CHAPTER XV.

COMING TO THEIR OWN.

MAN with a conscience is often provoking, sometimes impossible. Persuasion is lost upon him. He will not get angry, and he looks at one with such a

faraway expression in his face that in striving to persuade him one feels earthly and even fiendish. At least this was my experience with Craig. He spent a week with me just before he sailed for the old land for the purpose, as he said, of getting some of the coal dust and other grime out of him.

his stay and all the more that he re- voice: mained quite sweetly unmoved. It was a strategic mistake of mine to tell him how Neison came home to us and how Graeme stood up before the var- sitting there in the very dress she wore sity chaps at my supper and made his confession and confused Rattray's easy stepping profanity and started his own five year league, for all this stirred in Craig the hero, and he was ready for all sorts of byroic nonsense, as I called a word till, bending low to poke my Gre and to hide my face, I plunged:

"You will see her, of course?" He made no pretense of not understanding, but answered:

"Of course,"

ing over there." I suggested. "And yet she is a wise woman," he

said, as if carefully considering the question.

"The landlords?" "No, the tenants."

"Probably, having such landlords."

It would be a godsend to care for her." is to be said. Nothing new has come. Don't turn it all up again."

Then I played the heathen and raged, as Graeme would have said, till Craig smilled a little wearly and said:

he added in his own way: "What could not so disappoint you-and all | their hour came. of them."

Graeme and the lads in the mountains paints a: . brushes and made my vow he had taught to be true men. It did unto the Lord that I would be "useless not help my rage, but it checked my and lazy" no longer, but would do

was moved to say: "And after all, you know, old e'n p.

But, all the same, I bosed for some better result from his ask to Britain. It seemed to me that something must turn up to change such an unbearable situation.

I looked into Craig's face again I knew of most earnest welcome to the work. that nothing had been changed and that he had come back to take up again his life alone, more resolutely bopeful than ever.

But the year had left its mark upon him too. He was a broader and deeper man. He had been living and thinking with men of larger ideas and richer culture, and he was far too quick in sympathy with life to remain untouched by his surroundings. He was more tolerant of opinions other than his own, but more unrelenting in his fidelity to conscience and more impatient of half heartedness and self indulgence. He was full of reverence for the great scholars and the great leaders of men he had come to know.

extraordinarily modest," he said-"that are plenty of the other sort, neither Craig. great nor modest. And the books to be read! I am quite hopeless about my reading. It gave me a queer sensation to shake hands with a man who had written a great book. To hear him make commosplace remarks, to witness a faltering in knowledge-one expects these men to know everything -and to experience respectful kindness

at his hands."

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"Well?" I said. He understood me. "Yes," he answered slowly, "doing the saddest and most woe stricken. great work. Every one worships her just as we do, and she is making them all do something worth while, as she

used to make us."

ed, but he could not humbug me. I felt the heartache in the cheerful tone.

"Tell me about her." I said, for I knew that if he would talk it would do him good, and talk he did, often forgetting me, till, as I listened, I found myself looking again into the fathomless | these ghastly faces to appear? eyes and hearing again the heart searching voice. I saw her go in and out of the little red tiled cottages and down the narrow back lanes of the village; I heard her voice in a sweet, low pouring forth floods of music in the great new hall of the factory town near by, but I could not see, though he tried to show me, the stately, grathat scene, but went back again to the one day to see Billy Breen's mother.

"I found the old woman knew all' about me," he said simply enough, "but greetin'." there were many things about Billy she had never heard, and I was glad to put her right on some points, though | Scotch "Jerusalem, the Golden." im-Mrs. Mayor would not hear it.'

He sat silent for a little, looking into He made me angry the last night of the coals, then went on in a soft, quiet

> "It brought back the mountains and the old days to hear again Billy's tones in his mother's voice and to see her the night of the league, you remember -some soft stuff with black lace about It-and to hear her sing as she did for Billy, Ah! Ah!"

His voice unexpectedly broke, but in a moment he was master of himself it. We talked of everything but the and begged me to forgive his weakone thing, and about that we said not ness. I am afraid I said words that should not be said, a thing I never do except when suddenly and utterly up-

"I am getting selfish and weak," he raid. "I must get to work. I am glad to get to work. There is much to do. "There's really no sense in her stay- and it is worth while, if only to keep one from getting useless and lazy."

"Useless and lazy!" I said to myself, thinking of my life beside his and trying to get command of my voice, so as "Heaps of landlords never see their not to make quite a fool of myself. tenants, and they are none the worse," and for many a day those words goaded me to work and to the exercise of some mild self denial. But, more than all else, after Craig had gone back to "And, as for the old lady, there must the mountains Graeme's letters from be some one in the connection to whom the railway construction camp stirred one to do unpleasant duty long post-"Now, Conner," he said quietly, poned and rendered uncomfortable my "don't. We have gone over all there hours of most luxurious ease. Many of the old gang were with him, both of lumbermen and miners, and Craig was their minister, and the letters told of how he labored by day and by night along the line of construction, carry-"You exhaust yourself, old chap, ing his tent and kit with him, preach-Have a pipe-do." And after a pause ing straig it sermons, watching by sick men, writin; their letters and winning would you have? The path lies straight | their hearts, making strong their lives from my feet. Should I quit it? I and helping them to die well when

One di ...ese letters proved too And I knew he was thinking of much for .. e, and I packed away my speech, so I smoked in silence till he something with myself. In consequence I found myself within three weeks walking the London hospitals, finishing there are great compensations for all my course, that I might join that band losses, but for the loss of a good con- of men who were doing something with | with him the red was in her cheek science toward God what can make life or, if throwing it away, were not again. losing it for nothing. I had finished being a fool, I hoped, at least a fool of the useless and luxurious kind. The His first case will make him famous. letter that came from Graeme in reply to my request for a position on his staff was characteristic of the man, both The year passed, however, and when new and old, full of gayest humor and

> Mrs. Mayor's reply was like herself: I knew you would not long be content with the making of pictures, which the world does not really need, and would join your friends in the dear west, making lives that the world needs so norely.

> But her last words touched me strangely:

> But be sure to be thankful every day for your privilege. * * * It will be good to think of you all, with the glorious mountains about you and Christ's own work in your hands. • • • Ah, how we would like choose our work and the place in which

The longing did not appear in the words, but I needed no words to tell me how deep and how constant it was, and I take some credit to myself that in my reply I gave her no bidding to "Great, noble fellows they are and join our band, but rather praised the is, the really great are modest. There ing her how I had heard of it from

The summer found me religiously doing Paris and Vienna, gaining a more perfect acquaintance with the extent and variety of my own ignorance, and so fully occupied in this interesting and wholesome occupation that I fell out with all my correspondents, with the result of weeks of silence between us.

Two letters among the heap waiting on my table in London made my heart "What of the younger men?" I asked, beat quick, but with how different feel-"Bright, keen, generous fellows-in ings, one from Graeme telling me that things theoretical omniscient, but in Craig had been very ill and that be things practical quite helpless. They was to take him home as soon as he toss about great ideas as the miners could be moved. Mrs. Mavor's letter lumps of coal. They can call them by told me of the death of the old lady, their book names easily enough, but I who had been her care for the past often wonder whether they could put two years, and of her intention to them into English. Some of them I spend some months in her old home in coveted for the mountains, men with Edinburgh, and this letter it is that acclear heads and big hearts and built counts for my presence in a miserable, after Sandy McNaughton's model. It dingy, dirty little hall running off a does seem a sinful waste of God's good | close in the historic Cowgate, redolent human stuff to see these fellows potter of the glories of the splendid past and away their lives among theories, living of the various odors of the evil smelland dead, and end up by producing a ing present. I was there to hear Mrs. book. They are all either making or Mayor sing to the crowd of gamins going to make a book. A good thing that thronged the closes in the neighwe haven't to read them. But here borhood and that had been gathered and there among them is some quiet into a club by "a fine leddle frae the chap who will make a book that men west end" for the love of Christ and his lost. This was an "at home" night, Then we paused and looked at each and the mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, of all ages and sizes, were present. Of all the sad faces I had ever seen those mothers carried

"Heaven pity us!" I found myself say-

ing. "Is this the beautiful, the cul-

tured, the heaven exalted city of Edin-

He spoke cheerfully and rendily, as if down into bell some day if it repent he were repeating a lesson well learn- not of its closes and their dens of defilement? Oh, the utter weariness, the dazed hopelessness, of the ghastly faces! Do not the kindly, gentle churchgoing folk of the crescents and the gardens see them in their dreams. or are their dreams too heavenly for

I cannot recall the programme of the evening, but in my memory gallery is a vivid picture of that face, sweet, sad, beautiful, alight with the deep glow of her eyes, as she stood and saug song by the bed of a dying child or to that dingy crowd. As I sat upon the window ledge listening to the voice with its flowing song my thoughts were far away, and I was looking down once more upon the eager, coal grimed in his shrill voice; cious lady receiving the country folk faces in the rude little church in Black in her home. He did not linger over Rock. I was brought back to find myself swallowing hard by an audible Rock would easily fall into the old and gate cottage where she had taken bim whisper from a wee lassie to her moth-

When I came to myself, she was singing "The Land o' the Leal," the nortal, perfect. It needed experience of the hunger haunted Cowgate closes, chill with the black mist of an eastern haar, to feel the full bliss of the vision of the words:

> "There's nae sorrow there, Jean; There's neither cauld nor care, Jean; The day is aye fair in The Land o' the Leal."

land of fair, warm days, untouched by sorrow and care, would be heaven indeed to the dwellers of the Cowgate.

The rest of that evening is hazy enough to me now till I find myself opposite Mrs. Mayor at her fire, reading Graeme's letter. Then all is vivid again.

I could not keep the truth from her. I knew it would be folly to try. So I pead straight on till I came to the words: "He has had mountain fever. whatever that may be, and he will not pull up again. If I can, I shall take him home to my mother," when she suddenly stretched out her hand, saying, "Oh, let me read!" and I gave her the letter. In a minute she had read it and began almost breathlessly:

"Listen. My life is much changed. My mother-in-law is gone. She needs me no longer. My solicitor tells me, too, that, owing to unfortunate investments, there is need of money, so great need that it is possible that elther the estates or the works must go. My cousin has his all in the worksfron works, you know. It would be wrong to have him suffer. I shall give up the estates. That is best."

She paused. "And come with me!" I cried.

"When do you sail?"

"Next week," I answered eagerly. She looked at me a few moments, and into her eyes there came a light soft and tender as she said:

"I shall go with you." And so she did, and no old Roman in all the glory of a triumph carried a prouder heart than I as I bore he and her little one from the train to Graeme's carriage, crying:

"I've got her!" But his was the better sense, for he stood waving his hat and shouting. "He's all right!" at which Mrs. Mayor grew white, but when she shook hands

Graeme. "Connor's a great doctor. Good prescription-after mountain fever try a cablegram!"

And the red grew deeper in the beautiful face beside us.

Never did the country look so lovely. The woods were in their gayest autumn dress; the brown fields were butted in a purple haze; the air was sweet and fresh with a suspicion of the coming frosts of winter. But in spite of all the road seemed long, and it was as if hours had gone before our eyes fell upon the white manse stand-

ing among the golden leaves. "Let them go!" I cried as Graeme paused to take in the view, and down the sloping dusty road we flew on the

"Reminds one a little of Abe's curves," said Graeme as we drew up at the gate, but I answered him not, for I was introducing to each other the best two women in the world. As I was about to rush into the house work she was doing in her place, tell- Graeme seized me by the collar, say-

> "Hold on, Connor! You forget your place. You're next."

> "Why, certainly!" I cried, thankfully enough. "What an ass I am!" "Quite true," said Graeme solemnly.

"Where is he?" I asked. "At this present moment?" he asked

in a shocked voice. "Why, Connor, you due to ill-health. Several months ago surprise me!" "Oh, I see!" "Yes," he went on gravely: "you may

tending to her domestic duties. She is a great woman, my mother." I had no doubt of it, for at that mo-

ment she came out to us with little Marjorie in her arms. "You have shown Mrs. Mayor to her room, mother, I hope," said Graeme,

but she only smiled and said: "Run away with your horses, you silly boy!" at which he solemnly shook his head. "Ah, mother, you are deep.

Who would have thought it of you?" That evening the manse overflowed with joy, and the days that followed

were like dreams set to sweet music. But for sheer wild delight nothing in my memory can quite come up to the demonstration organized by Graeme, with assistance from Nixon, Shaw, Sandy, Abe, Geordie and Baptiste, in honor of the arrival in camp of Mr. and Mrs. Craig, and in my opinion it added something to the occasion that after all the cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Craig had died away and after all the hats had come down Baptiste, who had never taken his eyes from that radiant face, should suddenly have swept the crowd into a perfect storm of cheers by exburgh? Will it not for this be cast citedly seizing his toque and calling out

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"By gar! Tree cheer for Mrs. Mavor!" And for many a day the men of Black well loved name, but up and down the line of construction, in all the camps "Mither! See till you man. He's beyond the Great Divide, the new name became as dear as the old had ever been in Black Rock.

Those old wild days are long since gone into the dim distance of the past. They will not come again, for we have fallen into quiet times. But often in my quietest hours I felt my heart pause in its beat to hear again that strong, clear voice, like the sound of a trumpet, bidding us to be men, and I think of them all-Graeme, their chief; Sandy, Baptiste, Geordie, Abe, the Campbells, Nixon, Shaw, all stronger, better, for their knowing of him, and then I think of Billy asleep under the pines and of old man Nelson with the long grass waving over him in the quiet churchyard, and all my nonsense leaves me, and I bless the Lord for all his benefits, but chiefly for the day 1 met the missionary of Black Rock in the lumber camp among the Selkirks. THE END

Happy Thought.

Photographer-Now, I want you to look as if you were not having your picture taken.

Customer-Then you'd better give me buck the deposit I made in advance .-

SENATOR McMILLAN DEAD

Expired at His Summer Home In Massachusetts of Heart Failure. Washington, Aug. 11 .- A dispatch was received here yesterday announcing the death of James McMillan, of



SENATOR JAMES M'MILLAN OF MICHIGAN. Michigan, at an early hour yesterday morning at his summer home at Man chester-by-the-Sea, Mass. Death was the result of heart failure, following congestion, after an illness of a very few hours. The news came as a great shock to his friends here, as when the senator left Washington shortly after the adjournment of congress he appeared to be in good health and looked forward with much satisfaction to a quiet and restful summer.

Senator McMillan was a native of Ontario, having been born in Hamilton, May 12, 1838, but in early life removed to Michigan, and for many years has been prominently identified with the business interests and political life of that state, having for a number of terms been chairman of the Republican state committee. He has been a member of the senate since March 4, 1889.

JUDGE GRAY'S SUCCESSOR

President Appoints Oliver Wendell Holmes to the Supreme Bench.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 12.-President Roosevelt yesterday afternoon announced that he had appointed Hon. Oliver Wendell Holmes, chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts, to be an associate justice of the United States supreme court. vice Justice Gray, resigned.

The resignation of Justice Gray was he suffered a stroke of apoplexy which some time later was followed by another. He has not appeared on trust my mother to be discreetly at- the bench since he was stricken the first time. His advanced age-74 years-told against his recovery with serious force, and he decided to resign. He was appointed an associate justice by President Arthur on December 19, 1881, his service extending, therefore, through a period of nearly 21 years.

Judge Holmes, whom the president has selected as Justice Gray's successor, is one of the most distinguished lawyers and jurists of Massachusetts. His career on the bench, particularly as chief justice of the Massachusetts supreme court, has attracted wide attention. Like Justice Gray, he is a native of Massachusetts. He is a son and namesake of the late Dr. Holmes, the poet and essayist.

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WASHED FROM THEIR GRAVES Awful Result of Cloudburst at Madi-

son, N. J. Madison, N. J., Aug. 12.—With scarcely a warning a cloudburst broke over Madison Sunday night, and with in a short time had spread ruin on every side. Roads became rivers, bridges were swept away, and, most terrible of all, the Presbyterian cemetery, on the west of the town, was flooded and hundreds of bodies were washed from the graves. News of the calamity spread, and soon nearly a thousand men were at work trying to secure the coffins with the badies

in them from the rush of waters. In many cases the rescuers were prevented by the flood from doing anything, but about a hundred corpses were taken from the water and earried to dry land. Undertakers from all over the county were summoned, and disinfectants were freely used to prevent any pestilence. In many cases there was no way of identifying the bodies, which were washed out of the coffins, and they will have to be interred again as nameless persons.

The country for miles around is all excitement, and thousands of people are on the scene looking for traces of their dead

Besides the destruction of the ceme tery the tracks of the Lackawanna Road west of Madison was destroyed by a washout and one train was wrecked as a result. The engine overturned and the brakeman was killed and the conductor and engineer perhaps fatally injured. The roads are impassable to vehicles for miles in every direction.

Ship Building Plant Sold.

Wilmington, Del., Aug. 12.-The Harlan & Hollingsworth ship building plant, located here, was last night transfer. to the United States Ship Burl mpany. The price is said to be \$1 10,000.

Burned Money, Then Killed Himself. Rockport, Ind., Aug. 12,-Julius Hoffman, a German farmer, 65 years of age, committed suicide yesterday, and before doing so burned between \$5,000 and \$6,000 in money, that his young wife, with whom he is said to have had frequent quarrels, might not enjoy its benefits.

Wanted Music.

"As I hear your piano very frequently, Mrs. Fortissimo, I suppose that you are up on musical matters?" rtainly, Mr. Crusty."

"Then do you know who was playing when the poet wrote, 'Music hath charms'?"

"I do not; but why?" "Well, if you can find out I wish that you would invite that musician to play on your piano."-N. Y. Her-

A Great Bargain,

Mrs. Winks-A peddler was here today, and I got the greatest bargaina whole pound of insect powder for only ten cents. It looks just like dirt. but it's awfully effective. I tried it. Mr. Winks-Worked, ch?

Mrs. Winks-Yes, indeed. The peddler said I should put a little in water and apply it beiling hot, and I did, and it killed every insect it touched,-N. Y. Weekly.

Consistently Morose,

"So you won a bet on a horse

"Yes," answered the man who refuses to cheer up. "I suppose you are at last willing to admit that you can be lucky."

"Not at all, I merely struck an occasion where the other people concerned were greater Jonahs than I am; that's all."-Washington Star.

A Fit Subject. Mrs. De Jarr-Is there an idiot

asylum near here? Mr. De Jarr-I believe so.

"Do they take people on their own recommendation?" "My stars! How should I know?

Why?" "Oh, nothing, only to-day I got hold of a package of my old love letters." -N. Y. Weekly.

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