

CHAPTER THREE-Continued.

"Blenkinsop, I'd like to help you to recover your lost Self and be a useful, respected citizen of this town," said Mr. Singleton. "You can do it if you will and I can tell you how."

Tears began to stream down the cheeks of the unfortunate man, who now covered his eyes with a big, rough hand.

"If you will make an honest effort, I'll stand by you. I'll be your friend through thick and thin," the minister added. "There's something good in you or you wouldn't be having a dream like that."

"Nobody has ever talked to me this way," poor Blenkinsop sobbed. "Nobody but you has ever treated me as if I was human."

"I know-I know, It's a hard old world, but at last you've found a man who is willing to be a brother to you if you really want one."

The poor man rose from the table and went to the minister's side and held out his hand.

"I do want a brother, sir, an' I'il do anything at all," he said in a broken voice.

"Then come with me," the minister commanded. "First, I'm going to improve the outside of you."

When they were ready to leave the house, Blenkinsop and his dog had a bath and the former was shaved and in clean and respectable garments from top to toe.

"You look like a new man," said Mr. Singleton. "Seems like, I felt more like a

proper human bein'," Blenkinsop answered. Christmas was scampering up and

down the hall as if he felt like a new dog. Suddenly he discovered the stag's head again and slunk into a dark corner growling.

"A bath is a good sort of baptism," the minister remarked. "Here's an overcoat that I haven't worn for a year. It's fairly warm, too. Now if your Old Self should happen to come in sight of you, maybe he'd move back into his home. I remember once that we had a canary bird that got away. We hung his cage in one of the trees out in the yard with some food in it. By and by, we found him singing on the perch in his little home. Now, if we put some good food in the cage, maybe your bird will come back. Our work has only just begun."

They went out of the door and crossed the street and entered the big stone Congregational church and sat down together in a pew. A soft light came through the great jeweled windows above the altar, and in the clearstory, and over the organ loft. They were the gift of Mr. Bing. It was a quiet, restful, beautiful place.

"I used to stand in the pulpit there and look down upon a crowd of handsomely dressed people," said Mr. Singleton in a low voice. "There is something wrong about this,' I thought. "There's too much respectability here. There are no flannel shirts and gingham dresses in the place. I can not see half a dozen poor people. I wish there was some ragged clothing down there in the pews. There isn't an outand-out sinner in the crowd. Have we set up a little private god of our own that cares only for the rich and respectable? I asked myself, 'This is the place for Hiram Blenkinsop and old Bill Lange and poor Lizzie Quesnelle, if they only knew it. Those are the kind of people that Jesus cared most about.' They're beginning to come to us now and we are glad of it. I want to see you here every Sunday after this. I want you to think of this place as your home. If you really wish to be my brother, come with me."

Blenkinsop trembled with strange excitement as he went with Mr. Singleton down the broad aisle, the dog Christmas following meekly. Man and minister knelt before the altar. Christmas sat down by his master's side, in a prayerful attitude, as if he, too, were seeking help and forgiveness.

"I feel better inside and outside," said Blenkinsop as they were leaving the church.

"When you are tempted, there are three words which may be useful to you. They are these, 'God help me,' the minister told him. "They are quickly said and I have often found them a source of strength in time of trouble. I am going to find work for you and there's a room over my garage with a stove in it which will make a very snug little home for you and Christmas."

That evening, as the dog and his master were sitting comfortably by the stove in their new home, there came a rap at the door. In a moment, Judge Crooker entered the room.

"Mr. Blenkinsop," said the judge as he held out his hand, "I have heard of your new plans and I want you to know that I am very glad. Every one

will be glad." When the judge had gone, Blenkinsop put his hand on the dog's head and asked with a little laugh: "Did Judge Crooker began. "With every

ye hear what he said, Christmas? He called me Mister. Never done that before, no sir!'

Mr. Blenkinsop sat with his head upon his hand listening to the wind that whistled mournfully in the chim-Suddenly he shouted: "Come

The door opened and there on the threshold stood his Old Self.

It was not at all the kind of a Self one would have expected to see. It was, indeed, a very youthful and handsome Self-the figure of a clear-eyed, gentle-faced boy of about sixteen with curly, dark hair above his brows.

Mr. Blenkinsop covered his face and groaned. Then he held out his hands with an imploring gesture.

"I know you," he whispered. "Please come in."

"Not yet," the young man answered, and his voice was like the wind in the chimney. "But I have come to tell you that I, too, am glad,"

Then he vanished. Mr. Blenkinsop arose from his chair and rubbed his eyes.

"Christmas, ol' boy, I've been asleep," he muttered. "I guess it's time we turned in!"

CHAPTER FOUR.

In Which Mr. Israel Sneed and Other Working Men Receive a Lesson In True Democracy.

Next morning, Mr. Blenkinsop went to cut wood for the Widow Moran. The good woman was amazed by his highly respectable appearance.

"God help us! Ye look like a lawyer," she said.

"I'm a new man! Cut out the black-



"I Know You," He Whispered. "Please Come In."

smith shop an' the booze an' the bum-"May the good God love an' help ye!

I heard about it." "Ye did?"

"Sure I did. It's all over the town, Good news has a lively foot, man. The Shepherd clapped his hands when I told him. Ye got to go straight, my laddie buck. All eyes are on ye now. Come up an' see the boy. It's his birthday!"

Mr. Bienkinsop was deeply moved by the greeting of the little Shepherd, who kissed his cheek and said that he had often prayed for him.

"If you ever get lonely, come and sit with me and we'll have a talk and a game of dominoes," said the boy.

Mr. Blenkinsop got strength out of the wonderful spirt of Bob Moran and as he swung his ax that day, he was happier than he had been in many years. Men and women who passed in the street said, "How do you do, Mr. Blenkinsop? I'm glad to see you."

Even the dog Christmas watched his master with a look of pride and approval. Now and then, he barked gleefully and scampered up and down the sidewalk.

The Shepherd was fourteen years old. On his birthday, from morning until night, people came to his room bringing little gifts to remind him of their affection. No one in the village of Bingville was so much beloved. Judge Crooker came in the evening with ice-cream and a frosted cake. While he was there, a committee of citizens sought him out to confer with

him regarding conditions in Bingville. "There's more money than ever in the place, but there never was so much misery," said the chairman of the com-

mittee. "We have learned that money is not the thing that makes happiness,"

one busy at high wages, and the banks overflowing with deposits, we felt safe. We ceased to produce the necessaries of life in a sufficient quantity. We forgot that all-important things are food, fuel, clothes and comfortable housing-not money. Some of us went money mad. With a feeling of opulence we refused to work at all, save when we felt like it. We bought diamond rings and sat by the fire looking at them. The roofs began to leak and our plumbing went wrong. People going to buy ment found the shops closed. Roofs that might have been saved by timely repairs will have to be largely replaced. Plumbing systems have been ruined by neglect. With all its money, the town was never so wretched."

Mr. Sneed, who was a member of the committee, slyly turned the ring on his finger so that the diamond was concealed. He cleared his throat and remarked, "We mechanics had more than we could do on work already contracted."

"Yes, you worked eight hours a day and refused to work any longer. You were legally within your rights, but your position was ungrateful and even heartless and immoral. Suppose there was a baby coming to your house and you should call for the doctor and he should say, 'I'm sorry, but I have done my eight hours' work today and I can't help you.' Then suppose you should offer him double fee and he should say, 'No, thanks, I'm tired. I've got forty thousand dollars in the bank and I don't have to work when I don't want to.

"Or suppose I were trying a case for you and, when my eight hours' work had expired, I should want to walk out of the court and leave your case to take care of itself. What do you suppose would become of it? Yet that is exactly what you did to my pipes. You left them to take care of themselves. You men, who use your hands, make a great mistake in thinking that you are the workers of the country and that the rest of us are your natural enemies. In America, we are all workers! The idle man is a mere parasite and not at heart an American. Generally, I work fifteen hours a day.

"This little lad has been knitting night and day for the soldiers without hope of reward and has spent his savings for yarn. There isn't a doctor in Bingville who isn't working eighteen hours a day. I met a minister this afternoon who hasn't had ten hours of sleep in a week-he's been so busy with the sick, and the dying and the dead. He is a nurse, a friend, a comforter to any one who needs him. No charge for overtime. My God! Are we all going money mad? Are you any better than he is, or I am, or than the doctors are who have been killing themselves with overwork? Do you dare to tell me that prosperity is any excuse for idleness in this land of ours, if one's help is needed?"

Judge Crooker's voice had been calm, his manner dignified. But the last sentences had been spoken with quiet sternness and with his long. bony forefinger pointing straight at Mr. Sneed. The other members of the committee clapped their hands in hearty approval. Mr. Sneed smiled and brushed his trousers.

"We're all off our balance a little, but what is to be done now?"

"We must quit our plumbing and carpentering and lawyering and banking and some of us must guit merchandising and sitting in the chimney corner and grab our saws and axes and go out into the woods and make some fuel and get it hauled into town," said Judge Crooker. "I'll be one of a party to go to-morrow with my axe. I haven't forgotten how to chop."

The committee thought this a good suggestion. They all rose and started on a search for volunteers, except Mr. Sneed. He tarried, saying to the judge that he wished to consult him on a private matter. It was, indeed, just then, a matter which could not have been more public although, so far, the news of it had traveled in whispers. The judge had learned the facts since his return.

"I hope your plumbing hasn't gone wrong," he remarked with a smile. "No, it's worse than that," said Mr.

Sneed ruefully. They bade the little Shepherd good night and went down-stairs where the widow was still at work with her washing, although it was nine o'clock.

"Faithful woman!" the judge exclaimed as they went out on the street. "What would the world do without people like that? No extra charge for overtime, either."

Then, as they walked along, he cunningly paved the way for what he knew was coming.

"Did you notice the face of that boy?" he asked.

"Yes, it's a God's blessing to see a face like that," the judge went on. "Only the pure in heart can have it. The old spirit of youth looks out of his eyes-the spirit of my own youth. When I was fourteen, I think that my heart was as pure as his. So were the hearts of most of the boys

I know." "It isn't so now," said Mr. Sneed. "I fear it isn't," the judge answered. There's a new look in the faces of the young. Every variety of evil is spread before them on the stage of our little theater. They see it while their characters are in the making, while their minds are like white wax. Everything that touches them leaves a mark or a smirch. It addresses them in the one language they all understand, and for which no dictionary is neededpictures. The flower of youth fades fast enough, God knows, without the withering knowledge of evil. They say it's good for the boys and girls to know

all about life. We shall see!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Timely News Culled From All Parts of the State, Reduced for the Busy.

SCORES OF EVENTS COVERED

Business men of Wohlback have organized a community center.

A number of artesian wells are being developed near the town of Cook, An American Legion baseball team

has been organized at Crawford, The State Dental society will hold its annual meeting at Omaha May 16

Beatrice is putting on a drive for increased membership in the Chamber of Commerce.

The state fire inspector has condemned as unsafe, several old buildings at Callaway.

Mrs. Ida Lyons, of Madison dropped dead while handing a drink of water

to her little son. Paving contracts amounting to over \$400,000 will be completed this summer at Fullerton.

General John Pershing will deliver the commencement day address at the state university, June 6. Fire of unknown origin at Lorento

longing to John Courtney. A chapter of the Eastern Star has been organized at Chester with a charter membership of fifteen.

destroyed the restaurant building be-

The state college of agriculture is planning a short course for junior farmers May 30 to June 4.

Truman W. Bass of Broken Bow has been nominated for register of the land office located in that city,

Will S. Jay, a well known Nebraska newspaper man, died at the home of his son in Kansas City last week.

The Woman's club of Hebron gave a home talent play April 25, for the benefit of the soldier's monument

Ex-Governor Keith Neville of North Platte has been appointed receiver for the Skinner Packing Company at Omaha.

Elijah Smith, 71 years old, dropped dead in a business house at Bloomfield further improvements will be made. last week, supposedly from heart trouble.

Bonds for bridges for \$250,000 and building on poor farm, \$30,000, failed to carry in Dawes county at a special election. The commencement exercises of the

Beaver City High school will be held May 20. The class has twenty-four members. A boys' home to care for youths be-

ween five and fifteen years of age, has been opened by the Masonic order at Omaha. Fire resulting from explosion of a gasoline engine, caused the loss of

the elegant farm home of Joseph Imland, near Stella. Mrs. J. T. McGill of Center suffered serious injuries when the horse which she was driving became frightened

and upset the buggy. W. F. Parker of Woodlake has been appointed receiver of the Brown county state bank at Long Pine, which closed its doors recently.

The Cheyenne district court is in session at Sidney with the longest docket in its history. There are eighteen divorce cases, Francis Swanson, a 5 year old

when a shotgun which an older leg nearly severed from the body, and brother was handling, was accidentally discharged. The Ladies' Glee club of Donne col-

lege at Crete, composed of sixty-six girls under the direction of Prof. Aller, are making a tour of the state and meeting with unbounded success. The boys' and girls' club agent of

Fillmore county reports nineteen organized clubs with a total enrollment of 186 boys and girls. The clubs con- most prominent men in Polk county, sist of fourteen poultry, three pigs, is dead at his home in Osceola foltwo gardens and one cooking and baking club,

Harry W. Scott, county clerk of Table Rock received \$54 for the scalps morning last week, and received inof some baby coyotes he captured a juries from which he died a few hours few days previous.

A novel plan of financing the comadopted by the board of that organi- cause of a blaze that practically dethirty-two acres, which has been plow- Fremont, gutting two business places cultivated by its members for the ben- \$24,000. The loss is partly covered by

efit of the church, Hogs are 6 cents per pound on the cents which is the lowest price on many items below cost. The streets these things in five years.

relief committee in Platte county for a short time. the aid of the suffering children in central Europe, totalled \$2,756.93.

27. The class play, to be given on May 27 will be "Green Stockings."

in the vicinity of Wolbach last week. The high school building at Superior was destroyed by fire last week, entalling a loss around \$30,000.

"Uncle" Peter Starr, of Dunning, with kerosenethe oldest man in Nebraska, celebrated his 103rd birthday last week. At this Hildreth last week and was buried, advanced age "Uncle" Peter says he This is the first Franklin county solhas just begun to live and hopes to dier's body to be returned from have a number of other anniversary France. Sixty American Legion memcelebrations placed to his credit on bers attended. the scrolls of time,

West Point is considering the call of a special election to vote bonds for the erection of a municipal light and power plant.

Mrs. Ben F. Robinson has been placed in charge of the high school at Chappel to fill the unexpired term of Superintendent Frank L. Smith, re-

The state-wide campaign against graduation extravagance being conducted by the state agricultural college, is winning popular favor all over the state.

Earl Landreth, residing near Broken Bow, is suffering from four broken ribs and several bad bruises, the result of an entanglement with a runaway team.

N. W. Gaines of the agricultural department of the state university will speak to farmers of the Burwell vicinity May 6. He will discuss agriculture and dairying.

Senator Hitchcock has nominated Robert W. Fling, Lincoln, as principal at the Annapolis naval academy, and Raymond Buffam of University Place as first alternate.

All farmers' selling and buying or-

ganizations in Nebraska will join into one mammoth organization, it was decided at a recent meeting of directorates of these bodies. The teaching force of the Hebron

public schools was re-elected for next year's work, at a recent meeting of the board of education, and all the grade teachers have accepted.

Mrs. Marie L. Shaw, a pioneer of Table Rock and vicinity, died at the home of her sister in Elk Creek, where she was visiting, the cause of her

death being heart trouble. A. B. Allen of Tecumsch, has been recommended by the Nebraska deles gation in congress to President Harding for appointment as collector of internal revenue at Omaha.

Fines and costs approximating \$500 have recently been assesed to violators of the state fish and game laws, according to George Koster, chief of the state bureau of fish and game,

Twenty-eight elm trees, to stand as memorials to the twenty-eight Adams county men who lost their lives in the world war, will be planted in Highland cemetery at Hastings.

The Madison county fair association has secured the services of a landscape gardener in making the grounds more beautiful and from year to year Traveling within a mile of the trail

of the disastrous tornado that destroyed Otoe (then Berlin) in 1913 a tornado swept through Otoe county, leveling buildings and killing some live stock Justin Lilly, who was a member of the national convention at Chicago

president in 1860, is dead at his home in Plattsmouth. He was 84 years old. The steel work on the steel bridge erected over the Platte river at Central City, is progressing rapidly. Fifty men are employed and it is estimated that the bridge will be completed early

that nominated Abraham Lincoln for

this fall. Fire starting from a heated journal a loss estimated at \$25,000. The fire department at Howells and Clarkson were summoned, but arrived too late to be of much assistance.

The Great Western Sugar company, operating factories at five Nebraska points, all except one in Scotts Bluff county, reports 63,000 acres of beets contracted for new, as against 74,000 at the corresponding date last year.

An unidentified body, horribly mangled, was found on the U. P. tracks Naponee lad, was instantly killed near Ames, with the head crushed, one practically every bone broken. It is supposed he had fallen from a train.

Yeggs blew open the safe in the postoffice at Plattsmouth, and according to the postmaster, R. M. Hoban, obtained loot estimated at between \$4,000 and \$5,000. The loot included war saving stamps and money.

E. L. King, 66, former state legislator, county attorney and one of the Half bbis., 300 lbs44c per lb. lowing a stroke of apoplexy. He lived but ten minutes after being stricken.

F. H. Hebbard, for over thirty years Pawnee county, paid \$102.50 bounties an employe of the State Journal at for wolves one day last week at his Lincoln, was thrown from a bicycle office at Pawnee City. A. N. Aylor of when struck by an owl street car one later.

Fire starting from a gas leak in a munity church at Greenfield has been coffee urn is believed to have been the zation. They have rented a farm of stroyed the Hill Steinbach building at ed, harrowed and planted, and will be and causing damage estimated at \$18,100 insurance.

Pawnee merchanis co-operated in Calloway market and wheat is 90 putting on a big booster sale, selling were filled with buyers, and several Collections made by the European stores were sold out on many items in A special summer school for dis-

abled soldiers opened at the univer-The Blair city schools will graduate sity school of agriculture April 18 and a class of forty-one members on May will continue until September 10. Thirty-one men have registered for the five months' training. Classes are con-Sheriff Gallagher of Greeley Center ducted in stock judging and breeds, and a special officer of the state pro- feeding, woodwork, forge work, crops, hibition department took three stills dairying, poultry raising, arithmetic, algebra and English.

Alton Tennant, of Crab Orchard, was seriously burned when he attempted to hasten a rather backward fire

The body of Orville Shields reached

Herb Cotton, a paperhanger at Ill health caused "Strop" Richards Plattsmouth, who raises Leghorn of Kearney to end his life by asphyxia- chickens as a pastime, has been extion. He had never fully recovered hibiting an egg laid by one of the from an attack of "flu" several months | birds in his yard which measured eight | inches in length and six in width,

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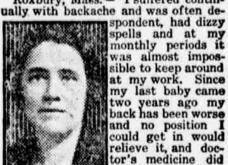
A man who yells at the top of his voice seldom wins an argument.

The curtain of the future is always

TAKES CARE OF 5 CHILDREN

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could get in would relieve it, and doc-tor's medicine did nothelpme. Afriend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have found great relief since using it. My back is much better and I can sleep well. I keep house and have the care of five children so my work is very trying and I am very thankful I have found the Compound such a help. I recommend it to my friends and if you wish to use this letter I am very glad to help any woman suffering as I was until I used Lydia E. Binkham's Verstable Compound E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."— Mrs. MAUDE E. TAYLOR, 5 St. James

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