Dwight," replied Andrew, "Then I would throw in some specimen miners and mix them up in various situations, and my book would if I didn't mix them up so that they drew frankly. "I never wrote a book in my life, but I believe Champion is

"Perhaps some one will put us into about the hardship of Rhena's life a story some time," said Stuart conwork, but something in Rhena's man-ner forbade it, and she went out of the friends, to the realities of our present conditions. Every man could probably ing. Miss Dwight. So sorry to think write one good story if he had to. At any rate, we live a story in our own Out on the street Louise murinured lives, and I am beginning to learn that beed work locking after our interests \$900 aftery guaranteet yearly extra commissions and expresses, rapid a symmetric for carnet man inster have to herself. "I was pretty sure she would refuse to come, and I don't think to herself. "I was pretty our she would refuse to come, and I don't think to herself." Store I became to herself. "I was pretty our she possible one, I mean. Since I became a Christian"-Stuart spoke with a diger that little bit of previous informa- nity that could be called nothing less than reverential-"I see a new world. New Haven, Cons. her face for home, walking brissity I understand Paul's statement; 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. in a h b a 3 5 2 2 2 4 1 ter of Louise Duncan her call on Rhe- hold, all things are become new!" And Old things have passed away. Bena Dwight and her falsehood as to among them all nothing is so new to "They seem pretty old and commonplace to me sometimes," said Eric "But I believe I know what you mean." "I don't believe you do wholly. But of late to feel sure that his feeling for 1'll let you think you do. Now, we are Rhena had become more than senti- going to see if three men of brains and willingness, with an interest in humanworld that she wanted. If she could ity, can do anything to help solve some of the questions that have been thrust Into some of our own lives. First, say, there is the money part of it." Stuart paused, and Andrew looked thoughtfully over at him. All three men were now at a point where the conversation and their object in conferring together had shut out everything but the most intense and absorbing interest. "Well," said Eric at last, with his usual bluntness, "you're the only one that has any money. It's for you to say what can be done on that line." "As near as I can figure out." continued Stuart as if he had not heard Rhena del not light her lamp after Eric, "the property left by father is Louise went out. She sat by the win- worth in the neighborhood of \$4,000. dow, looking out on the falling snow. 000. Half of it is in the mines and When the time came to go out for the their equipment. Father had full conmeeting, which was held regularly in trol of the property at his death and the hall instead of the street now that practically operated the mines as the the nights had become stormy, she company. You know, Eric, how father shivered with the cold. Her lips mov- managed. While the other ranges went ed in an audible prayer that some one" into the hands of stockholders, leaving going by the passage heard, "O Lamb a few men in control with a surplus of stock, father worked along from the time he was a captain in the Beury "You are surprised to see me, Miss There were very few out that evening. mine, running all the business by him-Dwight," said Louise, taking the sent A great storm grew with the night, self. It is practically in the same shape and in the morning all Champion, with now. I could sell out in ordinary its setting of pine covered hills, was times for \$2,000,000. The mines turned deep in the snow that swept past Rhe- out under father's management wonyou walk past the hall several times." na's windows in drifted billows high derfully remunerative. Then there is up against the old storage room door. | nearly \$1,000,000 that I hold in trust That afternoon Stuart came down for Louise. That of course is hers to through the drifts to meet with An- do with as she chooses. The remaining drew and Eric, as the three had agreed, \$1,000,000 is in such shape that it could to talk over the matter of relief for the be converted into cash at any time and

resents savings, accumulations in the As for Stuart, he had gone back to in less than five years."

The men were all silent again. There was a good deal of hard thinking going on. Stuart spoke first:

"The question now is, 'How can this tion suddenly, turning to the minister, who sat close by the table with one arm resting on it close by one of his favorite plants.

swer. In my wildest dreams I never million dollars to spend. I never had life. I should think a million dollars would buy up all the hothouses in the United States, and as for rare specido. But I'm off the track. Yes, I what I could get for other people, and billity. And the music and the flow-She stood like a statue, pale and still. do almost anything. It is true that, I am inclined to believe it is harder to ers and all that. Good. But there is a spend money for others than for yourself."

> Eric. "I have always believed if I are in Champion. I know in a general had a million dollars to spend in Champlou I could make good use of it."

"Go on, Eric; tell what you would do," said Stuart, turning to him.

"Well, for one thing," spoke Eric, his dark eye glowing under the impulse of his idea, "I would build a house or hall dedicated to the cause of labor. I would have it in the center of every useful and inspiring idea that could elevate and enlarge a man's mind. sensibilities and affections. I would have a platform there on which the best speakers, singers and preachers could bring their messages to the peojoys of the world within easy reaching Champion-I mean music and flowers. building dedicated to the common pro-

ple. "Oh, I have lain awake many a night planning out the spending of other people's money for my people." said Eric, with a smile that was sadder than tears. "The heartache, oh, the heartache. I have felt at the wasted music and perfume of God's rich earth! And if I had money to use I could bring some of these things close to the lives of these men and brothers whose lives are spent underground, who live like animals, as if God had never made the birds to sing and the violets to bloom. I almost hesitate to say to you two what I have felt as I have known of the rich and petted men and women of society wasting their money by the millions on their own narrow, selfish pleasure while thousands of the children of the street and the mine never heard any sound sweeter than a coarse note from an untrained voice or feit the beauty and perfume of anything better than a dusty weed by the roadside. These wants, these differences between the rich and the poor and the miracles of pleasure for my brethren and my own consciousness of helpless-

ness in the matter have almost made me at times a hater of men, a blasphemer against God and all the universe. Money!" cried Eric as he clinch- using the money was not fully shaped ed his hand on his knee, while the face, in any definite way. It could not be, pale and worn from the recent injury. glowed with the fire of its inward spir- that the element of time was necessary itual agony. "If I had just what will to help in the solution. They were not be wasted in this town this winter in planning for a day or a month or one wicked display and foolishness, I could winter, but for a good many years to make a thousand children happy for a lifetime and save hundreds of souls from cursing God for ever having been born into a world of such inequality. 1 have thought sometimes I already lived tain families that were known to be in in hell instead of earth. But- Well, want with fuel and food for the immeexcuse me. I didn't mean to get started this way. I'm mistaken and narrow and one sided and unreasonable and all mand came in later on in the evening. that, and no one knows it better than I The miners had recently made several do. All the same, I am sure that as personal requests for help, and Stuart, there is a God who rules and judges in his growing engerness to know as there will come a day of reckoning for much as possible of the facts in the the men and women who have spent town, had determined to go himself at his money on their selfish pleasures re- the next pressing call and satisfy his gardless of God's children who have desire for the truth. gone through life starved and parched) for the tack of the beautiful gifts of | Aunt Royal were discussing the comtheir Father which he intended all should enjoy." There was a silence in the room. Andrew went over to the window and looked out. He came back to the table at once and without a word cut half a dozen of the choicest roses from his plants, hastily rolled them up in a paper and without a word of explanation rushed out of the room. Eric and Stuart could hear him tearing down the stairs three steps at a time. They looked at each other in silence and then rose and went over to the window. Crossing the square by one of the diagonal paths cut through by the snowplow was Mrs. Binney, the wife of the injured miner, the woman who had come in to see Dr. Saxon the day before Stuart and Eric had been caught in the mine. She was carrying a basket on one arm and was on her way home after having been down to Champion from her house up on the hill. Audrew had been up to see Jim several times. Eric and Stuart, looking out, saw reached almost to his neck and stop the astonished Mrs. Binney just as she in the grate. The mantel and tiling was turning off to go up across the were handsome pieces of imported marrailroad tracks. He gave her the roses ble. The lights had not been turned on in the paper. She put them in her yet. It was not quite 7 o'clock. basket and bowed her curiously shawled and bonneted head. Andrew rushed with?" asked Louise. She had great back, darted up stairs, pulled a broom respect for Aunt Royal as an authority out of the closet, retired to the hall, in all matters of society or entertainbrushed himself off and, coming back,' ment and deferred to her opinion withsaid, panting: "Excuse me. I am some- out debate or dispute. times taken that way. It is not dangerous."

business, profits. Most of it was made his seat and was very thoughtful, in a great study over many things.

"I am wrestling with a problem greater than any that ever challenged me," he said at last as the others remained quiet. "I need more wisdom money best be used to the glory of and more knowledge. I believe, as God? How would you use it if it was Eric says, that money can create yours, Andrew?" He asked the ques- miracles of a certain sort in Champion, but shall I say: 'Go to, now! Behold me! I am Stuart Duncan, the mine owner. I have a million dollars. I am going to spend this money for Andrew stared at Stuart and did not your benefit. My friends, how will know what to say. At last he exclaim- you have it? In libraries, souphouses, ed: "That's a very hard question to an- music, flowers, lectures, preaching, art or what not? I am ready to Chrisapproached the edge of a thought of a tianize, elevate, improve and lift up, to bridge over the chasms that lie beover a thousand dollars a year in my tween rich and poor and educated and ignorant. You just keep quiet, and the million dollars will do the rest.' Is that the idea? Given, a million dolmens-well, it takes my breath away to lars to bring in the millennium. Is imagine what a million dollars would that the relation between a million dollars and a million years of paradise? know what you mean. It isn't a ques- It is not so easy. I can see the hall tion of what I could get for myself, but dedicated to labor. That is a possigood deal more behind and within. One thing I know very certainly: I "I don't know about that," broke in must see for myself what the needs

way, but I want to know in detail." "There's one person can tell you all about it," said Andrew.

"Who's that?"

"Miss Dwight."

Stuart flushed. From where he sat he could see the front of the Salvation Army hall. Rhena was just going in with one of the women belonging to the army.

"I'm told that she is familiar already with nearly every case of suffering in Champion." continued Andrew. "She has even been out on the hills as far as Cornishtown. It's a ple. I would put two of the greatest pokerish place in winter, full of pitholes and abandoned prospecting distance of every workingman in shafts. I wouldn't want to get caught out there and lose my way after dark They would be under the roof of this with this new snow covering up bad places."

Stuart did not answer. He was looking from the window and saw Rhena and the woman come out of the hall with bundles. They crossed the street and disappeared behind the engine house, going in the direction of the Cornishtown path.

"What did you say?" asked Stuart suddenly as he came back from his little journey with Rhenn. Andrew and Eric were sitting where they did not see what Stuart had seen.

"I said that in case you ever fall into a hole in Cornishtown it might be just as well to leave the spending of that money to Eric and me," replied An-drew, nodding at Eric. "That is, leave it before you fell in. For the chances are that no one will be prospecting around at this time of the year with a rope to pull you out."

"I beg pardon," said Stuart. "Let us get at the subject again. It's very evident we cannot settle this matter offhand or in a hurry. But I'm sure the Lord will lead us to do something right. He hasn't given us brains and hearts and then left us to make fools of ourselves, especially when we don't want to."

We do not need to give in detail the afternoon's discussion. The plan for

the valley for the music room. The last reception I attended in New York the Dupreys decorated the entire house with lilles of the valley. The effect was lovely."

"What did you say it cost?" asked Stuart, rousing himself to take part in the conversation. He had heard only a part of what Aunt Royal had said She looked over at her nephew in surprise.

"I didn't say. I heard that it cost about \$1,000. That is a small item for flowers in the Duprey receptions."

"It must have been lovely," said Louise, clasping her hands so that her dia. mond rings were the most conspicuous part of her in the light of the fire.

"I think it must have been horrible," said Stuart quietly.

"Horrible?" Aunt Royal spoke as if she had not understood her nephew. "Yes; not the flowers, but the use of

that much money to decorate for pleasure any man's private residence for the enjoyment of people who could see lilies of the valley any time they wanted to."

"Well, well!" Aunt Royal could not get any further. Louise broke in with a laugh.

"Oh, Stuart's been converted lately to some of the communistic socialistic ideas. Didn't you know that, aunt? The next we know he will begin to object to our using roses for decoration next week here in the house."

Stuart did not say anything. He was thinking of Eric's speech that afternoon, and his heart beat heavily as he thought of all the wasted music and flowers of the earth. Who was getting the best of these two great and beautiful gifts of God?

Was it not the very people who were able to pay the highest prices for them? Where was the right in squandering a thousand dollars of God's own monoy to enjoy the beauty of flowers when people were dying of hunger and misery in the nearest t-nement? If it was God's money and if men were only trustees of the funds. would God probably consider that a right use of the money? It was only one phase of the doctrine of steward. ship which Stuart had lately began to believe in.

But Aunt Royal was not the person to remain silent after Stuart's use of the word "horrible" in connection with her decorative ideas as they were connected with social functions. She ask ed, sharply for her:

"Do you mean to say, Stuart, that you think we have no right to use flowers in giving pleasure to our invited guests?"

"No; I did not say that." replied Stuart dryly.

"What do you mean then?"

"I can't make you or Louise understand me," said Stuart after a pause. "No; Stuart talks in riddles of late. He thinks we are too aristocratic and un-Christian," said Louise. There was a sneer in her voice which hurt Stuart keenly.

"Why do you say that, Louise? You know I am thinking of the poor families who are beginning to suffer at this time. Surely we ought to do as much for them as for ourselves. If we spend a hundred dollars to decorate the rooms with flowers for a party, we ought to give twice as much to help feed the hungry. The better way would be to take the money spent on the flowers and spend it on food."

"What?" eried Louise angrily "O

"That's what I grow them for," re-

"Oh, I don't know yet. I'm slow to

there are up here."

book."

SALAHY Toarly

Men and Comen of good a lifess to represent come to travel approximation agents, others for ear work looking after our interests \$990. Out on the street to herself. "I was pretty sure she isleed balse transformed for earnest man or worm to some pleased permanent jost word, there is the person to lead Stuart on aft-eness write a one.

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His Brother's

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Christian Siewardship,

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,

uchee of "in His Steps," "The Cue na on of Falip Strong," "Joiett Hardy's Steph Days," "Mal-com Kirk," Lee.

AND SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPLISHING SOCIETY.

CHAPTER VII.

PLANS GOOD AND BAD.

Rhena had placed for her. "I am Miss

"Yes, I know you are. 1 have seen

said Rhena quietly. She had not the

remotest idea of the purpose of

"We are going to have a little com-

pany at the house next week, and we

would be glad to have you come," said

Louise boldly, looking straight at Rhe-

us. "I thought it would be less formal

to call and invite you personally than

Duncan, Stuart Duncan's sister."

Louise's call.

to send a note."

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CENTS!

ELECTRIC

SOAP

tion about Una." She smilled and set through the now fast falling show. To any one famillar with the charac-Stuart's engagement were perfectly me as human beings." easy to understand. It measured the extent of Louise's petty, narrow ideas

of life and all its meaning. She had observed enough of Stuart's mannerment, and it was the last thing in the prevent may attachment with a Salvation Army leader, she would do it in a any way short of being found out in deceit; hence her lie to Rhena. How would she ever harow? To be sure Rhenn was in especieus-1 wennan in tio ways of coclety, and she interfit have been on her grand if alls bud known online. Lot the eleter of Minari had with the future source kind heartedness with the future society leader, and illionn foit, as suic said, grateful for the applicat sincerity which would

recognize in a present position in Champlon as entiting her to a place still in polite society

of God that takest away the sins of the world, pardon me and help me." miners and also to arrange for some- is entirely under my control." thing more permanent than a plan of local relief for the immediate distress asked Andrew simply. of Champion. Eric managed to get

"Then you have \$1,000,000 to spend?"

"Tes; it amounts to that. Of course Bhena looked over at her caller in struggle did him good. Andrew wel- they are running. This \$1,000,000 rep- significantly.

"It would be a good thing if it wasthrough the snow and insisted that the the mines pay for themselves while that is, if it was catching," said Eric, Smilax and carnations will be the prop-

Even Eric was obliged to confess come.

So Stuart finally went home after running into the office and leaving word there with a clerk to supply cerdiate time and also leaving word to send for him in case any special de-

After supper that evening Louise and



ing party or "affair," which had been fixed for the following week. Stuart Andrew wade through a snowdrift that was sitting with them in the drawing room. There was a beautiful open fire

"What have you decided to decorate

"I think we had better have Nyphetia roses in the front room and small ferns with pearl roses in the dining room. er trimming for the library and lilies of

the people who have brought their condition on themselves by their own foolishness! Who is to blame for their being hungry and cold if not themselves?"

"The women and bables are not to blame, and they are the ones to feel the suffering most," said Stuart quiet-Iy.

"Well, you can use your money that way if you want to, but I don't waste mine on people who don't know whea they're well off."

Stuart rose and stood with his back to the fire. He was agitated with all the new ideas that had crowded into his life since the day God had spoken to him. He felt that the revolution in him would cut square across all the traditions and usages of polite society, especially in the matter of money and its personal expenditure.

Finally Louise and Aunt Royal took up the subject of the coming party and began discussing the families who were invited.

Stuart still stood silently engrossed in his own thoughts and hearing only now and then a word. At last he was roused by Louise.

"Stuart, will you sing with Una next week? You remember that duo you sang before you went abroad?"

"Yes; I'll sing if I am here that even ing." replied Stuart, with a feeling that he was fast losing all his interest in the things that once amused him. He had a splendid baritone voice and was a favorite singer with all his friends.

"Why, are you planning to be away?" "No; 1 did not know what might happen under the condition of the

strike and all." "We've invited the Meltons and the Vasplaines. They would be very much disappointed if you were not here." said Aunt Royal.

"I shall probably be here," said Stuart briefly.

Louise rose suddenly and went up to her brother.

"And I invited Miss Dwight, Stuart. She refused to come, but don't you think I am too aristocratic for anything to invite her?" Stuart looked at Louise in astonish-

ment. The words sent the color to his cheek and set his pulses beating.

"You knew she would not come," he said in a low voice.

Louise started as if she had been caught in her lie to Rhena. She went back to her seat and was silent. It was at times a mad freak with Louise to say or do the unexpected thing. She was not original, but she sometimes took a malicious pleasure in startling people.

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