



Wat had just arrived with my mother and little Margaret of Glenvornock, who, winding herself about her heart, had become as her own child to her. They were weary and in need of rest, but when I had told my news and the warning I had gotten from Gash Gabriel in the fearsome precincts of the hut of Corplicht Kate, every one felt the need of at once forsaking the hut and betaking ourselves to Cove Macaterick, which, if not so pleasant or commodious, was at least far more sufe.

So we loaded ourselves with Hugh Kerr' meal, and the little bits of things that the larses had gathered about them or brought with them. My mother carried only an oaken staff in her hand and her beloved silver spoon (with "Mary Hope" on it in antique letters), which her father had given her for her own when she learned to read, and first took her place at the table above the salt. "O what wad he hae said that was Lord President of Session in his time, gin he had seen me linkin' ower the heather wi' my costs kilted in my auld age?" my mother cried out once when we hurried her, for she had ever a great notion of her lineage, though indeed the Hopes are nothing to compare with the Gordons for antiquity or distinction.

"I think your father was 'at the horn' main nor vince himsel' mither," said I, remembercertain daffing talk of my father's. "Aye, and that is just as true," said my mother, reconciling herself to her position. "forbye the wife aye wears the cockade of

thought of my Lady of Lochinvar, and harkened to Wat talking low to Kate Mc-Ghie. But I kept my mother by my side, and left Malsie Lennox to herself, remembering the fifth commandment, and know-ing likewise that it would please Maisie best if I took care of my mother

Thus we came to Cove Macaterick. Now the cove is not wet and chill, as al-Now the cove is not wet and chill, as al-most all sea caves are, where the water stands on the floor and drips from every crevice. But it was at least fairly dry, if not warm, and had been roughly laid with wood dug from the flowes, not squared at all, but only filled in with heather tops till the floor was elastic like the carpets of Whitehall. There was, as I have said, an inners and aneonier cave, one opening out of the other.

an outer cave, one opening out of the other, and outer cave, one opening out of the other, each apartment being about sixteen feet every way, but much more toward the roof. And so it remained till late years, when as

I hear from the herd of the Shalloch, the rocks of the Gairy face seem to have settled more down upon themselves, and so con-tracted the space. But the cave remains to this day on the back hill of the Star over

We gave the inner (and higher) room to be women folk, and divided the space with mocking devils that rode on the horses of the pit "Come awa hame, Gabriel," said I, "ye plaid hung up in the space which formed doorway. We found Anton Lennox much recovered. an do her little good. I fear she's by but still very weak and pale. He sat propped ap on his heather bed against the side of the cave, even when it was too dark to see. "By wi' it!" quoth the Natural, ficeringly "Na, only beginning wi' it. D'ye no ken, hill-man-wi'-the-hirpling-leg, that Yon has and tave, even when it was too dark to see, is it mostly was, his great sword leaning against the wall by his side. I need not tell of the joy there was when Maisle Lennox greeted her father, and we that had been so scattered drew together snee more. But as seen as I had told Wat gotten her. gotten her. I see her stannin' afore Yon, wi' her face like red fire, a black lie in her mouth and ill-intent in her heart. For, as the tree fails, so doth it lie." The imp seemed to have gotten the words at some field-preaching. of the happenings at the hut of Corplicht Kate, nothing would serve him but we must "Think ye I didna warn her?" he went on. "Yon, braw chiel, ye hae gotten your warnin' this nicht. Meddle na wi' Yon, neither dare Him to his face lest He be zet out and try and intercept her from ful-filling her mission. Our trail from the bower among the trees was fresh and might angry, for He can so easily set His hee

tretched for burial. As we stood filuminated against the murky blackness of the pass the monstrous thing caught sight of us and waved his hands. caught sight of us and waved his index of legs. dancing, as it seemed, upon spindles of legs. How he had come so far and so swiftly on such a night I cannot tell. But without such a night I cannot tell. But without the between ourselves Wat and 1 silently re-between ourselves wat acquaint sty of doubt there he was on the highest rock of the pass with the dead woman stretched at his feet, and the fitful blue gleam of the lightning playing all about him. It was not comely or a canny right.

a comcly or a canny right. "Come ye here," cried the idiot lad, wavering above us as though he were darcing" in the rick of the pit, "and see what Yon has done to my mither. I aye telled her how it wad be. It does na good to strive wil Yon. Yon can gie ye your paiks so brave and easy. But my mither, she wad never hear reason, and so there she iles, streeked on the 'Nick o' the Dead Wife.' You has riven the life frac my mither!' We were along at his side by this time

We were close at his side by this time, and we saw a strange sight that shock our nerves more than the thunder. A woman of desperately evil countenance lay looking up past us, her eyes fixed with an expres-sion of bitter wrath and scorn upon the black heavens. Her face and hands were of deen enterior before by the vieltation a deep crimson color, either by the visitation of God or by the flickering flame of wildfire that played about us.

Gash Gabriel surveyed the sight with : Gash Gabriel surveyed the sight with a kind of satisfaction. He went herpling about it round and round. He squatted with crossed legs at its head. "What think ye o' that?" he asked. "That's my mither. She's near as bonny as me, think ye no? Yon micht hae made her bonnier to look at in He was to be so ill to her." And he crouched still lower down again.

Ill to her," And he crouched still lower down again, and took the terrible scarlet-stained face and neck on his knees. "Mither! mither!" he wailed, "aye telled ye it wad come to this—mockin' Yon disna do. A wee while maybe He lets ye gang on; but no for lang! You can bide His time, and juist when ye are crawlin' croose and thinkin' on how blythe and canty ye are—blaff! like a flaught o' fire—Yon comes upon ye, and where are ye?" upon ye, and where are ye?" He took a long and apparently well-satis

him, as the storm continued to blare till all above us seemed but the mouth of a great above us seeme black trumpst.

Sometimes we seemed to be in a large place, ribbed and raftered with roaring sound, upholstered with pale violet and blue lightning flashes; and then again the next moment we were shut within a tent of velthis day on the back hill of the Star over the waters of Loch Macaterick. The place is very lonely. Only the whaups and the mountain sheep cry there, as they did in our hiding times.

## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1895.

at Grabriel's throat; an' puir Gabriel kenned from the lonely brown hills above could the keep them out of the field until we are name main.' " And even as the monster should out the of the hill. And on all the moor tops that bond of obedience. They are able to fight And even as the monster should out the last words—the words of the specter of his vision—Gash Gabriel seemed to us to dilate and lean forward as if to spring upon us. The wild fire realed about as though the ele-ments were drunken, and Wat and I fairly urined and fied, shouling insanely with terror as we ran, leaving the stricken witch with the face of blood, and that misshapen elf turned and field shouting insamely with terror as we ran, leaving the stricken witch with the face of blood, and that missingen elf raving and shouting on the hillside-these two alone at midnight in the "Nick of the Dead Wife."

And truly Wat and I dld run in earnest, stumbling and crying out in our terror, now falling and now getting up, then falling to the running again without a single word. So as we came hot-foot over the Rig of Lochricaur we seemed to run into the sheeted rain, for where we had been only the blue rain, for where we had been only the blue dry fire hind ringed us, but hire we ran into the downpour as though the fountains of the deep of heaven were broken up and were failing in a white spate upon the world. We were more wet, weary, and terrified more than we had ever been in our lives before we reached the hermitage of the cave of Macaterick. There we found the women waiting for us, listening to the roar with out, and hearkening in the lown blinks t Auld Anton Lennox praying, while the lightning seemed to run into the cave 11d shine on the blade of the sword he held in shine on the blade of the sword he hol his right hand. So we stripped our

clothes and lay in the outer place all the night, where there was a fire of red posts and the women withdrew themselves in their inner sanctuary. I could see the anxiety in their eyes when we came in, for

solved that we should not acquaint sry of the party with the judgments of that night. CHAPTER XXV A DESIRABLE GENERAL MEETING. The morning dawned colder and more chilly. The catch of the autumn of the year was in the air, and it was shrewly cold

till the sun looked over the hills in the cast. This was the great day of the Societies' general meeting, which had been cummoned in the wilds of Shalloch on Minnoch. Though the morn dawned caller, with a white rime of frost lying on the grass and naking gray the leaves of the trees, the day of the great conventicle was one of great and luring heat. My r and Kate McGhie also. My mother was set to go

Wat must accomand Kate Meenie also. What me from Groningen which I behoved to read. With Anton Len-

track across the hills, it was not a long step over the moors to the foot of the Graigfacle the guardroom of Rob Grier of Lag than a

And even as the monster should out the last words—the words of the specter of his vision—Gash Gabriel seemed to us to dilate

ring and shouting on the hillside-these o alone at midnight in the "Nick of the ad Wife." "Aye, rin, rin," we heard him call after "Rin fast and Yon will no catch ye-till ant

What was most surprising in this assembly was the entire absence of anything like con crealment. From every quarter, up from the green meadows of the Minnoch valley, over green meadows of the Minnoch Valley, over the scaurs of the Straiton hills, down past the craigs of Craigfacle, over from the deep howe of Carsphairn, streams of men came walking and riding. The sun glinted on their war gear. Had there been a trooper within miles upon any of the circle of hills the dimples of light could not have been missed, for they campt the sun and focked the for they caught the sun and flecked the heather, as when one looks upon a sparkling

sea with the sun rising over it, when each

The great tent shown in the darkness, Like a wonderful palace of light, And rough men crowded the entranc Shows c dn't come every night! wave carries its own glint of light with it As I looked the heart within me became Not a woman's face among them: Not a woman's face among them; Many a face that was bad, And some that were only vacant, And some that were very sad. And behind a canvas curtain, In a corner of the place, The clown, with chalk and vermilion, Was making up his face, glad with a great joy. So long had we hidden and run like hares that we had forgotten that there were so many in the like case only needing drawing together to be the one power in the land. But the time was not yet.

months.

(To be Continued.)

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

It was out on the western frontier,

The miners, rugged and brown, Were gathered around the posters,

I asked of a dark, long-haired man who stood near us what was the meaning of such a gathering. He looked at me with a kind of pity, and I saw the enthusiasm flash from his ave "The Seven Thousand!" he said; "ken ye

A weary-looking woman, With a smile that still was sweet, Sewed on a little garment. With a cradle at her feet, Pantaloon stood ready and waiting; It was time for the going on; But the clown in vain searched wildly, The "property baby" was gone. "The Seven Thousand?" he said; "Ken ye not the Seven Thousand upon the hills of Scotland that never bowed the knee to Baal?" "Pardon me, friend," said L, "but long hid-ing on the mountains has made me ignorant. But who are the Seven Thousand?" "Have ye indeed hidden on the mountain and her not that but but as stars here of them He murmured, impatjently hunting,

"It's strange that I cannot find; There! Eve looked in every corner; It must have been left behind!" and ken not that. Did ye never hear of them that wait for the time appointed?" I told him no. "Then," said he, "who may you be that kens so little?" The miners were stamping and shouting, They were not very patient men; The clown bent over the cradle; "I must take you, little Hen!"

I said that I was William Gordon, younger The mother started and shivered, of the persecuted house of the Gordons

But trouble and want were near; he lifted her baby gently; of Earlstoun. "Oh, the Bull's brother!" said he shorily and turned him about to go away. But Spit-fire Wat was at his elbow, and took the dark man by the elbow, presently halted him, and span him round so that he faced us. paint: "I love each hair of his head!" "Who are you that speaks so lightly of my

which I behoved to read. With Anton Len-nox, stout of heart even in sickness, abddo my lass Maisie Lennox, of whom (though I looked to be back on the morrow), I took nox, stout at the provided to the arbitrament of the looked to be back on the morrow). I took house quarrel to the arbitrament of the beart, which is in fact a better way than dispute and the strife of tongues. The dark man smiled. "Ye are hot, young the strift of the manners better bent to the strift of the

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Said the clown to pantaloon.

3.

The jovial fellow nodded; "Tve a couple myself," he said; "I know how to handle 'em, bless you! Old fellow, go ahead" The fun grew fast and furious, And not one of all the crowd Had guessed that the baby was alive, When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed From the benches with a ring. And the roughest customer there sprang up With, "Boys" it's the real thing?" The ring was jammed in a minute, Not a man that did not strive For "a shot at holding the baby," The baby that was "alive?"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors In the midst of the dusty ring. And he held his court right royally. The fair little baby king. "Till one of the shouting courtiers, A man with a cold, hard face. The talk for miles of the country. And the terror of the place.

Raised the little king to his shoulder, And chuckled, "Look at that!" As the chubby fingers clutched his hair, Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!" There never was such a hatful Of silver, and gold, and notes: Feople are not always penniless Because they don't wear coats.

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!" I tell you those cheers were meant. And the way in which they were given Was enough to raise the tent. And then there was sudden silence, And a gruff old miner said, "Come, boys, ersush of this rumpus! It's time it was put to bed."



be followed. Wat determined at all costs to turn the witch, and, having brought her to her house, to keep a watch upon her there, at least till the rain had wushed away our tracks down the mountain side, and con-

fused them among the moss-hags. leaving most unwillingly the snug and sheltered place of Cove Macaterick, we stepped out into the gloomy and threatening night. The fire still flickered, and the thunit-

night. The fire still flickered, and the thun-der rolled continuously, but the rain held off. The natural had mentioned that his off. The natural had mentioned that his der folled continuously, but the rain held off. The natural had mentioned that his mother was making over the hill to Straiton, where for the time being Mardrochat, the informer, dweit, and where was a troop of horse for the overawing of the country. We decided that we should take our course in that direction, past Peden's hut, where the great wanderer nad abode so often. It was an uncanny right, but we stumbled along, now failing into moss-hags aimost to

s great wanderer had abode so often. It is an uncanny night, but we stumbled ing, now falling into moss-hags aimost to tuins.

the waist, scrambling out again, and so on without a word of complaining. Wat's at-tire was not now such as that which he had donned to visit my Lady Wellwood. It was but stout hodden gray and a checked plaid It was like the rest.

So we mounted shoulder after shoulder of beathery hillside, like versels that speed over andless billows of the sea against a head wind. The thunder cloud which seemed to nod upon the outer circles of the hills and



ch over the country of Macaterick and the atar grumbled nearer and nearer. Not sel-tom there came a fierce, white, whimpling fash, and the mountains scened ready to burn up in the glare. Then darkness blacker than ever, and the thunder shaking the world as though it had been a houseplac

with skellets and pans clattering on the wall. We had been walking for some time, bearing breast to the brae all the time, leaning forward as a horse leans to its collar. We came in time near to the height of the pass. We could not see a yard before us, but we felt the ground begin to level in front; and tol we were in the threat of the defile with the hills black above us on either side. Suddenly there was a terrible white flash of Suddenly there was a terrible white flash of lightning, brighter and longer continued than any we had seen. The sir seconed to grow the black of indigo. The thunder tore the heavens without ceasing. Flash followed reading flash; immediately before us on a hil-tock we saw a wonderous sight. There sat Gash Gabriel, the idiat, crouched squat like a toad, at the head of a woman who isy with

He stroked the hair off the dead woman's brow with a hand that looked like a hairy

claw. "Aye, an' ye were'na sic and ill mither "Aye, an' ye were'na selled yourzel' to Yeto me, though you selled yoursel' to Ye-Ken-Wha! Whatna steer there is aboot the soul o' a puir auld body. Hear till

And he waved his hands to the four airts of heaven, and called us to hearken to the

"Sae muckle for sae little-an' after a' nae sae muckle for sae infine-an atter a nac pleasure in the thing! I dinna see what there is in the Black Man's service to mak' siccan a brag aboot. Gin ye sup tasty kail wi' him in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht, he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the in the fore nicht he aye caa's round wi' the fore nicht he he aye caa's round wi' the fore nicht he he he ay the fore nicht he he he aye caa's round wi' the he he ay the fore nicht he he he ay the he ay the he he ay the he he ay the he he ay the he ay the he ay the he ay the he he ay the ay the he ay the

in the fore nicht, he aye caa's roond wi' the lawin' i' the mornin'! "Losh! Losh! Sae muckle for sae little, I declare I will cut oot the three marks that my mither made on me, and gang doon to Peden at the Shalloch. I want nae mair sic wark as this! Na, though I was born wi' the Black Man's livery on me! "Preserve us! This is as fearsome as that year there was nae meat in the hoose, and Gabriel brocht it even as it was needed, and Kate o' brocht it even as it was needed, and Kate o' questions. But only tearin' belly-hunger gied us strength to est that awesome meat. An' a' the neighbors died of starvation, Ton-skein and the Stav an' the bouny Hill o' the Buss, a' save Gib and his mither, their leevin' lanes. But yae nicht Yon sent Gabriel's sin to find him oot; or maybe the Black Thing gat lowse, for that it was his hour. "As soon as we called out it was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-ful to see the folk gathe hig. It was wonder-steading of the Shalloch on Minacen was set —a cherry little house, thatched and with a got cheer and warm hearts within. Over the short brown heather of the tops the wander-ers cate, and we were d hing ourselves, that nicht.

that nicht. "Wad ye like to hear? Awcel, puir Gabriel was lying on his bed up that stair, an' what think ye there cam to him!" He paused and looked at us with a coun-

tenance so blanched and terrible that we had almost turned and ran, for the lightning played upon it until it seemed to glow with an unhely light, and that not from without, but from within. It was the most terrible thing to be alone with such a living creature.

thing to be alone with such a living creature, and such a dead woman in the lonesome place he had called the "Nick of the Dead Wife." What with the chattering of our testh and the flicker of the fire, the old dead witch seemed to rise and nod at us. "So Gabriel, puir man, lay and listened in his naked hed, for be had gotten his fill that nicht, though a' the lave were hungry, an' that o' his ain providin". But as he lay he heard a step come to the door, an' the sneck ilfted, an' a foot that waena his mither's came into the passage, dunt-duntin' like a lameter herplin' on two staves! "An' then there cam a hard footstep on the stair, and a rattle o' fearsome-like sconds, as the thing cam up the ladder. Gabriel kenned na what it micht be. An' whan the door opened an' the man wi' the wooden feet cam in—preserve me, but he was a

feet cam in-preserve me, but he was a

weary-lookin' tyke. "'Whaur cam ye frae?" sald Gabriel. "'Frae the grave!' says he. He hadna muckle to say, but his e'en war like gimblets. "What mak's your e'en sae white an' deep?

" 'The grave!' says he. He hadna muckle to say, but he spak' dourey than ever.

The partnership of Borry & Lincoln was not anked the Englishman, erromphanesty.



HE TOOK THE TERRIBLE SCARLET-STAINED FACE AND NECK ON HIS KNEES.

of Shalloch, where the general meeting of the Societies was to take place. But it was a harder matter with my mother. Other did between the set of the set She needed help over every little brink of hand." a peat brow, and as we passed Tonskeen, where there is a herd's house in the wild, far from man and very quiet with Gol, I ran to get her a staff, which the shepherd's good wife gladly gave. For there was little that would be 'refused to a wanderer in these parts when on his way to a Societies' meet-

ing. We left the strange, unsmiling face of Loch Macaterick behind, and took our way for the rocky clint, up which we had to climb. We went by the rocks that are called the Rig of Carclach, where there is new weat by the more wild moor the point of the long wild moor to him. Then though I knew that he had been the rock on which the Covenant had split at Bothwell, and a stone of stumbling in her counsels ever since, yet because he looked so weary and broken with toil, travels and watchings that my heart could not but go out the him.

could see the folk gathe ing. It was wonder-ful to see them, Little black dots movel across the green meadows in which the faim-even steading of the Shalloch-on Mindoon was that -a cherry little house, thatched and with a pew of blue smoke from its chimney telling pew of blue smoke from its chimney telling pacified, and with a kindig nod the stranger pacified, and with a kindig nod the stranger

past the lonely trees at the Rowantree, the hillside track to Straiton, up the li runlet banks where the heather was blushing purple, they wended their ways all toward one place in the hollow. There already there was a thick cloud of folk under the

ickle of stones that runs slidingly down from the ateep brow of Craigfacie. As we drew nearer we could see the not-able Session Stone, a broad, flat stone over-

hanging the little pourie burn that tinkles and lingers among the slaty rocks, shining bone white in the glare of the autumn sun. I never saw a fairer place, for the heights about are good for sheep, and all the other

about are good for sheep, and an the not the hills withdrawn and distant. It has not the eye-taking glorious beauty of the glen of Trool, but it looked a Sabbath land of benediction and peace that day of the great ciettes' meeting. Upon the Session Stone the elders were met, mostly white-headed men with dinted and furrowed faces, bowed and broken by

long sojourning among the moss hags and When we came to the place we found the folk gathering for prayer before the confer-ence of the chosen delegates of the societies. The women sat on plaids that had been

The women sat on plaids that had been folded for comfort. Opposite the Session Stone was a wide beathery amphitheater, where, as on tiers of seats, rows of men and women could sit and listen to the preachers. The burnle's voice filled up the breaks in the speech, as it ran small and black, with the drouth under the hollow of the bank. For the rain and storm of the hank. For the rain and storm of the hill. I sat down on a lichened stone and looked at the grave, well-armed men that gathered fast about the Session Stone, and on the delogates' side of the water. It was a atting place for such a gathering, for only folded for comfort. Opposite the Session Stone was a wide heathery amphitheater,

So, looking a little sheënish. But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat linsering,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled: "He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's at game as he's good-looking, Boys, that was a show that paid!"

OBJECT TO THE ENDEAVORERS.

Their Activity 'aid to Be Distastefal to the Orthodox.

Some old-fashioned Presbyterians, and especially many of the older men of the ministry, says the New York Sun, look with distrust upon the growth in numbers ond power of the Christian Endeavor society. I is the boast of American Presbyterians that their church has a republican form of government, but the influence of the clergy and the elders has hitherto been exceedingly strong in this ecclesiastical republic, and the Christian Endeavor societies form an inde-pendent body within the church entirely beyond the official control of the governing officers. The members of the society are mostly young persons, and they refuse, as a body, to recognize the authority of the ses-sion, though, as individual church members, they are of course clearly under its authority.

Then we knew that this was Sir Rober The more aggressive of the Christian En-Hamilton, who, with my brother Sandy, had been the Socielties' commissioner to the low deavor societies have in some instances un-dertaken to dictate to the whole congregation, and they have often insisted upon the calling of a young minister rather than an old one. There have been some striking instances of the sort in Pennsylvania, where the Christian Endeavor organization is more sombre plety. Then though I knew that he had been the strong. The Christian Endeavor societies are active in church affairs, and the pledge of each member on joining the organization is to further the upbuilding of the church and be faithful in attendance upon the services. The movement is pre-crimently one of the youth of the church, and it has often worked to the injury of old pastors, so that some of the old men go so far as to speak of it as threatening the unity of the church. As I looked and said nothing a more kindly light came into his eyes as he looked at Wat.

One thing that makes the active champlon ship of young men by the Christian Endeavor societies distasteful to the older clergy is the fact that 700 ministers in the Northern Presbyterian church are without charges. This is about 14 per cent of the whole clerical body. There is no systematic method of bringing pastoriess churches and unemployed ministers into communication with each other, and as the power of appointmen to pastorates lies with the individual con-gregations and not with any central body, the difficulties presented by the case of emply ancient name this day, that never thought to himself in arms against the king, sav pulpits and idle ministers are very greaters The Christian Endeavor societies seek the vacant pulpits with young men, t exclusion of unemployed old men, and th theological seminaries all over the north

seven in number, exclusive of excommuni-cated Union, are busy turning out hundreds of new ministers each year to compete for places with the 700 already idle. Some hearts beat high only to lock upon it. Upon the Session Stone twelve men stood, with heads bared to the flerce heat of the sun. presbyteries incline to discourage the licens ing of young men while so many old pastors All of them were gray-headed men saving two, only a lad of pale and girlish facs with dark, awest eyes and towering above him the are idle, and there is a small body of men in the church that look with jealousy upon the education fund, which is designed to help through college and the theological flecked raven locks of Sir Robert Hamilton These were the commissioners of districts all ordained elders. At one side was a little table brought from the house of the Shallock. eminaries young men seeking to enter the ninistry. The Methodist church, foreseeing the pos

and a man sat at it busily writing. By a curious sword cut across his check I knew him for Michael Shields, the clerk and hissible danger of a strong body of young church members, organized independently of the governing body, keeps the Epworth torian of the United Societies. Behind upon the hillside was drawn up a guard of 200 horse, and the tossing bits and league, which is the strong organization of young Methodists, carefully under the author-ity of the church. Some Presbyterians bejingling accoutrements made a pleasent sound to me that loved such things, which were mostly the portion of our enemies. The wide lieve that the safety of the church demands the subjection of the Christian Endeavor societies to the authority of the church. amphitheater opposite to the Session Stone was chiefly occupied by the women and elder men, who, as I have said, sat upon The society, as a whole, is not denomina-tional, but includes members drawn from several Protestant denominations. including the Methodist as well as the Presbyterian, but the local organizations are connected with individual churches. The last general assembly of the Northern Presbyterian

church appointed a committee to investigat the matter of young people's associations, and if this committee does what the older men hope, it will overhaul the question of the Christian Endeavor societies. The re-port, if favorable to bringing the societies under the church authority, may cause con-siderable trouble; and, indeed, whatever is recommended touching the society will probably provoke warm discussion, as many of the younger ministers are scalous friends of the young people's movement.

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APAILIE

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of the World, entertained a large number of The former received his High school diptema are events with a literary and musical program, a few weeks ago, and the latter will gradue

ender men, who, as I have sald, sat upon plaids spread upon the bank. Behind these again, upon the gently sloping side of the Shalloch hill, was a noble sight that made me gasp for gladness. Company behind com-pany were ranked the men whom Robert Hamilton had called the Seven Thousand. There were officers on their flanks, on whose drawn swords the sun ellitered and though

even for the truth's sake."

about the place of meeting. It was a wonderful sight and made