

THE LIONS OF THE LORD

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST
BY HARRY LEON WILSON

CHAPTER I.

The Dead City.

The city without life lay handsomely along a river in the early sunlight of a September morning. Death had seemingly not been long upon it, nor had it made any scar. No breach or rent or disorder or sign of violence could be seen. The long, shaded streets breathed the still airs of utter peace and quiet. From the half-circle around which the broad river bent its moody current, the neat houses, set in cool, green gardens, were terraced up the high hill, and from the summit of this a stately marble temple, glittering of newness, towered far above them in placid benediction.

From a skiff in mid-river, a young man rowing toward the dead city rested on his oars and looked over his shoulder to the temple on the hilltop. Landing presently at the wharf, he was stunned by the hush of the streets. This was not like the city of 20,000 people he had left three months before. In blank bewilderment he stood, turning to each quarter for some solution of the mystery. Perceiving at length that there was really no life either way along the river, he started wondering up a street that led from the water-side—a street which, when he had last walked it, was quickening with the rush of a mighty commerce.

Soon his expression of wonder was darkened by a shade of anxiety. There was an unnerving quality in the trace-like stillness; and the mystery of it pricked him to forebodings. He was now passing empty workshops, hesitating at door after door with ever-mounting alarm. Then he began to call, but the sound of his voice served only to aggravate the silence.

Growing bolder, he tried some of the doors and found them to yield, letting him into a kind of smothered, troubled quietness even more oppressive than that outside. He passed an empty ropewalk, the hemp strewn untidily about, as if the workers had left hurriedly. He peered curiously at idle looms and deserted spinning-wheels—deserted apparently but the instant before he came. It seemed as if the people were fled maliciously just in front, to leave him in this fearfullest of all solitudes. He wondered if he did not hear their quick, furtive steps, and see the vanishing shadows of them.

At last, half-way up the next block, he thought his eyes caught for a short half-second the mere thin shadow of a skulking figure. It had seemed to pass through a grape arbour that all but shielded from the street a house slightly more pretentious than its neighbors. He ran toward the spot, calling as he went. But when he had vaulted over the low fence, run across the garden and around the end of the arbor, dense with the green leaves and clusters of purple grapes, the space in front of the house was bare. If more than a trick-phantom of his eye had been there, it had vanished.

He stepped inside and called. There was no answer, but above his head a board creaked. He started up the stairs in front of him, and, as he did so, he seemed to hear cautious steps across a bare floor above. He stopped climbing; the steps ceased. He started up, and the steps came again. He knew now they came from a room at the head of the stairs. He bounded up the remaining steps and pushed open the door with a loud "Halloo!"

The room was empty. Yet across it there was the indefinable trail of a presence—an odor, a vibration, he knew not what—and where a bar of sunlight cut the gloom under a half-raised curtain, he saw the notes in the air all astir. Opposite the door he had opened was another, leading, apparently, to a room at the back of the house.

Determined to be no longer eluded, he crossed the room on tiptoe and gently tried the opposite door. It was locked. As he leaned against it, almost in a terror of suspense, he knew he heard again those little seemings of a presence a door's thickness away. He did not hesitate. Still holding the turned knob in his hand, he quickly crouched back and brought his flexed shoulder heavily against the door. It flew open with a breaking sound, and, with a little gasp of triumph, he was in the room to confront its unknown occupant.

Then, from behind the door he had opened, a staggering blow was dealt him, and, before he could recover, or had done more than blindly crook one arm protectively before his face, he was borne heavily to the floor, writhing in a grasp that centered all its crushing power about his throat.

CHAPTER II.

The Wild Ram of the Mountains.

Slight though his figure was, it was lithe and active and well-muscled, and he knew as they struggled that his assailant was possessed of no greater advantage than had lain in his point of attack. In strength, apparently, they were well matched. Twice they rolled over on the carpeted floor, and then, despite the big, bony hands pressing about his throat, he turned his burden under him, and all but loosened the killing clutch. This brought them close to the window, but again he was swiftly drawn underneath.

As the light flooded in, he saw the truth, even before his now panting and sneezing antagonist did. Releasing the pressure from his throat with a sudden access of strength born of the new knowledge, he managed to gasp, though thickly and with pain, as they still strove:

"Seth Wright—wait—let go—wait, Seth—I'm Joel—Joel—Joel!"

He managed it with difficulty.

CHAPTER III.

The Lute of the Holy Ghost Breaks His Fast.

In his cautious approach to the Daggin house, he came upon her unawares—a slight, slender, shapely thing of pink and golden flame, as she poised where the sun came full upon her. One hand clutched her flowing blue skirts snugly about her ankles; the other opened coaxingly to a kitten crouched to spring on the limb of an apple tree above her. The head was thrown back, the vivid lips were parted, and he heard her laugh low to herself.

Stepping from the covert that had shielded him, he called softly to her. "Prudence—Prue!"

She had reached for the kitten, but at the sound of his low, vigorous note, she turned quickly toward him, coloring with a glow that spread from the corner of the crossed kerchief up to the yellow hair above her brow. She answered with quick breaths:

"Joel—Joel—Joel!"

She laughed aloud, clapping her small hands, and he ran to her—over beds of marigolds, heartsease and lady slippers, through a row of drowsy looking, heavy-headed dahlias, and past other withering flowers, all but choked out by the rank garden growths of late summer. Then his arms opened and seemed to swallow the leaping little figure.

"You dear old sobersides, you—how gaunt and careworn you look, and how hungry, and what wild eyes you have to frighten one with! At first I thought you were a crazy man."

He held her face up to his eager eyes, having no words to say, overcome by the joy that surged through him like a mighty rush of waters. In the moment's glorious certainty he rested until she stirred nervously under his devouring look, and spoke.

"Come, kiss me now and let me go."

He kissed her eyes so that she shut them; then he kissed her lips—long—letting her go at last, grudgingly, fearfully, unsatisfied.

"You scare me when you look that way. You mustn't be so fierce."

"I told him he didn't know you."

"Who didn't know me, sir?"

"A man who said I wasn't sure of you."

"So you are sure of me, are you, Mr. Preacherman? Is it because we've been sweethearts since so long? But remember you've been count—but one little time of two weeks in three years. You would go on that horrid mission."

"Is not religion made up of obedience, let life or death come?"

"Is there no room for loving one's sweetheart in it?"

"One must obey, and I am a better man for having denied myself and gone. I can love you better, I have been taught to think of others. I was sent to open up the gospel in the eastern states because I had been endowed with almost the open vision. It was my call to help in the setting up of the Messiah's latter-day kingdom. Besides, we may never question the commands of the holy priesthood, even if our wicked hearts rebel in secret."

"If you had questioned the right person sharply enough, you might have had an answer as to why you were sent."

"What do you mean? How could I have questioned? How could I have rebelled against the stepping-stone of my exaltation?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

The Mob's Got the Temple, even if you got the girl.

"The mob's got the temple, even if you got the girl. There's a verse writ in charcoal on the portal:

"Large house, tall steeple,
Silly priests, deluded people."
"That's how it is for the temple, and the mob's bunched there. But the girl may have changed her mind, too."

The young man's expression became wistful and gentle, yet serenely sure.

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A REVOLVING BOOK-CASE.

Piece of Furniture for Library Which Boy Can Build.

One of the prettiest ways to keep books is in a revolving bookcase. These can be had at furniture stores, but the cost is usually somewhat high, and, then, there is much more pleasure in making a thing than in buying it, especially when the article is so easily made as is a book case of this style.

To begin at the foundation, one needs first the base and standard. Two pieces similar to that shown in Fig. 1 are needed for the base. These are "halved" together and a stout standard inserted, as shown in Fig. II. The base pieces should each be about two feet long and the standard, hard wood, one and a half inches in diameter, should be three feet in height above the base. The top of this standard should be very smoothly rounded, as the weight of the whole case is to rest upon this top and revolve about upon it.

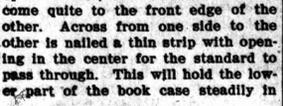
The making of the shelves comes next, explains the Orange Juice Farmer. The lowest of all is shown in Fig. III. The four side boards should be six or seven inches wide, according to the size of the books to be accommodated. The lower shelf can be seven inches wide and the others six and five an one-half, respectively, if that will suit the varied sizes of books. The corner joints of these shelves are put together by "halving" one piece upon another, but one half need not come quite to the front edge of the other. Across from one side to the other is nailed a thin strip with opening in the center for the standard to pass through. This will hold the lower part of the book case steadily in

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC CURE.

How an Egg Can Be Kept in Center of Liquid Mass.

To keep an egg continually rotating in the midst of a liquid mass, without ever allowing it to come up to the surface or to fall down to the bottom, is a feat which does not seem easy to perform. Owing to a peculiarity of the composition of the shell the experiment is easily made, and will afford entertainment as well as impart some knowledge.

The eggshell contains a considerable amount of calcium carbonate, and will evolve carbon dioxide gas when



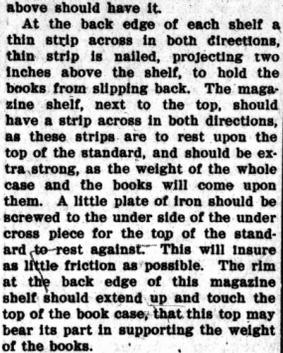
Pouring the Acid into the Jar.

submerged in a solution of hydrochloric acid. The reaction differs, however, from that which takes place under similar circumstances with ordinary limestone; the organic matter which enters in the composition of the shell causes most of the gaseous bubbles to remain attached to the egg. They increase its bulk, and hinder the contact of the acid with the shell to such an extent that a solution which would in a few minutes consume a piece of marble the size of a nut, takes several hours to dissolve the thin shell of an egg. The phenomenon, says the Scientific American, is most interesting to observe when produced by means of the following apparatus:

Take a glass jar and half fill it with water. Then, by means of a glass tube which reaches to the bottom of the jar, pour an equal amount of hydrochloric acid under the water, as shown in Fig. 1, until the water rises to the top of the jar. If no effort be made to mix the two liquids they will remain neatly separated for days, the density of commercial hydrochloric acid being greater than that of water. Let an egg sink gently into the water. It will pass through it, reach the hydrochloric acid zone, and there almost instantaneously become covered with a thick layer of bubbles. These decrease its density and prevent its further downward progress. The egg does not come up to the top, however, but settles on the dividing line between the two liquids. There it begins to revolve slowly around its greater axis, and will keep up that queer motion for more than

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC CURE.

The Completed Case.



The Completed Case.

place. The second shelf need not have this cross piece, but the next one above should have it.

At the back edge of each shelf a thin strip across in both directions, this strip is nailed, projecting two inches above the shelf, to hold the books from slipping back. The magazine shelf, next to the top, should have a strip across in both directions, as these strips are to rest upon the top of the standard, and should be extra strong, as the weight of the whole case and the books will come upon them. A little plate of iron should be screwed to the under side of the under cross piece for the top of the standard, to rest against. This will insure as little friction as possible. The rim at the back edge of this magazine shelf should extend up and touch the top of the book case; that this top may bear its part in supporting the weight of the books.

The flat strips of wood that are screwed (with round-head screws) to the corners, should be stout enough to hold the weight that will be upon the shelves. A good size for the case is 18 or 20 inches square. It can be made of pine or whitewood, then stained, if desired. The top is not of

PARTS OF THE CASE.

Fig. 1.—Section of Base.

Fig. 2.—Base Complete.

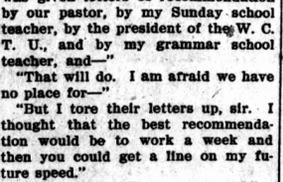
Fig. 3.—Details of the Lower Shelf.



WORDS TO DESIGNATE STORM.

"Typhoon" is by no means the only word for a storm that has come to the English language through Portuguese and Spanish. Others are "tornado" and "hurricane," which Shakespeare could still write "hurricane." Old-time Englishmen, at any rate, spelled the last word in at least as many ways as Shakespeare and other people spelled his name, and some of the spellings indicate frantic attempts to make the word suggest a derivation intelligible to the English mind. Of such are "furricane," "hurricane," "Hurricane" and "Hurricane." Even "hurricane" was finally adopted, no doubt, as suggesting "hurry." The original was the Carib "huracan," or "huracan," the navigators of Portugal and Spain having been instrumental only in bringing it to England from the west, as they brought "typhoon" from the east.

JOHNNY ELEPHANT'S BUSY DAY.



This is what I call all right! Won't papa be pleased when he finds I've ironed his collars for him?—Royal Magazine.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS.

HAPPENINGS OF INTEREST FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

TOWN MAY BE ABANDONED

Fosterburg Seemingly Has Failed to Win Recognition as a Business Center.—Merchants Discouraged at Outlook.

Carlville.—Fosterburg, a small village, just across the line in Madison county, probably will be forsaken as a business center. Since the abandonment of the postoffice there, when the postmaster resigned after 50 years of service, the town has been forsaken by the farmers living in the surrounding country. There is just one line of business in the town that will attract them, and that is the blacksmith shop. This draws them in so seldom, that the merchants are on the point of abandoning the place.

OIL WELL IS A WONDER.

Real Gusher Attracts Attention Near McLeansboro.

McLeansboro.—The oil which came in two weeks ago on Gen. J. R. Campbell's farm, the "cabbage patch," five miles northeast of here, is a very strong one. It is plugged with a large wooden block which is held in place by a three-ton drill, yet the oil constantly flows out around the stopper and between the castings.

Thousands have visited the well and oil speculators and capitalists come in on every train. Options are being taken in many parts of Hamilton county and within the next four or five months a great many drilling rigs will be in operation around there.

Wife's Murder Causes Him.

Cambridge—John Anderson, whose wife was mysteriously shot to death while sleeping by his side, has become a raving maniac. Doctors fear he will die soon. As he and a nine-month-old babe were the only witnesses to the murder, the authorities fear they will not unravel it. Feeling has grown so high over the affair that several fist fights occurred on the streets.

Pana Lineman Is Injured.

Pana.—William Swin, a lineman employed by the electric light company of this place, received severe injuries while repairing some wires at the top of a pole. The man came in contact with a wire which he thought had been killed. He was severely burned about the arms and legs. It is announced that his injuries will not prove fatal.

Police Chief Orders Masher Shot.

Alton.—Orders were issued to the police by Chief of Police Maxwell to shoot at masher who annoyed women on the streets and attempt to escape arrest. The order followed an unsuccessful attempt by Chief Maxwell to hit a masher at whom he fired. "The insulting of ladies on the street by loafers and mashers must stop," he said.

County Clerk Dies at Desk.

Watseka.—Capt. Alexander Hamilton South, county clerk of Iroquois county, expired from heart failure while at his desk. He was elected sheriff of Iroquois county in 1865, and was twice reelected. He was in the grain inspection department at Chicago for 13 years, and was deputy revenue collector under Gov. Yates, three years.

Post Office Work Increases.

Chicago.—The annual report for the post office reveals a general increase in business. The volume of money order transactions shows the greatest gain—23 per cent. In 1906 \$200,538,006.06 was transferred in 11,425,433 transactions. The increase in number of pieces of mail handled was 63,911,991 pieces, weighing 2,888,488 pounds.

Chicago Post Office Business.

Chicago.—In his annual report for the year of business done in the money order department Postmaster Busse shows domestic money orders to the amount of \$1,958,156.87 issued, as against \$959,599.35 for 1905. The total business for the year shows an increase of 1,503,133 transactions, or more than 14 per cent.

Rockford Ice Plant Sold.

Rockford.—The Rockford company has been sold to the Western Ice company which recently secured control of the Knickerbocker company. An artificial ice plant is to be erected here, and this, with the present plant of the company, will make Rockford one of the shipping and supply points for the outside trade.

New Building and Loan Association.

Springfield.—The Zarka Building and Loan Association of Chicago was incorporated by the state auditor of public accounts with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. The term of incorporation is fixed at 50 years. The incorporators are John F. Lituan, Frank A. Buresch, John E. Bishop, Adolph Biskup and William Bishop.

\$3,000,000 for U. of C.

Chicago.—John D. Rockefeller January 1 sent to the University of Chicago a New Year's greeting in the form of gifts aggregating nearly \$3,000,000. This is the largest unconditional donation ever received from the founder of the university, whose benefactions, including the present gift, amount now to \$19,416,191.

News of the Gift was Received by Acting President Harry Pratt Judson in a letter from the son of the oil king, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The new gift amounts to \$2,917,000.

Dies From Wreck Injuries.

Springfield.—Fleming L. Phelps, of Chesterfield, the fireman who was badly scalded in the wreck of a passenger train at Gardner, died in Springfield hospital. Edward C. Eberle, the engineer, died the day following the accident.

Former Sheriff Bank Official.

Jacksonville.—Henry J. Rogers, late sheriff of Morgan county, has been appointed second vice president of the Jacksonville National bank.

Alfred Vanderbilt's Banter

"On the Alfred G. Vanderbilt coach," said a Pittsburg, "I rode from the Hotel Windsor to the Atlantic City horse show for the small sum of one dollar.

"Mr. Vanderbilt was in good spirits the day I was his paying guest. He bantered very gracefully the beautiful young lady who sat beside him on the box seat.

"I heard Mr. Vanderbilt say that women were never satisfied. No matter what you gave them, they always wanted something else, and if they couldn't get what they wanted by fair means then they got it by foul.

"He said that last fall a lady who had just returned from Newport sent for a fashionable physician.

"The physician, on arriving, found the lady reclining on a couch, one maid fanning her and another holding to her nose a gold bottle of smelling salts.

"What is the nature, madam, of your complaint? the physician asked.

"Oh, doctor," said the lady, plaintively, "I am suffering dreadfully from—er—oh, what was that illness anyway for which you sent my friend, Mrs. Golde, on a yachting tour in the Mediterranean?"

Bismarck's Premonition of Death.

Bismarck's anticipation of the date of his own death is not generally known. About 19 years ago, during a debate in one of the great military schemes, he refused to interfere with the Septennate bill on the ground that he expected to live another three years, but to die within seven. In other words, he calculated on living till 1890 and on dying before 1894. As a matter of fact, his prediction was not wrong, for, though he actually lived until 1898, he was politically dead as soon as he went into retirement at Friedland.