THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CAST," etc

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"You scoundrel!" she hissed, her whole body shaking and her carefully-cultivated appearance of the gracious evening of youth swallowed up in a black cyclone of hate. "You gutter-plant! God will punish you for the shame you have brought upon us!"

I opened the door and bowed, without a word, without even the desire to return insult for insult—had not Anita evidently again and finally rejected them and chosen me? As they passed into the private hall I rang for Sanders to come and let them out. When I turned back into the drawing-room, Anita was seated, was reading a book. I waited until I saw she was not going to speak. Then I said: "What time will you have dinner?" But my face must have been expressing some of the joy and gratitude that filled me. "She has chosen!" I was saying to myself over and over.

"Whenever you usually have it," she replied, without looking up.

"At seven o'clock, then. You had better tell Sanders."

I rang for him and went into my little smoking-room. She had resisted her parents' final appeal to her to return to them. She had cast in her lot with me. "The rest can be left to time," said I to myself. And, reviewing all that had happened, I let a wild hope send tenacious roots deep into me. How often ignorance is a blessing; how often knowledge would make the step falter and the heart quail!

XXIII.

BLACKLOCK ATTENDS FAMILY PRAYERS.

During dinner I bore the whole burden of conversation—though burden I did not find it. Like most close-mouthed men, I am extremely talkative. Silence sets people to wondering and prying; he hides his secrets best who hides them at the bottom of a river of words. If my spirits are high, I often talk aloud to myself when there is no one convenient. And how could my spirits be anything but high, with her sitting there opposite me, mine, mine for better or for worse, through good and evil report—my wife!

She was only formally responsive, reluctant and brief in answers, volunteering nothing. The servants waiting on us no doubt laid her manner to shyness; I understood it, or thought I did—but I was not troubled. It is as natural for me to hope as to breathe; and with my knowledge of character, how could I take seriously the moods and impulses of one whom I regarded as a child-like girl, trained to false pride and false ideals? "She has chosen to stay with me," said I to myself. "Actions count, not words or manner. A few days or weeks, and she will be herself, and mine." And I went gaily on with my efforts to interest her, to make her smile and forget the role she had commanded herself to play. Nor was I wholly unsuccessful. Again and again I thought I saw a gleam of interest in her eyes or the beginnings of a smile about that sweet mouth of hers. I was careful not to overdo my part.

As soon as we finished dessert I said: "You loathe cigar smoke, so I'll hide myself in my den. Sanders will bring you the cigarettes." I had myself telephoned for a supply of her kind early in the day.

She made a polite protest for the benefit of the servants; but I was firm, and left her free to think things over alone in the drawing-room—"your sitting-room," I called it. I had not finished a small cigar when there came a timid knock at my door. I threw away the cigar and opened. "I thought it was you," said I. "I'm familiar with the knocks of all the others. And this was new—like a summer wind tapping with a flower for admission at a closed window." And I laughed with a little raillery, and she smiled, colored, tried to seem cold and hostile again.

"Shall I go with you to your sitting-room?" I went on. "Perhaps the cigar smoke here—"

"No, no," she interrupted; "I don't really mind cigars—and the windows are wide open. Besides, I came for only a moment—just to say—"

As she cast about for words to carry her on, I drew up a chair for her. She looked at it uncertainly, seated herself. "When mamma was here—this afternoon," she went on, "she was urging me to—to do what she wished. And after she had used several arguments, she said something I—I've been thinking it over, and it seemed I ought in fairness to tell you."

I waited.

"She said: 'In a few days more he'—that meant you—'he will be ruined. He imagines the worst is over for him, when in fact they've only begun.'"

"They! I repeated. "Who are 'they'? The Langdons?"

"I think so," she replied with an effort. "She did not say—I've told you her exact words—as far as I can."

"'Well," said I, "and why didn't you go?"

She pressed her lips firmly together. Finally, with a straight look into my eyes, she replied: "I shall not discuss that. You probably misunderstand, but that is your own affair."

"You believed what she said about me, of course," said I.

"I neither believed nor disbelieved," she answered indifferently, as she rose to go. "It does not interest me."

"Come here," said I.

I waited until she reluctantly joined me at the window. I pointed to the steeple of the church across the way. "You could as easily throw down that steeple by pushing against it with your bare hands," I said to her, "as 'they,' whoever they are, could put me down. They might take away my money. But if they did, they would only be giving me a lesson that would teach me how more easily to get it back. I am not a bundle of stock certificates or a bag of money. I am—here," and I tapped my forehead.

She forced a faint, scornful smile. She did not wish me to see her belief of what I said.

"You may think that is vanity," I went on. "But will learn, sooner or later, the difference between boasting and simple statement of fact. You will learn that I do not boast. What I said is no more a boast than for a man with legs to say, 'I can walk.' Because you have known only legless men, you exaggerate the difficulty of walking. It's as easy for me to make money as it is for some people to spend it."

It is hardly necessary for me to say I was not insinuating anything against her people. But she was just then supersensitive on the subject, though I did not suspect it. She flushed hotly. "You will not have any cause to sneer at my people on that account hereafter," she said. "I settled that to-day."

"I WAITED."

"I was not sneering at them," I protested. "I wasn't even thinking of them. And—you must know that it's a favor to me for anybody to ask me to do anything that will please you—Anita!"

She made a gesture of impatience. "I see I'd better tell you why I did not go with them to-day. I insisted that they give back all they have taken from you. And when they refused, I refused to go."

"I don't care why you refused, or imagined you refused," said I. "I am content with the fact that you are here."

"But you misunderstand it," she answered coldly.

"I don't understand it, I don't misunderstand it," was my reply. "I accept it."

She turned away from the window, lifted out of the room—you, who love or at least have loved, can imagine how it made me feel to see Her moving about in those rooms of mine.

While the surface of my mind was taken up with her, I must have been thinking, underneath, of the warning she had brought; for, perhaps half or three-quarters of an hour after she left, I was suddenly whirled out of my reverie at the window by a thought like a pistol thrust into my face. "What if 'they' should include Roebuck!" And just as a man begins to defend himself from a sudden danger before he clearly sees what the danger is, so I began to act before I even questioned whether my suspicion was plausible or absurd. I went into the hall, rang the bell, slipped a light-weight coat over my evening dress and put on a hat. When Sanders appeared, I said: "I'm going out for a few minutes—perhaps an hour—if any one should ask." A moment later I was in a hansom and on the way to Roebuck's.

The door of Roebuck's house was opened for me by a maid—a man-servant would have been a "sinful" luxury, a man-servant might be the hireling of plotters against his life. I may add that she looked the cheap maid-of-all-work, and her manners were of the free and fresh sort that indicates a feeling that as high, or higher, wages, and less to do could be got elsewhere.

"I don't think you can see Mr. Roebuck," she said.

"Take my card to him," I ordered, "and I'll wait in the parlor."

"Parlor's in use," she retorted with a sarcastic grin, which I was soon to understand.

So I stood by the old-fashioned coat and hat rack while she went in at the hall door of the back parlor. Soon Roebuck himself came out, his glasses on his nose, a family Bible under his arm. "Glad to see you, Matthew," said he with saintly kindliness, giving me a friendly hand. "We are just about to offer up our evening prayer. Come right in."

I followed him into the back parlor. Both it and the front parlor were lighted; in a sort of circle extending into both rooms were all the Roebucks and the four servants. "This is my friend, Matthew Blacklock," said he, and the Roebucks in the circle gravely bowed. He drew up a chair for me, and we seated ourselves. Amid a solemn hush, he read a chapter from the big Bible spread out upon his lean lap. My glance wandered from face to face of the Roebucks, as plainly dressed as were their servants. I was able to look freely, mine being the only eyes not bent upon the floor.

So absorbed was I in the study of the influence of his terrible master-character upon those closest to it, that I started when he said: "Let us pray." I followed the example of the others, and knelt. The audible prayer was offered up by his oldest daughter, Mrs. Wheeler, a widow. Roebuck punctuated each paragraph in her series of petitions with a loudly-whispered amen. When she prayed for "the stranger whom Thou has led seemingly by chance into our little circle," he whispered the amen more fervently and repeated it. The prayer ended and, us on our feet, the servants withdrew; then, awkwardly, all the family except Roebuck. That is, they closed the doors between the two rooms and left him and me alone in the front parlor.

"I shall not detain you long, Mr. Roebuck," said I. "A report reached me this evening that sent me to you at once."

"If possible, Matthew," said he, and he could not hide his uneasiness, "put off business until to-morrow. My mind—yours, too, I trust —is not in the frame for that kind of thoughts now."

"Is the Coal organization to be announced the first of July?" I demanded. It has always been, and always shall be, my method to fight in the open. This, not from principle, but from expediency. Some men fight best in the brush; I don't. So I always begin battle by shelling the woods.

"No," he said, amazing me by his instant frankness. "The announcement has been postponed."

Why did he not lie to me? Why did he not put me off the scent, as he might easily have done, with some shrewd evasion? I suspected I owed it to my luck in catching him at family prayers.

"When will the reorganization be announced?" I asked.

"I can not say," he answered. "Some difficulties—chiefly labor difficulties—have arisen. Until they are settled, nothing can be done. Come to me to-morrow, and we'll talk about it."

"That is all I wished to know," said I, with a friendly, easy smile. "Good night."

It was his turn to be astonished—and he showed it, where I had given not a sign. "What was the report you heard?" he asked, to detain me.

"That you and Mowbray Langdon had conspired to ruin me," said I, laughing.

He echoed my laugh rather hollowly. "It was hardly necessary for you to come to me about such a—a statement."

"Hardly," I answered dryly. Hardly, indeed! For I was seeing now all that I had been hiding from myself since I became infatuated with Anita and made marrying her my only real business in life.

We faced each other, each measuring the other. And as his glance quailed before mine, I turned away to conceal my exultation. In a comparison of resources this man who had plotted to crush me was to me as giant to midget. But I had the joy of realizing that man to man, I was the stronger.

XXIV.

"MY WIFE MUST!"

As I drove away, I was proud of myself. I had listened to my death sentence with a face so smiling that he must almost have believed me unconscious; and also, it had not even entered my head, as I listened, to beg for mercy. Not that there would have been the least use in begging; as well try to pray a statue into life, as try to soften that set will and purpose. Still, many a man would have weakened—and I had not weakened. But when I was once more in my apartment—in our apartment—perhaps I did show that there was a weak streak through me. I fought against the impulse to see her once more that night; but I fought in vain. I knocked at the door of her sitting-room—a timid knock, for me. No answer. I knocked again, more loudly—then a third time, still more loudly. The door opened and she stood there, like one of the angels that guarded the gates of Eden after the fall. Only, instead of a flaming sword, hers was of ice. She was in a dressing-gown or tea gown, white and clinging and full of intoxicating hints and glimpses of all the beauties of her figure. Her face softened as she continued to look at me, and I entered.

"No—please don't turn on any more lights," I said, as she moved toward the electric buttons. "I just came in to—to see if I could do anything for you." In fact, I had come, longing for her to do something for me, to show in look or tone or act some sympathy for me in my loneliness and trouble.

"No, thank you," she said. Her voice seemed that of a stranger who wished to remain a stranger. And she was evidently waiting for me to go. You will see what a mood I was in when I say I felt as I had not since I, a very small boy indeed, ran away from home; I came back through the chilly night to take one last glimpse of the family that would soon be realizing how foolishly and wickedly unappreciative they had been of such a treasure as I; and when I saw them sitting about the big fire in the lamplight, heartlessly comfortable and unconcerned, it was all I could do to keep back the tears of strong self-pity—and I never saw them again.

"I've seen Roebuck," said I to Anita, because I must say something, if I was to stay on.

"Roebuck?" she inquired. Her tone reminded me that his name conveyed nothing to her.

"He and I are in an enterprise together," I explained. "He is the one man who could seriously cripple me."

"Oh," she said, and her indifference, forced though I thought it, wounded.

"Well," said I, "your mother was right."

She turned full toward me, and even in the dimness I saw her quick sympathy—an impulsive flash instantly gone. But it had been there!

"I came in here," I went on, "to say that—Anita, it doesn't in the least matter. No one in this world, no one and nothing, could hurt me except through you. So long as I have you, they—the rest—all of them together—can't touch me."

We were both silent for several minutes. Then she said, and her voice was like the smooth surface of the river where the boiling rapids run deep: "But you haven't me—and never shall have. I've told you that. I warned you long ago. No doubt you will pretend, and people will say, that I left you because you lost your money. But it won't be so."

I was beside her instantly, was looking into her face. "What do you mean?" I asked, and I did not speak gently.

(To be Continued.)

WHOLE TOWN WON BY "REVIVAL"

Remarkable Success Attends Work of Evangelists at Abingdon, Illinois.

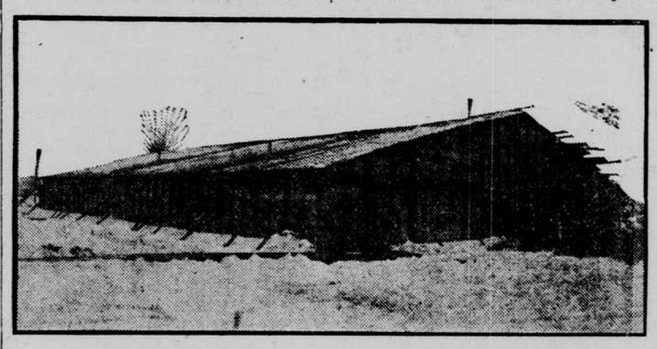
PLACE IS TRANSFORMED

Over 700 Converts in City of About 2,500 Population—Churches Not Large Enough to Hold Crowds and a Tabernacle Erected by Voluntary Laborers—Business Men Plan to Build Permanent Y. M. C. A. Building for the Youth of the Town as a Monument to the Wonderful Work.

Abingdon, Ill—A remarkable revival has swept over this town, converting all save 200 or 300. The place is transformed. The streets ring with Gospel songs day and night. Cottage prayer meetings are now the fashionable thing. Young hoodlums who loafed about, gambling and swearing, now spend their leisure hours reading their Bibles and praying. The community has been moved in much the same manner as were the Welsh villages in the height of the awakening there.

The movement began under the leadership of two young evangelists, Ira Evans Hicks and E. S. Galloway, assisted by Homer Alexander, brother of Charles M. Alexander, the famous Gospel singer. Some idea of the upheaval wrought by the revival may be gained from the fact that there were over 700 converts, with scores of backsliders reclaimed, in a town of only about 2,500 population.

The meetings began a month ago in



Immense Tabernacle Erected in Which Services Were Held.

the largest church in Abingdon, seating 800 people. It soon proved altogether too small, and with typical western energy the people, led by the evangelists themselves, set to work to erect a tabernacle that would accommodate the crowds. With the assistance of about 50 volunteers, a tabernacle seating 2,000 was erected in three days. Not a penny was spent for labor. It contained a semi-circular platform accommodating 300; was lighted with electricity, heated with stoves. Then the meetings went forward with redoubled vigor. The "tough" young men of the town attended nightly, the farmers drove in from all the surrounding district, and the building proved none too large to hold the throngs which gathered day by day.

People say it is in answer to prayer that the work began. The young evangelists and their helpers make it a rule to spend an hour daily in prayer. The people quickly caught the religious fervor, and they, too, spent hours upon their knees. During

E. S. Galloway.

the fourth week over 100 people agreed to spend at least half an hour daily in prayer. It is known that even some of the children spent an hour in prayer daily.

Revival Flame Strong.

The revival flame swept the town almost clean. Among the early converts were boys and girls; then came young men and women; and finally men who had never professed Christianity, business men, college students, workmen in the factories, and gray-haired army veterans. In a number of cases four or five members of one family were converted. One young man arose in a meeting and testified that his father (an ex-saloon keeper) and mother and five brothers and four sisters had been saved—11 in all.

In the large wagon factory in Abingdon scores of the men went forward and professed salvation. The entire atmosphere of the place was changed. Scarcely half a dozen men were left unconvertted. Instead of drinking and swearing at the dinner hour, they now have a daily song service and prayer meeting. One of the factory converts was an atheist for many years, who roundly cursed everything Christian. He now carries a little Testament in his pocket wherever he goes. Another convert was a notorious character about the town, drinking and carousing, and being once nearly killed in a brawl. He is a big, vigorous man, and is now throwing all his energy into winning others. Within four days after his conversion he had led nine old companions to the front to publicly confess their faith.

Students Brought to Grace.

Hedding college is located in Abingdon, and the revival wrought a big change there. Of the 150 regular students all but four or five are now converted. As one of the professors expressed it: "Nobody tries to keep track of the prayer meetings. The attendance varies from two up to almost the whole number of students."

One of the most enthusiastic converts was the editor of one of the local newspapers. He helped promote the movement and spread the fire into the country districts by placing his paper in the hands of the evangelists for a week. They issued three "revival editions" describing the work in Abingdon, and giving news of the world-wide awakening. In each issue there were about two columns of Scripture narrative put into newspaper form, and a decision card which could be signed by any reader and sent the evangelists. It created great intetrest.

Rev. F. L. Hanscom, pastor of the Congregational church in Abingdon, in giving one of the "revival editions" his impressions of the work, said: "The great revival which is sweeping over the city is the greatest blessing that has come to it since its inception. The churches are united as never before. Christians love one another as at no other time. And there are more saved souls in Abingdon to-day than at any period of her past history. Five hundred and more have been wondrously and gloriously converted to God. Husbands have been saved and liberated from habits that bound them and made them slaves—wives have been saved from indifferent lives and made to shine anew for Jesus—while scores have gone back to the grave where they years ago buried all their hopes, and bidding them come forth, came back with shining faces, saying: 'The lost is found; henceforth and forever we live for Jesus.' Pay—it has paid many thousand-fold. No valuation can be placed upon the good done during this revival meeting.

Praise Work of Evangelists.

"Christian people should thank God for the coming of Hicks and Galloway. They have awakened us—aroused us—led us into a closer walk with God, and best of all, have piloted 500 precious souls over the turbulent waters of a sinful world to the foot of the Cross. Thank God—but God be praised for the great, the marvelous, the glorious work of grace. Let all the people say 'Amen.'"

The greatest day of the revival was the day which the people spent in fasting and prayer. The public schools and stores closed a part of the morning, while Hedding college had no session throughout the day. About 1,000 people assembled at the tabernacle at 10:30 a. m. to listen to a sermon by Mr. Hicks; and thereafter the service continued for over 12 hours. It was nearly 11 p. m. when they finally left the tabernacle. All the people didn't stay the entire 12 hours, but the meeting went on without a break, and the average present throughout the day was fully 600. Hundreds spent four to eight hours at the tabernacle singing praises and praying. Between five and six o'clock all knelt and continued an hour upon their knees. Their prayers were answered in a remarkable manner. In the afternoon a noted local character for whom many had been praying went to the front. At night he took forward four of his former associates. Prayer had also been offered for a man who seemed well-nigh demon-possessed in his opposition to the revival and to Christianity. At night he was one of about 30—most of them strong men—who went forward.

Bibles in Great Demand.

One of the most striking visible results of the awakening was the increased demand for Bibles and Testaments. The dealers could not get them in fast enough. First Chicago was drawn upon and then New York. It seemed as if every boy and man in the town wanted to carry a Testament or Bible in his pocket. And in their enthusiasm the converts were not particular about the pocket Bible being very small. One evening a 15-year-old boy walked into the store and paid $2.50 for a Bible, telling the dealer he was going to spend all the next day reading it.

Numerous "Pocket Testament Leagues" have been organized among the boys and girls and young people of the town. Each member carries a testament in his or her pocket, reads the Scriptures daily and endeavors to win others to Christ. The members meet weekly at one another's homes for testimony and prayer.

Another result of the revival is that several have decided to become preachers or Gospel singers. One lad, about 15 years of age, said he had decided to become a minister, while another about 12 said that was what he wanted to do. A young workman in a factory says he hopes shortly to go to the Moody Bible Institute to prepare for evangelistic work. He told

Ira Evans Hicks.

me that he now loves his Bible and souls so much that he cannot put his heart into his work at the factory any more. He longs to spend the whole day at home reading his Bible and then going out to win the lost.

Will Become Gospel Singer.

A young man who is one of the foremost students in Hedding college has decided to become a Gospel singer. He now has charge of the choir in the largest church in Abingdon, and has exceptional talent as a singer and musical conductor. He has been a nominal Christian for years. A few days ago he declared that heretofore his ambition had been to become a professional singer for his own glory; but that now he has yielded all to Christ and desires to be used for God's glory. He will probably unite with Homer Alexander in conducting revival meetings in a neighboring town.

The business men of Abingdon have declared their intention of caring for the bodies as well as the souls of the large number of young men among the converts, and have started a movement for the erection of a Y. M. C. A. building. This will stand as a brick and mortar monument to this unique revival.

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

Not Ripe to Write on Topic.

A few days ago a magazine staff correspondent called on Senator Morgan, aged 83, and asked the alderman if he would not write an article on the subject of "The Viewpoint of Old Age." "A very good topic," said the senator, "a very good topic, indeed. But, young man, you'll have to wait until I reach that age where I can occupy the viewpoint you suggest. My colleague will reach it before I will. See him in about ten years and then, if he won't write the article you want, I may do it."

American Tribute to English Poet.

Americans have contributed more than double the sum given by the English for the purchase of the house in Rome at the foot of the Spanish steps where Keats died. The inscription on the building says that "The young English poet, John Keats, died in this house on February 24, 1821, aged 26." The "Keats-Shelley memorial," besides saving the house from being torn down to make room for a new hotel, also includes the perpetual care of the graves of both Shelley and Keats.

HEAD HUNTERS OF FORMOSA.

Race of Man Eaters Whose Cry Is for Blood.

The mountainous interior of Formosa is inhabited by a race of blood-thirsty savages, whose chief delight is to sally forth on head hunting raids. Few strangers (the exceptions being some intrepid Japanese explorers) have ever penetrated far into the wild mountain country which is the home of these savages.

They appear to be akin to the Dyaks of Borneo, but no definite study of their language or habits has yet been made, though interesting details will be found in Consul Davidson's voluminous book on Formosa. For hundreds of years the tribes, eight in number, have withstood their enemies, who have never been able to penetrate to their fastnesses. It remains to be seen what success the more systematic Japanese will achieve.

It seems almost incredible that the station of a military force should not be safe from the raids of these head hunters, but it was the case a few years ago. At that time one of the tribes crept in the night upon a post of the Japanese and made off with a score of heads.

Their more usual method is to stalk the Chinese of either sex when they are engaged in tea picking. The savage creeps up unobserved to his victim, transfixes him with his spear, secures his head and he is lost in a moment in the neighboring jungle.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Patient Apologist.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you said you knew exactly which horse would win that race."

"I thought I did."

"O, well, accidents will happen. Maybe one of the other horses got frightened and ran away."—Washington Star.

Valuable Product.

During the last ten years the single product of sisal fiber has yielded in Yucatan the enormous sum of 297,000,000 Mexican silver dollars.

ISLE OF GUERNSEY

Odd Customs of Other Days Maintained by Inhabitants of This Little Spot in the Sea—Small Paradise Surrounded by Wild and Awful Coast.

"We live in constant terror," said the Guernseyman, "of being ceded by England to France; but by virtue of holding us, the king of England is duke of Normandy, and he would scarcely relinquish his last claim to that title."

The peasants of little Guernsey speak the old Norman French, says a writer in the Travel Magazine. The whole island uses French currency as well as English; French names are everywhere, and the principal families are of Norman descent; yet the Guernseyman voiced popular sentiment.

The island is intensely, proudly English, when the question of belonging to any government arises; but it is still more proud of belonging on the whole—this little garden in the sea—to its own tidy self.

It coins its own money; it has its own parliament, authorized to make supreme and final decrees, and every male resident in the island must take his turn as a wheel in the political machinery.

The liberal party or the conservative may be dictating to the English nation, but Guernsey is more interested in some local strife over a sale of potatoes in which a good citizen was cheated. In her courthouse last summer the writer heard such a case argued in the ancient Norman French between two grave lawyers, a fat judge presiding solemnly. They spent the whole day on it.

If a man has a grievance and can get no redress, he can as a last resort kneel down in the public highway, and in the presence of two witnesses cry out in French: "To my aid, my prince!" His case is then taken up in court, and his eenmy or offender is summoned, and justice is done.

Not far from Guernsey is Sark, the incomparable—an island not much larger than a plum cake, only three miles around and one mile across, but having its own parliament and its lord manor, who lives in feudal state and is responsible to nobody but King Edward—and rather looks down upon that monarch! The only other representative of "the gentry" in Sark is the vicar, and at present he is in a state of feud with the seigneur.

Parliament is composed of the 40 owners of the 40 parts into which the island is divided. Only heaven knows what their proceedings are when they meet, for in this lovely, forgotten part of the world nothing happens.

There is a jail, but nobody is ever put in. They once arrested a little girl for stealing a handkerchief and shut her up for the day, but had to break open the rusty lock to accomplish the imprisonment.

The postmaster's duties are second to his agricultural interests. If he is at work in the fields you can't get your mail until the hay is in.

The boat comes over once a day from Guernsey, and if the tide is in enters the smallest harbor in rowboats through a tunnel in the cliffs. Once on top, the views are enchanting—a wild and awful seacoast surrounds a little paradise.