

Colonel TODHUNTER of Missouri

By RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS

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CHAPTER X.

The Shame of Lottie-May Doggett—
and One Other.

COLONEL TODHUNTER and Mrs. Todhunter were two of the great throng that attended the grand reception and ball given by the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Nineveh hotel.

The hotel dining room, festooned in bunting for the occasion, was doing duty as a ballroom, the Nineveh brass band was stationed upon a temporary platform at one end, and the members of the Nineveh Light Infantry, all Sons of Veterans, were there in full uniform.

Half an hour after the ball began Tom Strickland came to the colonel with a troubled face.

"Colonel," he said, "that little Lottie-May Doggett is booked for a mighty unpleasant experience in a few minutes if somebody don't give her a friendly warning."

"What's the matter with Lottie-May now, Tom?"

"Well, sir, it's pretty serious. There's an ugly story about her that's got to the ears of the ladies tonight, something scandalous, in which the name of the man doesn't seem to be known, and I've just had a tip that she's going to be asked to leave the ballroom. I'll shame her beyond redemption, sir."

"Do you know the story?"

"Only as it's being whispered around, colonel, about some man being seen to leave her house at hours of the night or early morning that can't mean but one thing, folks are claiming. I'm afraid Lottie-May's in a bad fix the way things look."

"You ain't mixed up in this trouble, are you, Tom?"

Tom Strickland flushed. "If I was, colonel," he replied, "I reckon I'd be man enough to try and get Lottie-May out of it myself without bothering anybody else. No, sir, I ain't mixed up in it. But, good Lord, colonel, I went to school with Lottie-May when she wasn't knee high to a duck, and I swear I'd hate to see her publicly disgraced. And you know—and I know—it would hurt old Rafe Doggett so. It would break his heart, sir."

Colonel Todhunter made no reply.

"I thought, maybe, if you could get the chance, colonel," resumed Tom anxiously, "that you might tell her and so make it possible for her to slip away before the ladies can do what they're threatening to do, sir. She'll take it from you, knowing that her grandfather was in your old regiment and that you're telling her for her own good, where she might flare up and kick over the traces if anybody else hinted at such a thing. Don't you think you could work it, colonel?"

"If I do, Tom," replied Colonel Todhunter, "it'll be for old Rafe Doggett's sake. He's too good a man to be brought face to face with shame in his old age. Yes, I'll try to do it, Tom. But I'd like to try the neck of the young rascal that's got old Rafe's granddaughter in such a mess, huh."

In accordance with this promise Colonel Todhunter found opportunity to speak with Lottie-May Doggett. Very frankly he told her of the danger in which she stood. The girl, vitally beautiful, apparently as conscienceless as some wild thing of the woods, flashed her hot resentment of his words.

"I ain't thankin' you for what you've just said, Colonel Todhunter," she cried. "It strikes me you're in mighty small business to come to me with this story."

"I reckon I am, Lottie-May," agreed Colonel Todhunter in all honesty. "But I wanted to save you and your old grandfather from shame, and that's why I done it."

The girl's bosom was heaving with passionate anger. "I'd just like to know who it was that got you to come and speak to me about it!" she exclaimed. "Who was it, Colonel Todhunter? Was it one of them ladies what thinks I ain't good enough now to associate with their daughters? I've got the right to ask you this, and I do ask it. Who sent you here, Colonel Todhunter?"

"It wasn't none of the ladies, Lottie-May," Colonel Todhunter made answer without the slightest hesitation. "It was Tom Strickland. He heard what was goin' on, and he felt sorry for you, the little girl he went to school with when he was a boy. And it wa'n't meddlin' on his part, either. It was plumb good heartedness."

The girl shivered as if she had been struck. "Tom Strickland!" she repeated, almost as if speaking to herself. "Tom Strickland—of all men! He's makin' love to Miss Mary Todhunter, your own daughter, and he knows that I'd lay down and die for him any day he give the word. And it's Mrs. Todhunter that's been told of all this talk about me, and that's goin' to shame me here before all Nineveh! Oh, but it's a fine game you all are playin' to get me where I can't do no-



Lottie-May Doggett or to your daughter Mary, his sweetheart!"

She stood rigid, her hands clenched.

"Then swiftly she spoke again. 'They shan't ruin me this way!' she cried. 'Neither Tom Strickland nor Miss Mary Todhunter nor Mrs. Todhunter, nor you, neither! I'll bring you all to law. I'll make Tom Strickland come in for his share of my trouble. Since him and his sweetheart and his sweetheart's mother have set the ball a-rollin', he's got to face the music along with me!'"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Colonel Todhunter.

All color had gone out of the girl's face as she spoke.

"I'll show you what I mean!" she half-whispered, her fingers fluttering at her throat. "I'll show you! I ain't a good girl no more, Colonel Todhunter. I ain't fitten to breathe the same air with your daughter Mary. Tom Strickland and the rest of 'em's mighty anxious to get me out of the way. I'm a-goin', too. But not till I've said my little say to Mrs. Todhunter, sir. Not till then—not even if judgment day and hell itself come to me the next minute!"

"Stop that, Lottie-May!" cried Colonel Todhunter sternly. "You can't talk that way without reason—and you ain't got no reason to say what you've just said about Tom Strickland!"

For a reply the girl laughed in his face—and the next instant she had darted past him.

Her head high, her eyes flashing, her little hands clenched at her side, her frame all a-quiver with excitement, Lottie-May sped ominously to where Mrs. Todhunter stood with a group of other Nineveh ladies. Mary Todhunter standing close behind her mother.

"Mrs. Todhunter," said the outcast girl, her eyes defiantly holding those of the person whom she addressed. "I understand that you want me to leave this party because you think I ain't fitten to be here—that I'm a bad woman. Ain't that so, ma'am?"

Mrs. Todhunter was at first shocked into shrinking from the girl. Then she looked at her pityingly.

"Lottie-May," she replied, with a frank dignity, "I'm sorry you've made such a scene. It is true that we think you should not be here. But I was going to tell you this privately, to spare you as much as possible."

"No, you wa'n't!" interrupted the girl passionately. "You was a-goin' to put all the shame on me you could! But I'll say my say before you do it, Mrs. Todhunter. And I ain't denyin' anything, either, nor I ain't a-beggin' any of you for mercy. You're goin' to make me pay for my sin, ain't you—me, the sinful daughter of a sinful mother? But why don't you make the man pay at the same time, Mrs. Todhunter? That's what I'm asking you. Why don't you make the man pay, too?"

A dead silence followed these words.

"Maybe you don't know who the man is?" inquired the girl. "Maybe you can't name him? Maybe that's the reason you ain't doin' nor sayin' nothin' against him?"

There was no reply.

"Then I'll tell you who he is!" cried the girl. And at this her voice broke and her fingers again went fluttering to her throat. "I'll tell you his name! It's Tom Strickland, the man that wants to marry your daughter, Miss Mary Todhunter, ma'am—it's Tom Strickland, that's who it is!"

A piteous little cry came from Mary Todhunter. Lottie-May Doggett heard it and laughed.

"Now you've got it good and plenty—both of you—more'n you bargained for!" she cried tauntingly. Already she had moved toward the nearest door. Her reckless eyes were full of scornful defiance.

"Make the man pay, too!" she flung back at the group of which now a mother and her downward swaying daughter were the central figures.

"Make Tom Strickland pay—along with me!"

The next moment she was gone.

Colonel Todhunter saw Tom Strickland spring to Mary's side, catch her in his arms, and, thus holding her, face the group of women who had fallen back from him.

The next moment Mrs. Todhunter had passed her own arms around the

girl, letting her sink into a chair that had been brought. The mother's face was stern in condemnation.

"For shame!" she said to Tom. "You are not fit to touch her. For shame, sir!"

Tom Strickland's face grew white. His eyes, that had met those of Mary in mute entreaty, held Mrs. Todhunter's indignantly. For an instant he seemed about to speak. But the elder lady bent above her daughter, obviously ignoring him. The widening group of women looked at him with accusing eyes. Lottie-May Doggett's dreadful charge seemed still ringing in the air.

Apparently bewildered, Tom Strickland turned away, his helpless glance resting for a breath of time on Mary's face. The shock and shame of what the girl had just heard were shown in the look that met his. Then she averted her gaze and Tom Strickland left her side, the women whispering behind him. He came direct to Colonel Todhunter.

"I must see you, colonel," he muttered brokenly. "You heard everything, didn't you?"

The colonel nodded, studying the speaker closely as they moved away.

"What is it, Tom?" he asked. "What can I do for you?"

Tom Strickland laughed bitterly. "Nothing," he replied. "But I must tell you the only thing I can do for myself. I've got to see Stamford Tucker and choke the truth out of him!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he's got to tell the truth and face this scandal in my place. He is the one that's responsible, not I. God only knows what possessed Lottie-May Doggett to lay her disgrace at my door!"

Colonel Todhunter drew a quick sigh of relief. "If that's the truth, Tom, you're all right, and I must say I'm glad to hear it, because the case looks mighty ugly for you otherwise. I'll have to speak plainly, Tom, as Mary's father. If you've got the proofs that'll call Stam Tucker to time produce 'em right now."

The younger man looked the speaker to the face, a white hot anger in his eyes. Then suddenly doubt and something of dismay took the place of rage. At last he laughed mockingly, as if at himself.

"I haven't got a shred of proof," he said, "unless my own conviction, from what Lottie-May herself has told me, can give me hold on Stam Tucker that'll make him toe the mark. I've got the girl's word that Stam Tucker made love to her and that she met him in secret."

"And Lottie-May has just publicly accused you," commented Colonel Todhunter, a curious expression in his eyes as they rested upon Tom Strickland's pale face. "That's mighty poor evidence, Tom. The girl has made it worthless in advance. Nobody on earth would believe you."

Tom Strickland lifted one clenched hand and smote it savagely into the open palm of the other.

"Nobody but Stam Tucker!" he cried. "He'll know it's the truth and he'll know that Lottie-May told me because she was trying to make me his rival. And he's got to confess that it's the truth—by God, I'll kill him if he don't!"

"Stop right there, Tom!" exclaimed Colonel Todhunter sternly. "You're makin' the biggest fool of yourself that's possible on all this earth to a man in your fix, huh?"

"Fool or no-fool," cried Tom Strickland, "I'm not going to let this thing lay at my door when I know the guilty man, and know, besides, he wouldn't ask nothing better'n for Miss Mary Colonel Todhunter's face. 'That's all right, then,' he spoke. 'And it tells me what I wanted to know. Now, Sim, I'm goin' to ask you if you can't contrive some plan that'll take Stam Tucker away from Nineveh and keep him away for a few days at least. If we can do that, Sim, we may be able to prevent the trouble altogether.'"

Sim Birdsong looked at the speaker with something of helpless bewilderment in his honest eyes. Then, suddenly, his face brightened.

"I-crackey, I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Some of the boys was arrangin' this very night for a fishin' frolic down on Black Bottoms lake, and they planned to start before sunrise day after tomorrow. I'll make 'em count Stam Tucker in on the deal, and I'll go out to the Tuckers' and give him their invitation myself tomorrow and see that he consents to go. Then, colonel, all we've got to do is just keep him and Tom apart for one day and night—and we've turned the trick!"

"Bully for you, Sim!" approved the colonel. "It begins to look like we can see this thing through to a sensible finish, and that's a blamed sight more than it looked like to me a few minutes ago, I can tell you!"

To Be Continued.)

Rid Your Children of Worms.

You can change fretful, ill-tempered children into healthy, happy youngsters, by ridding them of worms. Tossing, rolling, grinding teeth, crying out while asleep, accompanied with intense thirst, pains in the stomach and bowels, feverishness and bad breath, are symptoms that indicate worms. Kickapoo Worm Killer, a pleasant candy lozenge, expels the worms, regulates the bowels, restores your children to health and happiness. Mrs. J. A. Brisbin, of Elgin, Ill., says: "I have used Kickapoo Worm Killer for years, and entirely rid my children of worms. I would not be without it." Guaranteed. All druggists, or by mail. Price 25c. Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

"WOE TO YOU RICH" "BLESSED YE POOR"

The Philosophy of These, the
Master's Words, is Shown
by Pastor Russell.

Are the Woes and the Blessings Present or Future?—God is Very Rich. Many of God's Servants in the Past Were Rich—Why Classify at All? Why Contrast Rich and Poor?—What Blessings Have the Poor?—Riches of Wealth, Riches of Honor, Riches of Education, Do These All Bring Woes? Poverty of Education and Earthly Goods and Earthly Fame, Do These All Insure Blessings?



Asheville, N. C., July 20.—A large summer Convention of the INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION is being held here, with students of all ages attending, and giving every evidence of growth in grace and knowledge of the Scriptures. The program calls for four discourses daily for eight days. Among the speakers are some noted Bible students. Pastor Russell was one of the speakers of today. We report his address, from the text, "Woe unto you that are rich; for ye have received your consolation. * * * And He lifted up His eyes on His disciples, and said, Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the Kingdom of God."—Luke 6:24, 20.

Think not, my dear brethren, said the Pastor, that my address is intended to stir up class animosity. The tribulations and disappointments of life come, not through heeding the Divine Message, but through neglecting it. Although not rich myself, I can sympathize with the rich in their position, as well as with the poor in theirs. God, Himself very rich, is able to sympathize with both the poor and the rich; so is the Savior, who, being rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich in the truest sense of that word.

Some of God's faithful servants in the past were very rich—Abraham, for instance. Nevertheless, the Lord forewarned us that not many rich, great, learned, or mighty would receive the highest blessing promised during this Age. On the contrary, recipients of the greatest favor will be chiefly the poor of this world, rich in faith. These will be heirs of the Kingdom.

The Master evidently intended to include riches of every kind—learning, influence, honor of men, etc., as well as financial wealth. This view broadens the text to signify that all who now possess great privileges and blessings above the average of mankind will, by these blessings, be more or less hindered from obtaining the best things of God's favor, and more or less subject to woes.

We are not to take the views of the darker days, and to suppose that the Master meant that the rich at death would be thrown into everlasting torture. The woes of the Bible, on the contrary, apply to the present life. The rich, the influential, the learned, the great, addressed by the Master in the words of our text, were living in the close of the Jewish Age, but realized it not. And we might have no occasion whatever to apply our text today, but might consider it as already fulfilled in the past, except for the fact that the Jewish nation and its experiences at that time typified the Gospel Church and the experiences of Christendom in our day.

Wrath to the Uttermost Upon the Jews.

St. Paul, referring to the same woes which Jesus predicted, but living near the close of the Jewish Age, when the woes were being poured out, declared, "Wrath has come upon this people to the uttermost—that all things written in the Law and the Prophets concerning them should be fulfilled. (1 Thessalonians 2:16.) If all the woes purposed of God upon the Israelites in the conclusion of their Age were fulfilled, as St. Paul declares, then none of those woes belong to the future.

That woes and tribulations are associated with the present life for both the rich and the poor is undebatable. All acknowledge these woes. But the most terrible forebodings are associated with imaginary woes of the future life—quite contrary to the Scripture teachings. If we must speak of tribulations in the present life, in order to be faithful to our commission, we are glad to be able to set aside and nullify the nightmare of the Dark Ages respecting eternal torment for any.

The Jews, whom Jesus addressed, He declared "knew not the time of their visitation." They realized not that they were living in the end of their Age, and that a great settlement of matters was about to take place. Similarly, we are now living in the end of this Gospel Age—another great settlement day in the Divine arrangement. The intellectually, politically, socially and financially rich at that time, addressed by our Lord, were very self-satisfied, very prosperous, and looked for the Messianic Kingdom in an opposite direction from that which Jesus taught. So today, the intellectual and the rich in various ways are satisfied as never before, and merely

wishing that nothing might disturb their wonderful progress for the future, and these are looking for their blessings and prosperity in a direction the reverse of that indicated by the Word of God.

Jesus prophetically foreknew and foretold the crisis of the Jewish nation. His Message gathered out of that nation the "Israelites indeed, in whom was no guile." Then the nation was given over to itself. The Divine Hand which had guided it safely in the past let go the rudder; and human passion accomplished the wreck in the anarchy which overthrew the nation in A. D. 70. Similarly, we may understand that now has come the Harvest of this Gospel Age; that now God is gathering His Elect; and that as soon as this work shall have been accomplished, the Almighty Hand which has held in check the powers of human passion until now, will release its hold.

Then mankind, left to themselves, will wreck their present civilization. As the rich of Jesus' day suffered most keenly in their time of trouble, so the rich will suffer most keenly in the time of trouble now near. Thank God, however, that these woes, both upon the Jews and upon Christendom today, are not woes of eternal torment!

Compensations in Nature.

Who has not been struck with Nature's compensations? The rich, the learned, the favored, have trials and difficulties, perplexities, cares, doubts and fears, which the poor, the unlearned, know nothing about. The clerk, the mechanic and the laborer may finish their toll under certain hours and be care free, while the employer often faces perplexing problems which hinder sleep and undermine health.

In matters of grace the same rule to some extent prevails. The rich have more on which to set their hearts, more to occupy their time, more to cultivate self-will, more opportunity for self-gratification, more riches for which to be responsible, more education by which, under present conditions, errors are more likely to be gained than truth. The rich in influence have more to divert them and to cultivate their pride. The naturally noble, contrasting themselves with their inferior neighbors, are inclined to resent the idea that they are sinners, and as much dependent upon the Lord's grace as the humblest and the meanest of their fellows.

No Partiality With God.

We are not to understand that God is partial to the poor, the mean, the illiterate, the ignoble. The Scriptures assure us that God is impartial. All other conditions being equal, riches, honor, nobility of character, would make the possessors more esteemed in God's sight. But other conditions are not equal. During this Age God is choosing a special class. He puts faith first, then meekness, gentleness, patience, brotherly kindness and love, in their order.

Apparently the life experiences of the poor and ignoble are as favorable, or more so, than the conditions of the rich and the talented. All of their experiences tend to develop faith, while those of the rich tend rather to develop self-reliance, self-assurance. The experiences of the poor and ignorant tend to develop meekness, teachableness, whereas the experiences of the learned tend naturally toward self-conceit. The experiences of the great in dealing with subordinates tend to beget arrogance and self-assurance; whereas if they become disciples of Christ, those qualities are serious handicaps and interferences. Thus we see why not many rich, wise, great and noble are amongst those upon whom the Gospel Message takes serious effect. Not only have the poor many advantages in respect to hearing and obtaining the Gospel Message; but their being more numerous than the rich would be another reason why they would predominate among the Lord's elect class.

Not All Poor Are Blessed.

Our text, however, does not refer to poor people in general, but to a special class of poor. "Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the Kingdom of God." Some poor, instead of being drawn to God by their poverty, cultivate a spirit of anger, malice, hatred, strife, and are thus not only embittered in spirit, but have their faces turned in the opposite direction from the one in which God's blessings come. Alas, how true this is today!

The class described by Jesus as "ye poor" is composed of those who are hungering after righteousness, and who have approached the Fountain of Blessing, the Almighty, and have been received as children of God. The poor include all of God's people, whether or not poor as respects earthly goods, earthly honor, fame, etc. Whatever earthly blessings they may have had, they gave up, sacrificed, that they might thereby become heirs of God. Joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. Of the Redeemer it is written, "He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor." As the Master made a full surrender of His will and talents, and all, so also must all who, hearing the Master's voice, become His disciples, or footstep followers.—2 Cor. 8:9; Matt. 16:24.

This does not mean that the Lord's people must of necessity throw away or give away their property and become penniless. It does mean, however, that whatever property they once called their own, by the terms of their consecration became the Lord's property, and they merely His stewards in the administration of that property and the use of it in harmony with the Lord's will.

Neither does this mean that, if they had riches of learning, they must ignore their knowledge, and speak and act ignorantly. It means, however, that their learning is no longer theirs, but the Lord's. It is no longer to be used for self-gratification, self-honor, self-praise, but to be used in the serv-

ice of their Redeemer, to show forth His praises, no matter how unpopular. His cause in the sight of men—no matter how foolish it may cause them to appear in the eyes of those who are blinded to the Lord's arrangements.

This poverty and sacrifice does not mean the giving up of noble sentiments and high ideals; but it means the bringing of these ideals, etc., into the Lord's service, for the support and advancement of His Message of Truth, for the blessing of mankind along the lines which His Word indicates.

This sacrifice, or surrender, does not mean that honor of men will be disesteemed thereafter; for it will always be true that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." It means that worldly reputation will be held secondary to the Lord, the Truth, and service for the Lord's cause, so that whatever honor of men they may possess will be turned as wisely and as prudently as possible into the channels which will glorify the Lord and honor His Message, regardless of the fact that so using it will gradually consume it; for the world knows not the followers of Jesus, even as it knew Him not, and appreciates not the true honor which cometh from Above, but merely the honor which is of men.

Worldly Wisdom Vs. Heavenly Wisdom.

The Scriptures distinctly point out that there are two kinds of wisdom, radically opposed to each other—the earthly wisdom and the Heavenly Wisdom. The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and the Wisdom of God is foolishness with this world. This means that there are two different ways of viewing nearly everything. The world's viewpoint ignores the future beyond the grave, lives for the present, thinks for the present, strives for the present. The Heavenly Wisdom looks chiefly beyond the grave, for that eternal condition which God declares may be attained by all obedient to Him. From this viewpoint the things of the present are temporary, transitory, fickle, uncertain, in comparison with the future blessings. St. Paul declares of these that they are not worthy to be compared with the future glory to be revealed in the Lord's people.—Romans 8:18.

Those who follow the earthly wisdom are subject to the frailties and imperfections of the human mind with which they were born—born in sin, missshapen in iniquity. "In sin did my mother conceive me." More than this, they are to a large degree susceptible to the evil influence of Satan and the fallen angels, and the "doctrines of demons" with which these seek to ensnare and mislead all who have not put themselves under Divine protection by becoming disciples of Jesus. This includes the great majority of humanity, of whom the Apostle declares that the god of this world hath blinded the minds of all those who believe not, lest the glorious light of God's goodness, shining in the face of Jesus Christ, should shine into their hearts.—2 Corinthians 4:4.

Of these again the Scriptures declare, "The whole world lieth in the Wicked One." Not intentionally and knowingly, but ignorantly, through depravity and deception, they are servants of sin. Their only hope lies in the promise of God that eventually the time will come when Messiah shall take His great power, exalt His Church, and institute a rule of righteousness in the world, which will blind Satan and break the shackles of ignorance and superstition, and bring in a clear knowledge of God and the Truth. Meantime, many in the world are considerably swayed by the spirit of Satan—anger, malice, hatred, envy, strife. When circumstances are favorable, these evil qualities are not brought into activity; but under other circumstances, no evil work is too vile, if it will minister to their selfish propensities. Thus today we see people not naturally bad, in the sense of preferring evil to good, but deluded and without Divine guidance, and thus ready to do anything and everything, under stress of necessity, for the maintenance of the present order of things. Not knowing of God's Plan, and not having the Wisdom from on High, they are not waiting for Messiah's Kingdom, but are bent upon attaining their own ends, in harmony with their own theories.

According to the Bible testimony, these are the ones who are about to bring upon the world the great time of trouble, the like of which never was since there was a nation. (Daniel 12:1.) In that great time of trouble the worldly rich will have fulfilled upon them our Lord's words in our text, in accord also with the words of St. James, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you." (James 5:1.) Miseries will also come upon the poor, but will be felt especially by the rich, because of the wealth, luxury and comfort previously enjoyed by them.

On the contrary, the poor in spirit—those who have given their little all to the Lord, and have nothing to lose further—can look with equanimity upon any experience which may come to them. Having nothing of their own, they can lose nothing. "Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the Kingdom of God," and as inheritors of that promise they are rich with the wealth which noth nor rust cannot corrupt, and which thieves cannot destroy or steal.

The whole matter, then, is one of wisdom. Shall we give our affairs into the hands of the Lord, and allow Him to work out our best interests for us and to give us His very best blessing? Or shall we seek to hold control of ourselves and of our own wills, and thus miss the greatest blessing that God has to give, and obtain the inferior one? Or by wilfully choosing sin, shall we deliberately reject everlasting life, and come under the penalty of the Second Death—Destruction?