R XXVIII-Continued.

roduction to Johnson sought and found the weapon. as listening with the out-Bainbridge's cheerful remlittle minutiae were ar homselves; he saw where t none of the bystanders

ahould come in and make a into haives. With one of them he on pointedly: a making excuses to the newspaper with the other he saw Broffin mson and draw him aside. and Griswold could feel in ev-

of him the searching scrutiny he stole a glance at the pair wiv; and he did it again tter a second thoughtful stare. Grisge was saying, overheard the low-toned rejoinder to the detive's urgings: "It's no use, Mr. n: I'd have to swear positively thing." the won know, and I couldn't do . No, I don't want to corroborative evidence; it

make me see a resemblance there is none. Wait until Mr. th recovers; he's your man." Griswold hardly knew how he made to get away from Bainbridge lyr but when it was done, and was crossing the little triangular which filled the angle between natness squares and the lakeresidence streets, he was or profusely, and the departing in was loaving him weak and

the stone-basined fountain in the middle of the park he stopped rked the pistol from his pocket. the cartridges from its magaa sand stooped to grope for a loose to the wallsborder. With the base for an anvil and the loosand border stone for a hammer he ent the weapon into shapeless inutility and flung it away.

God knows whom I shall be temptwill ment?" he grouned; and the # Bt was still unperving him as he went on to keep the appoint a made by Charlotte Farnham.

GHĀPTER XXIX.

Dust and Ashes. full moon, blood-red from the of forest fires far to the eastwas rising over the Wahaska a when Griswold unlatched the gate the Farnham inclosure and passed on the walk.

the summonful note had and the urgencies, he was not surand to find the writer of it awaithis coming on the vine-shadowed In his welcoming there was a mingling of constraint and imand he was moved to marvel. se Farnham's outlook upon life, the of view of the ideally well balwas uniformly potseful and self alled, and he was wondering if ne fresh entanglement were threatwhen she motioned him to a and placed her own chair so that he light from the sitting room win lows would leave her in the shadow. You had my note?" she began.

Teams while I was away the hotel, and the regular trip of the for brake was the first conveyande I could esteh. Am I late?" Her reply was qualified. "That re-

ms to be seen. and healtant pause, and then she went on: "Do you know why sent for you to come?"

n not definitely." was keping you would know; it make it easier for me. ne semething, Mr. Griswold.

ove you a great deal," he admitwarmly. "It is hardly putting it to may that you have made mark of my work possible which

otherwise have been imposm's mean that," she dissented ach of cool scorn. "I have no ambition to figure as a charadmirable, in a book m domm't lie in the lit eld; it is real and personal

> to have been carefully home that Griswold

one me a great injustice.

what spirit of reckless bravado, because it was my home; and you made the decision apparently without any had gone mechanically to his consideration for me; without any The demon at his ear thought of the embarrassments and mg "kill!" and his difficulties in which it might involve danger she feared was a danger past.

Truly, the heavens had fallen and the solid earth was reeling! Griswold lay back in the deep lounging chair and fought manfully to retain some would step, and was careful to little hold upon the anchorings. Could this be his ideal; the woman whom he in range. He would wait un- he had get so high above all others in there could be no possibility of the scale of heroic faultlessness and at then he would fire-from the sublime devotion to principle? And she was so much a slave of the conwas Johnson who broke the spell. ventional as to be able to tell him sinbridge was insisting that coldly that she had recognized him again, and that her chief concern was third at the hotel dinner table, the embarrassment it was causing her? r picked up his hand-bag and Before he could gather the words for ed the steps. Griswold's brain any adequate rejoinder, she was going

"You have done everything you could to make the involvement complete. You have made friends of my That the detective was saying was friends, and you came here as a friend plainly evident. Johnson of my father. You have drawn Ed- ly culpable accessory after the fact. it. and helped him with the stolen money, the the 'swag,' the bulk of which, as In every way you have sought to make you know, is tied up in Raymer's busi- somewhere; oh, yes, here it is-gilt which he was being subjected. It more and more impossible for me to ness?" give information against you—and you Johnson was shaking have succeeded. I can't do it now, without facing a scandal that would never die in a small place like this, dasing completely now what and without bringing trouble and ruin upon a family of our nearest friends. And that is why I sent for you today; and why I say you owe me some-

> he had recovered some small measure of self-possession.

> "I certainly owe you many apologies, at least," he said, ironically. "I have really been doing you a great injustice. Miss Farnham-a very grave injustice, though not exactly of the kind you mention. I think I have been misapprehending you from the beginning. How long have you known me as the man who is wanted in New Orleans?"

"A long time; though I tried not to believe it at first. It seemed incredible that the man I had spoken to on the Belle Julie would come here and put me in such a false position." "Good heavens!" he broke out: "In

your position all you have been think ing of? Is that the only reason why you haven't set the dogs on me?" "It is the chief reason why I couldn't afford to do anything more than



'is That the Only Reason Why You Haven't Set the Dogs on Me?"

tried in every way to warn you, even to pointing out the man who is shadowing you. To do it, I have had to deceive my father. I have been hoping that you would understand and go he won't let the bit of personal service

"Wait a minute," he commanded. 'Let me get it straight! you still believe that the thing I did was a crim-You owe | inal thing?"

again," she returned, with a sort of but now-"

roughly. "What I want to know is this: Do you still believe it is a crime?" "Of course, it is a crime: I know it.

you know it, all the world knows it " Again he sat back and took time to gather up a few of the scattered word. I'm just sorry; with the sorshards and fragments. When he spoke row you have when you look for someit was to say: "I think the debt is on | thing that you have a right to expect, by him. the other side. Miss Charlotte: I think | and find that it isn't there; that it has you owe me something. You probably never been there; that it isn't anywon't understand when I say that you have robbed me of a very precious thing-my faith in the ultimate good- a chance for you. When I am gone. ness of a good woman. You believego to the telephone and call Broffin I thought it was you have always believed—that I am a lat the Winnebago house. You can tell criminal; and yet you have been weak him that he will find me at my rooms. better | enough to let expediency seal your Good-by." knows | lips. I am truer to my code than you

seemed, by his harsh arraignment mutual recognition. "Do you know why this man Broffin is still waiting?". "I can guess. He is taking a long

chance on the chapter of accidents." "Not altogether. Three days ago, Mr. Galbraith had Miss Grierson telegraph to New Orleans for some one of the bank officials. Yesterday I learned that the man who is coming is the teller who waited on me and who gave you the money. As soon as I heard

that, I began to try to find you." Griswold did not tell her that the "Go on," he prompted.

"You are no longer safe in Wahaska," she asserted. "The teller can identify you, and the detective will give him the opportunity. That is doubtless what he is waiting for." "And you would suggest that I make

a run for it? Is that why you sent for "It is. You are tempting fate by staying; and, notwithstanding what you have said, I still insist that you

owe me something. There is a fast

train west at ten o'clock. If you need ready money-" Griswold laughed. It had gone beyond the tragic and was fast lapsing say, but it's the truth."

into comedy, farce. "We are each of us appearing in a new role tonight, Miss Farnham," he

"I have thought of that," she returned calmly, "and that is another reason why you shouldn't let them ing at it. take you. Right or wrong, you have incurred a fresh responsibility in your dealings with Mr. Raymer; and Edward, who is perfectly innocent, must be protected in some way."

Griswold was sitting up again, and sist the temptation to strike back. "I have told Raymer how he can most successfully underwrite his financial risk," he said, with malice inten-

"How?" "By marrying Miss Grierson." He had touched the springs of anger

"That woman!" she broke out. And then: "If you have said that to Edward Raymer, I shall never forgive you as long as I live! It is your affair to secure Edward against loss in the money matter-your own individual responsibility, Mr. Griswold, He accepted the money in good faith and-"

Again Griswold gave place to the caustic humor and finished for her.

-"And, though it is stolen money it must not be taken away from him. Once, when I was even more foolish than I am now, I said of you that you have done. Goodness knows, I have would be a fitting heroine in a story in which the hero should be a man who might need to borrow a conscience. It's quite the other way around."

"We needn't quarrel," she said, re treating again behind the barrier of cold reserve. "I suppose I have given you the right to say disagreeable things to me, if you choose to assert it. But we are wasting time which may be very precious. Will you go away, as I have suggested?"

He found his hat and got upon his feet rather unsteadily

"I don't know; possibly I shall. But in any event, you needn't borrow any more trouble, either on your own account, or on Raymer's. By the merest chance, I met Johnson, the teller you speak of, a few minutes ago at the Winnebago house and was introduced to him. He didn't know me, then, or later, when Broffin was telling him that he ought to know me. Hence, the matter rests as it did before-between you and Mr. Galbraith.

"Mr. Galbraith?" "Yes. That was a danger past, too a short time ago. I met him, socially and he didn't recognize me. After ward. Broftin pointed me out to him and again he failed to identify me. But the other day, after I had pulled him out of the lake, he remembered. I've been waiting to see what he will do. "He will do nothing. You saved his

Griswold shook his head "I am still man enough to hope that

make him compound a felony. "Why do you call it that?" she de-

"Because, from his point of view and yours, that is precisely what it is; "We needn't go into that part of it and it is what you are doing, Miss Farnham. I, the criminal, say this to You should have given me up that there might be some way in which | the moment you recognized me. That you had justified yourself to yourself, is your creed, and you should have lived up to it. Since you haven't, you "That isn't the point," he interupted have wronged yourself and have made me the poorer by a thing that-"

> "Stop!" she cried, standing up to face him. "Do you mean to tell me that you are ungrateful enough to-" "No: ingratitude isn't quite the where. You have hurt me, and you have hurt yourself; but there is still

He was half way to the foot of Lake-

when I shall be cote with his head down and his hands be- Bertie's?" she inquired. vinced that I did wrong. But that he hind him, when he collided violently with Raymer going in the opposite dime; what is it that you want me to rection. The shock was so unexpected | marry you?" that Griswold would have been knocked down if the museular young offit the Whaska gossips," fron founder had not caught him she replied, entirely unmoved, as it promptly. At the saving instant came

"Hello, there!" said Raymer. "You are the very man I've been looking for. on earth, Miss Farnham wouldn't Charlotte wants to see you." "Not now she doesn't," was the

"Oh." wold cut in morosely. "So you did take my way out of the labor trouble, after all, didn't you?"

left her."

Raymer looked away. "I don't know just how you'd like to have me answer that, Kenneth. How much or how little do you know of I'm down under the hoofs of the horses. what happened?"

""Nothing at &?1"-shortly. "Well, it was Margery who wrought the miracle, of course. I don't know, yet, just how she did it; but it was

done, and done right."

"And you have asked her to marry "Suffering Scott! how you do come

at a man! Yes, I asked her, if you've got to know." "Well?" snapped Griswold.

"She-she turned me down, Kenneth; got up and walked all over me. That's a horrible thing to make me "I don't understand it, Raymer. Was

it the No that means No?" "I don't understand it, either," resaid, with sardonic humor; "I as the turned the iron founder, with grave hunted criminal, and you as the equal- naivete. "And, yes, I guess she meant seled short to face the sidewalk ward Raymer into the entanglement if I run away, what shall be done with I was looking for you and she gave me a note-let me see, I've got it here nonogram and all."

Griswold took the note and pocketed it without comment and without look-

"Were you going to Doctor Bertie's?" he asked. "I was. Have you any objection?"

"Not the least in the world. it's a good place for you to go just now, It was not in human nature to re- and I gress you are the right man for the place. Good-night."

At the next corner where there was an electric light, Griswold stopped and opened the monogrammed envelope. The enclosure was a single sheet of perfumed note paper upon which, without date, address or signature was written the line:

"Mr. Galbraith is better-and be is grateful."

CHAPTER XXX.

Apples of Istakhar.

The swinging are light suspended above the street crossing sputtered and died down to a dull red dot of incandescence as Griswold returned Margery's note to his pocket and walked on.

There are crises in which the chief contention looms so large as to leave no room for the ordinary mental proceases. Griswold saw no significance in the broken line of Margery's message. The one tremendous revelation the knowledge that the dross-creating curse had finally fallen upon the woman whose convictions should have saved her-was blotting out all the subtler perceptive faculties; and for the time the struggle with the sub merging wave of disappointment and disheartenment was bitter.

He was two squares beyond the crossing of the broken-circuited are light, and was still following the curve of the lakeside boulevard, when he came to the surface of the submerging wave long enough to realize that he had entered Jasper Grierson's portion of the water-front drive. The great house, dark as to its westward gables save for the lighted upper windows marking the sick room and its antechamber, loomed in massive solidity among its sheltering caks; and the moon, which had now topped the hills and the crimsoning smoke haze, was bathing land and lakescape in a flood of silver light, whitening the pale yellow sands of the beach and etching fantastic leaf-traceries on the gravel

of the boulevard driveway There was no inclosing fence on the Mereside border of the boulevard, and under the nearest of the lawn caks there were rustic park seats, Jasper Grierson's single concession to the public when he had fought for and secured his property right-of-way through to the lake's margin, Griswold turned aside and sat down on one of the benches. The disappointment was and the straitly human. But the disheartenment remained. Should he stay and fight it out? Or should he take pity upon the poor prisoner of the conventions and seek to postpone the day of reckoning by flight?

He had I t fitted the answer to either of these sharp-pointed queries when a pair of light-fingered hands came from behind to clap themselves upon his eyes, and a well-known voice said, "Guess."

"Margery!" he said, and she laughed with the joyous unco...straint of a at him happy child and came around to sit

' Have you?"

"hat it is. I hardly know, myself."

"Yes." "And Charlotte doesn't want to "Heavens and earth!" he exploded. "Who put the idea into your head that wanted to marry her?" "You did"-calmly.

"Then, for pity's sake, let me take it out, quick. If I were the last man marry me; and if she were the last woman, I think I'd go drown myself rather grim contradiction. "I have just | in the lake!"

amorphoses was laughing again, and There was a pause, and then Gris- this time the laugh was a letter-perfect imitation of a schoolgirl giggle. "My!" she said. "How dreadfully

hard she must have sat on you!" "Please don't laugh," he pleaded; "unless you are the heartless kind of person who would laugh at a funeral at last, Margery, girl. Before you



Very Gently He Took Her in His Arms Again.

came, I was wondering if the game were at all worth the candle."

Her mood changed in the twinkling of an eye. "The battle is over, and she said, speaking softly. 'Didn't you know that?" And then: "Oh, boy, boy! but it has been a desperate fight! Time and again I have thought you were gone, in spite of all I could do!"

"You thought-I was gone? Then you know?"

"Of course I know; I have known ever since the first night; the night when I found the money in your suitcase. What a silly, silly thing it was for you to do-to leave the Bayou State Security slips on the packages!" "But you said-"

"No, I didn't say; I merely let you believe that I didn't see them. After that, I knew it would be only a ques tion of time until they would trace you here, and I hurried; oh, I hurried! made up my mind that before the struggle came, all Wahaska should know you, not as a bank robber, but as you are, and I made it come out just that way. Then Mr. Broffin turned up. and the fight was on. He shadowed you, and I shadowed him-or had Johnnie Fergus do it for me. I knew he'd try Miss Farnham first, and there was only one hope there-that she might fall in love with you and so re fuse to give you away. She did, didn't

"Most emphatically, she did not," he denied. "You have greatly misjudged Miss Farnham The reason-the only reason-why she did not tell Broffin what he wanted to know was a purely conventional one. She did not want to se the most talked of woman in Wa | but-but.

His companion's laugh was not

pleasant "I'd rather be a spiteful little cat which is what she cace called me, than still Mr. Galbraith You didn't know why I was so angle us to have you get now. And it worked. When Broffin good. Some day all these dreadful asked him to identify you, he couldn't -or wouldn't. Then came that unlucky drowning accident." Griswold nodded slowly. "Yes, Mr.

Galbraith knows me now." "He doesn't!" she explied. "He is growing less keen. He was beginning a dear old saint, and he will never to understand that he had made no know you again as the man who held allowance for the eternal feminine in him up. Listen: He sent for Broffin the idealized Fidelia-for the feminine | this afternoon, and gave him a new commission-something about bonds in California. And he told him he must go on the first train!"

> Once more the castaway was running the gamut of the flercely varying emotions. "Let me understand," he said. "You

knew I had taken the money, and yet and make the holdup a success. Where was your moral sense, all this time. Httle girl?"

She made a charming little mouth

"I am Joan, and the Joans don't have any moral senses-to speak of-do "I was doing time out on the veran- they? That's the way you are writing da, and I saw you down here is the it down in your book, isn't it?" Then, moonlight, looking as if you had lost with a low laugh that sounded some something," she explained, adding: unfathomed depth of loving abandonment: "It was a game; and I played "I don't know; can you lose that it-played it for all I was worth, and a hich you've never had?" he returned won. You are free; free as the air. cousingly. And then: "Yes; perhaps | Kenneth, boy. If Broffin should come did lose something. Don't ask me here this minute and put his hand potatoes came next day at J put them on your shoulder, you could look up back."

OF BORTY ?"

His answer was the answer of the man who was, for the time being, notther the moralist nor the criminal With a swift outreaching he drew her to him, crushed her in his arms, covered her face with kisses.

"I am glad-glad that I am your lover," he whispered, passionately "God, girl! but you are a woman to die for! No, not yet"-when she would have slipped out of his arms-believe. me, Margery; there has never been anyone else-not for a moment. But The young woman of the many met- I I thought it was Raymer, and for your sake and his I could have stepped aside. That is the one decent thing I have done in all this devilish business. Are you listening?"

> She had stopped struggling, and was hiding her face on his shoulder. He felt her quick little nod and went on. "Since you know the one decent thing, you must know all the horrible things, too. A dozen times I have been a murderer in heart."

She looked up quickly. "No, boy, I'll never believe that-

never!" "Wait," he said. "It was there this evening-just a little while ago. Miss Farnham and Galbraith were not the only ones I had to fear; there was another: the teller who got here from New Orleans on the seven-forty-five train. You didn't know about him, did you? He came, and an old newspaper friend of mine was with him. stumbled upon them on the sidewalk | people (vv. 38-44). in front of the Winnebago house; and Broffin was there, too. We were introduced, the teller and I, and Broffin was so sure he had me that he got his handcuffs out and was opening them." "And 1-1 didn't know!" she

"Luck was with me again," he continued. "Johnson didn't remember me; refused to do so even when Broffin stopped him and tried to tell him who I was. I had a pistol in my pocket, and it was aimed at Broffin. If he had made a move to take me, should certainly have killed him." She sat up suddenly.

"Give me that pistol, Kenneth-give it to me now!"

"I can't," he confessed, shamefacedly. "When it was all over, I smashed the pistol with a stone and threw it away."

She drew a long breath. "Is that all?" she asked. "All but one thing; the worst of that day in the bank them all

The daughter of men buried her face on his shoulder again at that, "Don't!" she begged, "You couldn't help it, boy: I made you do it-meaning to. There! and I said that wild horses should never drag it out of me!" Again he said, "Wait," and covered

the shining head on his shoulder with

a caressing hand. "It wasn't love, then, little girl; that's what it breaks my heart to tell you-it was just madness. And it wasn't clean; you've got to know that, too." She nodded her head violently. know," she murmured; "I knew it at

the time, and that was what made

me cry. But now it's-it's different. isn't it, boy? now you-are-" "You have beard it all, Margery You know what I thought I was, and what I have turned out to be, I'm afraid I am just a common crook, after all: there doesn't seem to be standing room anywhere else for me. But every living fiber of me, the good and

the bad, loves you-loves you!" "What do I care for anything else? she flashed back. "You are you, Kenneth, dear; that is all I know, and all I care for. If you had stolen all the money in the world, and had killed a dozen men to make your get away, it would be just the same. Only-"

"Only what?" he demanded jealously. "It would be just the same to me: Oh, boy, dear! It will never, never be the same to you!" "I-- I don't understand," he stam-

mered "Some day you will. You call your self a crook-man, man! there isn't a crooked drop of blood in you! Don't I know? You persuaded yourself that you had a right to take this money; perhaps you did have; I don't say you didn't. When I see anything want, I reach out and take it, if I canand I guess most people would, if they dared. But you are different; you are things that have come tagging along after the fact ill rise up and gnash their teeth at you and tell you that It was a sin, a crime And then-oh,

boy, dear! then I shall lose you!" Very gertly he took her in his arms again: and for a time all things sensible and tangible, the deserted drivewaves on the sands, the staring moonlight and the stenciled shadows of the oaks, were forgotten in the great soul healing affence that wrapped them about and enveloped them

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Surely Prize Scarecrow. An American tourist had been boast ing again in the village fun, says Lon-

don Tit-Bits. "Talking of scarecrows," he said. with a drawl, "why, my father once put one up, and it frightee-d the crows so much that not one entered the field again for a year"

He looked triumphantly assund his audience Surely that had settled those country bumpkins

But he was to meet his match "That's pothing," retorted one farm-"A neighbor o' mine once put scarecrow into his potato patch and terriffed the birds so much that one rascal of a crow who had stolen some

"Not on your life!" was the em phatic response of Brown. "I never sang a note that somebody didn't "Perhaps I am," was the thought

ful rejoinder of the other. "Has he s "Yes," smiled Brown; "so derned heavy that it makes him bowlegged

to carry it."-Philadelphia Telegram

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 17.

ELISHA HEALS NAAMAN THE SYRIAN.

LESSON TEXT-II Kings 5:1-10, 14. GOLDEN TEXT-I am Jehovah that healeth thee .- Ex. 15:26.

Read carefully the intervening Scripture following last Sunday's lesson to get the account of Elisha's activities. There is recorded the story of the poisoned fountain (2:19-22). The "hoodlum" gang (vv. 23, 24) which is a story for boys. Note: Elisha had nothing to do with the bears, nor does the record say that the bears killed the boys. Next the story of the Widow's oil (4:1-7). Finally, the suggestive stories of the Shunammite woman (vv. 8-37), and the feeding of the prophets and the

Now we come to Elisha's most famous experience, that with Naaman of Damascus. This city is reputed to be the oldest in the world and is situated about 100 miles (air line) northeast of Margery shuddered and hid her face | Samaria. This event probably occurred between 904 and 894 B. C.

I. A Ministry in the Home, vv. 1-7. Naaman had all that heart could wish, stemingly. Exalted, rich, a great man, honorable and successful in his undertakings, "but he was a leper." As such he is a type of the sinner. Leprosy begins practically in secret, is transmissible, may be ameliorated, but cannot be cured by man. In his home was one who knew the Lord, one who observed, who loved as well as served. This maid was a true servant, for she showed her master how to be rid of his malady, For all of his wealth Naaman was not happy. He knew and others would soon know his condition. His wife could not help him, and did not take the maid's message to him. Perhaps she did not rightly value it. But there was cooperation in that household evidently, for "one went in and told his lord" (v. 4). There was also co-operation between the home and the government, for the king of Syria sent a letter to the king of Israel (v. 5). The strength of any nation is in proportion to the strength, unity and loyalty of its homes. It is also in proportion to the care and interest which that government takes in its homes. This maid had probably been taken captive by one of the Syrian "bands" (v. 2), yet it was not an accident that she thus entered into the plan of God. We feel sure she knew and had been taught by Elisha, hence the assurance of her message relative to his

power. Her faith was great. II. A Ministering Prophet (vv. 8-14). The king of Syria thought he could buy everything, including the desired cure (vv. 5, 6). His letter brought great consternation to Israel's king. probably Jehoram. The value of the gifts presented, perhaps over \$100,000, revealed the urgency of the case. But there was one in Israel who was not disturbed, for he knew more fully the power of Jehovah. Elisha is a type of Christ who offers not only to all lepers but to every unfortunate one "rout" (Matt. 11:28-30). Elisha responded to the need of the nation (v. 8), as well as to the need of Naaman the leper, when he volunteered to become the champion of Je-

The prince came, however, filled

hovah (v. 7).

with a sense of his importance and his pride stood in the way of his re-Hef, hence the manner of Elisha's freatment. Waiting thus before the prophet's door Naaman is a type of the great of this earth who shall yet how before God's people (Isa, 60:1-3) and before his Son (Phil. 2:19). By human arguments Naaman was right (v. 12) and his rage was justified, but must learn that as a suppliant he cannot dictate means nor methods. The rich and cultured sinner cannot select his own way of healing, nor be treated any differently than the poor and the ignorant. The river Jordan is a type of the judgment on sin. Sin must be judged by confession (Rom. 15:9, 18). Sin must be renounced before we can be cleansed (I Cor. 11: way, and the plashing of the little | 31: 1 John 1:9). It was a slow, a patient, a public process through which Nasman must pass, but such had been the development of leprosy in his life. God had judged sin on Calvary (Rom. 8:3: II Cor. 5:21; Gai. 3:13) and as Naaman went down in the Jordan he took, in figure, the sinner's place, evan as Jesus later took that place for us. (Matt. 3:13-15). Though inclined to act the fool, yet Naaman wisely harkened to his servant (v. 13) and obeyed the command of the prophet. He did not relish the idea of the commander in chief of the most powerful army of his day having thus to be humiliated. He "thought" (v. 11) differently and in this is suggestive of those who are today rebelling at God's provision for their salvation. The wisdom of his lowly servants was amply demonstrated when after the seventh dip in the river he looked at his hands and behold, his flesh was "like the flesh of a little child." There was no healing power in the water, it was God who wrought the miracle. Naaman's act was a test of obedience to the will of God by one who was used to giving

It gave him a part in his healing and it was supremely simple

the plan of which is so simple.

His cure came because he obeyed Jehovah: (a) He heard of one who could cure (v. 3); (b) he believed (v. 4); (c) he torsook his own thoughts (v. 11); (d) he accepted God's thoughts and methods 17v, 12, 14); (e) he took the sinner's nie (vv. 10, 14); (f) he became clean after

Are So, transient visitors and temporary lutely sobered up and fit for work guests on its books, has never asked again. The drunkard is taken into the for aid and has a deficit of only some | club unconditionally. The club is non-The club has managed to make sectarian and insists only that its its humanitarian work among drunk- guests shall attend some church, no ards virtually self supporting. It has | matter what denomination, during th 33 are on its roll of stendy so guest is given a week to sober up and on for periods of from fines every single man two weeks. They

After they have been sobered up and are able to go to work again, the tem zembers, take part in the weekly busiess meetings and pay such weekly sues as they can afford for the main-.nance of the club and its rescue work. The dues vary according to such member's income, from five cents to \$1 a week. Extra assessments

Certainly Some Voice. Here is a little story that was told orary guests are invited to enroll as by Congressman John E. Bakwer of California the other night, when the threaten to send in a riot call. talk topic in the lobby of a hotel took | are thinking of my brother. a musical turn:

Some time ago the guests at a reception were discussing the rela- heavy bass voice?" tive merits of several songsters. when one of the party turned to a man named Brown. "By the way, Brown," said he "you are something of a singer, are