CHAPTER VI.

HEN I grow weary with the BUACK ROCK RELIGION. conventions of religion and sick in my soul from feed-

ing upon husks that the churches too often offer me in the shape of elaborate service and eloquent discourses, so that in my sickness I doubt and doubt, then I go back to the communion in Block Rock and the days preceding it, and the fever and weariness leave me, and I grow humble and strong. The simplicity and rugged grandeur of the faith, the humble gratitude of the rough men I see about the table and the calm radiance of one saintly face and recall

Not its most enthusiastic apologist would call Black Rock a religious community, but it possessed in a marked degree that embout Christian virtue of tolerance. All creeds, all shades of religious opinion, were allowed, and it was generally conceded that one was as good as another. It is fair to say, however, that Black Rock's eatholicity was negative rather than positive. The only religion objectionable was that insisted upon as a necessity. It never occurred to any one to consider religion other than as a respectable if not ornamental addition to life in older lands.

During the weeks following the making of the league, however, this negtive attitude toward things religious gave place to one of keen investigation and criticism. The indifference passed away and with it in a large measure the telerance. Mr. Craig was responsible for the former of these changes, but hardly in fairness could he be held responsible for the latter. If any one more than another was to be blamed for the rise of intolerance in the village, that man was Geordie Crawford. He had his "lines" from the Established Kirk of Scotland, and when Mr. Craig announced his intention of having the sacrament of the Lord's supper observed Geordie produced his lines and handed them in. As no other man in the village was equipped with like spiritual crec'entials, Geordie constituted himself a k'nd of kirk session charged with the double duty of guarding the entrance to the Lord's table and of keeping an eye upon the theo-

BEST FOR THE



KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

HIS TEACHER.

Margaret-Did your brother teach you to play that piece, Allen? Allen-Naw. I learned myself by picking out the dirty keys .- Detroit Free Press.

Selfish Considerations, One's attitude toward prices high, Depends, the truth to tell.

whether he is out to buy. Or if he fain would sell. -Washington Star.

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more particularly upon such members naethin ava." of it as gave evidence of possessing any opinions definite enough for state-

It came to be Mr. Craig's habit to drop into the leagueroom and toward tinued doubtful. the close of the evening to have a short Scripture lesson from the gospels, features, however, there was no misabout and talk the lesson over, ex- The singing became different. The men the absolute disregard of the authority excitement Mr. Craig seemed to fear it. of church or creed, the frankness with the discussions altogether marvelous. ness to trifle with," The passage between Abe Baker, the stage driver, and Geordie was particu- stairs to the meetings, he could not but Pharisee and the publican.

was quite unruffled and lamented the fretfulness and soothing his weariness. Ignorance of men who, brought up in the could hardly be expected to detect the Antinomian or Arminian heresies.

"Aunty Nomyun or Uncle Nomyun," replied Abe, boiling hot, "my mother was a Methodist, and I'll back any blanked Methodist against any blankety blank long faced, lantern jawed, skinflint Presbyterlan!" And this he was eager to maintain to any man's satisfaction if he would step aside.

Geordie was quite unmoved, but hastened to assure Abe that he meant no disrespect to his mother, who, he had "nae doot, was a clever enough buddie, tae judge by her son." Abe was their old gray faces. How one grows speedly appeased and offered to set to love them, steadfast old friends! up the drinks all round, but Geordie, Far up among the pines we could see with evident reluctance, had to decline, saying, "Na, na, lad; I'm a league and so still and so clear was the mounman, ye ken." And I was sure that tain air that we could hear the puff of Geordie at that moment felt that mem- the steam and from far down the river bership in the league had its drawbacks.

Nor was Geordie too sure of Craig's orthodoxy, while, as to Mrs. Mayor, whose slave he was, he was in the habit of lamenting her doctrinal condition:

awa' wi' the errors o' the Epeescopawlyuns."

It fell to Geordie, therefore, as a sathose who seemed to be the pillars of understanding. Certainly Graeme's in my life there is but one brighter. At the church, to be all the more watch- manner to her was not that he bore to him one night after one of the meet- tender, respect, very new to him, but ings, when he had been specially hard | very winning. upon the ignorant and godless, I inno- As he stood cently changed the subject to Billy well I glanced at his face and saw for Don't fool with this." was what he Breen, whom Geordie had taken to his a moment what I had not seen for said to me, but when he turned to shack since the night of the league, years, a faint flush on Graeme's check | Graeme his whole face lighted up. He He was very proud of Billy's success and a light of simple, carnest faith in took him by the shoulders and gave in the fight against whisky, the credit his eyes. It reminded me of my first him a little shake, looking into his Mrs. Mayor and himself.

plained to me, "an' I'll no deny but noble old pile, and there was the same she's a great help-aye, a verra con- bright, trustful, earnest look on his seederable assessance-but, mon, she boyish face, doesna ken the whusky an' the inside I know not what spirit possessed me o' a mon that's wantin' it. Aye, puir -it may have been the pain of the buddle, she diz her pairt, an' when memory working in me-but I said over the mountain and into the windye're a bit restless an' thrawn aifter coursely enough: yer day's wark it's like a walk in a an' hear her sing. But when the night me. is on an' ye canna sleep, but wauken wi' an' awfu' thurst an' wi' dreams o' cozy firesides an' the bonny sparklin' then ye need a mon wi' a guid grip beside ye."

"What do you do then, Geordie?" I asked.

wi' the lad an' then pits the kettle on under the pines." And we moved on, an' makes a cup o' ten or coffee, an' aff he gangs tae sleep like a bairn."

"Poor Billy!" I said pityingly. "There. is no hope for him in the future, I fenr.

"Hoot awa, mon." said Geordie quickly. "Ye wadna keep oot a puir crater frae creepin' in that's daein' his best?"

"But, Geordie," I remonstrated, "he I don't believe he could give us 'the Graeme." chief end of man."

"An' wha's tae blame for that?" said man," said Graeme cheerfully. Geordie, with fine indignation. "An' maybe you remember the prood Pharisee an' the puir wumman that cam' creepin' in ahint the Maister."

The mingled tenderness and indignation in Geordie's face were beautiful to see, so I meekly answered: "Well, I hope Mr. Craig won't be too

strict with the boys." Geordie shot a suspicious glance at

me, but I kept my face like a summer morn, and he replied cautiously: "Aye, he's no' that street, but he mann exerceese discreemination."

Geordie was none the less determin- big chair. ed, however, that Billy should "come forrit," but as to the manager, who was a member of the English church, ness of the minister's housekeeping and some others who had been con- and the gentle, almost motherly, way firmed years ago and had forgotten he had with Graeme. much and denied more, he was extremely doubtful and expressed himself in very decided words to the min- bitions. The railway was soon to come,

"Ye'll no be askin' forrit the Epees-

ogical opinions of the community and copawiyun buddles. They fulst hen | great future for British Columbia. As

But Mr. Craig looked at him for moment and said, "'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." and Geordie was silent, though he con-

With all these somewhat fantastic Geordie's opportunity came after the taking the earnest spirit of the men. meeting was over and Mr. Craig had The meetings grew larger every night, gone away. The men would hang and the interest became more intense. pressing opinions favorable or unfa- no longer simply shouted, but as Mr. vorable, as appeared to them good. Craig would call attention to the senti-Then it was that all sorts of views, rement of the hymn the voices would atligious and otherwise, were aired and tune themselves to the words. Instead examined. The originality of the ideas, of encouraging anything like emotional

"These chaps are easily stirred up." which opinions were stated and the he would say, "and I am anxious that forcefulness of the language in which they should know exactly what they they were expressed combined to make are doing. It is far too serious a busi-

Although Graeme did not go down larly rich. It followed upon a very feel the throb of the emotion beating telling lesson on the parable of the in the heart of the community. I used to detail for his benefit and sometimes The chief actors in that wonderful for his amusement the incidents of story were transferred to the Black each night, but I never felt quite easy Rock stage and were presented in min- in dwelling upon the humorous feaer's costume. Abe was particularly tures in Mrs. Mayor's presence, alwell pleased with the scoring of the though Craig did not appear to mind. "blanked old rooster who crowed so His manner with Graeme was perfect. blanked high" and somewhat incensed Openly anxious to win him to his side, at the quiet remark interjected by he did not improve the occasion and Geordie that "it was nae credit till a vex him with exhortation. He would mon the be a sinner," and when Geor- not take him at a disadvantage, die went on to urge the importance of though, as I afterward found, this was right conduct and respectability Abe not his sole reason for his method. was led to pour forth vials of con- Mrs. Mayor, too, showed herself in a temptuous wrath upon the Pharlsees wise and tender light. She might have and hypocrites who thought themselves been his sister, so frank was she and better than other people. But Geordie so openly affectionate, laughing at his

Never were better comrades than we "Epeescopawlynn or Methody" church, four, and the bright days speeding so swiftly on drew us nearer to one another. But the bright days came to able to go about, became anxious to get back to the camp. And so the last day came, a day I remember well. It was a bright, crisp winter day.

The air was shimmering in the frosty light. The mountains, with their shining heads piercing through the light clouds into that wonderful blue of the western sky and their feet pushed into | ter's." the pine masses, gazed down upon Black Rock with calm, kindly looks on the smoke of the engine at the works, the murmur of the rapids. The majestic silence, the tender beauty, the peace, the loneliness, too, came stealing in upon us as we three, leaving Mrs. Mayor behind us, marched arm in arm down the street. We had not gone far on our way when Graeme, "She's a fine wumman, nae doot; turning round, stood a moment looking but, puir cratur, she's fair carried back, then waved his hand in farewell. Mrs. Mayor was at her window, smiling and waving in return. They had grown to be great friends, these two. cred duty, in view of the laxity of and seemed to have arrived at some ful and unyielding, but he was delight- other women. His half quizzical, somefully inconsistent when confronted what superior, air of mocking devotion with particulars. In conversation with gave place to a simple, earnest, almost

of which he divided evenly between look of him when he had come up for eyes and saying over and over in a low, his matriculation to the varsity. He "He's fair daft about her," he ex- stood on the campus looking up at the

bonny glen on a simmer eve, with the would fall in love with her myself, but my heart, "You'll come, you'll come, birds liltin' about, tae sit in you roomle there would be no chance even for

The flush slowly darkened as he turned and said deliberately:

"It's not like you, Connor, to be an glosses, as it is wi' puir Billy-aye, it's ass of that peculiar kind. Love! Not deep shadows of the pine forest, when, exactly! She won't fall in love unless"- And he stopped abruptly, with his eyes upon Craig.

But Craig met him with unshrinking "Oo, aye, I juist gang for a bit walk gaze, quietly remarking, "Her heart is each thinking his own thoughts and guessing at the thoughts of the others.

We were on our way to Craig's shack, and as we passed the saloon Slavin stepped from the door with a salutation. Graeme paused.

"Hello, Slavin! I got rather the worst of it, didn't 1?"

Slavin came near and said earnestly: "It was a dirty trick altogether. doesn't know anything of the doctrines. You'll not think it was mine, Mr.

"No. no. Slavin. You stood up like a

"And you beat me fair, and, bedad, it was a neat one that laid me out, and there's no grudge in my heart till you." "All right, Slavin. We'll perhaps understand each other better after this." "And that's true for you, sir, and I'll see that your boys don't get any more

than they ask for," replied Slavin, backing away. "And I hope that won't be much." put in Mr. Craig, but Slavin only grinned.

When we came back to Craig's shack, Graeme was glad to rest in the

Craig made him a cup of tea, while I smoked, admiring much the deft neat-

In our talk we drifted into the future, and Craig let us see what were his am-The resources were as yet unexplored, but enough was known to assure a

ried us away. With the eye of a gen eral he surveyed the country, fixed the strategic points which the church must seize upon. Eight good men would hold the country from Fort Steele to the coast and from Kootenal to Caribou.

"The church must be in with the rallway. She must have a hand in the shaping of the country. If society crystallizes without her influence, the country is lost, and British Columbia will be another trapdoor to the bottomless

"What do you propose?" I asked. "Organizing a little congregation here in Black Rock."

"How many will you get?" "Don't know."

"Pretty hopeless business," I said. "Hopeless! Hopeless!" he cried. "There were only twelve of us at first to follow him, and rather a poor lot they were. But he braced them up, and

they conquered the world." "But surely things are different," said Graeme.

"Things? Yes, yes, but he is the His face had an exalted look, and his

eyes were gazing into faraway places. "A dozen men in Black Rock, with some real grip of him, would make things go. We'll get them, too," he went on in growing excitement. "I believe in my soul we'll get them."

"Look here, Craig. If you organize I'd like to join," said Graeme impulsively. "I don't believe much in your creed or your church, but I'll be blowed if I don't believe in you."

Craig looked at him with wistful eyes and shook his head.

"It won't do, old chap, you know, I can't hold you. You've got to have a grip of some one better than I am, and then, besides. I hardly like asking you now." He hesitated. "Well, to be out and out, this step must be taken not an end, for Graeme, when once he was for my sake or for any man's sake, and I fancy that perhaps you feel like pleasing me just now a little."

> "That I do, old fellow," said Graeme. putting out his hand. "I'll be hanged if I won't do anything you say."

"That's why I won't say," replied Craig. Then reverently he added: "The organization is not mine. It is my Mas-

"When are you going to begin?" asked Graeme.

"We shall have our communion serv ice in two weeks, and that will be our roll call."

"How many will answer?" I asked doubtfully.

"I know of three," he said quietly. "Three! There are 200 miners and 150 lumbermen. Three!" And Graeme looked at him in amazement. "You think it worth while to organize three?"

"Well," replied Craig, smiling for the first time, "the organization won't be elaborate, but it will be effective, and, besides, loyalty demands obedience."

We sat long that afternoon talking, shrinking from the breaking up, for we knew that we were about to turn down a chapter in our lives which we should last we said goodby and drove away. and, though many farewells have come in between that day and this, none is so vividly present to me as that between us three men. Craig's manner with me was solemn enough.

sweet tone:

"You'll come, old chap, you'll come, you'll come. Tell me you'll come."

And Graeme could say nothing in reply, but only looked at him. Then they silently shook hands, and we drove off, but long after we had got ing forest road on the way to the lum-"It's no use. Graeme, my boy. I ber camp the voice kept vibrating in and there was a hot pain in my throat.

We said little during the drive to the camp. Graeme was thinking hard and made no answer when I spoke to him two or three times till we came to the with a little shiver, he said:

"It is all a tangle, a hopeless tan-

"Meaning what?" I asked,

"This business of religion. What quaint varieties-Nelson's, Geordie's, Billy Breen's-if he has any-then Mrs. Mayor's-she is a saint, of courseand that fellow Craig's! What a trump he is! And without his religion he'd be pretty much like the rest of us. It is too much for me."

His mystery was not mine. Black Rock varieties of religion were certainly startling, but there was undoubtedly the streak of reality through them all, and that discovery I felt to be a distinct gain,

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

As was to have been expected, the charge made by Rev. J. L. Withrow, of Boston, that society women swear like troopers, has resounded like . call to arms throughout the country. In Philadelphia there is a cold and ley stare awaiting the Boston preacher whenever he choose to go and get it. "The women who make up society in Philadelphia know nothing of swearing," said one of the leaders. "There are some women, of course, not in the best circles, who think it a fad to swear, though in reality it is only a species of outrageous vulgarity." This, as you will observe, is a hard one for Rev. Withrow. According to the Philadelphia view, he thought he knew about society women, but in fact he only knew about women who, "of course," did not belong to the best circles.

Cecil Rhodes has by his will put he talked his enthusiasm grew and car-rather a puzzling question to posterify. The True Colle- He insists that glate Standard. those who are to enjoy the scholarships he has established shall be good all-round men, and shall not be judged by preeminence in studies only. This, it may be said, is not according to the ordinary collegiate standard, when proficiency in studies is practically the only merit considered in grading students. Mr. Rhodes, on the contrary, insists upon more than this, so that the pure "diggers" have little chance of capturing any of his lavish gifts. Mr. Rhodes specifies indeed that a candidate for one of his scholarships must be judged by the following: (1) His fondness for or success in manly out door sports, such as cricket, football, and the like. (2) His qualities of manhood, such as truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness and fellowship. (3) His exhibition during school days of mortal force of character and instincts to lead and take interest in his schoolmates, for the latter attributes will likely in after life guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim. As a matter of fact, it would probably be found that the men thus equipped were the really successful men after leaving college, and if the dead Colossus does nothing else he will serve to broaden the narrow collegiate standard which has heretofore held almost universal sway. Mental, moral, and physical exvellence go toward making the most perfect men, and he judged rightly that if he attempted to reach the men who would be foremost in after-college life, he must get away from the congregation of plodders whose final

> Time changes all things and time is changing the public and private es-Trees Are Treasthis country. When

> distinction in life is apt to come at

graduation time.

the pioneers came upon a vast wilderness the trees were as much opposed to their making comfortable livelihoods as were the copperskinned savages. They made war upon the forest with more zeal than judgment; they slaughtered and laid waste. With such beginnings of the people their constituted authorities have been slow to make laws for the protection of mere trees, though gradually the worth of the latter have come to be understood by many. Old trees soon will be held, as they should be, to be sacred and young trees as something to be encouraged. fostered and trained in the way they should go. It is only a few years since Dr. Marshall, of Pennsylvania, astonished the public by bringing suit against a telephone company for hacking branches off some stately trees because they interfered with the stringing or proper insulation of its wires, recalls the Plttsburg Post. The courts sustained the doctor's contention that ancient trees are treasures. The telephone company will not soon forget the fact, for it was compelled to pay smartly for the destruction wrought.

The crusade in many American cities against expectoration in public places is being watched with much interest by the London health authorities. A medical journal has called the attention of the municipal authorities to a sense of their responsibilities in regard to this source of danger in public health. In Lisbon, Portugal, a peculiar feature of an ordinance regarding spitting in public conveyances is that the fine is to be imposed on the conductor, who is held responsible unless he can prove that he has informed the police of the infraction of the rule. The local authorities in Italy are also proceeding against the evil. In Florence notices have been placed on the walls prohibiting spitting in museums and galleries.

The latest plea for the irrigation of the arid lands of the interior states and territories is that the consequent wetting of the dry surfaces would prevent the desert siroccos that now blow eastward, scorching the vegetation in more favorably situated states. From this it would appear that the arid atmosphere as well as arid land is to be irrigated.

There is nothing small about the Central American republies. They only want \$7,000,000 spot cash for a permit to allow the United States to spend several hundred millions in building an isthmian canal that would double or treble property values in those torrid countries.

When Jules Verne made his hero get around the world in 80 days he never dreamed of a Chicago man doing the same thing in 49 days. A Frenchman can dream rare things, but an American can beat them with the reality.

Hands Full.

McJigger-That's something I never knew before.

Thingunbob-What's that? McJigger-Why, nearly all the breweries in town allow their employes 20 or 30 glasses of beer a

Thingunbob-The idea! I should think they'd have their hands full all the time.-Philadelphia Press.

It is complained by officers of sourts that citizens bother the What Law Courts great deal by Are For. not caring, what courts are for a bank is robbed, for instance, managers try to have the affair ke out of court, first, because they de like the ensuing publicity, and, to end, because there may be the portunity to get back part of stolen money by some compromis arrangement. It is a prevalent in pression that courts are not for the adjustment of personal differences grievances, controversies, and that these can be settled without legal is tervention, so much the better. In the officers of the court have to point out that their duties are concerns with the welfare of the community and that, because a thief makes retitution, it is no reason why the peo ple generally should not be guarded against his possible future opentions. One of the most dangeron men in New York, according to the Post, of that city, tried to have his case of defrauding settled privately, and the man he had defrauded was perfectly willing, but the then district attorney was compelled to go ahead with the court procedure or

a shadow on its festivities.

the ground that the defendant was

a menace to the community. This de

fendant was a man of social standing

and one reason why he wanted h

case settled privately was that

out" party on the evening of a

very day set for his trial. Having

the date of the trial to a later day

and the girl's debut came off with

daughter of his own, the public p

ecutor relented so far as to ch

daughter was to have her "co

remembering.

not knowing.

His Musical Taste, "Do you enjoy Ragtime music?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "bu 'm too well-bred to own up to it except to close and trustworthy friends: -Washington Post.

Mammon's Acrobatics. "A financial crash, and poor fellow, he went under."

"And then she threw him over,



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