

The Evolution of a Statesman Walter Barr

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN JUSTICE IS BLIND. August court had been in session three days. In the decade following the civil war the only thing comparable to August court in the county seat was February court. The judge came from the next county on the first Monday in the month, and the trials began the next day. This one was a particularly interesting term on account of the Rutherford murder trial, and the attendance was greater than for

it had ended differently from the other

There was a protracted meeting which through the month of January, with its end indefinite. The congregations were made up of the elderly and middle-aged church members, and, across a sharp dividing line, the young folks for whom the protracted meeting replaced the theater of their city cousins as a place of amusement. The girls went in a few groups, and the boys arrived singly and by twos and giggled and looked down demuzely at hymn nish something for the girls to giggle and practically demoralized the meeting.

After the benediction the boys arranged themselves in two rows leading from the door far out toward the road, and through this lane the girls, and everybody else, last word fairly made a tremor in the walls | Church. When he killed Sam Bronson he walked. The girls always looked straight of the building, as it did in the hearts of got a strong influence down on him. The at the ground thirty paces to the front, as | the leading members of the church, who | Bronsons were intermarried with the Roba well-drilled soldier tries to do, and had punctuated the exhortation liberally ertses, and Bill Roberts had been county | The young lawyer made the first speech, the streets that they were coming in. Bewalked rapidly, as if running a gauntlet; with their own ejaculations. The words treasurer so long that he knew some tricks and people were interested in discovering fore they had traversed the forty feet to but that was only the characteristic co- were boring into Tom's mind, and by the himself when it came to court business. What quality of speaker he was. He con- the door of the courtroom a crowd was on quetry of womankind, for each knew very time they got there they were twisted into: He was determined that Tom Rutherford fined his attention to the law points chiefly, the stairs. As they marched into court one well that she would be captured by a gallant long before she reached the end of the line next the road, where the younger boys stood. The girls left the door in groups, each of which formed a phalanx, with arms interlocked, and now one never sees a mass play on the gridiron without thinking of those girls.

long with the young fellows loafing outside, and had gone into the church soon after the preacher began his sermon. He sat down not far from the door by the middle aisle and kept quiet. His intention was not to disturb the meeting, for he had the case home that night in spite of Sam

The night before he had lost the inning. and he was furious. As the girls had come had stepped from the opened ranks, and, walking close by the side of his particular girl, had said in her ear, "May I see you the young fellows were standing looking home?" The formula never varied for into the church through the windows; and twenty years and two thousand occasions. The particular girl had acquiesced by dropping out of the feminine football phalanx | with the peculiar chin quickly slipped | half an hour returned with a list of names young fellow whose attentions she was en-

eral paces to the good of Sam Bronson. they were rivals came out of the door she was in the middle of an interlocked group of three, and walked more rapidly than usual, with her eves straight ahead. Tom Rutherford hurried after her and said over her right shoulder, "May I see you home?" The girl hardly seemed to hear except for contemptuously coquettish

and Almost instantly she was opposite Sam the road, while her two guards closed in to the center, locked arms again, and within the next ten feet were themselves borne apart by the whirlpool of society represented by two rather young boys.

Tom Rutherford grew crimson, stepped back of the line on his side, muttered a few words, and then went to his horse, which was tied to the hitching rack a little a series of whoops, that were followed by whoops from the others who were not walking in the road with their girls-one's girl might be his sweetheart, his friend, or only the feminine creature he saw most of. Tom pulled his horse around and started the party of young fellows in the direction taken by Sam Bronson and the girl who was at the bottom of all the trouble. The pair were overtaken within two hundred yards, and the boys on horses tore past at a lumbering run, yelling like savages and forcing the couple to walk close to the side of the road. Tom kept up the shouting for half a mile-this was the recognized code expression of defiance, carelessness, injured pride and readiness for the next round in the social combat. He turned off toward home at the first cross-road, and by the time his horse was stabled he had planned the campaign for the next night, which was now at hand, as Tom sat so quietly in church that the members of the quarterly conference felt

The sermon was on resistance to evil, and the preacher was using his artillery against dim, bluish flash of light as it passed whole past life, relationships and religion, anyhow, and what good would it do the and a strong voice rising and falling in forward, and he was a mass of darker of them. Both sides accepted him, and in being a better man anyhow, and would the seat just behind him. As soon as the | pocket, and five seconds later was riding | row preacher had faced the other side of the at top speed down the road toward home. church this newcomer leaned forward and The next morning he met the sheriff at oped self-defense as the main reliance of said in Rutherford's ear:

lick we if ye take Mollie home. Says he'll | piles toward the jail he told the officer that Tom did not reply, and the other fellow he didn't know how Sam came to get killed. soon walked out again. Three people took That was the most he ever said about the Rutherford's stabbing Sam Bronson with special notice of the incident-the preacher, occurrence, and when the sheriff found a big pocketknife. Two of them at first who thought Tom was really too earnestly that Tom talked in his sleep the only words said Rutherford pulled the knife from his considering his eternal salvation to make a week's careful listening disclosed were: the usual disturbance talking to a chum: | "Only one-force your way out of its Mollie, the girl, whose intuition was not clutches that will drag you down into ever- of his trousers over the pocket. Six of county convention, for now Shacklett unfar wrong; and one of Bronson's friends lasting shame and confusion and hell." outside, who had watched through the winintended to fight.

The preacher now aimed all his batteries | Raccoon Church."

it get away with you; rouse yourself and strike it from you; knock off the chains that bind you; force your way out of its clutches, that will drag you down into

everlasting shame and confusion and hell!" Tom heard the words without much attention to the idea, for they fit another idea that was slowly forming in his sluggish mind. He would have to fight, and he wanted to fight. "Fight him hard, and fight him first," is what the words of the preacher were by the time they penetrated The quarrel had culminated at Raccoon to Tom's cerebral cells. That might not Church, and its termination had begun ex- | be a bad idea. "He has me down now beactly as a hundred fights had started, but | cause I let him get away with me; get up | everybody knows my word's as good as and strike him so hard he'll stay away from me; force off his grip on Mollie, and send him into everlasting shame and conhad begun at Watch Night and continued fusion-and hell!" That was the transla- be about the hardest job he had ever tion of the preacher's words back into | tackled. It could be done, he thought, but an idea that Tom accomplished. The preacher kept on, still louder and with cy- and it might be necessary to promise ali clonic force, as he saw Tom fidget in his

"Let the spirit work its way into your room for but one; see that the one is the right one; there is room for only one-for threes on horseback. The girls by turns only one-for only one-and the other must clear. If you don't I'll feel sore at payin' go. It is hard to dislodge the devil, but it books; and the boys did their best to fur- is easy when once you make up your mind to do it. Do it to-night; do it at once; deabout, unless some genius invented a plan lays are dangerous, and, oh! how danger- had always been much in evidence in the ous is the delay that loses what is worth | neighborhood and the surrounding towns. more than money, or crops, or land, or the | He had been fined innumerable times in things of the flesh! Do it NOW!'

"Turn myself loose at him and cut out the damned devil. There's room for only I'll do it to-night; I'll do it at once; delays Tom Rutherford had not stopped to talk | are dangerous, and it's mighty dangerous when it's about what's worth more to me than the whole farm. I'll do it right

The last word came with such force that its representative idea in Tom's mind lifted him to his feet and carried him out the a more important play to make; things | door before its initial velocity was lost, had come to the pass that it was a neces- He had no consciousness of the preacher, sity for him to take the particular girl in the sermon, the church, even of Mollie's position in the congregation-no perception Bronson. And that took all of his atten- whatever, and only the conception of the strategic fact that it were better to whip Sam Bronson before church was out and then take Mollie home than to whip him after church was out and have Mollie go home by herself while they were fighting.

> Tom Rutherford walked over to where casually rearranged itself. The young man around the party so as to be close to Tom. a scar on his upper lip moved over by Bronson and faced Rutherford's "pardner." The others separated slightly and all faced blowing into his hands to warm them. Rutherford walked into the group slowly and deliberately and with the force of a during its continuance. The man in the locomotive which seemed to be too graceful to have much power.

destined for the county seat ten miles his crooked elbow into Rutherford's side with considerable force. Tom bore against the pressure, and with a slight turn of his whole body brought his right fist over and down into Bronson's face. Not a word had been spoken by anybody, and not a sound was made until the fight was over. But in Tom's head was ringing, "Only one-only one-only one-see that it's the right oneonly one-only one."

And with the cadence of this refrain the

blows were going hard and straight

Neither knew any fistic science, but both knew how to hit hard straight from the shoulder and take what the other gave. Rutherford's partifer, with the peculiar scarred lip, preserved the balance of power against each other, and the rest stood as ping. In ten seconds both Rutherford and | Uncle Tommy Rutherford looked at Noel | sheriff's calling out "O-o-r-rder in the Bronson had abandoned boxing, and were Each jabbed the other when opportunity attorney impressively and suavely mooffered, but the tactics were for a fall and tioned him to the kitchen chair which lawyer had said and could not recall a then for the upper man to pound the head of the under man at his leisure and to his clerk with a white shirt and no collar he had caught sight of his mother over by own satisfaction. Once Bronson had Tom | raised his own right hand as a signal that nearly down, but by a tremendous effort Rutherford lifted his adversary clear of the ground and would have hurled him to asked him, and sat down, the frozen earth had he not clutched a fence post. There was little for the others to see, and little advantage on either side, killing, but had not talked about it much, doubt proposition, and had spent more apparently. Out into the moonlight they for he did not like to meddle in the busi- time in picturing the horrors of the state struggled, and back again into the shadow ness of others; besides, he felt that the of the church. Bronson tore himself away | truth would not come out until the trial. | rest of his days. There was no reasonable with such an effort that he nearly fell | He had formed no opinion as to the guilt | doubt of the cowardly and complete guilt backward, and in recovering his balance or innocence of the defendant, and was not of Tom Rutherford, but there were objecthrust his hand through a window at the opposed to capital punishment. Lawyer tions in the breast of the warm-hearted height of his head. Rutherford had let go | Fletcher put him through a long and de- | young man to sending another to prison for

"Sounds like the preacher when he's exdow and at once warned Bronson that Tom | hortin'," smiled the sheriff to himself. that the moon shone brightly had his fore-"Reckon he thinks he's mockin' him at

When the court convened and the time of the church instead of waiting until she young Tom Rutherford to be convicted, knife. On such occasions Fletcher looked tion. There was but one side under the year's output of catsup. came out-a plan remarkable then and but everybody had a lively interest in see- triumphantly at the jury, and Uncle Tom- law and the evidence in the case there for its daring originality. The preach- | ing how he would be acquitted. The fam- | my nodded his head with satisfaction after fly had withstood the inquisitorial schemes | glaring at the witness vindictively, "Fight the good fight and finish the faith! of the community for seven months, and Do not let sin carry you into eternal the attorneys looked so excessively impor- son was doing at the time. A young doc- to do. He wondered what his father would damnation without resistance; and resist tant and secretive that it was evident that tor, with flatly brushed hair, and a silk have done. He suspected that he would with all your might. Fight it something new was being hatched. The hat in discord with his heavy boots and be arguing the same question with himself.

up his sleeve this time.

I have when I die," had been Uncle Tomplenty to pay you, I guess, and leave plenty for Tom, and I can stand good for what you charge. There'll be no kickin' if you get him off, but you're to get him off withthe bank. I guess."

smiled confidently, but said that it would it would take not only money but influence, sorts of things for Uncle Tommy to do.

"Anything-anything at all," Uncle Tommy had replied; "anything you say I'll heart and cast out the devil. There is stand to and back up. I think a thousand ought to be plenty, but if you must have fifteen hundred I'll give it if you get Tom

task that came to Lawyer Fletcher. Tom the courts of 'Squire Watson and 'Squire and more impassioned loudness, and the for disturbing the congregation at Raccoon more energy into the work of that officer of the law as well as of the evidence. and incidentally to prevent the defense one-only one of us can get her, and he's from buying him off, the shrewd and pracprosecution a bright young lawyer whose in the Circuit Court.

Then the girl's family was against Rutherford, too. The girl whose smiles and was laid, bunched, on the corner of the rically judicial manner: frowns had caused the ill feeling between Rutherford and Bronson, resulting in the fight which terminated fatally, suddenly found herself in a different kind of prominence from that which she desired. Her folks felt that the fight over the girl was to be considered as something of an impertinence, and the killing of Bronson was little less than impudence to themselves. Lawyer Fletcher had been worried about the case, but when he beheld Bergman nominated at the county convention that day he saw his way out.

case ever since the murder the regular entious man. venire was soon exhausted, and the sheriff was duly directed to summon special talesof paper and a handful of blanks, and in the courthouse square and on the sidewalks. Not that he took people indiscriminately as he met them. The man who had scratched the sheriff's name off his nity of hearing the trial from a box seat and receiving a dollar and ten cents a day other party who had held a conference with the sheriff at 11 o'clock one night during the last campaign had his name placed near the top of the list and was duly gratethem was finally filled with the name of George Peyton. When the list was complete except for the other blank the officer wandered around into stores and blacksmiths' shops and up to the vacant lot where teams were hitched, apparently so Shacklett was genuinely surprised when he was tapped on the arm and had read to him a summons to appear forthwith to serve as a juror in the case wherein the State of Illinois was plaintiff and Thomas W. Rutherford was defendant.

Shacklett went at once to the courtroom. but before he reached the top of the stairs he heard his name loudly called three times from an upper window. He hurried around expectantly.

Fletcher was absorbed in some writing Fletcher's got him solid." keenly as he came down the aisle, and wonserved as a witness box, and the little word, nor a thing that had happened since an oath was to be administered. Shacklett swore to answer truthfully any questions

attorney he said that he had heard of the had not dwelt so much on the reasonable swung through the air in the trail of a that, while Shacklett was asked about his shadow on the ground by the time some of the middle of the forenoon the jury was

the edge of the county seat, and as they his side, and the testimony began. The "Sam Bronson's outside, and says he'll rode together between the rows of wood cross-examinations were the really interhe and Sam were just having a fight, and principal witnesses, and they detailed the quarrel at Raccoon Church, ending in Tom admitted that he was not sure in what

go on the bond of the prisoner, take a | through the posterior part of the chest, in | with second-hand strength received from deed for several farms, find some way of the sixth intercostal space, and had pene- his wife. Shacklett almost wished that his escaping judgment on the bond when the trated the pericardium. He was disap- mother was not such a thoroughly and prisoner disappeared, and credit the value pointed that he was not cross-examined. sincerely good woman. of the farms to his legal earnings. But An old doctor with frowzy whiskers, long this time the prisoner had not run away, hair and a paper collar, bore witness that | ten for conviction and two for acquittal. and preparations for the trial had pro- the wound was in the back of the chest, It was after five similar ballots that it deceeded as if it were nothing but a case of between the sixth and seventh ribs, and veloped that the two for acquittal were carrying concealed weapons or assault with | went into the heart-sac. All seven of those intent to kill. All the county had been who saw the fight testified that Bronson hour was taken up with arguments by the talking for weeks of nothing else than var- was starting to run away from Rutherford | ten against the two, without result, for the ious suggested cards which Fletcher had when the latter drew the knife. All these "Mr. Fletcher, Tom's my namesake and from asking each whether it was not posmy favorite nephew; he's going to get all sible that Bronson was whirling around Peyton was good-humored and inclined to my Rutherford's words that day in the given. The old doctor was treated with lett was grim and had little to say. dingy law office. "I don't want him to skip great consideration of manner, as being out, for I want him to live on the old place | the family physician of three of the jury,

cut; is it not possible to cut the heart-sac from the front?"

"Yes; but this one-" question by 'yes' or 'no' and stop there. If a knife were to be stuck into the chest

not puncture the heart-sac, too?" "Yes; but it wouldn't--" wide experience did you ever know the heart-sac to be cut with a knife from be-

"I never"-"Doctor, it's a scientific fact, isn't it, that most stabs that reach the heart are given from the front?"

hind?"

"Yes, sir." "That will do, doctor. I thank you for the light you have thrown on this case,' As a matter of fact it was a pretty hard | and Fletcher turned to Uncle Tommy with | go in and report a disagreement. The first a smile of intense satisfaction, and to the of these ballots came out ten to two, like jury with a look which was the very quintessence of triumph.

knew that the stabbing of Sam Bronson placed the hat on the table again ready The preacher had been talking with more Ross, besides having been indicted twice was a cowardly, premeditated murder long for the ballot and tore a corner off a sheet before the defense reached its last hours of paper, while the rest looked for the only with a long procession of witnesses.

When the arguments began the room was jammed full to the doors and windows.

heat of the room was sweltering, and he fortune was made if he once beat Fletcher | had taken off his coat some time before; nearly to his elbows. His handkerchief outside. The judge put on his most geomettable. His voice was large enough to be heard in the square outside before he had completed the first sentence.

He spoke of inconsistencies in the testimony and the trifling character of the evimust be proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt before he could be convicted. Fletcher knew the full value of this doubt maxim As the county had been talking of the in the fury room in the hands of a consci-

not the least chance of Tom Rutherford's Can you listen to the evidence given by Dr. Harris, an old physician of experience and that education which comes from the school of experience, a man of high attainments in the medical profession, respected all over this county"-and Fletcher turned to the three men who employed the as well as intelligent, that, although he was subpoenaed here by the State, he gave cause it is the truth"-and Fletcher's voice rose to the proportions of the thunders of Jove; "can you recall his evidence that the a murderous club to strike the defendant in this case-can you do this and say that the defendant is guilty beyond a doubt?" Fletcher's voice was as loud as a country

lawyer with a big chest can accomplish. The state's attorney became confidential and fraternal with the jury in the beginpreoccupied that he saw nobody. Noel ning of his speech, and waved his arms frantically as he swam through a sea of blood in philippics against the ruthless destroyer of a happy home, but Shacklett did not hear much of his address to the jury. The first thing the state's attorney said to his young confrere after he closed was: "We've lost it; that damned Shacklett will | them over."

hang the jury till next Christmas if they don't come his way or agree to disagree. "Yes," the young attorney replied: "he in and advanced inside the bar, looking paid no more attention to what you were saving than you did to the birds outside.

He had thought that an easy way to earn the county clerk's office was to keep a man from serving the rest of his life in the penwith one hand, and that one hand now tailed examination, and nobody noticed unnumbered years. This thing of inexorathe forces of sin in the audience. He was above the window sill. Bronson's knees nothing was said about his acquaintance Bronsons to have Tom Rutherford puna man of medium size, with long whiskers, bent, his arms fell down, his head went with the Rutherford family, nor his opinion | ished so severely? He had been scared into never kill anybody else. All Shacklett's Rutherford was listening a little for want | the more muscular members of the church | completed, Shacklett sitting between | good-hearted feeling of the brotherhood of | will be a meeting of the Christian Enof something else to do, when a young man | militant reached the spot. Tom Ruther- George Peyton and a man from the far- | man urged him toward voting acquittal and with a peculiar chin came in and slid into ford was keeping his hand in his side coat | thermost corner of the county, in the front | sticking to it; and the fact that it would at Hoyt avenue and the Rev. G. H. Sisson | cessible cliffs would produce the extreme effect The opening statement of Fletcher devel- being well paid for a pleasant service. He the jury, and that would be just as well. for nobody ever had a second trial in that county; public sentiment considered that one failure to convict made it useless to put the county to the expense of another

took on a different tone. He knew what pocket, but on cross-examination testified she would say if she knew what Lawyer that he might have got it from the outside | Fletcher had spoken to him the day of the derstood that conversation thoroughly. But a second thought decided that ques-

speech Shacklett was trying to decide what hard, and fight it first; it has you down ordinary way was for Lawyer Fletcher to sack coat, testified that the wound was for his father had been morally strong only strike several weeks ago.

In the jury room the first ballot showed Shacklett and George Peyton. Then an seventh ballot still had ten slips of paper things, however, did not keep Fletcher | marked "Guilty" and two marked "Not guilty." The others noticed that, while with a club when the knife thrust was | be jolly in his fixedness of purpose, Shack-

After the entire night had been spent in fruitless argument and balloting and the but Fletcher put him through a long cross- jury was still out, people who came down town early began to agree that the jury "You say, doctor, that the heart-sac was | would disagree. Fletcher walked along the street to the courthouse square with his head a little higher than usual and with a slight exaggeration of his usual dignity. "One moment, doctor; please answer my | The state's attorney remained in his own office, and his young temporary assistant walked quickly from his boarding house to The astute lawyer of many parts had at the proper point from in front, would it the courtroom by the back streets. Several came in to ask the state's attorney who he thought was doing it, and that repre-"I thought so. Now, doctor, in all your | sentative of the law said he had no idea. Fletcher, when appealed to for information about what caused the delay in the verdict, said he supposed there was a rascal on

the jury that had it in for the Rutherfords. When the sheriff could be heard calling names from the window again, showing that another day's session of the court was under way, the foreman of the jury proposed that two more ballots be taken, and then, if no verdict was reached, that they the preceding ones. Then Shacklett took Peyton over in a corner and spoke in his But everybody in the crowded courtroom | ear for less than a minute, after which he

other pencil in the room. As the jury opened the door of their room the word flew through the square and into his desk crying out for order. By Then Fletcher's turn came. He was sur- the time the jury had taken their rounded with law books, and had a glass seats in the chairs to the left of the judge the room was packed to suffocation, and when the foreman arose the people were so still tast the chattering now he pushed his shirt sleeves tightly up i of a tame squirrel could be heard in a tree

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a ver-"We have," replied the foreman.

"The clerk will read it." And the little clerk had the chance of his life as he bustled over and received the folded piece of paper, which he opened and back a generation. perused through twice with a face from which nothing could be made, before he cleared his throat and read in his best elocutionary style: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty

as charged in the indictment." The face of Tom Rutherford grew first red and then ashen. Uncle Tommy's head fell to the table, and he did not move for ten minutes. When Fletcher touched his arm and spoke in his ear he raised a face that had grown aged in the time in which he appreciated what the verdict meant. | world power, Egypt, what prevents His plant-Fietcher had fisen and sauntered over to the judge's bench in easy confidence in his having the jury leavened with two friends. and now he stood transfixed first and then glowering at Peyton and Shacklett in the

front row of the jury. The people began to crowd out of the room, despite the perfunctory efforts of the sheriff to keep order while the jury was being discharged. Sam Bronson's father pushed through the dense mass of men hand of each juryman as the twelve came without the railing. Shacklett avoided him by going up a side aisle, and noticed that Peyton went a little out of his way to greet Bronson and say something about doing only his duty. At the gate of the courthouse square Shacklett found his mother

waiting for him. "I came in this morning thinking you would get out last night and would want an early start home. What kept you so long in the jury room after you went out?" she said, as soon as she saw him.

"Two men wanted to free Rutherford, he said, "and it took some time to talk

[To Be Continued.]

COLLEGES' AID TO CHURCHES

Rev. Mr. Ellerdice Speaks at Hoyt-Avenue Church. The Rev. H. L. Ellerdice, president of

Westminster Seminary, talked last night before the Indiana Methodist Protestant Conference on "The Seminary and the Student." His address was devoted largely to the influence exerted by the seminary in sustaining the church and the necessity for liberally supporting it. He said the most helpful of the contributors to the seminary were those who had been students and wanted to perpetuate its work. The whole evening was devoted to educational interests and several college representatives spoke of the great help colleges are in advancing church work.

To-day the programme includes addresses by J. G. Smith and W. H. Flagg, in the morning; Edward Hawkins and J. Swenk, in the afternoon, and devotional services in the evening, conducted by Thomas Whittaker, This evening, also, there will me a meeting of ministers'

To-morrow will be the big day of the conference. There will be a large number from near-by cities. At the Hoyt-avenue Church there will be ordination at 10:30, the sermon being preached by the Rev. W. H. Fisher. At the Villa-avenue Church. man will preach. In the afternoon there deavorers at Villa-avenue Church. In the evening the Rev. T. J. Ogburn will preach make him county clerk was an example of at Villa avenue. There is a special programme for the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting. The conference will end with Monday's sessions.

BAD FOR TOMATOES.

Canning Men Say Cool Weather Causes Damage.

A canvass of the local canning factories discloses the fact that this season promises sent in large consignments and these are said to have been a fair sample of the product. The grade of tomatoes from other parts of central Indiana has not been very good and these will be turned into tomato catsup. One firm in this city will need 30,000 barrels of tomato pulp for this

McCormack Settles Strike.

Labor Commissioner McCormack has seta few days ago, claiming the company was not keeping its promise to reinstate them BADGER'S

We Close at 12:30 to-day

> spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight --Shakspeare.

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... Topics in the Churches...

______ SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON AND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORK.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

August 24, 1902-Numbers xiii, 26; xiv, 1-4-The Report of the Spies.

The wilderness of the Sinaitic peninsula, great and terrible," was God's schoolhouse for His people. There he taught them His law and worship. The course of study covered a whole year. The graduation was to have occurred at Kadesh. Sin and folly marred it all. The 'commencement" of Israel in Canaan was set

The appointment of the spies was a gross in sult to Jehovah. He had assured the people that the land was good. He had promised the possession of it to them. That should have been enough. In the Lord's name they ought to have set up their banners and gone up at once to possess it. The long vista back to Egypt was studded with the memorials of God's faithfulness and power. The fact that he had been so mindful of them in the past should have been to them a pledge of future blessing.

demic of fear, the breaking of Pharach's inflexible will, the plagues of their cruel oppresshidim, sweetened waters and manua, the wonders of Sinai-all were forgotten. Israel conng counsel of the Lord, with the invariable and miserable outcome of such a course. By this very deed the people showed their un-

paipable exhibition could scarcely be conceived surging toward the door, and, uttering dis- of. The Lord acceded to their request, but knew connected words of thanks, clasped the that in doing so Canaan was as effectually closed to Israel as Eden was to the first guilty pair. Moses, with the consent of the Lord, proeded to choose, with the greatest care possible a prince from each tribe. No doubt he strongly oped that their report would restore the esprit

> To this day Palestine is a sort of bridge be tween Asia and Africa, on which there are aitired as Egyptians, and likely spoke the lan- gate of a lost paradise. guage of that country fluently. If ever they got into close quarters they might be trusted to get out by their wits. They belonged to a race

notorious for finesse. For the sake of greater security and more thorough exploration they may have gone by twos or threes. They crossed the southland, which borders Canaan between the Mediterranean and the Dead sea, and then probably threaded their way up the Jordan valley as far north as snowcapped Hermon, returning by the lowlands along the sea, with occasional side trips into the high-

came upon places indissolubly associated with the names and lives of the patriarchs, until at length they stood at Hebron, where, 400 years before. Abraham had pitched his tent and rearred his altar!

After an absence of forty days they returned to the camp of Israel, bringing with them samples of fruits that would have put to shame the best exhibit of a modern horticultural society. The people had waited exactly as long for the return of these explorers as they had for the return of Moses from Mount Sinai, and much more patiently. Their report was listened to with

The exordium of the report was gracious. I pictured, in the lavish language of the Orient, the phenomenal fruitfulness of Canaan. The whole congregation of Israel had a striking confirmation of their words in the buge purple cluster from Eshcol, besides the pomegranates

But the exordium was short. It was a mere ornamental fringe to a body, the warp of which was unbelief and the woof distrust. "The land at the same hour, the Rev. G. E. McMani- feet. The Hebrews were accustomed to the of impregnability. They could hardly tell where prison of gloom; unlock the door and lead him the natural base left off and the artificial super- out into the sunshine. structure began. The cities seemed walled to

> Hebrews, dwarfed by 400 years of cruol servifore those stalwart and free sons of the high- cles to Him. His proise is reserved for those

> the bugle call of faith: "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to over- geons of the spirit open for them at a touch. come It!"

But infidelity is now rampant. The ten faithless explorers reiterate the inability of Israel to | Caesars and Napoleons are forgotten. cope with the gigantic Nephilim. They also interpolate a sinister hint against the land itself. as if it were impregnated with some deadly plague that consumed all who set foot upon it. Treason and revolt are in the air. The proposias agreed at the settlement of the first | tion is openly made to elect a captain to lead

Aaron prostrate themselves before the assembly, and Joshua and Caleb rend their clothes. The people have said: "Would God we had died in this wilderness," and God takes them at their word. He announces death in the wilder-

ness as the very penalty of this their tenth re-

volt against Him. But in evidence of His power,

which they had so mistrusted, he assured them

he would bring their little ones, whose cruel

fate they had deprecated, into the land which they themselves should never see. THE TEACHER'S LANTERN. The inveterate irruption of sin at epochal moments in national and personal history, with all its train of disastrous consequences, is well calculated to emphasize and illustrate its damning

While Moses was bringing the law down from tuted and the ritual prescribed two drunken the use of a human expedient which discounted the truthiuiness, fidelity and power of God. The lapse was complete.

Caleb and Joshua had a close call to martyrdom. The stones were aplifted. God and ilis The election of a new captain and a return to

How insidious the approaches of sin! The Hebrews had no idea of going to such lengths

'Quick as the apple of an eye, God, my conscience make; Awake my soul when sin is nigh,

And keep it still awake." Again Mosez appears in the lovely role of the mediator. Humble and disinterested, forgiving and patriotic, his mouth was full of arguments for God in behalf of sinners. He prevailed. Too late, Israel repeated their refusal to enter sumption to that of unbelief and rebellion. The leaders, they hurled themselves against the Amalekites and Canaanites. As well might Adam and Eve have thrown themselves upon tention, 'especially as they were probably at- the angels' cimeter, flashing every way, at the

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Freedom of Service-II Tim. ii, 4;

Gal. v, 1; Heb. xii, 1-2. We call this a free land, and so it is: but men that ever lived. Seneca, though slave, was an imperial man, his soul free as the universal Washington's mother were in bondage less se-

vere than that of their owners. You are, indeed, happy if you do not know what I am talking about, if these words about the fearful slavery of sin are meaningless to you, not because you are asleep in that bondage, but because you have never suffered its chains to clasp your spirit. But if you have ever struggled in the grasp of demoniac appetite, if you have ever had to fight drunkenness or sensuality or covetousness or selushness, then the word "freedom" is sweeter to you than any enfranchised slave, and the liberty wherewith Christ has saved you from your spiritual bondage is your one priceless possession. Now that you can hold up your head again, now that you are free from the things you loathe and can do the things you would, what will you do with your liberty? Christ won it for you with infinite pains. How will you re-

pay Him? Let Lowell answer: Is true freedom but to break Fetters for our own dear sake And, with leatnern hearts, forget That we owe mankind a debt?

> No! true freedom is to share All the chains our brothers wear, And, with heart and hand, to be

Earnest to make others free! All Christian service is, at bottom, a service him tree. Here is a man of worries, living in a

Christ came, as He said, "to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that They name five flerce nations inhabiting the are brutsed." On the last day His praise of His land, who would at once form a league offensive | disciples will be: "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Christ recognized this bondage to sin as the real slavery and came to strike off its tude, would only appear like grasshoppers be. fetters from all that stretch forth their mana-

alone that do this same thing. Two men hang that jury of spies. Caleb and To be an emancipator you need not exercise oshua, dauntless souls, full of faith, demand a authority. You need not be great or skilled or hearing. They hush, for a moment at least, the famous. Some of the mightlest liberators I know are modest girls and quiet boys, men and women of unnoticed lives; but their smiles melt the darkness, their hands lift the burdens, frets flee before their cheery presence, and the dun-Such souls will be honored with triumphs in

heaven long after all the Alexanders and

AMOS R. WELLS.

Animals Looked After.

Washington Post. In a Boston police court the other day a man was fined \$10 for kicking his horse and the next one up was assessed \$5 for kicking his wife. All of which goes to show that the S. P. C. A. is attending closely to

pusiness in Boston.

Whatever you do, don't forget Mrs. Austin.