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JOASH CROWNED IN JUDAH

Special School Lesson for April 16, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—2 Kings 11:1-20. Memory Verse 12.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with a whole heart."—Psalm 119:2.
TIME—Athaliah came to the throne in 842 B. C. (Hastings) or 837 B. C. (Becher); Joash, 842 B. C. (Hastings) or 837 B. C. (Becher).
PLACE—Jerusalem, the capital of Judah.
KINGS—Joash's contemporaries were Job in Israel, Hazael in Syria, Shalmaneser II in Assyria.

God always finds ways to frustrate the evil. John Wilkes Booth did not reckon on the flag which tangled his feet when he tried to escape. He killed a Lincoln, but up started a host of others to undo his evil deed. The kingdom of God is not a pillar which can be thrown prostrate in the dust, but a cube that always falls upon a base as broad as that from which it has been dislodged. In fact, it is rather like the Irishman's stone fence, which he built three feet high and four feet wide, so that if it was tipped over it would be higher than it was before.

How can we apply this incident to our modern boys and girls? For every one of them a kingdom is waiting, the kingdom of a noble, happy and useful manhood or womanhood. This is the real kingdom, for Joash, and for every boy and girl. Every young king and queen is surrounded by perils, as terrible as those that threatened Joash; and the only safety now is the safety that he found then—the protection of the church and of a godly home.

A noble woman has done her part in saving the young king—the part that mothers play in the preservation of the young kings of our modern homes. Now a man steps in, as the father comes to have the chief influence over the life of the growing boy. Jehoiada, the high priest, was a man of ability and fine character. Probably it was becoming increasingly difficult to hide the growing lad, and longer confinement would be most injurious for him physically and mentally. The first step toward placing him on his rightful throne was to gather a sufficient force of loyal adherents. After obtaining the assurances, which of course they would bear, they were furnished by Jehoiada with the spears and shields that, as relics of David's time, hung somewhere within the sacred precincts, just as his predecessor Abimelech had furnished to David himself the sword of Goliath. These would remind them that it was for David's heir they were contending.

Wide steps were taken, under the leadership of Jehoiada, in the opening of the young king's reign. A covenant was made between the Lord and the king and the people. This was a renewal of the original compact, in which Jehovah and his people bound themselves together—a compact broken by the Baal-worship of Athaliah's reign. What was the second step? The immediate and thorough destruction of the temple of Baal, with its altars and heathen images, and the execution of its high priest Mattan. It seems to be implied that the "house of Baal" stood on the temple mount, in orientalist rivalry with the sanctuary of Jehovah. And the third step? Jehoiada appointed officers over the house of the Lord, re-establishing the courses of the Levites, and proceeding at once to assign the custody of the temple to a particular course. And the final step? Leaving the Levites to keep order in the temple, Jehoiada and the soldiers conducted the boy king to the palace through the gate of the guard, doubtless that through which the king regularly passed from the temple to the palace and back again, accompanied by his bodyguard.

When young Solomon started out in his reign he was offered his choice of blessings, and chose not long life or riches or power, but wisdom; and in that choice he gained the other blessings also. When Christ started out in his great reign he was found in the temple, seeking wisdom. When the girl Victoria learned that she was to become queen of earth's mightiest empire she quietly said: "I will be good." If our young kings and queens would be well furnished for their sovereignty they must go to the Bible and to the Bible school, and there they will learn what true royalty is.

It is appropriate that we have for Easter Sunday the story of a coronation, for Easter is the anniversary of the greatest of all coronations, the day when all mankind received the possibility, at least, of the crown of life.

This is the crown to which all our young kings and queens should look forward as the blessed reward of noble reigning over the kingdoms that God has given them. St. James wrote, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love him."

St. John was bidden to write to the church in Syria: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

The crown of life means the achievement of the best and most beautiful character. It means the development of all the powers that God has given us. It means love and friends in most satisfying abundance. It means the honor of all whose good opinion is worth the most. It means Christ's "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" It means an eternity of happiness in heaven. All are signified by that open grave.

BETTER TEETH FEWER DENTIST'S BILLS

Your teeth decay because particles of food get into crevices between and around the teeth and create germs of decay. Ordinary tooth powders and washes are entirely inadequate to prevent it.

Try Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic, a delicious, harmless germicide. Just a little in a glass of water, and rinse the mouth and brush the teeth thoroughly.

It will whiten the teeth, prevent and remove tartar, destroy all germs of decay and save you dentist's bills.

Paxtine thoroughly cleanses, deodorizes and keeps pure and odorless false teeth and bridgework. Paxtine is far superior to liquid antiseptics and peroxide for all toilet and hygienic uses. At Druggists 25 and 50c, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by The Paxtine Toilet Co., Boston, Mass. Send for a free sample.

PROBABLY DOES.



Howell—My wife is a woman of few words.

Powell—But doesn't she make the few work overtime?

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED? New York Physicians Have Many Cures to Their Credit.

New York, April 4.—Advice from every direction fully confirms previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by the consulting physicians of the Dr. Waterman Institute is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited and many patients claim to have been entirely cured.

Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to Dr. Waterman Institute, 122 East 25th St., Branch 63, New York, for a supply of the remedy, which is being distributed gratuitously.

Severe Critic.

Alice—I like Tom immensely and he's very much the gentleman; but he does like to talk about himself!

Grace—Yes, dear, your knight bath a thousand 'I's.—Puck.

The greatest cause of worry on ironing day can be removed by using Defiance Starch, which will not stick to the iron. Sold everywhere, 16 oz. for 10c.

A Sign.

"Is your wife still treating you coldly?"

"Is she? Gave me the pudding for dinner."

It's no use a church advertising the Bible when it is dodging its bills.

Don't Trifle With Your Health

At the first sign of any trouble take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has an established reputation as a health maker and preserver. Refuse anything else. The Bitters is really excellent, and worthy of a trial in cases of

Poor Appetite
Sour Risings
Indigestion
Spring Ailments
Costiveness or
Malarial Disorders

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. All those who suffer from Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Warranted
Petit's Eye Salve
100 YEARS OLD
QUICK RELIEF
EYE TROUBLE

SYNOPSIS.

Senator John Calhoun is invited to become secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He declines that if he accepts Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He sends the secretary, Nicholas Trist, to ask the baroness von Ritz, spy of the British ambassador, to help him to get the Texas and Oregon territories. While awaiting for the baroness's name, a carriage drives up and Nicholas is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, and she asks Nicholas to assist in swading parents. Nicholas notes that the baroness has a slipper. She gives him the slipper, and Nicholas notes that she will tell Calhoun what he wants to know regarding England's intentions toward Mexico. An aviator Nicholas gives her a ring. He intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth (Catharine), Calhoun becomes secretary of state. The baroness Nicholas for Mexico and an intricate business, and the latter plans to be married that night. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A sudden conversation begins. Nicholas asks to assist in the wedding arrangements. Nicholas sends the baroness a slipper. Elizabeth, in a moment, John Nicholas is declared off. Nicholas takes the baroness in Montreal, she having succeeded where he failed. In discussing England's intention regarding Oregon, she tells him that the slipper he had in his possession contained a note from the attitude of Texas by the British minister, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days, she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas meets a naturalist, Von Ritz, who gives him information about Oregon. The baroness and a British warship disappear from Montreal without a word. Calhoun orders Nicholas to lead a party of settlers bound for Oregon. Calhoun excites the jealousy of Yturro, Yturro and there by securing the signature of the Texas attaché to a treaty of annexation. Nicholas starts for Oregon. He wins the race to the British warship. A British warship arrives with the baroness as a passenger. She tells Nicholas that she placed a note in the slipper, which caused the breaking off of his marriage, and that she intends to return to Washington to repair the damage she has done. Nicholas decides to follow her. The baroness beats him to Washington. He learns Polk is elected and Texas annexed, and that there is to be war with Mexico.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"My daughter! Yes, my daughter, it is Helena! I had not seen her for many years, long, cruel years. I suppose her dead. But now there we were, standing, looking in each other's eyes! We see there—Ah, Gott! what do we not see? Yet in spite of all, it was Helena! But she shall tell you." He drew her from the room. I heard his foot step down the hall. Then softly, almost silently, Helena von Ritz again stood before me. The light from a wide window fell upon her face. Yes, it was she! Her face was thinner now, browner even than was its wont. Her hair was still faintly sunburned at its extremities by the western winds. Yet hers was still imperishable youth and beauty.

I held out my hands to her. "Ah," I cried, "you played me false! You ran away! By what miracle did you come through? I confess my defeat. You beat me by almost half a year!"

"But now you have come," said she simply.

"Yes, to remind you that you have friends. You have been here in secret all the winter. Mr. Calhoun did not know you had come. Why did you not go to him?"

"I was waiting for you to come. Do you not remember our bargain? Each day I expected you. In some way, I scarce knew how, the weeks wore off."

"And now I find you both here—you and your father—where I would expect to find neither. Continually you violate all law of likelihood. But now, you have seen Elizabeth?"

"Yes, have seen her," she said still simply.

I could think of no word suited to that moment. I stood only looking at her. She would have spoken, but on the instant raised a hand as though to demand my silence. I heard a loud knock at the door, peremptory, commanding, as though the owner came.

"You must go into another room," said Helena von Ritz to me hurriedly.

"Who is it? Who is at the door?" I asked.

She looked at me calmly. "It is Sir Richard Pakenham," said she. "This is his usual hour. I will send him away. Go now—quick!"

I rapidly passed behind the screening curtains into the hall, even as I heard a heavy foot stumbling at the threshold and a somewhat husky voice offer some sort of salutation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Pakenham's Price.

The happiest women, like nations, have no history.—George Eliot.

The apartment into which I hurriedly stepped I found to be a long and narrow hall, heavily draped. A door or so made off on the right-hand side, and a closed door also appeared at the farther end; but none invited me to enter, and I did not care to intrude. This situation did not please me, because I must perforce hear all that went on in the rooms which I had just left. I heard the thick voice of a man, apparently none the better for wine.

"My dear," it began, "—Some gesture must have warned him."

"God bless my soul!" he, began again. "Who is here, then? What is wrong?"

"My father is here today," I heard her clear voice answer; "and, as you suggest, it might perhaps be better—"

"God bless my soul!" he repeated. "But, my dear, then I must go! To-night, then! Where is that other key? It would never do, you know—"

"No, Sir Richard, it would never do. Go, then!" spoke in a low and key voice, hers, yet not hers. "Hasten!" I heard her half whisper. "I think perhaps my father—"

But it was my own footsteps they heard. This was something to which I could not be party. Yet, rapidly as I walked, her visitor was before me. I caught sight only of his portly back, as the street door closed behind him. She stood, her back against the door, her hand spread out against the wall, as though to keep me from passing.

I paused and looked at her, held by the horror in her eyes. She made no concealment, offered no apologies, and showed no shame. I repeat that it was only horror and sadness mingled which I saw on her face.

"Madam," I began. And again, "madam!" and then I turned away.

"You see," she said, sighing.

"Yes, I fear I see; but I wish I did not. Can I not—may I not be mistaken?"

"No, it is true. There is no mistake."

"What have you done? Why, why?"

"Did you not always credit me with being the good friend of Mr. Pakenham years ago—did not all the city? Well, then I was not; but I am, now! I was England's agent only—until last night. Monsieur, you have come too soon, too late, too late. Ah, my God! my God! Last night I gave at last that consent. It comes now to claim, to exact, to take—possession—of me."

"Ah, my God!"

"I cannot, of course, understand you madam. What is it? Tell me!"

"For three years England's minister besought me to be his, not England's"

"But did I not hear him say there was a key—his key—to-night?"

"Yes, England once owned that key. Now, he does. Yes, it is true. Since yesterday. Now, he comes—"

"But, madam—ah, how could you so disappoint my belief in you?"

"Because"—she smiled bitterly—"in all great causes there are sacrifices."

"But no cause could warrant this."

"I was judge of that," was her response. "I saw her—Elizabeth—that girl. Then I saw what the future years meant for me. I tell you, I vowed with her, that night when I thought you two were wedded. I did more. I vowed myself to a new and wider world that night. Now, I have lost it. After all, seeing I could not now be a woman and be happy, I—monieur—I pass on to others, after this, not that torture to life, but that torturing principle of which we so often spoke. Yes, I, even as I am; because of this—this act—this sacrifice—I can win you for her. And I can win that wider America which you have coveted; which I covet for you—which I covet with you!"

I could do no more than remain silent, and allow her to explain what was not in the least apparent to me. After a time she went on:

"Now—now, I say—Pakenham the minister is sunk in Pakenham the man. He does as I demand—because he is a man. He signs what I demand because I am a woman. I say, to-night—but, see!"

She hastened now to a little desk, and caught up a folded document which lay there. This she handed to me, unfolded, and I ran it over with a hasty glance. It was a matter of

tremendous importance which lay in those few closely written lines.

England's minister offered, over the signature of England, a compromise of the whole Oregon debate, provided this country would accept the line of the forty-ninth degree! That, then, was Pakenham's price for this key that lay here.

"This is all I have been able to do with him thus far," she faltered. "It is not enough. But I did it for you!"

"Madam, this is more than all America has been able to do before! This has not been made public?"

"No, no! It is not enough. But to-night I shall make him surrender all—all north, to the very ice, for America, for the democracy! See, now, I was born to be devoted, immolated, after all, as my mother was before me. That is fate! But I shall make fate pay! Ah, monsieur! Ah! monsieur!"

She flung herself to her feet. "I can get it all for you, you and yours!" she reiterated, holding out her hands, the little pink fingers upturned, as was often her gesture. "You shall go for your chief and tell him that Mr. Polk was right—that you yourself, who taught Helena von Ritz what life is, taught her that after all she was a woman—able, because she was a woman, to bring in your own hands all that country, yes, to fifty-four forty, or even farther. I do not know what all can be done. I only know that a fool will part with everything for the sake of his body."



"I Cannot, of Course, Understand You, Madam, What is It? Tell Me!"

"I cannot, of course, understand you madam. What is it? Tell me!"

"For three years England's minister besought me to be his, not England's"

"I cannot, of course, understand you madam. What is it? Tell me!"

"For three years England's minister besought me to be his, not England's"

I stood now looking at her, silent, trying to fathom the vastness of what she said, trying to understand at all their worth the motives which impelled her, that could be seen. The largeness of her heart and brain, yes, that also. Then slowly, I saw yet more. At last I understood. What I saw was a horror to my soul.

"Madam," said I to her, at last, "did you indeed think me so cheap as that? Come here!" I led her to the central apartment, and motioned her to a seat.

"Now, then, madam, much has been done here, as you say. It is all that ever can be done. You shall not see Pakenham to-night, nor ever again!"

"But think what that will cost you!" she broke out. "This is only part. It should all be yours."

I flung the document from me. "This has already cost too much," I said. "We do not buy states thus."

"But it will cost you your future!"

Polk is your enemy, now, as he is Calhoun's. He will not strike you now, but so soon as he dares, he will. Now, if you could do this—if you could take this to Mr. Calhoun, to America, it would mean for you personally all that America could give you in honors."

"Honors without honor, madam, I do not covet," I replied. Then I would have bit my tongue through when I saw the great pallor cross her face at the cruelty of my speech.

"And my—my!" she said, spreading out her hands again. "But no! I know you would not taunt me. I know, in spite of what you say, there must be a sacrifice. Well, then I have made it. I have made my atonement. I say I can give you now, even thus, at least a part of Oregon. I can perhaps give you all of Oregon—to-morrow! The Pakenhams have always dared much to gain their ends. This one will dare even treachery to his country. To-morrow—if I do not kill him—if I do not die—I can perhaps give you all of Oregon—ought—bought—and—paid!" Her voice trailed on into a whisper which seemed loud as a bugle call to me.

"No, you cannot give us Oregon," I answered. "We are men, not panders. We fight; we do not traffic thus. But you have given me Elizabeth!"

"My rival!" She smiled at me in spite of all. "But no, not my rival. Yes, I have already given you her and given you to her. To do that—to atone, as I said, for my attempt to part you—well, I will give Mr. Pakenham the key that Sir Richard Pakenham of England lately held. I told you a woman pays, body and soul! In what coin fate gave me, I will pay it. You think my morals mixed. No, I tell you I am clean! I have only bought my own peace with my own conscience! Now, at last, Helena von Ritz knows why she was born, to what end! I have a work to do, and, yes, I see it now—my journey to America after all was part of the plan of fate. I have learned much—through you, monsieur!"

Hurriedly she turned and left me, passing through the heavy draperies which cut off the room where stood the great sash couch. I saw her cast herself there, her arms outstung, slow, deep and silent sobs shook all her body.

"Madam! Madam!" I cried to her. "Do not! Do not! What you have done here is worth a hundred millions of dollars, a hundred thousand of lives, perhaps. Yes, that is true. It means most of Oregon, with honor, and without war. That is true, and it is much. But the price paid—it is more than all this continent is worth, if it cost so much as that. Nor shall it!"

Black, with a million pin-points of red, the world swam around me. Millions of dead souls or souls unborn seemed to gaze at me and my unhesitating rage. I caught up the scroll which here England's signature, and with one clutch cast it in two pieces on the floor. As it lay, we gazed at it in silence. Slowly, I saw a great, soft radiance come upon her face. The red pin-points cleared away from my own vision.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Violin Maker.

He chisels top and bottom of the violin's body from solid blocks of spruce and maple, coaxing the subtle and delicate conformations through a month of patient labor, putting soul and yearning in the wood, as perhaps no other hand-craftsman may, in his search for exquisite tone. He is building a slender and sensitive box with a wonderful power to emit vibrations marshaled into order, and delivered as a voice. No visible beauty of carved form and no original departure from set design avail him in reaching his goal. He seeks intangible essence of sound and means for its loftiest beauty. For him there is no established law for alluring the tone to some simple in the wood, to delight it to rapturous perfection. He pursues an ignis fatuus of quivering air-ways that leads onward endlessly. He may only strive toward achievement of his object as strove his forebears of the craft, and frequently with far less reward.—Harper's Magazine.